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Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

NEW EDITION BY DAVID PATRICK, LL.D.

A HISTORY CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL OF AUTHORS IN THE ENGLISH TONGUE FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TILL THE PRESENT DAY, WITH SPECIMENS OF THEIR WRITINGS

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THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

In treating of the Eighteenth Century, or—to speak more exactly—of the Eighteenth Century in English Literature, the historian is confronted at the outset by a difficulty of definition. What is meant by the Eighteenth Century in English Literature? The natural (though possibly Bœotian) reply would be—from the end of the Seventeenth to the beginning of the Nineteenth. But this ingenuous answer will not serve especially with certain modern critics. According to these, the literary Eighteenth Century cannot be confined within the limits indicated, but must rather be held to correspond with a different period of time, beginning earlier and ending earlier, and characterised throughout by specific features which distinguish it both from the period which precedes and the period which follows it. Some authorities date this period from the English Revolution of 1688, and close it with the French Revolution of 1789. Others, with equal show of reason, go farther back, and commence at the Restoration. In a philosophical essay these divisions are defensible, and possibly useful, although they are always open to the commonplace objection that no great change in thought can be said to begin as invariably and inevitably as Grouse-shooting or the Law Terms. And even if they should be scientifically accurate, they present insuperable objections to matter-of-fact people, inasmuch as—to name but one very intelligible drawback—they involve the assignment to the Eighteenth Century of events which took place before that century begins in the calendar. Furthermore, they involve the assignment to the Nineteenth Century of other events which demonstrably happened in the Eighteenth. For these reasons—and notwithstanding the fact that the present volume, for convenience, includes a portion of an earlier period—we shall take leave, in this survey, to regard the Eighteenth Century in Literature as concurrent with the Eighteenth Century in Chronology—that is to say, as extending from the end of 1700 (the year in which Dryden died) to the end of the year 1800 (the year of the death of Cowper).

The period intended having been thus defined, it will be well to indicate the nature of its special gift to letters—such gift, for the moment, being understood to consist, not so much in the quality and amount of the thing produced, as in the disclosure of fresh methods or fashions of production. Of the actual work of the Eighteenth Century a sufficient report will be found in the biographies and extracts which follow; here, it is proposed to take note only of those new forms of literary expression which distinguish the age from those ages which went before. That, on or about the date of the Restoration, a change began to be apparent both in the matter and manner of English Literature is admitted even by those who find its cause uncertain and its course obscure. Of this change, in the last decades of the seventeenth century, Dryden is allowed to have been the chief exponent; in the first decades of the eighteenth century, it was maintained and developed under Pope and his contemporaries. Broadly speaking, although its leaders were writers of verse, it consisted in the existence of a state of things which was more favourable to the perfecting of prose. The spirit of a new criticism was abroad, tempering imagination and repressing enthusiasm, endeavouring after symmetry and uniformity, averse alike from decoration and invention. To be direct and clear, to be logical, to regard right reason and plain sense, to be governed by the teaching of the Ancients (filtered through the medium of French criticism), became by degrees the unwritten code of the times. Working prosaically, its chief gifts were in prose. It gave us the first daily Newspaper; and, by the pen of Defoe and his humbler allies, an extraordinary and unprecedented development of Journalism; it gave us, by the pens of Addison and Steele, a form of Essay, which, differing as widely from the essay of Bacon as from the essay of Temple, set the model to its own day and to ours. Under Richardson and Fielding it gave us what was practically the modern Novel; under Hume and Robertson and Gibbon, what was practically the modern History. Finally, it gave us in its earlier years a Poetry of Convention unexampled in its mechanical accomplishment, which, while presenting many of the features of an age of Prose, was still Poetry, and which, exhausting itself after a career of exceptional vigour and brilliancy, left the soil prepared for the gradual but irresistible growth of a truer Poetry of Nature and Romance.

Among these Eighteenth Century innovations, Journalism, which has lasted the longest, begins the first. There had been newspapers, no doubt, in the preceding century, even as there were brave men before Agamemnon. There was the *Public Intelligencer* of L'Estrange, and the still-existent *London Gazette*, which dates from November 7, 1665, when Charles II. was keeping Court at Oxford by reason of the plague. There were the News Letters of Dyer and Dawks (Steele's 'honest Ichabod') which had blank spaces left 'for any Gentleman, or others, to write their private Business to their Friends in the Country,' and both of which the great Mr Edmund Smith—one of Dr Johnson's poets, if you please—celebrated in Latin Sapphics:

> Scribe securus, quid agit Senatus,
> Quid caput stertit grave Lambethanum,
> Quid Comes Guildford, *quid habent novorum*
> DAWKS*que* DYER*que*.

But it was not until the first year of Anne's reign, and indeed but three days after King William died at Kensington, that the first daily paper made its modest appearance. This was the *Daily Courant*, a little double-columned sheet fourteen inches by eight, printed on one side only, and excusing its exiguity (or lack of advertisements) by a praiseworthy desire 'to save the Publick at least half the Impertinences of ordinary News-Papers.' Its news is exclusively derived from the *Paris Gazette* and the *Haarlem* and *Amsterdam Courants*, but it speedily grew into flourishing life, being promptly followed by a crowd of rivals and imitators, *Posts*, *Post-Boys*, *Packets*, *Observators*, *Registers*, *Mercuries*, *Medleys*, *British Apollos*, *Athenian Oracles*, and the like, not all of which were, in the strict sense, journals. One of the most remarkable of these latter was the *Review* of Daniel Defoe, a sheet of eight (afterwards four) small *quarto* pages, written in Newgate (where its author was confined), and, like the first *Daily Courant*, professing to be 'Purg'd from the Errors and Partiality of *News-Writers* and *Petty-Statesmen*, of all sides.' The full title was *A Review of the Affairs of France*; but it was, in reality, a history of the domestic and foreign affairs of Europe, while in a section entitled *Mercure Scandale: or Advice from the Scandalous Club*, which began in the second number, its author professed to collect contemporary gossip. As may be gathered from the description of Defoe's *Review*, a main feature of all these organs was their foreign intelligence, which, being easier to obtain than home news, naturally predominated. Indeed, it is pretty plainly hinted by one who claims to belong to the 'ingenious Fraternity' of News-Writers, that when there was no news from Brussels or Lisbon to copy, it was manufactured *ad hoc*. 'The Case of these Gentlemen is, I think, more hard than that of the Soldiers, considering that they have taken more Towns, and fought more Battles. They have been upon Parlies and Skirmishes, when our Armies have lain still; and given the General Assault to many a Place, when the Besiegers were quiet in their Trenches. They have made us Masters of several strong Towns many weeks before our Generals could do it; and compleated Victories, when our greatest Captains have been glad to come off with a drawn Battle. Where Prince *Eugene* has slain his Thousands, *Boyer* [of the *Post-Boy*] has slain his Ten Thousands. This Gentleman can indeed be never enough commended for his Courage and Intrepidity during this whole War: He has laid about him with an inexpressible Fury, and, like the offended *Marius* of ancient *Rome*, made such Havock among his Countrymen, as must be the Work of two or three Ages to repair. It must be confessed, the Redoubted Mr *Buckley* [of the *Daily Courant*] has shed as much Blood as the former; but I cannot forbear saying, (and I hope it will not look like Envy) that we regard our Brother *Buckley* as a kind of *Drawcansir*, who spares neither Friend or Foe, but generally kills as many of his own Side as the Enemy's.'

Whether this passage, with its distinction of phrasing and its delicate irony, revealed to any of its readers the fact that a new force had arisen in English Literature, is not recorded. But its length as an extract, and its appearance here, may be justified by the explanation that it is quoted word for word from No. 18 of the *Tatler* for Saturday, May 21, 1709, and, with its context, constitutes the first acknowledged contribution of Joseph Addison to the recently-established paper of his inventive friend and schoolmate Richard Steele. Moreover, it may even claim to be the first example of another gift of the Eighteenth Century to English Letters. When, five or six weeks earlier, Captain Steele, casting about for some literary project to combine the Latest Foreign News (of which, as Queen Anne's Gazetteer, he had a certain monopoly) with the Latest Gossip of the Coffee-Houses, had hit upon the idea of a little tri-weekly sheet about the size of the *Courant*, which should be rather more critical and literary than the hand-to-mouth productions of your Boyers and Buckleys—he had builded better than he knew. He was himself a clever man, with a warm heart and a ready pen, and his 'Letter of Intelligence,' even before its eighteenth number had been reached, fully deserved the credit of a fresh departure. But it was not until Addison became, as he did eventually, a regular contributor, that Steele's new enterprise grew to include a new form of writing. It was when the scholarly Secretary to Lord Wharton commenced to print in it the delightful La Bruyère-like studies of Tom Folio and Ned Softly and the Political Upholsterer, the *Adventures of a Shilling*, and the Rabelaisian *Frozen Voices*, that a new thing began to be born which was the Essay of Addison and Steele. The finished and careful papers of Addison reacted upon those of his editor, whom they stimulated to a higher ambition, as well as to an elegance, a purity, and a correctness (the words are Steele's own) which, when he set out to 'observe upon the Manners of the Pleasurable, as well as the Busie Part of Mankind,' in addition to giving 'the ordinary Occurrences of common Journals of News,' had not formed part of his original project. Presently he himself went on [illegible]; his friend upon his own ground; and, [illegible] a pioneer, to anticipate by some charming domestic scenes, of which he possessed the secret, the function of the Novel that was coming. In the *Spectator*, which followed the *Tatler* as a daily issue, the evolution of the Essay continued. In his graver Saturday papers Addison began to preach those admirable lay-sermons that justify Mandeville in calling him 'a parson in a tye-wig,' and in his occasional discourses on Wit, Imagination, Milton, the Old Ballads, and so forth, to apply, in critical form, the results of those earlier studies of the classics and the French critics in which he had been serving an unsuspected apprenticeship to letters. Steele, too, digressed successfully in that *Christian-Hero* vein of his days at the Tower Guard, producing, with a gravity which was perfectly genuine and sincere, numerous disquisitions upon Death, Devotion, Benevolence, Solitude, and Ambition; and exhibiting, but more rarely, his admirable gift as an impressionist critic of Art and the Stage. Finally, in endless sketches of contemporary manners and individual types, and particularly in the unrivalled Coverley series—which again foreshadows the coming fiction—the two friends contrived, with delightful good-humour, to rally, ridicule, and instruct their age. The partnership was continued to the conclusion of a third paper, the *Guardian*, when it ceased. But by this date (October 1713) the Essay, as a branch of that 'ingenious way of Miscellaneous Writing' upon the introducer of which Lord Shaftesbury invokes ironic benediction, had found its special form, a form admirably adapted for short swallow-flights of criticism, for humorous character-drawing, and for social satire. It was produced, after Addison and Steele, by many inferior 'hands;' but, for the present, we may leave it until it was revived, with a personal note and renewed ability, under the pens of Goldsmith and Johnson.

In the first years of Queen Anne, a hush seems to have fallen upon the poets; and, save for a rumbling epic or so by Blackmore, and a worthless miscellany by Wycherley, the Muses might have been in exile with the Stuarts. Addison, indeed, put forth his over-praised *Campaign*. Prior, too, was forced by piracy into a premature appearance; but his full-dress revelation was not made until Anne had been for four years indubitably dead. Oddly enough, it is with the *Spectator* that is connected the first notable effort of that superlative artificer who, for more than three decades to come, held the first place in English verse, and influenced its voice for a longer period still. Towards the end of 1711, Addison reviewed, and certainly not, on this occasion, with 'faint praise,' what he termed 'a Master-piece in its Kind.' It was the work of a youth of twenty, named Alexander Pope, and aimed at occupying, in English, much the same ground as the *Ars Poetica* of Horace, or perhaps—to speak more precisely—the *Art Poétique* of Boileau, with this difference that while Horace and the French critic kept their precepts for their maturity, their English imitator, when he proceeded a metrical legislator, was only just out of his teens. Naturally enough, Pope's work was a *cento*, but it was a *cento* of extraordinary ingenuity; and Mr Spectator, from his full-bottomed wig, might justifiably nod Olympian approval of the skill with which the youthful poet's couplets were made to exemplify the errors they condemned. The lines

> These *Equal Syllables* alone require,
> Tho' oft the *Ear* the *open Vowels* tire,
> While *Expletives* their feeble Aid *do* join,
> And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line;

no less than the well-known

> A *needless Alexandrine* ends the Song,
> That like a wounded Snake, drags its slow Length along

certainly, as Addison admits, 'would have been very much admired in an Ancient Poet'—praise which fully justified Mr Pope in offering to Steele's periodical his next performance, the 'sacred Eclogue' entitled *The Messiah* (*Spectator*, No. 378), which he had modelled upon Virgil's *Pollio*. Much of his subsequent work, of which it is not here the place to speak, was of this imitated or adapted kind. But the precocious *Essay on Criticism* must have made it abundantly clear to every reader of intelligence that its author had already entered the arena fully armed as a metrist, and needed nothing but a theme to his hand. During his long literary activity, he was fortunate enough, on more than one occasion, to find such a theme. He found it in the flawless jewel-work of the *Rape of the Lock*; he found it in the terrible Epic of the Dunces; he found it, unanswerably and triumphantly, in the *Moral Essays* and the *Satires and Epistles*. Lastly, with leave of all the Bentleys, alive or dead, he found it in that paraphrase of Homer, which has stimulated more Homer-lovers than the critics would care to count. It may be true that his version is 'a pretty poem, but must not be called Homer;' it may be true that it is

> half pretence,
> Where Wits, not Heroes, prove their Skill in Fence,
> And great Achilles' Eloquence doth show
> As if no Centaur trained him, but Boileau!

but it is, at least, a magnificent performance, which, as one of Pope's own rivals, Professor Conington, has admitted, by the 'calm, majestic flow' of its language, carries on its readers 'as irresistibly as Homer's own could do, were they born readers of Greek;' and fills their minds 'with a conception of the heroic age, not indeed strictly true, but almost as near the truth as that which was entertained by Virgil himself.' It was in this prolonged and tedious task that Pope perfected the heroic couplet which he had caught from Dryden, and which is his chief present to his own time, and to posterity. Like Johnson he has suffered from the public impatience begotten of imitators who only copied his defects; and it may perhaps be granted, even by a devotee, that his style, like the style of Macaulay, grows wearisome if taken in immoderate doses. But it is easy to select, from the *Epistle to Arbuthnot* alone, dozens of passages which, in spite of the apparently mechanic art of the metre, it would be difficult to better, either for conciseness, or directness, or curious felicity of phrase. Much of Pope's work is but a rhythmical exemplification of Addison's dictum (after Boileau) in the review of the *Essay on Criticism*, 'that Wit and Fine Writing doth not consist so much in advancing Things that are new, as in giving Things that are known an agreeable Turn'—in other words, it is concerned less with the revelation of the unattempted or the unimagined in emotion, than with the expression, in a given form of verse, and with faultless perspicuity and finish, of the ordinary ideas in circulation at the time. But this studiously-controlled ambition by no means precluded the production of very noble and dignified utterances, as the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*—to take that example again—will readily testify. Indeed, it is difficult to read the closing paragraphs, or the splendid lines beginning, 'Not Fortune's Worshipper, nor Fashion's Fool' (quoted below at page 189), without wondering upon what ground it can ever have been debated whether Pope was really a poet.

From Young to Cowper, the heroic couplet on the Pope model remained the recognised metre of the century, and, as might be expected, it was largely employed for the social satire in which he had won his greenest laurels. Among his contemporaries were more than one poet who, without being exactly imitative, certainly showed signs of subjection to the trick of the time. Prior, who was Pope's senior, and a better scholar, followed the fashion of adaptation by versifying Exodus and Ecclesiastes, and by clothing in a strait-laced and high-heeled Queen Anne costume the fine old *Not-Browne Maid*. But his services to poetry were happily not limited to this. In his 'loose and hasty scribble' of *Alma* and in his Tales in the French manner, he added flexibility to the cramp Hudibrastics of Butler; his genuine Horatian note gave gaiety and grace to a dozen minor pieces; he reproduced in *Down Hall* and the *Thief and the Cordelier* with marked ability the anapestic ballad measure of the *King and the Abbot of Canterbury*, and he stands in the front rank of English epigrammatists. Moreover, in the lines *To a Child of Quality*, he set the tune of that half-gay, half-grave familiar verse which, in this country—despite the depressing definition of M. Littré—we are content to class as *vers de société*. Another of Pope's contemporaries was Gay, a more sedulous disciple of his illustrious friend, but who, nevertheless, besides some pretty songs that sing, contrived to enrich his age with the long-popular Ballad-opera, and to equip it with a form of Fable which, while it fell short of the supreme art of La Fontaine, was still a convenient, workable vehicle. Nor must it be forgotten that, in *Mr Pope's Welcome from Greece* (i.e. from translating the *Iliad*), he anticipated and employed, with unexpected success, the *ottava rima* of Ariosto afterwards made popular by Frere and by Byron's *Beppo*. Who, for example, would imagine that the following octave, with its note of modernity, comes from the pen of the author of *Trivia* and the *Shepherd's Week!*

> I see two lovely sisters, hand in hand,
>   The fair-haired Martha and Teresa brown;
> Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land;
>   And smiling Mary, soft and fair as down.
> Yonder I see the cheerful Duchess stand,
>   For friendship, zeal, and blithsome humours known.
> Whence that loud shout in such a hearty strain?
> Why, all the Hamiltons are in her train.

Of the remaining Pope group (not school), none gave any new thing to English verse-craft, and their achievements may be left to the separate accounts which follow. Pope survived them all save Swift, and Swift's last years were death-in-life.

It was with the Essay of Addison and Steele that—more for the sake of continuity than of logic—we endeavoured to link the early poetry of Pope. But the connection of the first appearances of modern prose fiction with a paper in the *Englishman* stands less in need of apology. In December 1713 Steele gave an account from his own knowledge of a certain morose Alexander Selkirk or Selcraig of Largo, who had lived for more than four years alone in the island of Juan Fernandez. Similar cases, both real and feigned, were not unknown. Witness, as an instance of the former, Dampier's record of the Mosquito Indian whom Watling had left behind on the same island in 1681. But there is small doubt that to the story of Selkirk, as told by Steele, Captain Woodes Rogers, and others, Daniel Defoe, already referred to as the writer of the *Review of the Affairs of France*, was indebted for the germ of the remarkable book which he issued in April 1719, with the title of the *Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*. In 1719 Defoe was in his sixtieth year. He had been many things—journalist, pamphleteer, political agent, traveller, tradesman, brickmaker, projector, and prisoner in Newgate. He had an inexhaustible store of miscellaneous reading; he delighted especially in travels and adventures; he had extraordinary aptitude for minute and realistic detail; he had an indefatigable habit of the pen. For all these gifts the experiences of Selkirk, as developed in *Robinson Crusoe* afforded a favourable field, while its very limitations and restrictions tended to control and concentrate his 'thick-coming fancies.' Moreover, it is supposed that certain affinities—of which too much may easily be made, but which he certainly desired should be recognised—between the circumstances of his imagined castaway and his own solitary and self-reliant career, gave a subjective note to his work, which, save in the *Farther Adventures* and the *Serious Reflections* of Robinson Crusoe, it does not attain elsewhere. It is certainly not equally perceptible in *Colonel Jack*, *Moll Flanders*, *Roxana*, and the rest of the fictitious narratives that followed his admitted masterpiece, books which are nevertheless characterised by the same exactitude of trivial particulars, the same intentional negligences and repetitions, the same homely, pedestrian, and even flat phraseology. For the most part, they are chronicles of such careers as, in real life, would have fallen to the recording pen of the Ordinary of Newgate, from whose historiographic efforts they differ mainly by their greater variety of incident, their practised pencraft, and their faculty (in their writer's own words) 'of forging a story.' In this last art Defoe is unrivalled. By the mental stenography and systematic stocktaking of a lifetime, he had accumulated so vast a reserve of facts and illustrations that, in the absence of anything to 'report,' in journalistic phrase, he could concoct a report of such astounding verisimilitude that to this day it remains debatable whether some of his performances are true, or partly true, or not true at all, in the sense that the events which they profess to narrate were never combined in the experiences of one and the same individual.

From the fact that Hogarth makes *Moll Flanders* the chosen literature of his 'Idle Apprentice,' it may be presumed that many of what Lamb calls the 'secondary' fictions of Defoe, though professedly didactic in their intention, were directed at readers not more illustrious than the apple-woman whom Borrow's Lavengro found studying the same absorbing work on London Bridge. But there were other reasons why they might be expected to appeal to the people more than to the cultivated classes. It was Defoe's boast that his tales were true histories, always an additional attraction to the humbler reader; and that, being true, they had no connection with such novels and romances as then existed. It was not with the *Oroonoko* of the warm-blooded Aphra Behn, or the *Cassandra* of the sempiternal Sieur de la Calprenède, that he wished them to be compared: his fitter analogue in unrelieved veracity, had he sought for it, would have been more easily found in Bunyan's sombre and relentless *Life and Death of Mr Badman.* But if, in addition to his singular gift of 'lying like truth,' he had combined with his work any appreciable plot to be unravelled or problem to be solved; if he had included any material admixture of passion, or any delineation of the domestic life of his day, he might fairly have claimed—what is sometimes claimed for him—to rank as the Father of the English Novel. These things, however, he did not do. His invented biographies of rogues and pirates and *bona robas* differ from those which are not invented only in being fictitious as wholes; and they no more entitle their author to priority in fiction as we now understand it than if he had been the author of the wonderful book—not a little indebted to his own *Robinson Crusoe*—which seventeen years later was given to the world by the maimed and melancholy genius of Jonathan Swift. But *Gulliver's Travels*, that unique and unclassable masterpiece, must be left for treatment in the special pages on Swift that follow. In tracing the history of the Novel, it is nevertheless impossible not to refer to it, if only on account of the circumstantiality in fiction in which Swift rivals Defoe; but it has little or nothing to do with the development of the form.

That development came suddenly and unexpectedly, nine years after Defoe had been laid to rest in the Dissenters' burial-ground at Bunhill Fields. And it came from a most unhopeful source. It would have been as easy to predict that a middle-aged printer should become the author of *Pamela* as that a sexagenarian journalist should sit down and write *Robinson Crusoe.* There are indeed certain superficial resemblances between Richardson and Defoe. Both belonged to the lower middle classes; both posed as moralists; both wrote the English of common speech; both were circumstantial in manner and copious in style. But there the likeness ends. If Defoe gives little evidence of constructive intention, Richardson, on the contrary (at his best), works steadily to a foregone conclusion; if Defoe cares nothing for the affections, Richardson, on his side, is intensely preoccupied with them; if Defoe eschews sentiment and tearful emotion, Richardson revels in both, and cries as he writes. The one discovered an uninhabited island, the other the very-much-inhabited female heart; and, as far as the modern novel is concerned, the latter is the more notable achievement. With his wonderfully sympathetic insight into feminine character, Richardson's success might have been more signal if the accidents of his early habits had not led him to conduct his tale by correspondence. His biographer, Mrs Barbauld, holding an honest brief for her author, contends that this is the 'most natural' way, which is arguable; but she is also constrained to admit that it is the 'least probable,' which can scarcely be denied, above all in our day, when letter-writing no longer flourishes. That, notwithstanding his insupportable vehicle —for *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison*, his remaining novels, are on the same plan as *Pamela*—Richardson was able to enchain his public, must be attributed partly to the fact that its appetites were more unjaded and less impatient than ours, and partly to the extraordinary manner in which the writer's prolix but cumulative minuteness insensibly and irresistibly compels and subjugates the student who fairly adventures upon the text. But it may safely be affirmed that if no better model of fiction had been found than what Fielding calls the 'epistolary Style,' the early Novel, in spite of its psychology, must have perished speedily of its own perverted method.

With Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, however, the new form quitted the confined (and slightly stuffy) atmosphere of Richardson's cedar-parlour for the open air and the cheery bustle of the Georgian high-road. The range of Richardson's characters is not great, and in his last two novels he scarcely travels beyond the personages of genteel comedy. But Fielding makes his draft upon Human Nature at large, and crowds his stage with men and women of all sorts and conditions, inclining by choice to the middle and lower classes rather than to 'the highest Life,' which he considers to present 'very little Humour or Entertainment' With the precise connection of *Pamela* and *Joseph Andrews* it is not necessary to deal here, as it is sufficiently discussed hereafter. But, apart from mental analysis, the difference between Richardson and Fielding is practically the difference between Richardson and the modern Novel. Few now write novels in Richardson's fashion. But even to-day many books bear manifest traces of the form that Fielding gave to *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*. In the first place, he tells his story directly, in his own person, instead of letting his hero tell it, or allowing his characters to unravel themselves in letters. He pays minute attention to the construction and evolution of his plot, carefully excluding characters and episodes which do not advance the fable or contribute to the end to be attained. Rejecting Sensibility, which he regards as more or less unmanly, he substitutes for it Humour and Irony, in the latter of which attributes he is as great a master as Swift. In his character-drawing he puts forth his full strength. Without much parade of psychology, he manages to make his *dramatis personæ* extraordinarily real and vivid, placing them before us in their habit as they lived, and with their fitting accessories. Finally, while painting Humanity as he finds it, by no means composed of 'Models of Perfection,' but rather of very frail and fallible personalities, he is careful—no doubt with perfect sincerity—to proclaim a moral purpose. The main objects of his satire, he declares, are Vanity and Hypocrisy. It is his intention to exhibit Vice as detestable, and never successful. It is his 'sincere endeavour,' he affirms in the Dedication of *Tom Jones*, 'to recommend Goodness and Innocence,' and to promote the cause of religion and virtue. Perhaps, in these more decorous days, it is sometimes difficult to see that he has rigorously adhered to his principles; but, in any case, when fair allowance is made for altered times and manners, his programme differs but little, in plan and purpose, from the plan and purpose of the modern novel. There are, indeed, but two characteristics in which he has not always been imitated by later practitioners of the art. In the first place, he writes, in general, most excellent, unlaboured English—simple and clear and strong—the English of a gentleman and a scholar. Secondly, it is his peculiarity to introduce each fresh division of his book by an initial chapter (probably suggested by the Chorus of Greek drama), in which, in his own person, he gossips pleasantly about his method and his characters. To his admirers these prolegomena, one of which is printed at page 345, are the most delightful part of his work. But they are practically confined to *Tom Jones*, as they are only partially employed in *Joseph Andrews*, and in *Amelia* not at all.

Fielding more than once refers to the pains he had taken in composing these prefatory chapters. Like Richardson, he professed also to foresee that he was inaugurating a 'new Province of Writing;' and it must be admitted that he has no real rival in his own line until the days of *Waverley*. But he had more than one contemporary of genius. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, indeed, thought, upon its first anonymous appearance, that Smollett's *Roderick Random* was written by her clever kinsman—a supposition which proves her ladyship to have been a better judge of merit than of style. It would be hard to compare, say, the visit to Parson Trulliber (see p. 342) with any page of *Roderick Random* and fail to see that they are from different pens. But Smollett's three best novels abound with incident and character, however grotesque; and he deserves the credit of being the first, since Congreve, to depict the British seaman, a task for which his own experiences as a ship's surgeon in the Carthagena expedition had given him exceptional facilities. In *Humphry Clinker*, too, he contrived to write a novel in letters which (without any appreciable plot) is amusing from beginning to end; but then he cleverly avoids the tedium of the plan by never having his epistles answered. His method in fiction, however, is the method of Le Sage, and so far retrograde; but his racy, if reckless, genius has given him many successors. Sterne, again, with his two great books, would add distinction to any epoch. But the Sternesque humour stands by itself, defying the imitator and the disciple alike. He is alone, and he has no school. 'My Uncle Toby' and Yorick, Mr Shandy and Corporal Trim, have passed into the national 'study of imagination;' but the genius of the author, vacillating between tears and laughter, between sentiment and sheer *polissonnerie*, between method and madness (the word must out), is too unique and several a thing to influence the production of any writer not correspondingly endowed by nature. To write a *Tristram Shandy* or a *Sentimental Journey* there is no way but to be Sterne; and Sternes are not turned out in bakers' batches. Of other novels of the period which owe their existence to the fashion set by Fielding and Richardson, although they are too strongly marked by their writers' individuality to resemble them, are Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* and Johnson's *Rasselas*. But Johnson's *Rasselas* is scarcely a novel at all; it is an expanded *Rambler*, without scheme or beginning, and derives its import mainly from its magisterial manner, and its resigned and lugubrious philosophy of life. Goldsmith's exquisite little story has this peculiarity—it is at once both local and cosmopolitan. Dr Primrose and his family are English types; but at the same time they belong so completely to humanity at large that they can be transferred to any other country without sense of incongruity—that is, to any country where there is a recognised Church and the family is an established institution. In the matter of plot the *Vicar of Wakefield* can scarcely be said to be constructed at all. Neither Goldsmith nor Johnson, therefore, any more than Sterne or Smollett, contributed greatly to the evolution of the Novel-form; and in this connection, the *Evelina* and *Cecilia* of Mme. D'Arblay, which did introduce variations in the matter of social portraiture — variations important enough to make their writer the admitted precursor of Jane Austen—must be held to lie more properly within the scope of the present summary.

But if to found a school be the surest test of novelty, such a triumph must certainly be conceded to Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*. In 1764 that accomplished virtuoso, after a prolonged flirtation with the painted windows and plaster battlements of Strawberry Hill, dreamed that, on the uppermost bannister of a great staircase, he saw a gigantic hand in armour, and straightway fell to scribble a story on the subject. He began (and ended) without a plan; but discovered (in his second edition) that he had combined the old supernatural agencies of Scudéry and the rest with the new personages of *Tom Jones* and real life; and, in other words, had invented Gothic romance. 'The actions, sentiments, conversations, of the heroes and heroines of ancient days,' he declared, 'were as unnatural as the machines employed to put them in motion.' He would make his heroes and heroines natural in all these things, borrowing only from the elder school some of the imagination, invention, and fancy which, in the literal reproduction of life, he thought too much neglected. The blend proved a popular one. To the *Castle of Otranto*, with its sighing portraits, and cowled skeletons, and monstrous helmets, followed, a few years later, the *Old English Baron* of Miss Clara Reeve, who made her marvels slightly more credible, an innovation which Walpole, perhaps not unnaturally, regarded as insipid. After Miss Reeve came the greater Mrs Radcliffe, and the closing century 'supp'd full with horrors.' Clanging portals, echoing corridors, hollow voices, haunted chambers, moth-eaten manuscripts, and daggers that dripped blood became the order of the day. To make the Gothic compound more heady, the tear of sensibility was freely mingled with the goblet, and the sophisticated draught held the drugged public captive until the secret was explained, generally—and in this Mrs Radcliffe, too, differed from Walpole—by simple and natural causes. A quiet home-keeping lady, who described Switzerland and Italy without visiting those countries, Ann Radcliffe must have possessed considerable powers of imagination, and certainly moves a terror skilfully. The influence of *The Italian* and *The Mysteries of Udolpho* is to be traced in Lewis, Maturin, and others, and even in the great Wizard of the North himself. As might be anticipated, Gothic romance did not escape the satirist. It was broadly burlesqued in the *Heroine* of E. S. Barrett, and, with a finer touch, in the admirable *Northanger Abbey* of Jane Austen, which, although not published until 1818, had been actually written very soon after the first appearance of *The Italian*.

The Novel, as the chief gift of the Eighteenth Century to English letters, has, of necessity, occupied exceptional space; and, for its further modification under the pens of Holcroft and Godwin, Henry Mackenzie and Moore, the reader must be referred to the different accounts of those writers. We may now turn to another development of the plain-sailing, prosaic spirit, which, through all its permutations, remains the leading characteristic of the epoch. Hitherto History in England had been little but chronicle and compilation, uncritical and unscientific. In the Eighteenth Century, however, there arose three writers who raised it at once to a definite art. The first of these, in point of time, was Hume. For research, as we understand it now, he cared but little. But he gave to his *History of England* the charm of a sequent narrative and an effortless style which was as pleasant to read as a fairy-tale. After Hume comes Robertson with histories of Scotland, of Charles V., of America, a writer whose style was almost equal to that of his predecessor, and whose standard of investigation was somewhat higher. But both Hume and Robertson are only pioneers of the greater Gibbon. The *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, with its majestic march, its splendid sonority, and its sustained accomplishment, rises far beyond the flight of either, and perhaps even now constitutes the greatest gift of Clio to our literature. Patient inquiry, insight, breadth of view, and minuteness of detail are all united in this twenty years' labour. It was a new thing when it appeared; it is a new thing still: and it is not easy to conceive that a labour so concentrated and so continuous, so sustained and so single-minded, can fail of length of days.

From the history of a people to the history of one person, whether recounted by himself or by another, the transition is easy. That the Eighteenth Century can claim to have originated any particular form of Biography or Autobiography, in the sense that it can claim to have originated the modern Novel or the modern Essay, would be too much to contend. But that, in an age of prose, biographies and memoirs should abound is not surprising: and, from Anne onwards, they were not to seek. There were short biographies such as Goldsmith's *Nash* and Johnson's *Savage*,—to say nothing of the admirable *Lives of the Poets*: there were lengthy biographies such as Hawkesworth's *Swift* and Hawkins's *Johnson*: there were respectable and academic performances such as Middleton's *Cicero*, Carte's *Ormonde*, Lyttelton's *Henry II.*, and Harte's ill-fated *Gustavus Adolphus*; there were also personal records as dissimilar as Cibber's *Apology* and Hume's account of *My Own Life*. But in the last decade of the century appeared two works, each of which, in its special kind, remains unrivalled. One is Gibbon's *Autobiography*, as compiled by his friend Lord Sheffield from the different sketches left by the historian, and since (1896) separately published. The version which has been so long familiar will, however, probably retain its charm, in spite of the editing to which it now appears to have been subjected; and what its writer calls 'the review of his moral and literary character,' although incomplete, must survive many memoirs that are professedly finished from headline to imprint. Nothing can be more interesting than Gibbon's account of the circumstances which moulded his career and determined the course and progress of his *magnum opus.* The other work referred to, which preceded the *Autobiography* by a few years, is Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, which also remains typical in its class, since it is the highest praise of any new biography to bring it within measurable distance of Boswell's book. Yet it may be doubted whether, except under analogous conditions in regard to author and subject, its success could ever be exactly repeated. The peculiar relations of biographer and biographee; the strongly-marked individuality of Johnson and the extraordinary quality of his conversation; the mimetic faculty which enabled Boswell, given the heads or minutes of an interview, to reproduce that interview with a fidelity more characteristic than shorthand, just as selective Art is more convincing than the camera—all these things, combined with a patience, an enthusiasm, and a devotion that no obstacle could daunt, produced a result which, seeing that it is impracticable to reproduce it without similar advantages, must always remain *sui generis.*

In an age favourable to prose, and withal exceptionally leisured and unhurried, it is not surprising that what was somewhat pompously described as Epistolary Correspondence should be found to flourish. And, as a fact, the development of Letter Writing is one of the manifest features of the period. Not only Maids of Honour who could spell,—to vary Swift's jibe,—but Maids of Honour who could not, resorted freely to this means of communication; and before Swift was an old man he recorded a considerable advance. 'The ladies in general,' he told Mrs Delany, were 'extremely mended both in writing and reading since he was young;' and he goes on to speak of a woman of quality, formerly his correspondent, who 'scrawled and spelt like a Wapping wench.' Hardly a month now passes by without some testimony in the shape of Diary or Miscellaneous Correspondence (the recent *Francis Letters* are an excellent case in point) to the activity with which our ancestors plied their pens under Anne and the Georges—an activity which modern appliances and modern manners have long since diverted into different channels. And if the Old-World in general was given to letter writing, literary men and women were also given to it. Swift himself, in the diary to Esther Johnson, commonly known as the *Journal to Stella*, has left a series of utterances which remain, and must remain, unapproached as examples of the *chronique intime.* Pope, too, has a goodly budget of epistles; but they are, in general, too artificial, and too obviously arranged for the public eye, to serve as models. Goldsmith's legacy, on the other hand, is too slender, since the few examples which have been preserved have all the simple charm and fluency of his other work. Steele, Gray, Johnson, Sterne, Burke, Gibbon, and many minor authors, all wrote voluminously—the letters of Gray and Sterne especially being hall-marked with their particular idiosyncrasies. But the epistolary reputation clings chiefly to one or two authors, who, like Madame de Sevigné, either did nothing but write letters, or at all events did that best. One of the first of these is Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose despatches from abroad reveal not only her own shrewd impressions of travel, but her absolutely honest and unvarnished views of contemporary society and literature as she knew them. Another who is best remembered by his letters is Lord Chesterfield. The curious strand of moral insensibility which runs through them has seriously prejudiced their other merits, for, apart from this, and the fact that their main doctrine is the converse of *Esse quam videri*, they are everywhere packed with a very varied criticism of life, and a close, if cynical, observation of human nature. After these, and ranging over sixty years of the century, comes the correspondence of Horace Walpole. If Chesterfield dictates the conduct of life, Walpole exhibits the practice of it. Never was there a wittier, a more vivacious, a more amusing, a more original chronicler; never (as Thackeray says) 'such a brilliant, jigging, smirking Vanity Fair as that through which he leads us.' Lastly must be mentioned the admirable, and in some respects more admirable, letters of Cowper, the most natural, most unfeigned, most easy of English letter-writers. In the art of shedding a sedate playfulness over the least promising themes, in magnifying the occurrences of his 'set gray life' into incidents worthy of record, in communicating to his page all the variations of mood that sweep across him as he writes, he has no equal. But these qualities will doubtless be treated at large hereafter, and it is time to turn once more to the poets.

It was in the year 1764—the year when Walpole wrote the *Castle of Otranto*—that

Gibbon had planned his *Decline and Fall*, and it was not until 1788 that the last three of its eight volumes made their appearance. By that time Pope had been dead for more than four-and-forty years. His influence was still felt, and continued to be felt; but it was an influence that was gradually expending itself, while, side by side with it, other influences were gathering strength and volume. Slowly and almost imperceptibly at first, men were beginning to discard the gradus-epithet and the formal phrase, to substitute blank verse for the machine-made heroic couplet, to exercise themselves tentatively in older and long-neglected stanzaic forms, to write Odes and Elegies and Sonnets, and above all to exhibit an enfranchised proclivity towards romantic expression and the imitation of nature. That this was done systematically or all at once is not to be advanced. But that it existed is manifest from the attitude of such of those conservatives in poetry as still clung to the practice and teaching of Pope. In Goldsmith's first book, the *Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*, he is found condemning blank verse as a 'disagreeable instance of pedantry,' and as a measure which 'nothing but the greatest sublimity of subject can render pleasing.' In the Dedication to the *Traveller*, he returns to the charge. The art of poetry, he says, is in danger from 'the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it.' 'What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, choruses, anapests, and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence!' Elsewhere he falls foul of the fashion set by Gray's *Elegy*, which he regarded as 'overloaded with epithet,' and seriously proposed to amend by 'leaving out an idle word in every line;' while of Pope he writes that he 'carried the language to its highest perfection; and those who have attempted still further to improve it, instead of ornament, have only caught finery.' These last lines were written in 1764, and it is clear that, in the opinion of the author of the *Traveller*, which appeared in the same year, a considerable change had already come over the spirit of English poetry since Pope's death.

The change, in reality, had begun before that date, with the solemn-paced blank verse—then second only to that of Milton—and with the accurate nature-painting of Thomson's *Seasons*, and his revival in the *Castle of Indolence* of the Spenserian Stanza. After Thomson comes Young, who, beginning as a Popesque satirist, proceeded, long after middle age, as the unrhyming author of those sombre and declamatory *Night Thoughts* which at once reflected and dominated the brooding unrest of the age. To Thomson followed the 'oaten stop' and 'pastoral song' of Collins, whose *Persian Eclogues* and *Odes*, with their clear-toned and varied music, brought new harmonies into English metre—harmonies which were farther elaborated by the patient art of Gray's undying *Elegy* and his wonderful *Pindaric Odes*. These—since the lesser names may be here omitted—were, save for the spasmodic outbreak of post-Popian satire in the hectoring couplets of Churchill's *Rosciad*, the dominant influences in English poetry until the date of Goldsmith's *Traveller*, which (like his later *Deserted Village*) was in the old manner, reflected through a medium more modern than its author imagined. Then, stirring men's minds with portentous cloud-form and shadowy suggestion, came the mysterious utterances of Macpherson's *Ossian*: to be succeeded by those *Reliques* of Percy, which opened to English poetry so much of unlessoned art and primitive simplicity; by the mediæval forgeries of Chatterton; and by the revelation, in Warton's *History*, of the neglected riches hidden in the barbaric and half-lit past which lay behind Dryden. All these things, with their searchings and unveilings, were 'prologue to the omen coming on,' and 'harbingers preceding still the fates' of that splendid advent, with the approaching century, of the new-risen spirit of Romance. There were still writers, the Whiteheads and Hayleys and Sewards and Darwins, who clung feebly and ineffectually to the passing classic fashion; but of those who fill worthily the space between the epoch-making *Ossian* of 1763 and the still more epoch-making *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798, the greatest names are Cowper and Burns and Crabbe and Blake. The first two belonged to the Eighteenth Century as defined at the outset of this paper; the last two far outlived it. Owing nothing to each other, distinct in gifts and speech, and having only in common their poetical sincerity, it is sufficient to say of them here that Cowper and Crabbe, more or less, but in a manner coloured strongly by an altered environment, preserved the old tradition, while Blake and Burns are too original and individual to be discussed except with that larger treatment which they will hereafter receive in this volume. But those who wish to estimate the immense distance between 1700 and 1800, measured poetically, will do well to contrast a passage of the *Essay on Criticism* with such a lyric as Robert Burns's 'O, my luve's like a red, red rose,' or the 'Tiger, Tiger burning bright' of William Blake.

Turning to the Drama of the time, it must be confessed that the field is not a rich one, either for crop or diversity of product. When Anne came to the throne, the Comic Dramatists of the Restoration, as Macaulay styles them, were reduced to two. Wycherley had ceased to write for the stage; Congreve's last play, *The Way of the World*, had been played; and Vanbrugh and Farquhar were the only members of the group who were still in practice as playwrights. For many years to come their successors were only minor artists. Steele, in two or three average comedies, endeavoured honestly to purify the theatre in the sense of the precepts of Jeremy Collier, while Lillo, in *George Barnwell* and the *Fatal Curiosity*, seemed to promise a something which was not afterwards performed. Fielding maintained the Congreve tradition in its indecency only; and Cibber, Garrick, Macklin, Murphy, the elder Colman, Hoadly, Foote, and a number of lesser writers, purveyed the acted but now unreadable comedies and farces of the day. The chief novelties in stage composition which the Eighteenth Century contributed to dramatic art were the already-mentioned Ballad-opera of Gay and his imitators: and the semi-serious *genre*, which, based upon the *comédie larmoyante* of Voltaire and Diderot in France, became, for a brief season, the Sentimental Comedy of England. This latter, which has been not inaptly described as a '*mulish* production, with all the defects of its opposite parents, and marked with sterility,' professed to deal with the virtues and distresses of private life rather than with the vices and faults which had hitherto been regarded as the legitimate quarry of the Comic Muse. Cumberland's *West Indian* and Kelly's *False Delicacy* are the most successful examples in this short-lived kind. Then, as a protest against the Comedy of Tears, and in avowed imitation of 'the poets of the last age,' Goldsmith endeavoured to lead the public taste once more back to Nature and Humour. He followed up his *Good Natur'd Man* by his inimitable *She Stoops to Conquer*, to whose perennial qualities in *vis comica*, dialogue, plot, and character its stage popularity even to this hour abundantly testifies. His only competitor is Sheridan, whose three best plays, *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, and *The Critic*, by their unflagging wit and brilliancy, reach a point of excellence which has never since been attained.

For nearly forty years after the *Guardian* of 1713, at which date we interrupted our account of the Essay, no successor of any importance assumed the mantle of Addison and Steele. Imitators there were in plenty; but, with the exception of the *Champion* of Fielding, more memorable by its author than its matter, none deserves a record until we reach the *Rambler* and *Idler* of Johnson. But even the *Rambler* and *Idler*, vigorous and weighty as is their writer's style, follow the Queen Anne model 'as a pack horse would do a hunter'—to use Lady Mary's illustration; and the same must be said of the *Adventurer* of Johnson's disciple, Hawkesworth. In the *World* and the *Connoisseur*, where the touch was lighter, and the pens those of wits like Walpole and Chesterfield, the Essay regained a certain buoyancy and *verve*. But the high-water mark of the mid-century examples in this species of writing is reached by Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, which, in its first form, appeared in the columns of Newbery's *Public Ledger*. After this, there is nothing which deserves serious record. The mention of the *Public Ledger*, however, serves to remind us once more of the extraordinary increase which, in spite of prohibitive stamp-duties and other obstacles, had taken place in the periodical press since the first establishment of the *Daily Courant* in 1702. In 1756 began the *London Chronicle*, that—

> folio of four pages, happy work,
> Which not e'en critics criticise

and for which Johnson wrote the 'Introduction' (at about twopence a line); in 1760 the *Public Ledger*. In 1772 followed the *Morning Post*; in 1788, the *Times*; and these were a few only of the daily papers. Another fruitful feature of Journalism was the Monthly Magazine, which, from the issue by Edward Cave in January 1731 of the first number of the *Gentleman's Magazine; or, Monthly Intelligencer*, grew and flourished vigorously to the end of the century. Mr Urban's purpose, according to the preface to his first volume, was 'to give Monthly a View of all the Pieces of Wit, Humour, or Intelligence, daily offer'd to the Publick in the News-Papers' (of which he estimates that 'no less than 200 Half-sheets per Month are thrown from the Press only in London'), and 'to join therewith some other Matters of Use or Amusement that will be communicated to us.' Besides this, his title-page professes to record the 'most *remarkable Transactions* and *Events*, Foreign and Domestick,' the 'Births, Marriages, Deaths, Promotions, and Bankrupts,' the Prices of Goods and Stock, the Bills of Mortality, and a Register of Books. Most of the Magazines which followed, the *London*, the *Scots*, the *Royal*, the *Literary*, the *Court*, the *Lady's*, the *Universal*, the *British*, the *Town and Country*, the *European*, &c., were after the same model, varied more or less by 'Maps of the War,' 'Accurate Plans of Fortifications,' 'Prospects' of localities,

> pictures taken from the life
> Where all proportions are at strife,

of 'Beasts just landed in the Tower,' problems by Philomath, Crambos and Rebuses, heads of Celebrities 'curiously engraved in Copper,' new country Dances, and the last Vauxhall or Ranelagh songs 'with the Musick.' In addition to these there were the *Monthly* and *Critical Reviews*, dealing exclusively, and not, on the whole, inadequately, with current literature. Lastly, dating from 1758, comes the *Annual Register*, planned by Edmund Burke, by whom it was at first wholly composed, though it was eventually continued by other hands.

In concluding the foregoing summary of certain of the more obvious characteristics of Eighteenth Century Literature, it is perhaps necessary to remind the reader of the limitations indicated in its opening paragraphs. It was there proposed only to treat of those new developments in literary expression which could fairly be claimed as originating in the period. With very slight deviation, this intention has been adhered to. Had a survey of the general literary product been proposed, it would have been necessary to say something, and even much, of Burke and Eloquence, of Philosophy and Berkeley, of Butler and Theology,—to say nothing of other themes and writers. But these things, besides involving the needless anticipation of much which must naturally form part of the pages that follow, would only have served to perplex the very explicit and definitely restricted function of this paper.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

The Revolution Period and After.

Revolutions in politics are not necessarily attended by revolutions in literature, since the development of art is largely independent of the conditions created by a change in the constitution of the State. The character and genius of a people, their social habits and ideals, and also the influence of the existing models and traditions of art, are much more potent factors in literary evolution than any mere alteration of their government, however radical or conspicuous. Especially must it be so when the revolution, like that of 1688 in England, is one that causes no disturbance of the national modes of life. The overthrow of the monarchy under Charles I., accompanied as it was by civil war, by a change of religion and of moral régime, and by the proscription of a whole party with all its fashions and ideals, could not fail to have very serious results in the domain of art, simply because it was so much more than a political revolution. The theatre was suppressed; the lighter poetry was discouraged; men's thoughts were turned to controversy and edification; and so for a decade our literature was an affair mainly of pamphlets and of sermons. Even Milton had to leave his song of Paradise until the reign of roisterers succeeded the reign of saints. But the Revolution of 1688 was marked by no proscription, and, in England at least, was unstained by civil war. There were no fines nor sequestrations, no puritanic justices nor domineering major-generals. The bishop sat safe in his palace, the Tory squire in his hall: the ritual of Laud was maintained in the parish churches, and the fellows of Oxford and Cambridge knew no change save that they were now protected from the intrusion of Papist colleagues. The court was still brilliant at Whitehall—more decorous, certainly, and very much duller than in the Merry Monarch's days, but still the court of an English king, or at least an English queen. At the theatre Mr Pepys might still enjoy the plays of Etherege and Wycherley, and the wits and templars still gathered round the chair of Dryden at Will's.

Under these conditions it was natural that the history of imaginative literature under William III. should show merely a lingering decline of the development which had marked former decades. Until after the opening of the new century we have to do mainly with the old men, or at least the old forms of art. Dryden remains the great central figure, and indeed it is only in this period, after his dismissal from the laureateship and the decay of his worldly prosperity, that he attains his acknowledged place as the first dictator of English letters. Much of the best of his poetical work - the translation of Virgil, *Alexander's Feast*, and the *Fables*—as well as five of his plays, was produced after the Revolution. These plays are generally grouped among examples of the 'Restoration drama,' and this classification of them, as well as of the other plays of the same period, is accurate enough so far as concerns their intrinsic character. Yet it is noteworthy that much of the Restoration drama is really post-Revolution in its date. All the plays of Congreve and Vanbrugh were produced after 1689, and so were many of Southerne's and Shadwell's, while Farquhar came still later, and did his best work in the days of Queen Anne. Yet it was all essentially a bequest of the Restoration period, and, in spite of its brilliance, the drama after the Revolution was really on the decline. Doubtless it suffered from the loss of court patronage, and the substitution of an alien monarch, who cared nothing about literature, for a race of artistic amateurs like the Stuarts. Its grossness also grew offensive to the taste of the nation, or rather of the town, which was slowly recovering from the Restoration debauch. Jeremy Collier's famous *Short View* (1697) has been often regarded as the death-blow of the later Stuart drama; but in truth it was rather a sign of the prevalent tendency than itself that tendency's cause.

The poetry of the age, however, bore far more evident marks of decline than its drama. The veteran Dryden, as has been said, was the solitary great poet, and the only hopeful new man was Matthew Prior, who followed up his clever parody of the *Hind and the Panther* with occasional verses like those on the death of Queen Mary and the recapture of Namur. Shadwell and Nahum Tate were the laureates, and Sir Richard Blackmore, the court physician, began to dose the public with the first of his six slumbrous epics in 1695. Garth's *Dispensary* appeared in 1699. Pope all the while was a child in his father's home in London, and Addison was writing negligible trifles at Oxford, with a whole decade and more between him and the *Campaign*. Nothing foreshadowed the Augustan age. Never perhaps in all our history have the prospects of English poetry been darker than in the interval when Dryden was making way for Pope.

The attention of Englishmen, indeed, was given to other things than pure literature in the years when the British Constitution and the Protestant Succession were first on their trial. The discussion of the problems involved in the settlement of Church and State necessarily produced a shoal of tracts and pamphlets, which seldom rose to the level of literature, and have left us nothing of permanent interest save the treatises on Toleration and Government (1689-92) by Locke. The questions of toleration and comprehension exercised the pens of the clergy, as also did the Nonjuring schism, which had as one of its consequences the keen Trinitarian controversy (1692) between Sherlock and South. These two divines, along with Stillingfleet, Tillotson, Patrick, and others, are to be numbered among the ornaments of the Revolution Church; but in reality the great days of the Anglican pulpit were over. The old questions were becoming exhausted; the polemic battle with Rome was virtually fought out; and it is significant of the drift of the time that the reign of William saw the appearance of Toland (1696) and Tindal, and the beginning of that 'Deistical' movement which was to be so potent, in one development or another, in the next century. Significant is it, too, that the one great philosophical work of the time, Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* (1690), is held to mark the starting-point of that century's characteristic speculation. The national mind, indeed, was beginning to transcend those speculative limits which had been imposed by the great conflict between Romanism and Protestantism a century and a half before. The inevitable results of the civil and religious struggle of the last sixty years were beginning to be felt. Something like a foreshadowing of the 'Broad Church' movement is seen in the career and work of Gilbert Burnet, who, however, did better service by his *History of his Own Time* than by his narrative of the Reformation in England or his exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles.

Unquestionably, one of the reforms by which the Revolution acted most powerfully upon our literature was the liberation of the press. The lapse of the licensing laws in 1695 marks the real birth of English journalism and periodical literature. Within a few months after that event a whole host of newspapers had been started in London—the *English Courant*, the *London Newsletter*, the *Post*, the *Postboy*, the *Postman* -all those obscure and meagre sheets which are now remembered only through the mention of them in the pages of Addison and Steele. To the new freedom of the press these writers themselves owed their great opportunity, for doubtless it would have been impossible under the harassing and uncertain limitations of a censorship to produce a *Tatler* or a *Spectator* at least with the delightful ease and spontaneity which are the very life and charm of the English periodical essay.

That, however, was still a thing of the future, and for some time the effect of a free press was felt mainly in the growth of pamphleteering and the enlargement of its scope. The pamphlet still continued to be the chief instrument of popular appeal, and one of the greatest of English pamphleteers, Daniel Defoe, began his career in the decade after the Revolution. But neither his work, nor indeed the bulk of the so-called Augustan literature, can be understood without taking account of another factor introduced by the Revolution—the development of the system of government by party. Parties, indeed, had existed in England since 1641, and had obtained their names of Whig and Tory in 1679; but it was only with the formation of the Whig Junto about 1694 that the system was fairly organised. The effect on literature was momentous, for thenceforth during more than a century our prose, and even our poetry, continued to be written mainly on party lines. The writers of Queen Anne's time attached themselves to one party or the other, supporting it not only in their acknowledged writings, but also by anonymous pamphleteering. Swift became the best champion and almost the literary 'handy man' of the Tories; Addison and Steele fought the battle for the Whigs. At the production of *Cato* in 1713 both sides mustered as at a political demonstration, and the speeches of Syphax and Sempronius were cheered alternately like hits in an election speech. More than this, the party system had important effects on the patronage of literature and the social position of literary men. Some pamphleteers, no doubt, like Defoe, were mere understrappers and secret-service men; but the better and more respectable writers got honourable posts, and were even welcomed to friendship by the chiefs of the State. The intimacy of Bolingbroke and Oxford with Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot served to dignify and enrich our literature hardly less than the friendship of Mæcenas and Horace adorned and exalted the literature of Rome. As for the more material aspects of party patronage, it needs but to recall part of the catalogue in one of Macaulay's essays: 'Congreve, when he had scarcely attained his majority, was rewarded for his first comedy with places which made him independent for life. . . . Locke was Commissioner of Appeals and of the Board of Trade. Newton was Master of the Mint. Stepney and Prior were employed in embassies of high dignity and importance. . . . Steele was a Commissioner of Stamps and a Member of Parliament. Arthur Mainwaring was a Commissioner of the Customs and auditor of the imprest. Tickell was secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland. Addison was Secretary of State.'

Much of this, no doubt, was a late fruit of the Revolution; yet it was none the less a genuine product of that event—of the development of party which it occasioned, and of the transfer of power from the sovereign to the ministry which it brought about. Patronage, of course, there had been for long before, and the Stuarts were perhaps more intelligent patrons of letters than any of their successors on the throne. But it was assuredly a good thing for literature that its votaries had to turn from the galleries of Whitehall to the offices of the Lord High Treasurer and the Secretary of State. It may be more flattering, but it is far less salutary, to be patronised by a king than by his prime-minister. To the former one can be but a servant; with the latter it is possible to be almost an equal and quite a friend. One needs but to contrast the position of Dryden, the laureate of Charles II. and the butt of Rochester and Buckingham, with that of Swift and Pope, the friends of Harley and St John.

Another effect of the Revolution upon our literature is found in the check which it gave to the influence of France. The royal master and patron of Boileau, formerly our ally and our paymaster, was now to be our enemy, with a short interval of peace, for more than twenty years; and such a cessation of intercourse with what was then the great centre of literary influence in Europe could not be without its results. No gay Grammonts or Saint Evremonds were now seen at the court of Whitehall; the Frenchmen who came hither were Protestant refugees, driven forth by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. One of them, Motteux, completed Urquhart's translation of Rabelais; another, Rapin de Thoyras, wrote in his own language a history of England, which afterwards became for Englishmen the standard work on the subject until the days of David Hume. The result of these changed conditions was doubtless to leave our literature more to its own native and insular development, to throw poets like Pope more exclusively upon Spenser and Cowley and Dryden for models, and to foster the development of the simple idiomatic prose of Defoe and Swift. French influence, however—and nearly all for good—is discernible in the essays of Temple (1690-93) and in the later work of Bolingbroke, where, however, there is still more conspicuous evidence of the growing power of political oratory as a factor in prose style. As parliamentary debate, with the introduction of constitutionalism, became more important, the art of it was naturally studied with greater care; while the widening of the audience which had to be appealed to in pamphleteering combined with the gradual spread of rationalism to favour a more curt and familiar and less pedantic style than that which, in the hands of Hooker and Milton and Taylor, had been developed in the pulpit and the college. These probably are the main causes of the steady improvement made at this time in the writing of English prose.

To French influence, we must add, the Revolution period owed its one great literary controversy, for the battle of Boyle and Bentley (1696-99) over the Letters of Phalaris was one of the sequels of the dispute about the ancients and moderns between Perrault and Boileau and Fontenelle (1688-94). Started at first by Temple's unlucky essay, the fray is memorable mainly for having given Swift the subject of one of his earliest satires, and for establishing the fame of the greatest of English scholars. Richard Bentley's is one of the three or four great names which belong peculiarly to the age of the Revolution, or which, in other words, have won distinction by achievements that belong to the last ten or twelve years of the seventeenth century. The others are Locke, Congreve, and Newton—the last by far the greatest of all, although it belongs largely to a domain that is excluded by the strict bounds of English literature, and even of the English language. The Revolution age is indeed more notable on the scientific side than on the literary, and one can discern in it the progress of that movement which had been begun five-and-twenty years before by the formation of the Royal Society not only in the work of men like Ray, the naturalist, and Hooke, the physicist, but also in the fantastic speculations of Dr Thomas Burnet concerning the origin and ultimate fate of the earth.

The literary condition of England at the end of the seventeenth century cannot be understood without a knowledge of the very imperfect dissemination of books, and the other difficulties in the way of reading. There were no great collections of books save at the two universities: even London had no circulating library or book club, and readers who did not want to purchase had to snatch a glance at the volumes in the booksellers' shops in St Paul's Churchyard. As for private libraries, even the clergy were miserably supplied, while the condition of the gentry is described in Macaulay's statement that 'an esquire passed among his neighbours for a great scholar if Hudibras and Baker's Chronicle, Tarleton's Jests, and the Seven Champions of Christendom lay in his hall window among the fishing-rods and fowling pieces.' The republication of books was slow. The last folio of Shakespeare came out in 1685, and was not followed by the first octavo till 1709; while only three editions of *Paradise Lost* appeared between the Revolution and the end of the century; they were all in folio, and had but a small circulation. Magazines, of course, there were none, while the newspapers which sprang up after the liberation of the press were mere news sheets that did not always displace the antiquated and lingering newsletter. At the best, John Dunton's *Athenian Gazette* (1691) might provide some meagre and frivolous 'answers to correspondents,' and for the rest there were sermons, pamphlets, ballad broadsheets, and an odd playbook or ponderous romance. The popularising of literature was to come in the next age, with the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*.

ROBERT AITKEN.

John Locke

was born at Wrington, Somerset, 29th August 1632, son of a country attorney, and from Westminster School passed to Christ Church College, Oxford, where he became lecturer on Greek and on rhetoric. He soon became disgusted with the verbal subtleties of the Aristotelian and scholastic philosophy; and experiments in medicine show his bent towards the inductive interpretation of nature. In 1665 he went as secretary with Sir Walter Vane, envoy to the Elector of Brandenburg during the Dutch war: some lively and interesting letters written by him from Germany on this occasion were published by Lord King in 1829. Those who are acquainted with Locke only in the character of a grave philosopher will be surprised to find him giving to a friend at home a quite humorous description quoted below) of some Christmas ceremonies witnessed by him in a church at Cleves.

JOHN LOCKE.
From the Portrait by F. Be[illegible]ver in the National Portrait Gallery

In less than a year Locke returned to Oxford, where he received an offer of preferment in the Irish Church if he should think fit to take orders. This, after due consideration, he declined. 'A man's affairs and whole course of his life,' says he in a letter to the friend who made the proposal to him, 'are not to be changed in a moment, and one is not made fit for a calling, and that in a day. I believe you think me too proud to undertake anything wherein I should acquit myself but unworthily. I am sure I cannot content myself with being undermost, possibly the middlemost, of my profession; and you will allow, on consideration, care is to be taken not to engage in a calling wherein, if one chance to be a bungler, there is no retreat.'

In 1666 he was in a kind of amateur medical practice at Oxford, though he never took a degree in medicine. Problems of society, Church and State, and, above all, toleration largely exercised him. He became acquainted with Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury; and so valuable did his lordship find the medical advice and general conversation of the philosopher, that a close and permanent friendship sprang up between them, and Locke became an inmate of the Earl's house. This brought him into the society of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Halifax, and other celebrated wits of the time. While residing with Lord Ashley, Locke superintended the education first of his son, and subsequently of his grandson, the third Earl of Shaftesbury, famous as a philosophical writer and Deist in the reign of Queen Anne. In 1672, when Lord Ashley received an earldom and the office of Chancellor, he gave Locke the appointment of secretary of presentations, and then a post in the Board of Trade, which the philosopher enjoyed only till the following year, when his patron lost favour and was deprived of the seals. The delicate state of Locke's health induced him in 1675 to visit France, where he resided four years, first at Montpellier, and afterwards at Paris, where he had opportunities of cultivating the acquaintance of the most eminent French literary men of the day. In 1679 Shaftesbury recalled Locke to England, and on taking refuge in Holland three years afterwards, was followed thither by his friend, suspected as his confidant. After the death of his patron in 1683 Locke found it necessary to prolong his stay in Holland, and even there was obliged, by the machinations of his political enemies at home, to live for upwards of a year in concealment. In 1684, by a special order from Charles II. and countersigned by Sunderland, which is still preserved in the college library, he was deprived of his studentship at Christ Church, Oxford. In 1687 he instituted at Amsterdam a literary society, the members of which - among whom were Le Clerc, Limborch, and other learned men - met weekly for the purpose of enjoying each other's conversation. The Revolution of 1688 finally restored Locke to his native country, to which he was conveyed by the fleet that brought over the Princess of Orange He was made a Commissioner of Appeals, with a salary of £200 a year. He now became a prominent defender of civil and religious liberty, in a succession of works which exerted a powerful influence. While in Holland he had written in Latin an expansion of an essay (dating from 1667 on toleration; this he addressed to Limborch, by whom it was published at Gouda in 1689, and translations of it were immediately published in Dutch, French, and English. The liberal opinions which it maintained were controverted by an Oxford writer, in reply to whom Locke successively wrote three additional *Letters*. In 1690 was published the work by which he is best known, *An Essay concerning Human Understanding*. On this treatise he had been engaged for eighteen years; its origin he explained in the Prefatory Epistle to the Reader: 'Were it fit to trouble thee with the history of this Essay, I should tell thee that five or six friends meeting at my chamber [at Oxford in 1670-71], and discoursing on a subject very remote from this, found themselves quickly at a stand by the difficulties that rose on every side. After we nad a while puzzled ourselves, without coming any nearer a resolution of those doubts which perplexed us, it came into my thoughts, that we took a wrong course, and that, before we set ourselves upon inquiries of that nature, it was necessary to examine our own abilities, and see what objects our understandings were, or were not, fitted to deal with. This I proposed to the company, who all readily assented.' In proceeding to treat of the subject originally proposed, he found this matter increase upon his hands, and was gradually led into other fields of investigation. In the first book of his *Essay* Locke treats of innate ideas. He denies altogether the doctrine of innate ideas or conscious principles in the mind: 'God having endued man with those faculties of knowing which he hath, was no more obliged by His goodness to implant those innate notions in his mind, than that having given him reason, hands, and materials, He should build him bridges or houses.' Knowledge must be a gradual growth dependent on fallible experience. All our ideas, the most complex as well as the simplest, refer to data presented through the senses or to operations of the mind which have been made the objects of reflection. And he argues that the idea or sense of a God is so manifest from the visible marks of wisdom and power in creation, that no rational creature could, on reflection, miss the discovery of a Deity. In the second book Locke follows up this principle or position by tracing the origin of our ideas, simple and complex, which he derives from sensation and reflection. The third book of the *Essay* is on language and signs as instruments of truth; and the fourth book is intended to determine the nature, validity, and limits of the understanding. In virtue of his *Essay* Locke ranks as father of the English empirical philosophy, and his influence was dominant in England till Kant's work became known. He profoundly influenced French thought in the next century; although he would have strenuously repudiated and refuted the French development of sensationalism into materialism Berkeley and Hume were in different ways continuators of Locke's mode of thought. In 1690 Locke published two *Treatises on Civil Government*, in defence of the principles of the Revolution against the Tories; or, as he expresses himself, 'to establish the throne of our great restorer, our present King William; to make good his title in the consent of the people, which, being the only one of all lawful governments, he has more fully and clearly than any prince in Christendom; and to justify to the world the people of England, whose love of their just and natural rights, with their resolution to preserve them, saved the nation when it was on the very brink of slavery and ruin. The chief of his other writings are his very suggestive *Thoughts concerning Education* (1693); an admirable tract *On the Conduct of the Understanding*, printed after the author's death; *The Reasonableness of Christianity* (1695), and two *Vindications* of that work, which was held to verge on deism (1696). He conducted a keen controversy with Stillingfleet, who had annoyed him by identifying his theological position with that of Toland and the Deists to whom, in point of fact, he had decided affinities. For Locke, and many of the best minds of the time, it seemed essential that religion should be rational, regulated by common-sense and the evidences on which it is based; enthusiasm and fanaticism had had their day, and must make way for the age of reason. Locke is a conspicuous representation of the trend of English thought in the second half of the seventeenth century towards common-sense philosophy and scientific research. His name and those of Boyle, Newton, Flamsteed, Halley, Willis, Sydenham, Ray, the vegetable physiologist Gr[illegible] and the geologist Woodward show that 'Restoration literature,' specifically so called, was but one form of the reaction against the one-sidedness of the Puritan outlook on life and the world.

Immediately after the Revolution employment in the diplomatic service was offered to Locke, who declined it on the ground of ill-health. In 1695, having aided Government with his advice on the subject of the coinage, he was appointed a member of the new Council of Trade, an office the state of his health also obliged him to resign in 1700. He wrote also on Ireland and the poor-laws; and he was a Fellow of the Royal Society. The last years of his life, from 1691 on, were mainly spent at Oates in Essex, the seat of Sir Francis Masham, who had invited him to make that mansion his home. His friend Lady Masham, a daughter of Dr Cudworth, soothed by her attention the infirmities of his declining years. Locke died 28th October 1704.

Locke's character, like his philosophy, was marked by caution, by adherence to experience and submission to facts, by suspicion alike of abstract speculation and mystical enthusiasm, and by calm reasonableness. His philosophy was sensible and rational rather than profound or original; it does not permanently satisfy the demands of the inquiring spirit; it is a philosophy of compromise, and is not sufficiently compact, systematic, and thorough going to hold its own against the criticism of the Kantians. The style of the *Essay*, like the philosophy it expounds, is plain and straightforward, is occasionally colloquial, but on the whole is decidedly monotonous. Locke, who meant his books for general reading, hated scholastic jargon, and wrote in language intelligible to every man of commonsense. 'No one,' says his pupil, Shaftesbury (himself rather a superfine writer), 'has done more towards the recalling of philosophy from barbarity, into the use and practice of the world, and into the company of the better and politer sort, who might well be ashamed of it in its other dress.' In the non-philosophical writings, as in that on education and the political papers, there is more trenchancy, vigour, and variety.

Design of the Essay on the Human Understanding.

Since it is the understanding that sets man above the rest of sensible beings, and gives him all the advantage and dominion which he has over them, it is certainly a subject, even for its nobleness, worth our labour to enquire into. The understanding, like the eye, whilst it makes us see and perceive all other things, takes no notice of itself; and it requires art and pains to set it at a distance, and make it its own object. But whatever be the difficulties that lie in the way of this enquiry, whatever it be that keeps us so much in the dark to ourselves, sure I am that all the light we can let in upon our own minds, all the acquaintance we can make with our own understandings, will not only be very pleasant, but bring us great advantage, in directing our thoughts in the search of other things.

This, therefore, being my purpose, to enquire into the original, certainty, and extent of human knowledge; together with the grounds and degrees of belief, opinion, and assent; I shall not at present meddle with the physical consideration of the mind, or trouble myself to examine wherein its essence consists, or by what motions of our spirits or alterations of our bodies we come to have any sensation by our organs, or any ideas in our understandings; and whether those ideas do in their formation, any or all of them, depend on matter or no: these are speculations which, however curious and entertaining, I shall decline as lying out of my way in the design I am now upon. It shall suffice to my present purpose to consider the discerning faculties of a man as they are employed about the objects which they have to do with: and I shall imagine I have not wholly misemployed myself in the thoughts I shall have on this occasion, if in this historical, plain method I can give any account of the ways whereby our understandings come to attain those notions of things we have, and can set down any measures of the certainty of our knowledge, or the grounds of those persuasions which are to be found amongst men, so various, different, and wholly contradictory; and yet asserted somewhere or other with such assurance and confidence, that he that shall take a view of the opinions of mankind, observe their opposition, and at the same time consider the fondness and devotion wherewith they are embraced, the resolution and eagerness wherewith they are maintained, may perhaps have reason to suspect that either there is no such thing as truth at all, or that mankind hath no sufficient means to attain a certain knowledge of it. It is therefore worth while to search out the bounds between opinion and knowledge, and examine by what measures, in things whereof we have no certain knowledge, we ought to regulate our assent and moderate our persuasions. In order whereunto, I shall pursue this following method.

First, I shall enquire into the original of those ideas, notions, or whatever else you please to call them, which a man observes and is conscious to himself he has in his mind; and the ways whereby the understanding comes to be furnished with them. Secondly, I shall endeavour to shew what knowledge the understanding hath by those ideas; and the certainty, evidence, and extent of it. Thirdly, I shall make some enquiry into the nature and grounds of faith or opinion; whereby I mean that assent which we give to any proposition as true, of whose truth yet we have no certain knowledge: and here we shall have occasion to examine the reasons and degrees of assent.

If by this enquiry into the nature of the understanding I can discover the powers thereof; how far they reach; to what things they are in any degree proportionate; and where they fail us: I suppose it may be of use to prevail with the busy mind of man to be more cautious in meddling with things exceeding its comprehension; to stop when it is at the utmost extent of its tether; and to sit down in a quiet ignorance of those things which upon examination are found to be beyond the reach of our capacities. We should not then perhaps be so forward, out of an affectation of an universal knowledge, to raise questions and perplex ourselves and others with disputes about things to which our understandings are not suited, and of which we cannot frame in our minds any clear or distinct perceptions, or whereof (as it has perhaps too often happened) we have not any notions at all. If we can find out how far the understanding can extend its view, how far it has faculties to attain certainty, and in what cases it can only judge and guess, we may learn to content ourselves with what is attainable by us in this state.

(From the Introduction to the *Essay*.)

Of Useless Reading.

Books and reading are looked upon to be the great helps of the understanding and instruments of knowledge, as it must be allowed that they are; and yet I beg leave to question whether these do not prove an hindrance to many, and keep several bookish men from attaining to solid and true knowledge. This I think I may be permitted to say, that there is no part wherein the understanding needs a more careful and wary conduct than in the use of books; without which they will prove rather innocent amusements than profitable employments of our time, and bring but small additions to our knowledge.

There is not seldom to be found even amongst those who aim at knowledge, who with an unwearied industry employ their whole time in books, who scarce allow themselves time to eat or sleep, but read, and read, and read on, yet make no great advances in real knowledge, though there be no defect in their intellectual faculties, to which their little progress can be imputed. The mistake here is, that it is usually supposed that by reading the author's knowledge is transfused into the reader's understanding; and so it is, but not by bare reading, but by reading and understanding what he writ. Whereby I mean not barely comprehending what is affirmed or denied in each proposition (though that great readers do not always think themselves concerned precisely to do), but to see and follow the train of his reasonings, observe the strength and clearness of their connexion, and examine upon what they bottom. Without this a man may read the discourses of a very rational author, writ in a language and in propositions that he very well understands, and yet acquire not one jot of his knowledge; which consisting only in the perceived, certain, or probable connexion of the ideas made use of in his reasonings, the reader's knowledge is no farther increased than he perceives that; so much as he sees of this connexion, so much he knows of the truth or probability of that author's opinions.

All that he relies on without this perception he takes upon trust, upon the author's credit, without any knowledge of it at all. This makes me not at all wonder to see some men so abound in citations, and build so much upon authorities, it being the sole foundation on which they bottom most of their own tenets; so that in effect they have but a second-hand or implicit knowledge: i.e. are in the right, if such an one from whom they borrowed it were in the right in that opinion which they took from him; which indeed is no knowledge at all. Writers of this or former ages may be good witnesses of matter of fact which they deliver, which we may do well to take upon their authority; but their credit can go no farther than this; it cannot at all affect the truth and falsehood of opinions which have no other sort of trial but reason and proof, which they themselves made use of to make themselves knowing, and so must others too that will partake in their knowledge. (From the *Conduct of the Understanding.*)

On Hardening Children.

Give me leave therefore to advise you not to fence too carefully against the cold of this our climate: there are those in England who wear the same clothes winter and summer, and that without any inconvenience or more sense of cold than others find. But if the mother will needs have an allowance for frost and snow, for fear of harm; and the father, for fear of censure; be sure let not his winter-clothing be too warm: and amongst other things remember that when nature has so well covered his head with hair, and strengthened it with a year or two's age, that he can run about by day without a cap, it is best that by night a child should also lie without one; there being nothing that more exposes to head ach, colds, catarrhs, coughs, and several other diseases, than keeping the head warm.

I have said 'he' here, because the principal aim of my discourse is, how a young gentleman should be brought up from his infancy, which in all things will not so perfectly suit the education of daughters; though where the difference of sex requires different treatment, it will be no hard matter to distinguish.

I would also advise his feet to be washed every day in cold water; and to have his shoes so thin that they might leak and let in water whenever he comes near it. Here I fear I shall have the mistress, and maids too, against me. One will think it too filthy; and the other, perhaps, too much pains to make clean his stockings. But yet truth will have it that his health is much more worth than all such considerations, and ten times as much more. And he that considers how mischievous and mortal a thing taking wet in the feet is to those who have been bred nicely, will wish he had, with the poor people's children, gone bare-foot; who by that means come to be so reconciled by custom to wet their feet, that they take no more cold or harm by it than if they were wet in their hands. And what is it, I pray, that makes this great difference between the hands and the feet in others, but only custom? I doubt not but if a man from his cradle had been always used to go bare-foot, whilst his hands were constantly wrapped up in warm mittins, and covered with handshoes, as the Dutch call gloves; I doubt not, I say, but such a custom would make taking wet in his hands as dangerous to him, as now taking wet in their feet is to a great many others. The way to prevent this is to have his shoes made so as to leak water, and his feet washed constantly every day in cold water. It is recommendable for its cleanliness: but that which I aim at in it is health. And therefore I limit it not precisely to any time of the day. I have known it used every night with very good success, and that all the winter, without the omitting it so much as one night in extreme cold weather: when thick ice covered the water, the child bathed his legs and feet in it, though he was of an age not big enough to rub and wipe them himself, and when he began this custom was puling and very tender. But the great end being to harden those parts by a frequent and familiar use of cold water, and thereby to prevent the mischiefs that usually attend accidental taking wet in the feet in those who are bred otherwise; I think it may be left to the prudence and convenience of the parents to choose either night or morning. The time I deem indifferent, so the thing be effectually done. The health and hardiness procured by it would be a good purchase at a much dearer rate. To which if I add the preventing of corns, that to some men would be a very valuable consideration. But begin first in the spring with lukewarm, and so colder and colder every time, till in a few days you come to perfectly cold water, and then continue it so winter and summer. For it is to be observed in this as in all other alterations from our ordinary way of living, the changes must be made by gentle and insensible degrees; and so we may bring our bodies to any thing without pain and without danger. (From *Thoughts concerning Education.*)

On Writing and Speaking English Correctly.

There can scarce be a greater defect in a gentleman, than not to express himself well, either in writing or speaking. But yet I think I may ask my reader, Whether he doth not know a great many who live upon their estates, and so with the name should have the qualities of gentlemen, who cannot so much as tell a story as they should, much less speak clearly and persuasively in any business? This I think not to be so much their fault, as the fault of their education; for I must without partiality do my countrymen this right, that where they apply themselves, I see [illegible] of their neighbours outgo them. They have been t[illegible] rhetoric, but yet never taught how to express the[illegible]ves handsomely with their tongues, or pens, in the [illegible]guage [illegible] are always to use; as if the names of the figures that embellished the discourses of those who understood the art of speaking were the very art and skill of speaking well. This, as all other things of practice, is to be learned not by a few or a great many rules given, but by exercise and application, according to good rules or rather patterns, till habits are got and a facility of doing it well.

Agreeable hereunto, perhaps it might not be amiss to make children, as soon as they are capable of it, often to tell a story of any thing they know; and to correct at first the most remarkable fault they are guilty of in their way of putting it together. When that fault is cured, then to show them the next, and so on, till one after another, all, at least the gross ones, are mended. When they can tell tales pretty well, then it may be time to make them write them. The fables of Esop, the only book almost that I know fit for children, may afford them matter for this exercise of writing English, as well as for reading and translating, to enter them in the Latin tongue. When they are got past the faults of grammar, and can join in a continued coherent discourse the several parts of a story without bald and unhandsome forms of transition (as is usual) often repeated: he that desires to perfect them yet farther in this, which is the first step to speaking well, and needs no invention, may have recourse to Tully: and by putting in practice those rules which that master of eloquence gives in his first book *De Inventione*, § 20, make them know wherein the skill and graces of an handsome narrative, according to the several subjects and designs of it, lie. Of each of which rules fit examples may be found out, and therein they may be shown how others have practised them. The ancient classic authors afford plenty of such examples, which they should be made not only to translate, but have set before them as patterns for their daily imitation.

When they understand how to write English with due connexion, propriety, and order, and are pretty well masters of a tolerable narrative style, they may be advanced to writing of letters: wherein they should not be put upon any strains of wit or compliment, but taught to express their own plain easy sense, without any incoherence, confusion, or roughness. And when they are perfect in this, they may to raise their thoughts have set before them the example of Voiture's, for the entertainment of their friends at a distance, with letters of compliment, mirth, raillery, or diversion; and Tully's epistles, as the best pattern whether for business or conversation. The writing of letters has so much to do in all the occurrences of human life, that no gentleman can avoid showing himself in this kind of writing: occasions will daily force him to make this use of his pen, which, besides the consequences that in his affairs his well or ill managing of it often draws after it, always lays him open to a severer examination of his breeding, sense, and abilities, than oral discourses: whose transient faults, dying for the most part with the sound that gives them life, and so not subject to a strict review, more easily escape observation and censure.

Had the methods of education been directed to their right end, one would have thought this so necessary a part could not have been neglected, whilst themes and verses in Latin, of no use at all, were so constantly every where pressed, to the racking of children's inventions beyond their strength, and hindering their cheerful progress in learning the tongues, by unnatural difficulties. But custom has so ordained it, and who dares disobey? And would it not be very unreasonable to require of a learned country school-master (who has all the tropes and figures in Farnaby's rhetoric at his fingers ends) to teach his scholar to express himself handsomely in English, when it appears to be so little his business or thought, that the boy's mother (despised, it is like, as illiterate, for not having read a system of logic and rhetoric) outdoes him in it?

To write and speak correctly gives a grace, and gains a favourable attention to what one has to say: and since 'tis English that an English gentleman will have constant use of, that is the language he should chiefly cultivate, and wherein most care should be taken to polish and perfect his style. To speak or write better Latin than English may make a man be talked of: but he would find it more to his purpose to express himself well in his own tongue, that he uses every moment, than to have the vain commendation of others for a very insignificant quality. This I find universally neglected, and no care taken any-where to improve young men in their own language, that they may thoroughly understand and be masters of it. If any one among us have a facility or purity more than ordinary in his mother tongue, it is owing to chance, or his genius, or any thing rather than to his education, or any care of his teacher. To mind what English his pupil speaks or writes is below the dignity of one bred up amongst Greek and Latin, though he have but little of them himself. These are the learned languages, fit only for learned men to meddle with and teach; English is the language of the illiterate vulgar; though yet we see the policy of some of our neighbours hath not thought it beneath the public care to promote and reward the improvement of their own language. Polishing and enriching their tongue is no small business amongst them: it hath colleges and stipends appointed it, and there is raised amongst them a great ambition and emulation of writing correctly: and we see what they are come to by it, and how far they have spread one of the worst languages, possibly, in this part of the world, if we look upon it as it was in some few reigns backwards, whatever it be now. The great men amongst the Romans were daily exercising themselves in their own language: and we find yet upon record the names of orators who taught some of their emperors Latin, though it were their mother-tongue.

It is plain the Greeks were yet more nice in theirs: all other speech was barbarous to them but their own, and no foreign language appears to have been studied or valued amongst that learned and acute people; though it be past doubt that they borrowed their learning and philosophy from abroad.

I am not here speaking against Greek and Latin; I think they ought to be studied, and the Latin, at least, understood well, by every gentleman. But whatever foreign languages a young man meddles with (and the more he knows the better), that which he should critically study and labour to get a facility, clearness, and elegancy to express himself in, should be his own, and to this purpose he should daily be exercised in it.

(From *Thoughts Concerning Education.*)

Of History.

The stories of Alexander and Cæsar, further than they instruct us in the art of living well, and furnish us with observations of wisdom and prudence, are not one jot to be preferred to the history of Robin Hood, or the Seven Wise Masters. I do not deny but history is very useful, and very instructive of human life; but if it be studied only for the reputation of being a historian, it is a very empty thing; and he that can tell all the particulars of Herodotus and Plutarch, Curtius and Livy, without making any other use of them, may be an ignorant man with a good memory, and with all his pains hath only filled his head with Christmas tales. And, which is worse, the greatest part of the history being made up of wars and conquests, and their style, especially the Romans, speaking of valour as the chief if not the only virtue, we are in danger to be misled by the general current and business of history; and, looking on Alexander and Cæsar, and such-like heroes, as the highest instances of human greatness, because they each of them caused the death of 100,000 men, and the ruin of a much greater number, overran a great part of the earth, and killed the inhabitants to possess themselves of their countries—we are apt to make butchery and rapine the chief marks and very essence of human greatness. And if civil history be a great dealer of it, and to many readers thus useless, curious and difficult inquirings in antiquity are much more so; and the exact dimensions of the Colossus, or figure of the Capitol, the ceremonies of the Greek and Roman marriages, or who it was that first coined money; these, I confess, set a man well off in the world, especially amongst the learned, but set him very little on in his way. . . .

I shall only add one word and then conclude; and that, is that whereas in the beginning I cut off history from our study as a useless part, as certainly it is where it is read only as a tale that is told; here, on the other side, I recommend it to one who hath well settled in his mind the principles of morality, and knows how to make a judgment on the actions of men, as one of the most useful studies he can apply himself to. There he shall see a picture of the world and the nature of mankind, and so learn to think of men as they are. There he shall see the rise of opinions, and find from what slight and sometimes shameful occasions some of them have taken their rise, which yet afterwards have had great authority, and passed almost for sacred in the world, and borne down all before them. There also one may learn great and useful instructions of prudence, and be warned against the cheats and rogueries of the world, with many more advantages which I shall not here enumerate. (From Locke's *Journal*.)

Christmas at Cleves.

Dear Sir,—Are you at leisure for half an hour's trouble? Will you be content I should keep up the custom of writing long letters with little in them? 'Tis a barren place, and the dull frozen part of the year, and therefore you must not expect great matters. 'Tis enough that at Christmas you have empty Christmas tales fit for the chimney corner. To begin therefore; December 15th (here 25th) Christmas day, about one in the morning I went a-gossipping to our Lady; think me not profane, for the name is a great deal modester than the service I was at. I shall not describe all the particulars I observed in that church, being the principal of the Catholics in Cleves, but only those that were particular to the occasion. Near the high-altar was a little altar for this day's solemnity; the scene was a stable, wherein was an ox, an ass, a cradle, the Virgin, the babe, Joseph, shepherds, and angels, *dramatis personæ*. Had they but given them motion, it had been a perfect puppet-play, and might have deserved pence apiece; for they were of the same size and make that our English puppets are; and I am confident these shepherds and this Joseph are kin to that Judith and Holophernes which I have seen at Bartholomew Fair. A little without the stable was a flock of sheep, cut out of cards; and these, as they then stood without their shepherds, appeared to me the best emblem I had seen a long time, and methought represented these poor innocent people, who, whilst their shepherds pretend so much to follow Christ and pay their devotion to him, are left unregarded in the barren wilderness. This was the show; the music to it was all vocal in the quire adjoining, but such as I never heard. They had strong voices, but so ill-tuned, so ill-managed, that it was their misfortune, as well as ours, that they could be heard. He that could not, though he had a cold, make better music with a Chevy Chace [apparently a tune to which the ballad was then sung] over a pot of smooth ale, deserved well to pay the reckoning, and go away athirst. However, I think they were the honestest singing-men I have ever seen, for they endeavoured to deserve their money, and earned it certainly with pains enough; for what they wanted in skill, they made up in loudness and variety. Every one had his own tune, and the result of all was like the noise of choosing parliament-men, where every one endeavours to cry loudest. Besides the men, there were a company of little choristers. I thought, when I saw them at first, they had danced to the others' music, and that it had been your Gray's Inn revels; for they were jumping up and down about a good charcoal-fire that was in the middle of the quire (this their devotion and their singing was enough, I think, to keep them warm, though it were a very cold night), but it was not dancing, but singing they served for; for when it came to their turns, away they ran to their places, and there they made as good harmony as a concert of little pigs would, and they were much about as cleanly. Their part being done, out they sallied again to the fire, where they played till their cue called them, and then back to their places they huddled. So negligent and slight are they in their service in a place where the nearness of adversaries might teach them to be more careful. . . .

A Letter to Anthony Collins.

Oates, *January* 24, 1703/4.

Sir,—Till your confidence in my friendship and freedom with me can preserve you from thinking you have need to make apologies for your silence whenever you omit a post or two, when in your kind way of reckoning you judge a letter to be due, you know me not so well as I could wish; nor am I so little burthensome to you as I desire. I could be pleased to hear from you every day; because the very thoughts of you every day afford me pleasure and satisfaction. But I beseech you to believe that I measure not your kindness by your opportunities of writing; nor do suspect that your friendship flattens, whenever your pen lies a little still. The sincerity you profess and I am convinced of has charms in it against all the little phantoms of ceremony. If it be not so that true friendship sets one free from a scrupulous observance of all those little circumstances, I shall be able to give but a very ill account of myself to my friends; to whom when I have given possession of my heart, I am less punctual in making of legs and kissing my hand than to other people to whom that out-side civility is all that belongs.

I received the three books you sent me. That which the author sent me deserves my acknowledgment more ways than one; and I must beg you to return it. His demonstrations are so plain, that if this were an age that followed reason, I should not doubt but his would prevail. But to be rational is so glorious a thing that two-legged creatures generally content themselves with the title; but will not debase so excellent a faculty about the conduct of so trivial a thing as they make themselves.

There never was a man better suited to your wishes than I am You take a pleasure in being troubled with my commissions; and I have no other way of commerce with you, but by such importunities. I can only say, that, were the tables changed, I should, being in your place, have the same satisfaction; and therefore confidently make use of your kind offer. I therefore beg the favour of you to get me Mr Le Clerc's *Harmony of the Evangelists* in English, bound very finely in calf, gilt, and lettered on the back, and gilt on the leaves. So also I would have Moliere's works (of the best edition you can get them) bound. These books are for ladies; and therefore I would have them fine, and the leaves gilt as well as the back. Moliere of the Paris edition I think is the best, if it can be got in London in quires. You see the liberty I take. I should be glad you could find out something for me to do for you here. I am perfectly, &c. JOHN LOCKE.

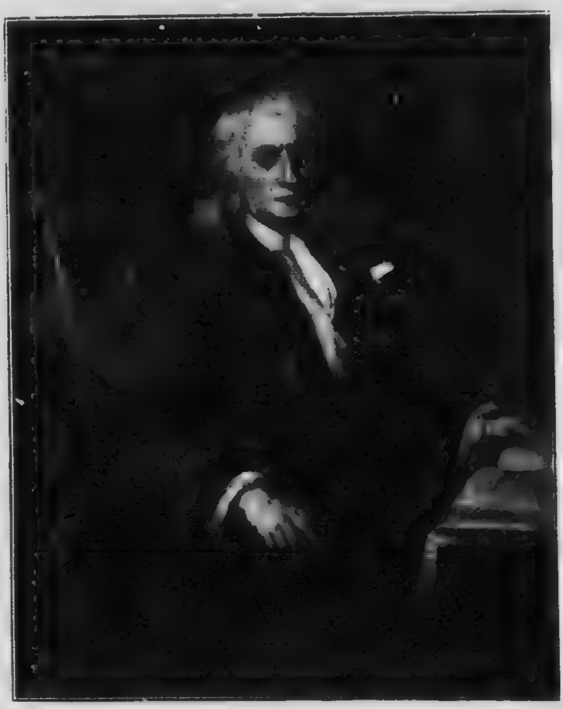
Not a few of the shrewd and wise sayings in Locke's philosophy of life might be quoted as aphorisms: thus, 'It is one thing to show a man that he is in error, and another to put him in possession of the truth;' and ''Tis in vain to find fault with those arts of deceiving wherein men find pleasure to be deceived.' Locke on quotation deserves to be cited in a work like the present: 'He that has but ever so little examined the citations of writers cannot doubt how little credit the quotations deserve where the originals are wanting; and consequently how much less quotations of quotations can be relied on.'

There are Lives of Locke by Lord King (1829 and 1830) and Fox Bourne (2 vols. 1876), and small works on his philosophy by Dr Fowler (1880) and Dr Campbell Fraser (1890). The standard edition of the *Essay* is by Campbell Fraser (2 vols. 1894). The most notable contemporary criticism is contained in the *Nouveaux Essais* of Leibnitz; the most trenchant of modern critiques is to be found in T. H. Green's Introduction to his edition of Hume (1874). Dr John Brown's essay 'Locke and Sydenham' in his *Horæ Subsecivæ* (1858) gives an account of his friendship with the great physician

Sir Isaac Newton,

greatest of the world's physicists, was born 25th December 1642, at Woolsthorpe in Lincolnshire, where his father cultivated a small paternal estate; and from childhood he manifested a strong inclination towards mechanical and mathematical pursuits. Having received his early education at the grammar-school of Grantham, at the age of fifteen he was summoned to take charge of the farm; but, found unsuited for this uncongenial occupation, he was allowed to return to school and follow the bent of his genius. In 1661 he was admitted a sizar in Trinity College, Cambridge, became a Junior Fellow in 1667, and M.A. in 1668. In 1669 he succeeded Barrow as mathematical professor; in 1671 he became a Fellow of the Royal Society, and communicated to it his new theory of Light. He served repeatedly in Parliament as member for the university, was appointed Warden (1696) and Master (1699) of the Mint during Montague's reform of the currency, became President of the Royal Society in 1703, and two years afterwards received the honour of knighthood from Queen Anne. While at the Mint he devoted himself entirely to his official work, refusing testily to be 'dunned and teased by foreigners about mathematical things' so long as he was 'about the King's business.' To the unrivalled genius and sagacity of Newton the world is indebted for many splendid discoveries in mathematics and physics, above all of the laws which regulate the movements of the solar system. The first step towards the establishment of the Newtonian system—his philosophy, as it used to be called—was his discovery of the law of gravitation, which, as he proved, affected the vast orbs that revolve around the sun not less than the smallest objects on our own globe. It was Voltaire who gave the apple story currency in its present shape. His nephew's record was: 'In the same year [1665], at his mother's in Lincolnshire, when musing in a garden it came into his thoughts that the same power of gravity which made an apple fall from the tree to the ground was not limited to a certain distance.' He saw that there was a remarkable power or principle which caused all bodies to descend towards the centre of the earth, and that this unseen power operated at the top of the highest mountains and at the bottom of the deepest mines. When the true cause, the law of gravitation, dawned upon his mind, Newton was so much agitated as to be unable to work out the problem. When he did attempt to explain on this theory the lunar and planetary motions, the then erroneous estimate of the radius of the earth produced such discrepancies that he gave up his calculation for work in optics and about telescopes; and it was not till after he had utilised Picard's more correct measure of the earth (1670) that he was able to work out his theory, finally demonstrated by 1684, and for ever put beyond cavil (see page 159). 'The whole material universe,' Sir David Brewster said, 'was spread out before him; the sun with all his attending planets, the planets with all their satellites, the comets wheeling in their eccentric orbits, and the system of the fixed stars stretching to the remotest limits of space.' When Columbus first descried the shores of the new world he had adventurously sailed to explore, he attained an unparalleled pitch of moral and intellectual grandeur. So did Milton when, old and blind and poor, he had realised the dream of his youth, completed his great epic, and sent it forth on its voyage of immortality. But the achievement of Newton was still more transcendent — perhaps the most sublime ever permitted to mortal; he had done more than any mere man towards the scientific understanding and explanation of the world.

The work in which Newton unfolded his simple but sublime system was expounded in Latin in *De Motu Corporum*, and finally appeared in 1687 as the truly epoch-making *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica.* To Newton we owe likewise discoveries by which the science of optics was so entirely changed that he may very justly be termed its founder. He was the first to conceive and demonstrate the divisibility of light into rays of seven different colours, and possessing different degrees of refrangibility. His thirty years' optical investigations were set forth in 1704 in *Optics: or a Treatise of the Refractions, Inflections, and Colours of Light.* Controversies about the priority of Newton's discovery of fluxions and Leibnitz's (independent) discovery of the differential calculus embittered many years of Newton's life. He wrote not a little on chemistry, had studied the alchemists carefully, and in his earlier years actually sought for the philosopher's stone. Like his illustrious contemporaries Boyle, Barrow, and Locke, Newton devoted much attention to theology as well as to natural science. His *Observations upon the Prophecies of Holy Writ, particularly the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse of St. John*, was published after his death. Among his manuscripts were found many other theological pieces, mostly on such subjects as the Prophetic Style, the Host of Heaven, the Revelation, the Temple of Solomon, the Sanctuary, the Working of the Mystery of Iniquity, and the Contest between the Host of Heaven and the Transgressors of the Covenant. Only one was issued at once — that on *The Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms Amended*, in which Newton suggested how astr nomy might be used to check and verify Ba lonian and Egyptian chronology. *An Histor Account of Two Notable Corruptions of Script* John, v. 7, and 1 Tim. iii. 16) first appeared in a perfect form in Dr Horsley's edition of his works in 1779. Newton, like all competent scholars then and since, regarded the 'Three Heavenly Witnesses' as an interpolation, and held that 'God manifest in the flesh' should be (as Hort and recent orthodox scholars agree) 'who was manifest' — thereby incurring a charge of Unitarian views. That he was far from being an orthodox Trinitarian appears from a sort of creed or confession printed by Sir David Brewster, one of the articles of which is: 'To us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him. That is, we are to worship the Father alone as God Almighty, and Jesus alone as the Lord, the Messiah, the Great King, the Lamb of God who was slain, and hath redeemed us with his blood, and made us kings and priests.' Another is: 'We need not pray to Christ to intercede for us. If we pray aright to the Father, he will intercede for us.' Newton's decided Arian convictions are visible also in the strong ill-will he cherished — like the Deists, with whom as a devout believer in revelation he had little in common — against the Nicene Council and its methods, his utter disrespect for Athanasius (as a liar, falsifier of evidence, and malignant enemy), his pronounced suspicion of every step that led to the acceptance of the 'homoousion,' and his query, 'Whether Christ sent his apostles to preach metaphysics to the unlearned common people and to their wives and children?' His unwillingness that his views on these points (though


SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

From the Portrait by John Vanderbank in the National Portrait Gallery.

communicated to friends like Locke) should be published under his name during his lifetime is explained by the fact that unsoundness on the Trinity disqualified for public service. Whiston was deprived of his professorship and banished the University of Cambridge for Arianism in 1710. Galileo recanted to please the Roman Church; the English Galileo would have been driven from his posts a hundred years later had he not been content to keep his real views on theology *in retentis.* And the pious and orthodox Sir David Brewster, painfully disturbed by Newton's theological aberrations, was attacked in 1831 by the Bishop of Salisbury as having done great injury to Newton's memory by publishing his true opinions from Newton's own undisputed MSS.! But on Scripture revelation Newton was hyper-orthodox. In his elucubration on Daniel he insisted that 'the authority of emperors, kings, and princes is human. The authority of councils, synods, bishops, and presbyters is human. The authority of the prophets is divine, and comprehends the sum of religion, reckoning Moses and the Apostles among the prophets.' How far he was from present-day views may be gathered from his statement: 'The predictions of things to come relate to the state of the Church in all ages: and amongst the old prophets Daniel is the most distinct in order of time, and easiest to be understood; and therefore in those things which relate to the last times he must be made the key to the rest.' The following is part of his scheme for the non-natural interpretation of the prophets:

Of the Prophetic Language.

For understanding the prophecies, we are in the first place to acquaint ourselves with the figurative language of the prophets. This language is taken from the analogy between the world natural, and an empire or kingdom considered as a world politic. Accordingly the whole world natural, consisting of heaven and earth, signifies the whole world politic, consisting of thrones and people; or so much of it as is considered in the prophecy. And the things in that world signifies the analogous things in this. For the heavens, and the things therein, signify thrones and dignities, and those who enjoy them; and the earth, with the things thereon, the inferior people: and the lowest parts of the earth, called Hades, or Hell, the lowest or most miserable part of them. Whence ascending towards heaven, and descending to the earth, are put for rising and falling in power and honour; rising out of the earth or waters, and falling into them, for the rising up to any dignity, or dominion, out of the inferior state of the people, or falling down from the same into that inferior state; descending into the lower parts of the earth, for descending to a very low and unhappy state; speaking with a faint voice out of the dust, for being in a weak and low condition; moving from one place to another, for translation from one office, dignity, or dominion to another: great earthquakes, and the shaking of heaven and earth, for the shaking of dominions, so as to distract or overthrow them; the [illegible]ating a new heaven and earth, and the passing away of an old one, or the beginning and end of the world, for the rise and reign of the body politic signified thereby.

In the heavens, the sun and moon are, by the interpreters of dreams, put for the persons of kings and queens. But in sacred prophecy, which regards not single persons, the sun is put for the whole species and race of kings, in the kingdom or kingdoms of the world politic, shining with regal power and glory; the moon for the body of the common people, considered as the king's wife; the stars for subordinate princes and great men, or for bishops and rulers of the people of God, when the sun is Christ; light for the glory, truth, and knowledge, wherewith great and good men shine and illuminate others; darkness for obscurity of condition, and for error, blindness, and ignorance; darkening, smiting, or setting of the sun, moon, and stars, for the ceasing of a kingdom, or for the desolation thereof, proportional to the darkness; darkening the sun, turning the moon into blood, and falling of the stars, for the same; new moons, for the return of a dispersed people into a body politic or ecclesiastic. . . .

If the world politic, considered in prophecy, consists of many kingdoms, they are represented by as many parts of the world natural, as the noblest by the celestial frame, and then the moon and clouds are put for the common people; the less noble, by the earth, sea, and rivers, and by the animals or vegetables, or buildings therein; and then the greater and more powerful animals and taller trees, are put for kings, princes, and nobles. And because the whole kingdom is the body politic of the king, therefore the sun, or a tree, or a beast, or bird, or a man, whereby the king is represented, is put in a large signification for the whole kingdom; and several animals, as a lion, a bear, a leopard, a goat, according to their qualities, are put for several kingdoms and bodies politic; and sacrificing of beasts, for slaughtering and conquering of kingdoms; and friendship between beasts, for peace between kingdoms. Yet sometimes vegetables and animals are, by certain epithets or circumstances, extended to other significations; as a tree, when called the 'tree of life' or 'of knowledge;' and a beast, when called 'the old serpent,' or worshipped.

During the last forty years of his life the inventive powers of this great thinker seemed to have lost their activity; he made no further discoveries, and in his later scientific publications published to the world only the views which he had formed in early life. An unamiable attempt was even made (by M. Biot) to prove that his mental powers were impaired by an attack of insanity in the years 1692 and 1693, and that accordingly he took to theology! Brewster, who proved that theology was an early study with him, and that some admirable physical work was done after the date in question, goes so far as to say (quite extravagantly, on the evidence), 'If he had not been distinguished as a mathematician and natural philosopher he would have enjoyed a high reputation as a theologian.' A Cambridge student has recorded, on 3rd February 1693, the loss of Newton's papers by fire while he was at chapel; adding that when the philosopher came home, 'and had seen what was done, every one thought he would have run mad; he was so troubled thereat, that he was not himself for a month after.' That his mind was then seriously disturbed is proved, and the disturbance was occasionally followed by fits of melancholia. Newton himself, writing on the 13th of September 1693 to Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty, says: 'I am extremely troubled at the embroilment I am in, and have neither ate nor slept well this twelvemonth, nor have my former consistency of mind.' He wrote an apology to his friend Locke for having charged him with 'embroiling' him with other people—this being one of his hallucinations; and Locke's answer, also extant, is admirable for its gentle and kindly spirit. In 1722 Newton's health began to fail. In February 1727 he came to London to preside at a meeting of the Royal Society, suffered from the journey, and died at Kensington on the 20th of March. He was buried in his rightful place in Westminster Abbey, the Lord Chancellor, two scientific dukes, and three learned earls being pall-bearers.

A letter from Newton to Dr John Mill, written in January 1694, shows how painstaking Newton was in matters of biblical criticism, and implies the value attached to his help by the foremost New Testament scholar of his time:

> SIR,—I fear you think I have kept your book too long: but to make some amends for detaining it so long, I have sent you not only my old collations so far as they vary from yours, but also some new ones of Dr Covil's two MSS.; for I have collated them anew, and sent you those readings which were either omitted in your printed ones, or there erroneously printed. In collating these MSS., I set the readings down in the margin of your book, and thence transcribed them into a sheet of paper, which you will find in your book at the end of the Apocalypse, together with my old collations, and a copy of a side of Beza's MS. The collations I send you of Dr Covil's two MSS. you may rely upon; for I put them into Mr Laughton's hand with the two MSS., and he compared them with the MSS. and found them right. In the other collations you will find that Stephens made several omissions and some other mistakes, in collating the Complutensian edition, though it is probable that he collated this edition with more diligence and accurateness than he did any of the MSS. Where I have noted any readings of the Alexandrin MS., I desire you would collate that MS. again with my readings, because I never had a sight of it. I could not observe any accurateness in the stops or commas in Beza's MS. You may rely upon the transcript of something more than a side of it, which you will find in your book at the end of the Apocalypse. In your little MS. book, which I return you, tied up together with your New Testament, you will find those transcripts you desired out of MSS., except two, which were in such running hands that I could not imitate them, nor did it seem worth the while, the MSS. being very new ones.—I am, in all sincerity, your most humble and most obedient servant,
>
> IS. NEWTON.

In character Newton was gentle and courteous. He loathed hunting and the shooting of animals, and held it a serious defect in a friend's character that 'he loved killing of birds.' As Burnet said of him, 'he had the whitest soul he ever knew.' He took little interest in art: he playfully reproached a friendly archæologist with fondness for 'stone dolls.' He was singularly straightforward, modest, and willing to accept criticism, though at times a little difficult and 'nice' on questions of priority—hence many rather futile controversies in which he was engaged. No proposition of his *Principia*, no theorem of his *Optics*, has sunk so deeply into men's minds as the saying reported to have been made by him shortly before his death:

> I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

See the Life of Newton by Sir David Brewster (1831; 2nd ed. 1855); A. de Morgan's *Newton, his Friend, and his Niece* (1885); G. J. Gray's bibliography of Newton's works and works about him (nearly 250 in all; 1888); and Professor P. G. Tait's *Newton's Laws of Motion* (1899)

John Ray (1627-1705), the son of a blacksmith at Black Notley in Essex, was an eminent naturalist. In botany his very numerous and important works rank him among the founders of the science; and he is commonly regarded as the father of natural history in England. He was educated at Braintree and Cambridge, becoming a Fellow of Trinity, and taking orders in 1660; but in 1662 he was ejected by the 'Black Bartholomew.' Thereupon, with his friend and former pupil, Francis Willughby, he travelled over Wales and southern England, collecting botanical and zoological specimens; and in 1663 they set out on a three years' Continental tour, Willughby taking the zoology, and Ray the botany. Willughby died in 1672, and Ray, after acting as tutor to his friend's sons, in 1679 settled down in his native village. Besides their joint *Observations, Topographical, Moral, and Physiological, made in a Journey through the Low Countries, Germany, Italy, and France* (1673), Ray edited Willughby's *Ornithologia* and *Historia Piscium*, and himself published *A Collection of English Proverbs* (1670), *A Collection of English Words not generally used* (1674), *Historia Plantarum Generalis* (3 vols. 1686–1704), *Synopsis Methodica Animalium* (1693), &c. 'Ray,' said Cuvier, 'was the first true systematist of the Animal Kingdom;' and White of Selborne speaks of him as 'the only describer that conveys some precise idea in every term or word, maintaining his superiority over his followers and imitators, in spite of the advantage of fresh discoveries and modern information.' Ray's famous treatise on *The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of the Creation* (1691; 12th ed. 1759) was translated into several Continental languages. He gives as one reason for writing it: 'By virtue of my function, I suspect myself to be obliged to write something in divinity, having written so much on other subjects; for, not being permitted to serve the Church with my tongue in preaching, I know not but it may be my duty to serve it with my hand in writing; and I have made choice of this subject, as thinking myself best qualified to treat of it.' Natural theology had previously been developed in England by Boyle, Stillingfleet, Wilkins, Henry More, and Cudworth, and the Essex clergyman, William Derham (1657-1735); but Ray systematised and popularised the subject. Paley's *Natural Theology* (1802), which superseded Ray's work, is really a development of Ray's argument.

The following excerpts are from the *Observations*, a book of travels which, always lucid and often very entertaining, yet sometimes—as in the greater Italian towns—becomes almost like a guide-book. On the journey up the Rhine from 'Collen' to Mentz, hardly one of the castles escapes mention. In university towns, Ray prints the professors' names and the courses of lectures being delivered when he was there. He had an especially open eye for botany and zoology, and 'natural curiosities;' thus at Naples he ascended Vesuvius, stood in the Grotto del Cane till 'the sulphureous twinge in his nose' threatened to stifle him, and thrust a sword into the vents of the Solfatara of Pozzuoli.

The Dutch People.

The common people of Holland, especially inn-keepers, waggoners (foremen they call them), boat-men, and porters, are surly and uncivil. The waggoners bait themselves and their horses four or five times in a day's journey. Generally the Dutch men and women are almost always eating as they travel, whether it be by boat, coach, or waggon. The men are for the most part big-boned and gross-bodied. The first dish at ordinaries and entertainments is usually a salade, *Sla* they call it, of which they eat abundance in Holland. The meat they commonly stew, and make their Hotchpots of it. Puddings neither here nor in any place we have travelled beyond sea do they eat any; either not knowing the goodness of the dish, or not having the skill to make them: puddings and brawn are dishes proper to England. Boil'd spinage minc'd and butter'd (sometimes also with currans added) is a great dish all over these countries. The common people feed much upon *cabiliau* (that is cod-fish) and pickled herrings, which they know how to cure or prepare better than we do in England. You shall seldom fail of hung beef in any inn you come into, which they cut into thin slices and eat with bread and butter, laying the slices upon the butter. They have four or five sorts of cheese; three they usually bring forth and set before you. (1) Those great round cheeses, colour'd red on the outside, commonly in England called Holland-cheeses. (2) Cummin-seed cheese. (3) Green cheese, said to be so colour'd with the juice of sheep's-dung. This they scrape upon bread butter'd, and so eat. (4) Sometimes Angelots. (5) Cheese like to our common country cheese. Milk is the cheapest of all belly-provisions. Their strong beer (thick beer they call it, and well they may) is sold for three stivers the quart, which is more than three pence English. All manner of victuals, both meat and drink, are very dear, not for the scarcity of such commodities, but partly by reason of the great excise and impost wherewith they are charged, partly by reason of the abundance of money that is stirring here. By the way we may note, that the dearness of this sort of provisions is an argument of the riches of a town or country, these things being always cheapest in the poorest places. Land is also here sold at 30 or 40 years purchase, and yet both houses and land set at very high annual rents: so that, were not the poor workmen and labourers well paid for their pains, they could not possibly live. Their beds are for the most part like cabbins, inconveniently short and narrow; and yet such as they are, you pay in some places ten stivers a night the man for them, and in most six. There is no way for a stranger to deal with inn-keepers, waggoners, porters, and boat men but by bargaining with them before-hand. Their houses in Holland are kept clean with extraordinary niceness, and the entrance before the door curiously paved with stone. All things both within and without, floor, posts, walls, glass, houshold stuff, marvellously clean, bright and handsomly kept: nay, some are so extraordinarily curious as to take down the very tiles of their pent-houses and cleanse them. Yet about the preparing and dressing of their victuals our English houswives are, I think, more cleanly and curious than they; so that no wonder Englishmen were formerly noted for excessive eating, they having greater temptation to eat, both from the goodness of their meat, and the curiosity of the dressing it, than other nations.

Ray's 'foreman' is the Dutch *voerman*, German *fuhrmann*. *Angelots* were well-known Normandy cheeses.

At Heidelberg.

About the middle of the ascent of the hill, called Koningsthall, stands the castle where the prince keeps his court, a stately pile and of great capacity, encompassed with a strong wall and a deep trench hewn out of the rock, which upon occasion may be filled with water. Over the gate leading into the palace is a Dutch inscription, signifying the building of it by Ludovicus V. in the year 1519. It is not all of one piece, but since the first foundation several buildings have been added by several princes. One part is called the English building. Under one of the towers stood the great tun, which almost fill'd a room. It held 132 fudders, a fudder (as we were informed) being equal to four English hogsheads. The old tun is taken in pieces, and there is a new one in building by the prince's order, which is to contain 150 fudders, or 600 hogsheads. Being invited by the prince's order, we dined in the palace, where we observed all things carried with little noise and great decency. After dinner his highness was pleased to call us into his closet and shew us many curiosities, among others (1) a purse made of *Alumen plumosum*, which we saw put into a pan of burning charcoal, till it was thoroughly ignite, and yet when taken out and cool, we could not perceive that it had received any harm at all from the fire. (2) Two unicorns horns, each eight or ten foot long, wreathed and hollow to the top. By the way we may note, that these are the horns of a fish of the cetaceous kind (two distinct species whereof you may find described and figured in the History and Description of the Antilles, or Caribee Islands, written in French by R. F. of Tertre, and the head of one in Wormius's Musæum), not the horns of a quadruped, as is vulgarly but erroneously thought. Whatever the antients have delivered, modern voyages and enquiries have discovered no other terrestrial unicorn besides the rhinoceros, which it 's most likely is signified by the word RAM used in scripture, which the Septuagint render Μονοκέρως. (3) The imperial crown and globe of Rupertus Imp., who was of this family, richly adorned with precious stones. (4) An excellent and well digested collection of antient and modern coins and medals of all sorts, in which the prince himself is very knowing. Among the rest, we could not but take notice of a Swedish doller of copper, about the bigness and of the figure of a square trencher, stamped at the four corners with the king's image and arms, of that weight, that if a man be to receive ten or twenty pound in such coin, he must come with a cart and team of horse to carry it home. The Prince Palatine's name and titles are *Carolus Ludovicus, Comes Palatinus Rheni, sacri Romani Imperii Elector, utriusque Bavariæ Dux.* He speaks six languages perfectly well, viz., High Dutch, Low-Dutch, English, French, Italian and Latin, is greatly beloved of his subjects, of whom he hath a paternal care, and whose interest he makes his own. In the great church where the famous library was kept, we observed many fair monuments of princes of this family, some with Dutch, most with Latin epitaphs or inscriptions: others in the Franciscans church. In St. Peter's church also a great number of monuments of learned men of the university; which is of good account and one of the best in Germany. Three or four colleges there are built and endowed chiefly for the maintenance and accommodation of poor students. The government of this university is by a senate, which consists only of sixteen professors. The number of professors is limited, and their stipends fix'd by the statutes of the university given them by their founder Rupertus count palatine *anno* 1346, and confirmed by the pope and emperor. Of these professors three are of divinity; four of law: three of medicine; and six of philosophy.

Koningsthall is a misapprehension for *Königstuhl*. *Dutch* is, of course, High German, as of old. The Heidelberg tun known to modern tourists was built in 1751. *Plume alum* or feather alum, as opposed to rock alum, is also called magnesia alum. The book on the Antilles is the *Histoire Générale des Antilles habitées par les François* (4 vols. 1667-71), by Jean Baptiste du Tertre, a Dominican missionary (R. F. being *le Reverend Frère*). Ole Worm, a Copenhagen collector, published in 1655 a folio catalogue and description of his collection, called *Musæum Wormianum*

Ray's *Remains*, published in 1760 by Derham, contained this touching letter, written with difficulty on his death-bed, to Sir Hans Sloane:

> DEAR SIR, the best of friends, these are to take a finall leave of you as to this world: I look upon my self as a dying man. God requite your kindnesse expressed any ways toward me a hundred-fold, blesse you with a confluence of all good things in this world, and eternall life and hapinesse heer after; grant us an happy meeting in heaven.—Sr, eternally yours, JOHN RAY.

Dr Thomas Burnet (1635? 1715), born at Croft near Darlington, studied at Cambridge, became in 1685 Master of the Charterhouse in London, and acquired great celebrity by the publication of his work, *Telluris Theoria Sacra* (1680-89), of which he published versions in English in 1684-89, entitled *The Sacred Theory of the Earth.* The unequal and rugged appearance of the earth's surface suggested that this our globe is the ruin of some more regular fabric. Unlike Kant's *Theory of the Heavens*, published seventy years later, this is no serious and reasonable theory of the evolution of a planet from nebulæ; it has no relation to geology or physics, and is purely fantastic and hypothetical, a cosmogonic dream. In a journey across the Alps and Apennines, Burnet says, 'the sight of those wild, vast, and indigested heaps of stones and earth did so deeply strike my fancy, that I was not easy till I could give myself some tolerable account how that confusion came in nature.' The theory which he formed was the following: The globe in its state of chaos was a dark fluid mass, in which the elements of air, water, and earth were blended into one universal compound. Gradually the heavier parts fell towards the centre, and formed a nucleus of solid matter. Around this floated the liquid ingredients, and over them was the still lighter atmospheric air. By-and-by the liquid mass became separated into two layers, by the separation of the watery particles from those of an oily composition, which, being the lighter, tended upwards, and, when hardened by time, became a smooth and solid crust. This was the surface of the antediluvian globe. 'In this smooth earth,' says Burnet, 'were the first scenes of the world, and the first generations of mankind: it had the beauty of youth and blooming nature, fresh and fruitful, and not a wrinkle, scar, or fracture in all its body; no rocks nor mountains, no hollow caves nor gaping channels, but even and uniform all over. And the smoothness of the earth made the face of the heavens so too; the air was calm and serene: none of those tumultuary motions and conflicts of vapours, which the mountains and the winds cause in ours. 'Twas suited to a golden age, and to the first innocency of nature.' By degrees, however, the heat of the sun, penetrating the superficial crust, converted a portion of the water beneath into steam, the expansive force of which at length burst the superincumbent shell, already weakened by the dryness and cracks occasioned by the solar rays. When, therefore, the 'appointed time was come that All-wise Providence had designed for the punishment of a sinful world, the whole fabric brake, and the frame of the earth was torn in pieces, as by an earthquake; and those great portions or fragments into which it was divided fell into the abyss, some in one posture, and some in another.' The waters of course now appeared, tumultuously raging as the rock masses plunged into the abyss. The impact 'could not but impel the water with so much strength as would carry it up to a great height in the air, and to the top of anything that lay in its way; any eminency or high fragment whatsoever: and then rolling back again, it would sweep down with it whatsoever it rushed upon—woods, buildings, living creatures—and carry them all headlong into the great gulf. Sometimes a mass of water would be quite struck off and separate from the rest, and tossed through the air like a flying river; but the common motion of the waves was to climb up the hills, or inclined fragments, and then return into the valleys and deeps again, with a perpetual fluctuation going and coming, ascending and descending, till the violence of them being spent by degrees, they settled at last in the places allotted for them; where "bounds are set that they cannot pass over, that they return not again to cover the earth."'

Noah's Flood.

Thus the flood came to its height; and it is not easy to represent to ourselves this strange scene of things, when the deluge was in its fury and extremity; when the earth was broken and swallowed up in the abyss, whose raging waters rose higher than the mountains, and filled the air with broken waves, with a universal mist, and with thick darkness, so as nature seemed to be in a second chaos; and upon this chaos rid the distressed ark that bore the small remains of mankind. No sea was ever so tumultuous as this, nor is there anything in present nature to be compared with the disorder of these waters. All the poetry, and all the hyperboles that are used in the description of storms and raging seas, were literally true in this, if not beneath it. The ark was really carried to the tops of the highest mountains, and into the places of the clouds, and thrown down again into the deepest gulfs; and to this very state of the deluge and of the ark, which was a type of the church in this world, David seems to have alluded in the name of the church (Psalm, xlii. 7): 'Abyss calls upon abyss at the noise of thy cataracts or water-spouts: all thy waves and billows have gone over me.' It was no doubt an extraordinary and miraculous providence that could make a vessel so ill manned live upon such a sea; that kept it from being dashed against the hills, or overwhelmed in the deeps. That abyss which had devoured and swallowed up whole forests of woods, cities, and provinces, nay, the whole earth, when it had conquered all and triumphed over all, could not destroy this single ship. I remember in the story of the Argonautics, when Jason set out to fetch the golden fleece, the poet saith, all the gods that day looked down from heaven to view the ship, and the nymphs stood upon the mountain-tops to see the noble youth of Thessaly pulling at the oars; we may with more reason suppose the good angels to have looked down upon this ship of Noah's, and that not out of curiosity, as idle spectators, but with a passionate concern for its safety and deliverance. A ship whose cargo was no less than a whole world; that carried the fortune and hopes of all posterity; and if this had perished, the earth, for anything we know, had been nothing but a desert, a great ruin, a dead heap of rubbish, from the deluge to the conflagration. But death and hell, the grave and destruction, have their bounds.

The concluding part of his work relates to the final conflagration of the world, by which, he supposes, the surface of the new chaotic mass will be restored to smoothness, and 'leave a capacity for another world to rise from it.' Here the style rises to a dignity almost worthy of the sublimity of the theme; the passage was aptly termed by Addison the author's funeral oration over this globe.

The Final Conflagration.

But 'tis not possible from any station to have a full prospect of this last scene of the earth, for 'tis a mixture of fire and darkness. This new temple is filled with smoke while it is consecrating, and none can enter into it. But I am apt to think, if we could look down upon this burning world from above the clouds, and have a full view of it in all its parts, we should think it a lively representation of hell itself; for fire and darkness are the two chief things by which that state or that place uses to be described; and they are both here mingled together, with all other ingredients that make that Tophet that is prepared of old (Isaiah, xxx.). Here are lakes of fire and brimstone, rivers of melted glowing matter, ten thousand volcanoes vomiting flames all at once, thick darkness, and pillars of smoke twisted about with wreaths of flame, like fiery snakes; mountains of earth thrown up into the air, and the heavens dropping down in lumps of fire. These things will all be literally true concerning that day and that state of the earth. And if we suppose Beelzebub and his apostate crew in the midst of this fiery furnace and I know not where they can be else it will be hard to find any part of the universe, or any state of things, that answers to so many of the properties and characters of hell as this which is now before us.

But if we suppose the storm over, and that the fire hath gotten an entire victory over all other bodies, and subdued everything to itself, the conflagration will end in a deluge of fire, or in a sea of fire, covering the whole globe of the earth; for when the exterior region of the earth is melted into a fluor like molten glass or running metal, it will, according to the nature of other fluids, fill all vacuities and depressions, and fall into a regular surface, at an equal distance everywhere from its centre. This sea of fire, like the first abyss, will cover the face of the whole earth, make a kind of second chaos, and leave a capacity for another world to rise from it. But that is not our present business. Let us only, if you please, to take leave of this subject, reflect upon this occasion on the vanity and transient glory of all this habitable world; how by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the varieties of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing; all that we admired and adored before, as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished; and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and everywhere the same, overspreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Shew me where they stood, read the inscription, tell me the victor's name! What remains, what impressions, what difference or distinction do you see in this mass of fire? Rome itself, eternal Rome, the great city, the empress of the world, whose domination and superstition ancient and modern, make a great part of the history of this earth, what is become of her now? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were strong and sumptuous: she glorified herself, and lived deliciously, and said in her heart, I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow. But her hour is come; she is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in perpetual oblivion.

But it is not cities only, and works of men's hands, but the everlasting hills, the mountains and rocks of the earth, are melted as wax before the sun, and their place is nowhere found. Here stood the Alps, a prodigious range of stone, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea; this huge mass of stone is softened and dissolved as a tender cloud into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds. There was frozen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Imaus, and the mountains of Asia. And yonder towards the north stood the Riphæan hills, clothed in ice and snow. All these are vanished, dropped away as the snow upon their heads, and swallowed up in a red sea of fire (Rev. xv. 3) Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints. Hallelujah.

Steele in the *Spectator* (No. 146) praised the *Theory;* and Warton thought it proved that Burnet had an imagination nearly equal to Milton's, as well as a solid understanding. Burnet's *Archæologia Philosophica*, on the origin of things (1692; Englished in the same year), 'reconciles' by a non-literal interpretation the story of Genesis with his own theory—one of the earliest 'reconciliations' of Genesis with modern views; the Fall becomes little more than an allegory; and his report of the conversation between Eve and the serpent startled society even more than the heretical character of his speculations, which led to a multitude of examinations and refutations and answers. In consequence he had to retire from the office of Clerk of the Closet to the king, and lived in the Charterhouse till his death. His Latin treatises *On Christian Faith and Duties*, and *On the State of the Dead and Reviving* (translated in 1728 and 1733), contain unorthodox views on original sin and the sacraments, and maintain the ultimate salvation of the whole human race.

Gilbert Burnet (1643-1715), Bishop of Salisbury, was equally active and eminent as theologian, politician, and historian. He was the son of a royalist and Episcopalian lawyer in Edinburgh, who was after the Restoration raised to the Bench. His mother was of a strong Presbyterian house, being a sister of the Covenanting leader Johnston of Warriston, who was created a peer by Cromwell, and put to death in the reign of Charles II. by a mockery of legal forms. Gilbert adhered to the Episcopalian side of his house, but his divided parental allegiance in Church matters taught him the importance of religious toleration. He was M.A. of Marischal College, Aberdeen, before he was fifteen years of age, and in 1664 he studied Hebrew under a learned rabbi in Amsterdam. Having become a probationer in 1661, the year of the re-establishment of Episcopacy in Scotland, he was in 1665-69 minister of Saltoun, in East Lothian, whence he removed to Glasgow as professor of divinity. Always zealous and ambitious, Burnet wrote pamphlets in favour of reconciling Presbyterianism and Episcopacy, remedying abuses, and vindicating the authority and constitution of Church and State in Scotland. He was offered a bishopric, but refused it; and opposing the Scottish administration of Lauderdale, he removed in 1674 to London, where he obtained the appointment of preacher at the Rolls Chapel, and lecturer at St Clement's. As a preacher Burnet was highly popular. His appearance and action were commanding, his manner was frank and open, and he was a master of extempore eloquence. It was then not unusual for congregations to express approbation of particular passages by a deep *hum*, and Burnet's hearers, it is said, used to hum so long and loud that he would, during the pause, sit down and wipe the perspiration from his forehead. His first historical work was the *Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton* (1676), and his reputation was raised by the publication, in 1679, of the first volume of his *History of the Reformation of the Church of England* (vol. ii. 1681; supplement, 1714). *Some Passages in the Life and Death of the Earl of Rochester*, whom Burnet had attended on his deathbed (see Vol. I. page 780), appeared in 1680, and heightened the impression of Burnet's talents and piety. Charles would have pressed a bishopric on the popular divine; but Burnet declined court favour. He even went the length of writing a strong remonstrance to the king on the errors of his government and his personal vices. Charles threw the letter into the fire; and when Burnet attended Lord Russell to the scaffold, wrote an account of his last moments, and preached against popery, he increased the Duke of York's resentment against him to the uttermost. The king was also so incensed that he dismissed Burnet from his lectureship, and prohibited him from preaching at the Rolls Chapel. Burnet, however, went on writing treatises and sermons in favour of toleration, and he compiled Lives of Sir Matthew Hale (1682) and Bishop Bedell (1685). He wrote a narrative of a tour in France, Switzerland, and Italy; and settling at the Hague in 1687, became one of the counsellors and adherents of the party of William of Orange. In the Revolution of 1688 he played a conspicuous part, accompanying William to England as chaplain; and was rewarded with the bishopric of Salisbury. As a prelate Burnet was noted for liberality and attention to his duties, and besides discharging the duties of his see, found time for work such as his *Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles*, long a standard work.

Burnet left for publication the work by which he is best known, the *History of my Own Time*, giving an outline of the events of the Civil War and Commonwealth, and a full narrative of the succeeding period down to 1713. As he had personally known the conspicuous characters of a century, and penetrated most of its State secrets, he was able to relate events with a fullness and authority not inferior to Clarendon's. This he did in an easier, if vastly less dignified, style, and at least as much allowance must be made for the unmistakable influence of political and personal prejudices. Foreseeing that the freedom of his strictures would give offence in many quarters, Burnet left an injunction in his will that the work should not be published till six years after his death, so that it did not make its appearance till 1723, and even then some passages—afterwards restored were omitted by his sons. Its publication, as might have been expected, was a signal for fierce attacks on the reputation of the author, whose candour and veracity were loudly impeached. All the Tory and Jacobite pens of the age were pointed against the *History*. Swift, Dartmouth, Lansdowne, and many others proclaimed it to be grossly partial and inaccurate; Pope and Arbuthnot ridiculed its egotistic style: and Hume and later historians continued the depreciatory attacks, which cannot yet be said to have ceased. Whoever writes of the period or of its leading public characters must consult Burnet, and will find plenty of points for assault on the theological and political views so complacently advanced by the author. Burnet was a strong and somewhat credulous partisan, a minute and garrulous describer of events great and small. But he was doubtless an honest, well-meaning, and usually good-natured man. He appealed to the God of truth that he had on all occasions in his work told the truth, and, however mistaken or biassed he may be on some points, he may claim the praise of having been, according to his lights, a faithful chronicler. That he is a lively and interesting one has never been disputed; his book is a gallery of pictures some overshaded, some too bright, but all life-like. 'It seems,' as Horace Walpole said, 'as if he had just come from the king's closet, or from the apartments of the men whom he describes, and was telling his readers, in plain, honest terms, what he had seen and heard.' The diaries of Evelyn and Pepys serve as supplements to Burnet. It should perhaps be added that Dr Routh, Tory and High Churchman, who published two editions of the *History of my Own Time* (1823-33), did not take the most favourable view of Burnet; succinctly declaring, 'I know the man to be a liar, and I am determined to prove him so.' The first extract is from the *History of the Reformation*, the others all from the *History of my Own Time:*

Death and Character of Edward VI.

But now the King's death broke off this negociation. He had last year first the measles, and then the small-pox, of which he was perfectly recovered: in his progress he has been sometimes violent in his exercises, which had cast him into great colds; but these went off, and he seemed to be well after it: in the beginning of January this year [1553], he was seized with a deep cough, and all medicines that were used did rather increase than lessen it; upon which a suspicion was taken up, and spread over all the world (so that it is mentioned by most of the historians of that age) that some lingering poison had been given him; but more than rumours, and some ill favoured circumstances, could never discover concerning this. He was so ill when the parliament met that he was not able to go to Westminster, but ordered their first meeting and the sermon to be at Whitehall. In the time of his sickness, Bishop Ridley preached before him, and took occasion to run out much on works of charity, and the obligation that lay on men of high condition to be eminent in good works. This touched the King to the quick; so that presently after the sermon he sent for the Bishop. And after he had commanded him to sit down by him and be covered, he resumed most of the heads of the sermon, and said he looked on himself as chiefly touched by it: he desired him, as he had already given him the exhortation in general, so to direct him to do his duty in that particular. The Bishop, astonished at this tenderness in so young a prince, burst forth in tears, expressing how much he was overjoyed to see such inclinations in him; but told him he must take time to think on it, and craved leave to consult with the Lord-Mayor and court of Aldermen. So the King writ by him to them to consult speedily how the poor should be relieved. They considered there were three sorts of poor: such as were so by natural infirmity or folly, as impotent persons, and madmen or idiots: such as were so by accident, as sick or maimed persons; and such as by their idleness did cast themselves into poverty. So the King ordered the Greyfriars' church, near Newgate, with the revenues belonging to it, to be a house for orphans; St Bartholomew's, near Smithfield, to be an hospital; and gave his own house of Bridewell to be a place of correction and work for such as were wilfully idle. He also confirmed and enlarged the grant for the hospital of St Thomas in Southwark, which he had erected and endowed in August last. And when he set his hand to these foundations, which was not done before the 26th of June this year, he thanked God that had prolonged his life till he had finished that design. So he was the first founder of those houses, which by

BISHOP BURNET.

From the Portrait by John Riley in the National Portrait Gallery.

many great additions since that time have risen to be amongst the noblest in Europe. . . .

Death thus hastening on him, the Duke of Northumberland, who knew he had done but half his work, except he had the King's sisters in his hands, got the Council to write to them in the King's name, inviting them to come and keep him company in his sickness. But as they were on the way, on the 6th of July, his spirits and body were so sunk that he found death approaching; and so he composed himself to die in a most devout manner. His whole exercise was in short prayers and ejaculations. The last that he was heard to use was in these words: 'Lord God, deliver me out of this miserable and wretched life, and take me among thy chosen; howbeit not my will but thine be done: Lord, I commit my spirit to thee. O Lord, thou knowest how happy it were for me to be with thee; yet for thy chosen's sake send me life and health, that I may truly serve thee. O my Lord God, bless my people, and save thine inheritance. O Lord God, save thy chosen people of England; O Lord God, defend this realm from papistry, and maintain thy true religion, that I and my people may praise thy holy name, for Jesus Christ his sake.' Seeing some about him, he seemed troubled that they were so near, and had heard him; but with a pleasant countenance, he said he had been praying to God. And soon after, the pangs of death coming upon him, he said to Sir Henry Sidney, who was holding him in his arms: 'I am faint; Lord, have mercy on me, and receive my spirit;' and so he breathed out his innocent soul.

Thus died King Edward VI., that incomparable young prince. He was then in the sixteenth year of his age, and was counted the wonder of that time. He was not only learned in the tongues and other liberal sciences, but knew well the state of his kingdom. He kept a book in which he writ the characters that were given him of all the chief men of the nation, all the judges, lord lieutenants, and justices of the peace over England: in it he had marked down their way of living and their zeal for religion. He had studied the matter of the mint, with the exchange and value of money; so that he understood it well, as appears by his Journal. He also understood fortification and designed well. He knew all the harbours and ports both of his own dominions and of France and Scotland; and how much water they had, and what was the way of coming into them. He had acquired great knowledge in foreign affairs; so that he talked with the ambassadors about them in such a manner that they filled all the world with the highest opinion of him that was possible; which appears in most of the histories of that age. He had great quickness of apprehension; and being mistrustful of his memory, used to take notes of almost everything he heard; he writ these first in Greek characters, that those about him might not understand them; and afterwards writ them out in his Journal. . . . King Edward was tender and compassionate in a high measure; so that he was much against the taking away the lives of heretics; and therefore said to Cranmer, when he persuaded him to sign the warrant for the burning of Joan of Kent, that he was not willing to do it, because he thought that was to send her quick to hell. He expressed great tenderness to the miseries of the poor in his sickness, as hath been already shewn. He took particular care of the suits of all poor persons; and gave Dr Cox special charge to see that their petitions were speedily answered, and used oft to consult with him how to get their matters set forward. He was an exact keeper of his word; and therefore, as appears by his Journal, was most careful to pay his debts, and to keep his credit, knowing that to be the chief nerve of government; since a prince that breaks his faith, and loses his credit, has thrown up that which he can never recover, and made himself liable to perpetual distrusts and extreme contempt.

Archbishop Leighton.

He was the son of Dr Leighton, who had in Archbishop Laud's time writ *Zion's Plea against the Prelates*, for which he was condemned in the Star chamber to have his ears cut and his nose slit. He was a man of a violent and ungoverned heat. He sent his eldest son Robert to be bred in Scotland, who was accounted a saint from his youth up. He had great quickness of parts, a lively apprehension, with a charming vivacity of thought and expression. He had the greatest command of the purest Latin that ever I knew in any man. He was a master both in Greek and Hebrew, and in the whole compass of theological learning, chiefly in the study of the Scriptures. But that which excelled all the rest, he came to be possessed with the highest and noblest sense of divine things that I ever saw in any man. He had no regard to his person, unless it was to mortify it by a constant low diet, that was like a perpetual fast. He had a contempt both of wealth or reputation. He seemed to have the lowest thoughts of himself possible, and to desire that all other persons should think as meanly of him as he himself did. He bore all sort of ill-usage and reproach like a man that took pleasure in it. He had so subdued the natural heat of his temper, that in a great variety of accidents, and in a course of 22 years' intimate conversation with him, I never observed the least sign of passion but upon one single occasion. He brought himself into so composed a gravity, that I never saw him laugh and but seldom smile. And he kept himself in such a constant recollection, that I do not remember that ever I heard him say one idle word. There was a visible tendency in all he said to raise his own mind, and those he conversed with, to serious reflections. He seemed to be in perpetual meditation. And though the whole course of his life was strict and ascetical, yet he had nothing of the sourness of temper that generally possesses men of that sort. He was the freest of superstition, of censuring others, or of imposing his own methods on them, possible; so that he did not so much as recommend them to others. He said there was a diversity of tempers, and every man was to watch over his own, and to turn it in the best manner he could. When he spoke of divine matters, which he did almost perpetually, it was in such an elevating manner that I have often reflected on these words, and felt somewhat like them within myself while I was with him, *Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us by the way*' His thoughts were lively, oft out of the way and surprising, yet just and genuine. And he had laid together in his memory the greatest treasure of the best and wisest of all the ancient sayings of the heathens as well as Christians, that I have ever known any man master of, and he used them in the aptest manner possible. He had been bred up with the greatest aversion imaginable to the whole frame of the Church of England. From

Scotland his father sent him to travel. He spent some years in France, and spoke that language like one born there. He came afterwards and settled in Scotland, and had Presbyterian ordination; but he quickly broke through the prejudices of his education. His preaching had a sublimity both of thought and expression in it; and above all, the grace and gravity of his pronunciation was such that few heard him without a very sensible emotion: I am sure I never did. It was so different from all others, and indeed from every thing that one could hope to rise up to, that it gave a man an indignation at himself and all others. It was a very sensible humiliation to me, and for some time after I heard him, I could not bear the thought of my own performances, and was out of countenance when I was forced to think of preaching. His style was rather too fine: but there was a majesty and beauty in it that left so deep an impression, that I cannot yet forget the sermons I heard him preach thirty years ago. And yet with all this he seemed to look on himself as so ordinary a preacher, that while he had a cure he was ready to employ all others: and when he was a bishop, he chose to preach to small auditories, and would never give notice beforehand. He had indeed a very low voice, and so could not be heard by a great crowd. He soon came to see into the follies of the presbyterians and to hate their covenant, particularly the imposing it, and their fury against all who differed from them.

Upon his coming to me [in London], I was amazed to see him, at above 70, look so fresh and well, that age seemed as it were to stand still with him: his hair was still black, and all his motions were lively: he had the same quickness of thought and strength of memory, but above all the same heat and life of devotion, that I had ever seen in him. When I took notice to him upon my first seeing him how well he looked, he told me he was very near his end for all that, and his work and journey both were now almost done. This at that time made no great impression on me. He was the next day taken with an oppression, and as it seemed with a cold, with some stitches, which was indeed a pleurisy, but was not thought so by himself. So he sent for no physician, but used the common things for a cold. Lord Perth went to him: and he was almost suffocated while he was with him, but he recovered himself, and, as Dr Fall, who was there, told me, he spoke to him with a greater force than was usual even in him, recommending to him both firmness in religion and moderation in government, which struck that Lord somewhat, but the impression was soon worn out.

The next day Leighton sunk so that both speech and sense went away of a sudden: and he continued panting about twelve hours, and then died without pangs or convulsions. I was by him all the while. Thus I lost him who had been for so many years the chief guide of my whole life. He had lived ten years in Sussex, in great privacy, dividing his time wholly between study and retirement and the doing of good; for in the parish where he lived, and in the parishes round about, he was always employed in preaching and in reading of prayers. He distributed all he had in charities, choosing rather to have it go through other people's hands than his own: for I was his almoner in London. He had gathered a well chosen library of curious as well as useful books, which he left to the diocese of Dunblane for the use of the clergy there, that country being ill furnished with books. He lamented oft to me the stupidity that he observed among the commons of England, who seemed to be much more insensible in the matters of religion than the commons of Scotland were. He retained still a particular inclination to Scotland; and if he had seen any prospect of doing good there, he would have gone and lived and died among them. . . .

There were two remarkable circumstances in his death. He used often to say, that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn: it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary with the noise and confusion in it. He added, that the officious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man: and that the unconcerned attendance of such as could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. And he obtained what he desired, for he died at the Bell Inn in Warwick Lane. Another circumstance was, that while he was bishop in Scotland, he took what his tenants were pleased to pay him: so that there was a great arrear due, which was raised slowly by one whom he left in trust with his affairs there: and the last payment that he could expect from thence was returned up to him about six weeks before his death: so that his provision and journey failed both at once.

Leighton's wish must have been quite independent of the couplet in Dryden's *Palamon and Arcite* (1699):

'Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn and death the journey's end'—

which is a paraphrase of Chaucer's,

'This world nys but a thurghfare ful of wo,
And we been pilgrymes passynge to and fro;
Deeth is an end of every worldly soore;'

but only in close contrast, with Sir Thomas Browne's, 'For the world, I count it not an inn but an hospital, and a place not to live but to die in.' And Cicero said, '*Ex hac vita ita discedo tanquam ex hospitio, non tanquam ex domo*.' Shenstone's 'Warmest welcome at an inn' belongs to a very different category.

Character of Charles II.

Thus lived and died King Charles II. He was the greatest instance in history of the various revolutions of which any one man seemed capable. He was bred up the first twelve years of his life with the splendour that became the heir of so great a crown. After that he passed through eighteen years in great inequalities; unhappy in the war, in the loss of his father and of the crown of England. Scotland did not only receive him, though upon terms hard of digestion, but made an attempt upon England for him, though a feeble one. He lost the battle of Worcester with too much indifference; and then he shewed more care of his person than became one who had so much at stake. He wandered about England for ten weeks after that, hid from place to place; but, under all the apprehensions he had then upon him, he shewed a temper so careless, and so much turned to levity, that he was then diverting himself with little household sports, in as unconcerned a manner as if he had made no loss, and had been in no danger at all. He got at last out of England: but he had been obliged to so many who had been faithful to him, and careful of him, that he seemed afterwards to resolve to make an equal return to them all; and finding it not so easy to reward them all as they deserved, he forgot them all alike. Most princes seem to have this pretty deep in them, and think that they ought never to remember past services, but that their acceptance of them is a full reward. He, of all in our age, exerted this piece of prerogative in the amplest manner; for he never seemed to charge his memory or to trouble his thoughts with the sense of any of the services that had been done him. While he was abroad, at Paris, Cologne, or Brussels, he never seemed to lay anything to heart. He pursued all his diversions and irregular pleasures in a free career, and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown as the greatest philosopher could have been. Nor did he willingly hearken to any of those projects with which he often complained that his chancellor persecuted him. That in which he seemed most concerned was, to find money for supporting his expense. So that it was often said, that if Cromwell would have compounded the matter, and had given him a good round pension, that he might have been induced to resign his title to him. During his exile he delivered himself so entirely to his pleasures, that he became incapable of application. He spent little of his time in reading or study, and yet less in thinking; and in the state his affairs were then in, he accustomed himself to say to every person, and upon all occasions, that which he thought would please them. So that words or promises went very easily from him, and he had so ill an opinion of mankind, that he thought the great art of living and governing was to manage all things and all persons with a depth of craft and dissimulation. And in that few men in the world could put on the appearances of sincerity better than he could; under which so much artifice was usually hid, that in conclusion he could deceive none, for all were become mistrustful of him. He had great vices, but scarce any virtues to correct them. He had in him some vices that were less hurtful, which corrected his more hurtful ones. He was during the active part of life given up to sloth and lewdness to such a degree that he hated business, and could not bear the engaging in any thing that gave him much trouble, or put him under any constraint; and though he desired to become absolute, and to overturn both our religion and our laws, yet he would neither run the risk, nor give himself the trouble, which so great a design required. He had an appearance of gentleness in his outward deportment; but he seemed to have no bowels nor tenderness in his nature, and in the end of his life he became cruel. He was apt to forgive all crimes, even blood itself, yet he never forgave any thing that was done against himself, after his first and general act of indemnity, which was to be reckoned as done rather upon maxims of state than inclinations of mercy. He delivered himself up to a most enormous course of vice, without any sort of restraint, even from the consideration of the nearest relations: and the most studied extravagances that way seemed to the very last to be much delighted in and pursued by him. He had the art of making all people grow fond of him at first, by a softness in his whole way of conversation, as he was certainly the best bred man of the age: but when it appeared how little could be built on his promise, they were cured of the fondness that he was apt to raise in them. When he saw young men of quality that had something more than ordinary in them, he drew them about him, and set himself to corrupt them both in religion and morality; in which he proved so unhappily successful, that he left England much changed at his death from what he had found it at his restoration. He loved to talk over all the stories of his life to every new man that came about him. His stay in Scotland, and the share he had in the war of Paris [war of the Fronde], in carrying messages from the one side to the other, were his common topics. He went over these in a very graceful manner, but so often and so copiously, that all those who had been long accustomed to them grew very weary of them; and when he entered on those stories, they usually withdrew: so that he often began them in a full audience, and before he had done, there were not above four or five left about him: which drew a severe jest from Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. He said he wondered to see a man have so good a memory as to repeat the same story without losing the least circumstance, and yet not remember that he had told it to the same persons the very day before. This made him fond of strangers, for they hearkened to all his often-repeated stories, and went away as in a rapture at such an uncommon condescension in a king.

His person and temper, his vices as well as his fortunes, resemble the character that we have given us of Tiberius so much, that it were easy to draw the parallel between them. Tiberius his banishment, and his coming afterwards to reign, makes the comparison in that respect come pretty near. His hating of business, and his love of pleasures, his raising of favourites and trusting them entirely, and his pulling them down, and hating them excessively; his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness, that I did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their face and person. At Rome I saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius, after he had lost his teeth; but bating the alteration which that made, it was so like King Charles that Prince Borghese and Signior Dominico, to whom it belonged, did agree with me in thinking that it looked like a statue made for him. Few things ever went near his heart. The Duke of Gloucester's death seemed to touch him much: but those who knew him best thought it was because he had lost that by which only he could have balanced the surviving brother, whom he hated, and yet he embroiled all his affairs to preserve the succession to him.

His ill conduct in the first Dutch war, and those terrible calamities of the plague and fire of London, with that loss and reproach which he suffered by the insult at Chatham, made all people conclude there was a curse upon his government. His throwing the public hatred at that time upon Lord Clarendon was both unjust and ingrateful. And when his people had brought him out of all his difficulties upon his entering into the triple alliance, his selling that to France, and his entering on the second Dutch war with as little colour as he had for the first, his beginning it with the attempt on the Dutch Smyrna fleet, the shutting up the exchequer, and his declaration for toleration, which was a step for the introduction of popery, was such a chain of black actions, flowing from blacker designs, that it amazed those who had known all this to see with what impudent strains of flattery addresses were penned during his life, and yet more grossly after his death. His contributing so much to the raising the greatness of France, chiefly at sea, was such an error, that it could not flow from want of thought, or of true sense. Ruvigny told me he desired that all the methods the French took in the increase and conduct of their naval force might be sent him; and he said he seemed to study them with concern and zeal. He shewed what errors they committed, and how they ought to be corrected, as if he had been a viceroy to France, rather than a king that ought to have watched over and prevented that progress they made, as the greatest of all the mischiefs that could happen to him or to his people. They that judged the most favourably of this thought it was done out of revenge to the Dutch, that with the assistance of so great a fleet as France could join to his own he might be able to destroy them. But others put a worse construction on it; and thought that, seeing he could not quite master or deceive his subjects by his own strength and management, he was willing to help forward the greatness of the French at sea, that by their assistance he might more certainly subdue his own people; according to what was generally believed to have fallen from Lord Clifford, that if the king must be in a dependance, it was better to pay it to a great and generous king, than to five hundred of his own insolent subjects.

No part of his character looked wickeder as well as meaner than that he, all the while that he was professing to be of the Church of England, expressing both zeal and affection to it, yet secretly reconciled to the Church of Rome; thus mocking God, and deceiving the world with so gross a prevarication. And his not having the honesty or courage to own it at the last; and not shewing any sign of the least remorse for his ill-led life, or any tenderness either for his subjects in general, or for the queen and his servants; and his recommending only his whores and bastards to his brother's care, would have been a strange conclusion to any other life, but was well enough suited to all the other parts of his.

The Czar Peter in England in 1698.

I mentioned, in the relation of the former year, the Czar's coming out of his own country; on which I will now enlarge. He came this winter over to England, and stayed some months among us. I waited often on him, and was ordered both by the king and the archbishop and bishops to attend upon him, and to offer him such informations of our religion and constitution as he was willing to receive. I had good interpreters, so I had much free discourse with him. He is a man of a very hot temper, soon inflamed, and very brutal in his passion. He raises his natural heat by drinking much brandy, which he rectifies himself with great application; he is subject to convulsive motions all over his body, and his head seems to be affected with these; he wants not capacity, and has a larger measure of knowledge than might be expected from his education, which was very indifferent; a want of judgment, with an instability of temper, appear in him too often and too evidently; he is mechanically turned, and seems designed by nature rather to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince. This was his chief study and exercise while he stayed here; he wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships. He told me he designed a great fleet at Azuph, and with it to attack the Turkish empire; but he did not seem capable of conducting so great a design, though his conduct in his wars since this has discovered a greater genius in him than appeared at that time. He was desirous to understand our doctrine, but he did not seem disposed to mend matters in Moscovy. He was indeed resolved to encourage learning, and to polish his people by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live among them. He seemed apprehensive still of his sister's intrigues. There was a mixture both of passion and severity in his temper. He is resolute, but understands little of war, and seemed not at all inquisitive that way. After I had seen him often, and had conversed much with him, I could not but adore the depth of the providence of God, that had raised up such a furious man to so absolute an authority over so great a part of the world.

David, considering the great things God had made for the use of man, broke out into the meditation: 'What is man that thou art so mindful of him?' But here there is an occasion for reversing these words, since man seems a very contemptible thing in the sight of God, while such a person as the Czar has such multitudes put, as it were, under his feet, exposed to his restless jealousy and savage temper. He went from hence to the court of Vienna, where he purposed to have stayed some time, but he was called home sooner than he had intended, upon a discovery or a suspicion of intrigues managed by his sister. The strangers to whom he trusted most were so true to him that those designs were crushed before he came back. But on this occasion he let loose his fury on all whom he suspected. Some hundreds of them were hanged all round Moscow; and it was said that he cut off many heads with his own hand, and so far was he from relenting or shewing any sort of tenderness that he seemed delighted with it. How long he is to be the scourge of that nation or of his neighbours God only knows. So extraordinary an incident will, I hope, justify such a digression.

Character of William III.

Thus lived and died William the Third, King of Great Britain, and Prince of Orange. He had a thin and weak body, was brown-haired, and of a clear and delicate constitution. He had a Roman eagle nose, bright and sparkling eyes, a large front, and a countenance composed to gravity and authority. All his senses were critical and exquisite. He was always asthmatical; and the dregs of the small-pox falling on his lungs, he had a constant deep cough. His behaviour was solemn and serious, seldom cheerful, and but with a few. He spoke little and very slowly, and most commonly with a disgusting dryness, which was his character at all times, except in a day of battle; for then he was all fire, though without passion; he was then everywhere, and looked to everything. He had no great advantage from his education. [illegible] Witt's discourses were of great use to him; and he, being apprehensive of the observation of those who were looking narrowly into everything he said or did, had brought himself under a habitual caution that he could never shake off; though in another scene it proved as hurtful as it was then necessary to his affairs. He spoke Dutch, French, English, and German equally well; and he understood the Latin, Spanish, and Italian, so that he was well fitted to command armies composed of several nations. He had a memory that amazed all about him, for it never failed him; he was an exact observer of man and things: his strength lay rather in a true discerning and a sound judgment, than in imagination or invention: his designs were always great and good. But it was thought he trusted too much to that, and that he did not descend enough to the humours of his people to make himself and his notions more acceptable to them. This in a government that has so much of freedom in it as ours was more necessary than he was inclined to believe. His reservedness grew on him, so that it disgusted most of those who served him; but he had observed the errors of too much talking, more than those of too cold a silence. He did not like contradiction nor to have his actions censured; but he loved to employ and favour those who had the arts of complacence, yet he did not love flatterers. His genius lay chiefly to war, in which his courage was more admired than his conduct. Great errors were often committed by him; but his heroical courage set things right, as it inflamed those who were about him. He was too lavish of money on some occasions, both in his buildings and to his favourites, but too sparing in rewarding services, or in encouraging those who brought intelligence. He was apt to take ill impressions of people, and these stuck long with him; but he never carried them to indecent revenges. He gave too much way to his own humour almost in everything, not excepting that which related to his own health. He knew all foreign affairs well, and understood the state of every court in Europe very particularly. He instructed his own ministers himself, but he did not apply enough to affairs at home. He tried how he could govern us by balancing the two parties one against another; but he came at last to be persuaded that the Tories were irreconcilable to him, and he was resolved to try and trust them no more. He believed the truth of the Christian religion very firmly, and he expressed a horror at atheism and blasphemy; and though there was much of both in his court, yet it was always denied to him and kept out of sight. He was most exemplarily decent and devout in the public exercises of the worship of God; only on week-days he came too seldom to them. He was an attentive hearer of sermons, and was constant in his private prayers and in reading the Scriptures; and when he spoke of religious matters, which he did not often, it was with a becoming gravity. He was much possessed with the belief of absolute decrees. He said to me he adhered to these because he did not see how the belief of Providence could be maintained upon any other supposition. His indifference as to the forms of church government and his being zealous for toleration, together with his cold behaviour towards the clergy, gave them generally very ill impressions of him. In his deportment towards all about him he seemed to make little distinction between the good and the bad, and those who served well or those who served him ill. He loved the Dutch, and was much beloved among them; but the ill returns he met from the English nation, their jealousies of him, and their perverseness towards him, had too much soured his mind, and had in a great measure alienated him from them; which he did not take care enough to conceal, though he saw the ill effects this had upon his business. He grew in his last years too remiss and careless as to all affairs, till the treacheries of France awakened him, and the dreadful conjunction of the monarchies gave so loud an alarm to all Europe: for a watching over that court, and a bestirring himself against their practices, was the prevailing passion of his whole life. Few men had the art of concealing and governing passion more than he had; yet few men had stronger passions, which were seldom felt but by inferior servants, to whom he usually made such recompenses for any sudden or indecent vents he might give his anger, that they were glad at every time that it broke upon them. He was too easy to the faults of those about him when they did not lie in his own way, or cross any of his designs; and he was so apt to think that his ministers might grow insolent if they should find that they had much credit with him, that he seemed to have made it a maxim to let them often feel how little power they had even in small matters. His favourites had a more entire power, but he accustomed them only to inform him of things, but to be sparing in offering advice except when it was asked. It was not easy to account for the reasons of the favour that he shewed in the highest instances to two persons beyond all others, the Earls of Portland and Albemarle, they being in all respects men not only of different, but of opposite characters; secrecy and fidelity were the only qualities in which it could be said that they did in any sort agree. I have now run through the chief branches of his character. I had occasion to know him well, having observed him very carefully in a course of sixteen years. I had a large measure of his favour, and a free access to him all the while, though not at all times to the same degree. The freedom that I used with him was not always acceptable; but he saw that I served him faithfully; so after some intervals of coldness, he always returned to a good measure of confidence in me. I was in many great instances much obliged by him; but that was not my chief bias to him; I considered him as a person raised up by God to resist the power of France and the progress of tyranny and persecution. The series of the five Princes of Orange that was now ended in him was the noblest succession of heroes that we find in any history. And the thirty years from the year 1672 to his death, in which he acted so great a part, carry in them so many amazing steps of a glorious and distinguishing Providence that in the words of David he may be called 'The man of God's right hand, whom he made strong for himself.' After all the abatements that may be allowed for his errors and faults, he ought still to be reckoned among the greatest princes that our history or indeed that any other can afford. He died in a critical time for his own glory, since he had formed a great alliance and had projected the whole scheme of the war; so that if it succeeds, a great part of the honour of it will be ascribed to him; and if otherwise, it will be said he was the soul of the alliance that did both animate and knit it together, and that it was natural for that body to die and fall asunder when he who gave it life was withdrawn. Upon his death, some moved for a magnificent funeral; but it seemed not decent to run into unnecessary expense when we were entering on a war that must be maintained at a vast charge; so a private funeral was resolved on. But for the honour of his memory, a noble monument and an equestrian statue were ordered. Some years must shew whether these things were really intended, or if they were only spoke of to excuse the privacy of his funeral, which was scarce decent, so far was it from being magnificent.

The candid Dr Routh's Clarendon Press edition (1823 and 1833) in which the suppressed passages were restored, was long th standard of *My Own Time*; on it was based that by Mr Osmun Airy's edition (vols. i. and ii. 1897-1900). A revised edition of th *History of the Reformation* was published in 1865. The *Dictionar of National Biography* specifies, out of his very numerous publications theological or political, twenty-eight as his principal works. Of sermons he printed over fifty

John Tillotson (1630–94), Archbishop of Canterbury, was the son of a clothier at Sowerby near Halifax, and was brought up in the Calvinistic faith of the Puritans. At Clare Hall, Cambridge, his early opinions were modified by Chillingworth's *Religion of the Protestants;* and though at the Savoy Conference (1661) he still ranked with the Presbyterians, on the Act of Uniformity in 1662 he submitted without hesitation and accepted a curacy. He very quickly became noted as a preacher, and began to rise in the Church. In 1663 he became rector of Keddington in Suffolk; it was when (1664) he became preacher at Lincoln's Inn that his sermons attracted attention, though his mild and evangelical, but undoctrinal, theology provoked criticism. In 1670 he became Prebendary, in 1672 Dean, of Canterbury. He used his influence in favour of the Nonconformists, whom he was anxious to bring within the pale of the Establishment; but his efforts led to nothing but disappointment. Meanwhile he had married a niece of Oliver Cromwell. His moderate principles commended him to William III., who made him Clerk of the Closet in 1689, and Dean of St Paul's. In 1691 he was raised to the see of Canterbury, vacant by the death of the Nonjuror Sancroft. He accepted the elevation with the greatest reluctance, and the insults of the Nonjurors to the end of his life, three years after, extorted neither complaint nor retaliation. As Archbishop he exerted himself to remove the abuses in the Church, such as nonresidence among the clergy; and these efforts and his latitudinarianism excited much enmity. His Sermons, his widow's sole endowment, were purchased by a bookseller for no less than two thousand five hundred guineas, and for long were the most popular of English sermons. Tillotson's style is frequently careless and languid, and he lacks the power and humour of Barrow and South; yet there is in him such manifest sincerity, earnestness, kindliness, simplicity, and freedom from affectation that the Sermons well deserved the popularity they enjoyed in an unenthusiastic age. Whitefield, the apostle of a more fervid faith, saw in him the conspicuous representative of the lukewarmness of eighteenth-century religion, and called him 'that traitor who sold his Lord'—a judgment he afterwards repented as unjust. Contemporary judgment was summed up by Burnet: 'He was not only the best preacher of the age, but seemed to have brought preaching to perfection; his sermons were so well heard and liked, and so much read, that all the nation proposed him as a pattern, and studied to copy after him.' Voltaire reported him the wisest and most eloquent of English preachers; and Addison said he was 'the most eminent and useful author of the age we live in.' Dryden, born the year after him, used with undue modesty to say that what talent he had for English prose was due to his familiarity with Tillotson. Locke recommended him as a model of perspicuity and propriety; his most notable difference from great contemporaries such as Barrow and South is his eminently modern tone, in virtue of which he ranks with Temple and Halifax as one of the founders of modern English prose.

Advantages of Truth and Sincerity.

Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better: for why does any man dissemble or seem to be that which he is not but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be anything is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to everybody's satisfaction; for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it; and will not only commend us to every man's conscience, but, which is much more, to God, who searcheth and seeth our hearts. So that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greater trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life. . . .

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery: of which the crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them. He is the last man that finds himself to be found out; and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words; it is like travelling in a plain, beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than byways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood. And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs. These men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter—speaking as to the concernments of this world—if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions: for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through and bear him out to the last.

(From Tillotson's last Sermon.)

Louis XIV. and William III.: a Contrast.

You have heard two sorts of persons described in the text by very different characters; the one that glory in their wisdom, and might, and riches; the other, that glory in this, that they understand and know God to be the Lord, which exerciseth loving kindness, and judgment, and righteousness in the earth. And we have seen these two characters exemplified, or rather drawn to the life, in this present age. We who live in this western part of Christendom have seen a mighty prince by the just permission of God raised up to be a terror and scourge to all his neighbours; a prince who had in perfection all the advantages mentioned in the former part of the text; and who, in the opinion of many who had been long dazzled with his splendor and greatness, hath passed for many years for the most politic, and powerful, and richest monarch that hath appeared in these parts of the world for many ages. Who hath governed his affairs by the deepest and steadiest counsels, and the most refined wisdom of this world. A prince mighty and powerful in his preparations for war; formidable for his vast and well disciplined armies, and for his great naval force; and who had brought the art of war almost to that perfection, as to be able to conquer and do his business without fighting; a mystery hardly known to former ages and generations: and all this skill and strength united under one absolute will, not hampered or bound up by any restraints of law or conscience. A prince that commands the estates of all his subjects, and of all his conquests; which hath furnished him with an almost inexhaustible treasure and revenue: and one who, if the world doth not greatly mistake him, hath sufficiently gloried in all these advantages, and even beyond the rate of a mortal man. But not knowing God to be the Lord, which exercises loving-kindness, and judgment, and righteousness in the earth; how hath the pride of all his glory been stained, by tyranny and oppression, by injustice and cruelty; by enlarging his dominions without right, and by making war upon his neighbours without reason, or even colour of provocation: and this in a more barbarous manner than the most barbarous nations ever did; carrying fire and desolation wheresoever he went, and laying waste many and great cities, without necessity, and without pity! . . . Thus have I represented unto you a mighty monarch, who like a fiery comet hath hung over Europe for many years; and by his malignant influence hath made such terrible havock and devastations in this part of the world.

Let us now turn our view to the other part of the text: and behold a greater than he is here; a prince of a quite different character, who does understand and know God to be the Lord, which does exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth; and who hath made it the great study and endeavour of his life to imitate these divine perfections, as far as the imperfection of human nature in this mortal state will admit: I say, a greater than he is here; who never said or did any insolent thing, but instead of despising his enemies, has upon all occasions encountered them with an undaunted spirit and resolution. This is the man whom God hath honoured to give a check to this mighty man of the earth, and to put a hook into the nostrils of this great leviathan, who has so long had his pastime in the seas. But we will not insult, as he once did in a most unprincely manner over a man much better than himself, when he believed him to have been slain at the Boyne. And indeed death came then as near to him as was possible without killing him. But the merciful providence of God was pleased to step in for his preservation, almost by a miracle: for I do not believe that from the first use of great guns to that day, any mortal man ever had his shoulder so kindly kissed by a cannon-bullet. But I will not trespass any farther upon that which is the great ornament of all his other virtues; though I have said nothing of him but what all the world does see and must acknowledge: he is as much above being flattered, as it is beneath an honest and a generous mind to flatter.

The Creator seen in the Structure of the World.

How often might a man, after he hath jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them out upon the ground before they would fall into an exact poem, yea, or so much as make a good discourse in prose! And may not a little book be as easily made by chance, as this great volume of the world? How long might a man be in sprinkling colours upon a canvas with a careless hand, before they could happen to make the exact picture of a man? And is a man easier made by chance than his picture? How long might twenty thousand blind men, which should be sent out from the several remote parts of England, wander up and down before they would all meet upon Salisbury Plains, and fall into rank and file in the exact order of an army? And yet this is much more easy to be managed, than how the innumerable blind parts of matter should rendezvous themselves into a world.

Tillotson's complete works appeared in 1707-12; with Life by Birch, 1752; an annotated selection of the Sermons by Weldon appeared in 1886.

Edward Stillingfleet (1635-99), born at Cranborne in Dorset, studied at St John's College, Cambridge, in 1653 was elected a Fellow, and, ordained by the deprived Bishop Brownrig, became rector of Sutton in Bedfordshire (1657) and St Andrews, Holborn (1665), Dean of St Paul's (1678), and, after the Revolution. Bishop of Worcester (1689). He had been decidedly hostile to James's ecclesiastical polity. His *Irenicum; or the Divine Right of Particular Forms of Church Government Examined* (1659), considered by Burnet 'a masterpiece,' is a broad-minded but rather latitudinarian attempt to find a basis of union for the divided Church, between Presbyterians and Anglicans. The title of his principal work is *Origines Sacræ; or a Rational Account of the Christian Faith* (1662). Towards the end of his life he published *A Defence of the Doctrine of the Trinity* (1697), in which some passages on Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* were attacked as subversive of fundamental doctrines of Christianity; but in the controversy which ensued the Bishop was not generally held to have come off victorious, and his chagrin at this result was absurdly reported to have hastened his death! The prominent points in this controversy were the resurrection of the body and the immateriality of the soul. Locke argued that although the resurrection of the dead is revealed in Scripture, the reanimation of the identical bodies which inhabited this world is not revealed; and that even if the soul were proved to be material, this would not imply its mortality, since an Omnipotent Creator may, if he pleases, impart the faculty of thinking to matter as well as to spirit. The theologian replied that there is no self-consciousness in matter, and mind, when united to it, is still independent. During the reign of James II., Stillingfleet, who leaned towards the Arminian section of the Church of England, was the great defender of Protestantism. His sermons are notable for good sense rather than for fervour. So handsome as to be known as 'the beauty of holiness,' he was a strenuous and copious controversialist, but fair in argument and courteous to opponents. He was also an accomplished antiquary.

True Wisdom.

That is the truest wisdom of a man which doth most conduce to the happiness of life. For wisdom as it refers to action lies in the proposal of a right end, and the choice of the most proper means to attain it. Which end doth not refer to any one part of a man's life, but to the whole as taken together. He therefore only deserves the name of a wise man, not that considers how to be rich and great when he is poor and mean, nor how to be well when he is sick, nor how to escape a present danger, nor how to compass a particular design; but he that considers the whole course of his life together, and what is fit for him to make the end of it, and by what means he may best enjoy the happiness of it. I confess it is one great part of a wise man never to propose too much happiness to himself here; for whoever doth so is sure to find himself deceived, and consequently is so much more miserable as he fails in his greatest expectations. But since God did not make men on purpose to be miserable, since there is a great difference as to men's conditions, since that difference depends very much on their own choice, there is a great deal of reason to place true wisdom in the choice of those things which tend most to the comfort and happiness of life.

That which gives a man the greatest satisfaction in what he doth, and either prevents or lessens or makes him more easily bear the troubles of life, doth the most conduce to the happiness of it. It was a bold saying of Epicurus, That it is more desirable to be miserable by acting according to reason than to be happy in going against it; and I cannot tell how it can well agree with his notion of felicity: but it is a certain truth that in the consideration of happiness the satisfaction of a man's own mind doth weigh down all the external accidents of life. For suppose a man to have riches and honours as great as Ahashuerus bestowed on his highest favourite Haman; yet by his sad instance we find that a small discontent when the mind suffers it to encrease and to spread its venom, doth so weaken the power of reason, disorder the passions, make a man's life so uneasy to him as to precipitate him from the height of his fortune into the depth of ruin. But on the other side, if we suppose a man to be always pleased with his condition, to enjoy an even and quiet mind in every state, being neither lifted up with prosperity, nor cast down with adversity, he is really happy in comparison with the other. It is a mere speculation to discourse of any complete happiness in this world; but that which doth either lessen the number, or abate the weight, or take off the malignity of the troubles of life, doth contribute very much to that degree of happiness which may be expected here.

The integrity and simplicity of a man's mind doth all this. Firstly, it gives the greatest satisfaction to a man's own mind. For although it be impossible for a man not to be liable to error and mistake, yet if he doth mistake with an innocent mind, he hath the comfort of his innocency when he thinks himself bound to correct his error. But if a man prevaricates with himself and acts against the sense of his own mind, tho' his conscience did not judge aright at that time, yet the goodness of the bare act with respect to the [illegible] will not prevent the sting that follows the want of inward integrity in doing it. The back-slider in heart, saith Solomon, shall be filled with his own ways, but a good man shall be satisfied from himself. The doing just and worthy and generous things without any sinister ends and designs leaves a most agreeable pleasure to the mind, like that of a constant health which is better felt than expressed. When a man applies his mind to the knowledge of his duty, and when he doth understand it (as it is not hard for an honest mind to do, for as the oracle answered the servant who desired to know how he might please his master, If you will seek it, you will be sure to find it), sets himself with a firm resolution to pursue it, though the rain falls, and the floods arise, and the winds blow on every side of him, yet he enjoys peace and quiet within, notwithstanding all the noise and blustring abroad; and is sure to hold out after all, because he is founded upon a rock. But take one that endeavours to blind, or corrupt, or master his conscience, to make it serve some mean end or design; what uneasy reflections hath he upon himself; what perplexing thoughts, what tormenting fears, what suspicions and jealousies do disturb his imagination and rack his mind! What art and pains doth such a one take to be believed honest and sincere! and so much the more, because he doth not believe himself: he fears still he hath not given satisfaction enough, and by overdoing it, is the more suspected. . . . Secondly, because integrity doth more become a man, and doth really promote his interest in the world. It is the saying of Dio Chrysostom, an heathen orator, that simplicity and truth is a great and wise thing; but cunning and deceit is foolish and mean; for, saith he, observe the beasts: the more courage and spirit they have, the less art and subtilty they use; but the more timorous and ignoble they are, the more false and deceitful. True wisdom and greatness of mind raises a man above the need of using little tricks and devices. Sincerity and honesty carries one through many difficulties which all the arts he can invent would never help him through. For nothing doth a man more real mischief in the world than to be suspected for too much craft; because every one stands upon his guard against him, and suspects plots and designs where there are none intended; insomuch that though he speaks with all the sincerity that is possible, yet nothing he saith can be believed. . . .

The path of the just, saith the wise man, is as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. As the day begins with obscurity and a great mixture of darkness, till by quick and silent motions the light overcomes the mists and vapours of the night, and not only spreads its beams upon the tops of the mountains, but darts them into the deepest and most shady valleys: thus simplicity and integrity may at first appearing look dark and suspicious, till by degrees it breaks through the clouds of envy and detraction, and then shines with a greater glory.

(From Sermon 'On Christian Wisdom;' preached
before the King in March 1679.)

A collected edition of his works, with Life by Richard Bentley, who lived with him 1682-89, appeared in 1710; Dr Cunningham in 1845 published an edition of his *Doctrines and Practices of the Church of Rome*.

William Sherlock (c. 1641-1707), born at Southwark, was educated at Eton and Peterhouse, Cambridge, and became a London rector in 1669, a prebendary of St Paul's in 1681, Master of the Temple in 1684, and, after holding out as a Nonjuror for a twelvemonth, Dean of St Paul's in 1691. Macaulay says of him that 'perhaps no simple presbyter of the Church of England has ever possessed a greater authority over his brethren than belonged to Sherlock at the time of the Revolution.' His controversial tracts against the Nonconformists had won him a pension from Charles II., but this was stopped by James II., who could not pardon his sixteen treatises against the Church of Rome—one of them in reply to no less a champion than Bossuet. His *Case of Allegiance to Sovereign Power Stated*, justifying his taking of the new oath, provoked a furious controversy. His *Practical Discourse Concerning Death* (of 308 pages; 1689) was long one of the most popular theological treatises in the language, and was praised by Addison as a powerful persuasive to a religious life. His *Vindication of the Doctrine of the Trinity* (1691) led to a controversy with South, who expressly charged Sherlock with Tritheism, a heresy as damnable as the antitrinitarianism he sought to confute. Sherlock also wrote discourses on a *Future Judgment* (540 pp.; 1692) and on the *Divine Providence* (also a book; 1694), in which, says Southey, he brought forward 'with irrefragable force the natural arguments for the immortality of the soul and a future state.' He was a keen and eager controversialist, but a moderate, 'rational,' and anti-enthusiastic theologian. The extracts are both from the discourse on death:

Our Life Long Enough.

Such a long life [as that of the antediluvians] is not reconcilable with the present state of the world. What the state of the world was before the Flood, in what manner they lived, and how they employed their time, we cannot tell, for Moses has given no account of it; but taking the world as it is and as we find it, I dare undertake to convince those men who are most apt to complain of the shortness of life, that it would not be for the general happiness of mankind to have it much longer: for, *1st*, The world is at present very unequally divided; some have a large share and portion of it, others have nothing but what they can earn by very hard labour, or extort from other men's charity by their restless importunities, or gain by more ungodly arts. Now though the rich and prosperous, who have the world at command and live in ease and pleasure, would be very well contented to spend some hundred years in this world, yet I should think fifty or threescore years abundantly enough for slaves and beggars; enough to spend in hunger and want, in a gaol and a prison. And those who are so foolish as not to think this enough owe a great deal to the wisdom and goodness of God that he does. So that the greatest part of mankind have great reason to be contented with the shortness of life, because they have no temptation to wish it longer.

2dly, The present state of this world requires a more quick succession. The world is pretty well peopled, and is divided amongst its present inhabitants; and but very few in comparison, as I observed before, have any considerable share in the division. Now, let us but suppose that all our ancestors who lived a hundred or two hundred years ago were alive still and possessed their old estates and honours, what had become of this present generation of men who have now taken their places and make as great a show and bustle in the world as they did? And if you look back three or four or five hundred years the case is still so much the worse; the world would be over-peopled; and where there is one poor miserable man now, there must have been five hundred; or the world must have been common, and all men reduced to the same level; which, I believe, the rich and happy people, who are so fond of long life, would not like very well. This would utterly undo our young prodigal heirs, were their hopes of succession three or four hundred years off, who, as short as life is now, think their fathers make very little haste to their graves. This would spoil their trade of spending their estates before they have them, and make them live a dull sober life, whether they would or no; and such a life, I know, they don't think worth having. And therefore I hope at least they will not make the shortness of their fathers' lives an argument against providence; and yet such kind of sparks as these are commonly the wits that set up for atheism, and when it is put into their heads, quarrel with every thing which they fondly conceive will weaken the belief of a God and a providence, and, among other things, with the shortness of life; which they have little reason to do, when they so often outlive their estates

3dly, The world is very bad as it is; so bad that good men scarce know how to spend fifty or threescore years in it; but consider how bad it would probably be were the life of man extended to six, seven, or eight hundred years. If so near a prospect of the other world as forty or fifty years cannot restrain men from the greatest villainies, what would they do if they could as reasonably suppose death to be three or four hundred years off? If men make such improvements in wickedness in twenty or thirty years, what would they do in hundreds? And what a blessed place then would this world be to live in! We see in the old world, when the life of men was drawn out to so great a length, the wickedness of mankind grew so insufferable that it repented God he had made man; and he resolved to destroy that whole generation, excepting Noah and his family. And the most probable account that can be given how they came to grow so universally wicked, is the long and prosperous lives of such wicked men, who by degrees corrupted others, and they others, till there was but one righteous family left, and no other remedy left but to destroy them all: leaving only that righteous family as the seed and future hopes of the new world.

And when God had determined in himself and promised to Noah never to destroy the world again by such a universal destruction till the last and final judgment, it was necessary by degrees to shorten the lives of men, which was the most effectual means to make them more governable, and to remove bad examples out of the world, which would hinder the spreading of the infection, and people and reform the world again by new examples of piety and virtue. For when there are such quick successions of men, there are few ages but have some great and brave examples, which give a new and better spirit to the world.

Advantages of our being kept in Ignorance of the Time of our Death.

For a conclusion of this argument, I shall briefly vindicate the wisdom and goodness of God in concealing from us the time of our death. This we are very apt to complain of, that our lives are so very uncertain, that we know not to-day but that we may die to-morrow; and we would be mighty glad to meet with any one who would certainly inform us in this matter how long we are to live. But if we think a little better of it, we shall be of another mind.

For, *1st*, Though I presume many of you would be glad to know that you shall certainly live twenty, or thirty, or forty years longer, yet would it be any comfort to know that you must die to-morrow, or some few months, or a year or two hence? which may be your case for aught you know; and this, I believe, you are not very desirous to know; for how would this chill your blood and spirits! How would it overcast all the pleasures and comforts of life! You would spend your days like men under the sentence of death, while the execution is suspended.

Did all men who must die young certainly know it, it would destroy the industry and improvements of half mankind, which would half destroy the world, or be an insupportable mischief to human societies; for what man who knows that he must die at twenty, or five-and-twenty, a little sooner or later, would trouble himself with ingenious or gainful arts, or concern himself any more with this world than just to live so long in it? And yet, how necessary is the service of such men in the world! What great things do they many times do, and what great improvements do they make! How pleasant and diverting is their conversation, while it is innocent. How do they enjoy themselves, and give life and spirit to the graver age. How thin would our schools, our shops, our universities, and all places of education be, did they know how little time many of them were to live in the world. For would such men concern themselves to learn the arts of living, who must die as soon as they have learnt them? Would any father be at a great expense in educating his child, only that he might die with a little Latin and Greek, logick and philosophy? No: half the world must be divided into cloisters and nunneries, and nurseries for the grave.

Well, you'll say, suppose that; and is not this an advantage above all the inconveniences you can think of, to secure the salvation of so many thousands who are now eternally ruined by youthful lusts and vanities, but would spend their days in piety and devotion, and make the next world their only care, if they knew how little while they were to live here?

Right: I grant this might be a good way to correct the heat and extravagances of youth, and so it would be to shew them heaven and hell: but God does not think fit to do either, because it offers too much force and violence to men's minds; it is no trial of their virtue, of their reverence for God, of their conquests and victory over this world by the power of faith, but makes religion a matter of necessity, not of choice: now God will force and drive no man to heaven; the gospel dispensation is the trial and discipline of ingenuous spirits; and if the certain hopes and fears of another world, and the uncertainty of our living here, will not conquer these flattering temptations and make men seriously religious, as those who must certainly die and go into another world, and they know not how soon, God will not try whether the certain knowledge of the time of their death will make them religious. That they may die young, and that thousands do so, is reason enough to engage young men to expect death and prepare for it; if they will venture, they must take their chance, and not say they had no warning of dying young, if they eternally miscarry by their wilful delays.

And besides this, God expects our youthful service and obedience, though we were to live on till old age; that we may die young is not the proper, much less the only reason why we should 'remember our Creator in the days of our youth,' but because God has a right to our youthful strength and vigour; and if this will not oblige us to an early piety, we must not expect that God will set death in our view, to fright and terrify us: as if the only design God had in requiring our obedience was, not that we might live like reasonable creatures to the glory of their Maker and Redeemer, but that we might repent of our sins time enough to escape hell. God is so merciful as to accept of returning prodigals, but does not think fit to encourage us in sin by giving us notice when we shall die, and when it is time to think of repentance.

2dly, Tho' I doubt not but that it would be a great pleasure to you to know that you should live till old age, yet consider a little with yourselves, and then tell me whether you yourselves can judge it wise and fitting for God to let you know this. I observed to you before what danger there is in flattering ourselves with the hopes of long life; that it is apt to make us too fond of this world, when we expect to live so long in it: that it weakens the hopes and fears of the next world, by removing it at too great a distance from us; that it encourages men to live in sin, because they have time enough before them to indulge their lusts, and to repent of their sins, and make their peace with God before they die; and if the uncertain hopes of this undoes so many men, what would the certain knowledge of it do? Those who are too wise and considerate to be imposed on by such uncertain hopes, might be conquered by the certain knowledge of a long life.

Thomas Sherlock (1678-1761), son of the Dean of St Paul's, was also an eminent preacher and a controversialist theologian. Educated at Eton and St Catharine's Hall, Cambridge, he succeeded his father as Master of the Temple in 1704. In 1715 he became Dean of Chichester, in 1728 Bishop of Bangor, in 1734 of Salisbury, and in 1748 of London. He was a strong Tory, and as such an opponent of his fellow-student Hoadly; he took a very active and conspicuous share in the notorious 'Bangorian controversy' as a spokesman of the High Church view. He was equally zealous against the Deists, writing against them on *The Use of Prophecy* (1725) and the famous *Trial of the Witnesses of the Resurrection of Jesus* (1729). The latter was mainly in answer to the freethinker Thomas Woolston, a Cambridge Fellow who in a series of publications (1722-25) had carried the allegorising of Scripture so far as to deny the historicity of Christ's resurrection, and in 1729 had been condemned to a fine and the imprisonment from which he never emerged for those discourses on *The Miracles of our Saviour* which in some measure anticipated the mythical theory of Strauss. The *Temple Sermons* fill four volumes. Sherlock was a good bishop and a kindly man; and some of his works, translated into French, were as much esteemed by Catholics as Protestants. By some his literary gift was thought superior to his father's; and if his father's style was modern, the son's was more modern still.

From the 'Trial of the Witnesses.'

We were not long since, some gentlemen of the inns of court, together, each to other so well known that no man's presence was a confinement to any other from speaking his mind on any subject that happened to arise in conversation. The meeting was without design, and the discourse, as in like cases, various. Among other things we fell on the subject of Woolston's trial and conviction, which had happened some few days before: that led to a debate how the law stands in such cases, what punishment it inflicts; and, in general, whether the law ought at all to interpose in controversies of this kind. We were not agreed in these points. One, who maintained the favorable side to Woolston, discovered a great liking and approbation of his discourses against the miracles of Christ, and seemed to think his arguments unanswerable. To which another replied, I wonder that one of your abilities, and bred to the profession of the law, which teaches us to consider the nature of evidence and its proper weight, can be of that opinion; I am sure you would be unwilling to determine a property of five shillings on such evidence as you now think material enough to overthrow the miracles of Christ.

It may easily be imagined that this opened a door to much dispute, and determined the conversation for the remainder of the evening to this subject. The dispute ran through almost all the particulars mentioned in Woolston's pieces; but the thread of it was broken by several digressions, and the pursuit of things which were brought accidentally into the discourse. At length one of the company said, pleasantly, Gentlemen, you do not argue like lawyers; if I were judge in this cause, I would hold you better to the point. The company took the hint, and cried they should be glad to have the cause re-heard, and him to be the judge. The gentlemen who had engaged with mettle and spirit in a dispute which arose accidentally, seemed very unwilling to be drawn into a formal controversy; and especially the gentleman who argued against Woolston thought the matter grew too serious for him, and excused himself from undertaking a controversy in religion, of all others the most momentous; but he was told that the argument should be confined merely to the nature of the evidence, and that might be considered without entering into any such controversy as he would avoid; and to bring the matter within bounds and under one view, the evidence of Christ's resurrection, and the exceptions taken to it, should be the only subject of the conference. With much persuasion he suffered himself to be persuaded, and promised to give the company and their new-made judge a meeting that day fortnight. The judge and the rest of the company were for bringing on the cause a week sooner; but the counsel for Woolston took the matter up, and said, Consider, sir, the gentleman is not to argue out of Littleton, Plowden, or Coke, authors to him well known; but he must have his authorities from Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; and a fortnight is time little enough of all conscience to gain a familiarity with a new acquaintance; and turning to the gentleman, he said, I will call on you before the fortnight is out, to see how reverend an appearance you make behind Hammond on the New Testament, a Concordance on one hand and a folio Bible with references on the other. You shall be welcome, sir, replied the gentleman, and perhaps you may find some company more to your own taste; he is but a poor counsel who studies one side of the question only, and therefore I will have your friend Woolston, T——l [Tindal], and C——s [Collins] to entertain you when you do me the favor of the visit. On this we parted in good humor, and all pleased with the appointment made, except the two gentlemen who were to provide the entertainment.

Second Day.—The company met at the time appointed; but it happened in this, as in like cases it often does, that some friends to some of the company, who were not of the party the first day, had got notice of the meeting; and the gentlemen who were to debate the question found they had a more numerous audience than they expected or desired. He especially who was to maintain the evidence of the resurrection began to excuse the necessity he was under of disappointing their expectation, alleging that he was not prepared; and he had persisted in excusing himself but that the strangers who perceived what the case was offered to withdraw, which the gentleman would by no means consent to: they insisting to go, he said he would much rather submit himself to their candor, unprepared as he was, than be guilty of so much rudeness as to force them to leave the company. On which one of the company smiling said, It happens luckily that our number is increased; when we were last together we appointed a judge, but we quite forgot a jury, and now I think we are good men and true, sufficient to make one. This thought was pursued in several allusions to legal proceedings, which created some mirth and had this good effect that it dispersed the solemn air which the mutual compliments on the difficulty before-mentioned had introduced, and restored the ease and good humour natural to the conversation of gentlemen.

The judge perceiving the disposition of the company, thought it a proper time to begin, and called out, Gentlemen of the jury, take your places; and immediately seated himself at the upper end of the table. The company sat round him, and the judge called on the counsel for Woolston to begin.

Mr A., counsel for Woolston, addressing himself to the judge, said, May it please your lordship, I conceive the gentleman on the other side ought to begin, and lay his evidence which he intends to maintain before the court; till that is done it is to no purpose for me to object. I may perhaps object to something which he will not admit to be any part of his evidence, and therefore, I apprehend, the evidence ought in the first place to be distinctly stated.

Judge.—Mr B., what say you to that?

Mr B., counsel on the other side.—My Lord, if the evidence I am to maintain were to support any new claim, if I were to gain any thing which I am not already possessed of, the gentleman would be in the right; but the evidence is old, and is matter of record, and I have been long in possession of all that I claim under it. If the gentleman has any thing to say to dispossess me, let him produce it, otherwise I have no reason to bring my own title into question. And this I take to be the known method of proceeding in such cases; no man is obliged to produce his title to his possession; it is sufficient if he maintains it when it is called in question.

Mr A.—Surely, my lord, the gentleman mistakes the case. I can never admit myself to be out of possession of my understanding and reason; and since he would put me out of this possession, and compel me to admit things incredible in virtue of the evidence he maintains, he ought to set forth his claim or leave the world to be directed by common sense.

Judge.—Sir, you say right; on supposition that the truth of the Christian religion were the point in judgment. In that case it would be necessary to produce the evidence for the Christian religion; but the matter now before the court is whether the objections produced by Mr Woolston are of weight to overthrow the evidence of Christ's resurrection. You see then the evidence of the resurrection is supposed to be what it is on both sides, and the thing immediately in judgment is the value of the objections, and therefore they must be set forth. The court will be bound to take notice of the evidence, which is admitted as a fact on both parts. Go on, Mr A.

Simon Patrick (1626–1707), born at Gainsborough, was educated at Queen's College, Cambridge. There he came under the influence of John Smith, the Cambridge Platonist, then a youthful Fellow, whom he revered till the end of his life. Successively rector of St Paul's, Covent Garden (1662), and Dean of Peterborough (1678), he became Bishop of Chichester (1689) and of Ely (1691). He was a devout and erudite theologian, and a sagacious and catholic Churchman, equally anti-puritan and anti-papal. His sermons, commentaries, and devotional works were long famous; though now they seem prolix enough; amongst them *A Brief Exposition of the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer*, *The Parable of the Pilgrims*, *The Heart's Ease*, *The Christian Sacrifice*, and *The Devout Christian Instructed*. He translated some Latin hymns, and wrote a number of religious poems. An autobiography is included in his works (9 vols. Clar. Press, 1858). In it he tells us that his grandfather was a gentleman of good quality and fair estate, as well as a competent scholar, who had fifteen children, for the younger of whom he could accordingly make but slender provision.

> He gave his sons a taste of learning, keeping a schoolmaster in his house to instruct them. My father kept such a tincture of it, that though he was bound apprentice to a mercer, yet he was a great lover of books, and read very much to his dying day. He had a great desire to breed me a scholar, and put me early to a master of great fame, but of no great skill in teaching, as I myself found when I came under the tuition of that worthy man Mr Merryweather, who was an excellent Latinist, as he showed by his translation of *Religio Medici*. But I ought to acknowledge, what my former master wanted in learning he made up in piety. For he touched my heart betimes by his affectionate discourses upon some part of the Church Catechism, which he

was wont to explain on Saturday in the afternoon; which I cannot think of without thankfulness to God for those discourses. Before which time my mind was prepared to receive those good instructions, by the care of my godly parents in my very childhood; wherein they endeavoured to instil good principles into me: and I can remember many exhortations which my mother upon all occasions made me to be good, and to avoid the sin of lying and such like; which made such an impression upon me, that I cannot remember I ever disobeyed her in the smallest injunction she laid upon me. She was the daughter of an holy minister in Nottinghamshire, and had been bred up by the rules of the *Practice of Piety*, a book of great note in those days. To those she laboured to conform me, causing me, for instance, to read to her three chapters in the Bible every day; whereby (reading six psalms when I came there) it was read over every year.

My father constantly prayed with his family morning and evening when he was at home, and when he was abroad my mother thought herself obliged to it; and I can never forget with what warmth she commended us all to God. Especially on the Lord's day they were very strict, and ordered things so that every one went to church; and we having no sermon in the afternoon, my father after prayers was wont to read a sermon at home, and sing psalms both after dinner and after we came from church. Sometimes indeed he would go to hear a sermon in the afternoon in a neighbouring town; for which reason he got the name of a Puritan, but very undeservedly, for I remember very well that the sermons he read at home were some of the famous Dr Sanderson's, which he read over and over with high admiration: and he constantly went to the church where the Common Prayer was read (as it was where we lived), a long time after the beginning of our civil wars without any scruple; and at the return of the king immediately attended them again to the end of his days. This I have often reflected upon as an argument of great judgment in my father, that he should make choice of such a volume of sermons to read constantly, and none else but those he heard in the church, which he wrote and would repeat in his family.

Being thus educated, I had an early sense of religion (blessed be God) imprinted on my mind; which was much increased by my attending to sermons: for having, when I was a school boy, learnt to write in characters, my father required me to take the sermons I heard in that manner, and read them over when I came at home. This, no doubt, fixed my thoughts upon what was delivered, and made me remember it. Insomuch that hearing a rigid sermon about reprobation of the greatest part of mankind, I remember well that when I was a little boy, I resolved if that were true, I would never marry; because most, if not all my children, might be damned.

When I was about twelve years old, I had a most dangerous fever, and there was little hope of my life, when I was extremely troubled that I had neglected often to say my prayers; and I resolved, if God would spare me, to be more careful in time to come, as I think I was. Many other deliverances I had in my very young years, which I shall not here set down, but only mention one which was very remarkable. When I was about thirteen or fourteen years old, it was thought I might very safely ride alone with my father and mother a small journey. And being set upon a little horse, we went through a gate entering into a large common; this gate being let fall to, gave a great clap, and made such a noise as frightened my horse and made him run away with me. I sat a good while, but at last he threw me, and I fell into a sawpit, which my father and mother feared might prove my grave. But, blessed be God, I was laid there all at length, and taken up without the least hurt. This I have often thought of as a singular providence of God over me, which I now acknowledge with thankfulness to him.

Not long after it was thought I might be fit for the university. But the war between king and parliament breaking out, put by all those thoughts; my father falling into great straits and difficulties. For the town of Gainsborough thought it would be most for their security, if they cast up some works round the town, and got fire arms, and formed themselves into a company of six score men. But they declared neither for king or parliament, intending only to stand upon their guard against rovers. But in a short time the garrison of Newark (which was but seventeen miles from it) sent out a strong party who surrounded the town very early in the morning, and demanded it should be instantly surrendered to the king; which was immediately done without the least resistance or dispute. Whereupon our schoolmaster fled, and left all his scholars to play; till at last a neighbouring minister undertook the charge, who we found did not understand so much as ourselves; and besides, sometimes never came among us for three days together. This made the school break up, and, which was worse, there was a great breach in the town by a new oath that was tendered to them. I do not remember what it was, but only that my father was one that refused to take it: whereupon he was ordered by some furious persons in the committee to leave the town, and not permitted to stay and dispose of his wife and children and goods. He obeyed; but from a neighbouring place sent a petition to be delivered by my mother to the Earl of Kingston, who was the governor of the town. He received her with much humanity, and asked her, among other things, what made her so cheerful in such a distress; for she did not appear before him in tears, but with an humble modest confidence. To which she replying that she always had a good hope in God, and now expected to find favour with his lordship, he immediately revoked the order of the committee, and gave my father leave to return, and to dispose of his family and affairs before he departed. When he came back, he found a gentleman in town of singular goodness, and a great friend of his, Sir William Pelham of Brocklesby, who very much pitied his condition, and prayed him to leave what money he had with him, and go with his wife and children to his house at Brocklesby, where they should be kindly entertained. This extraordinary kindness he most thankfully embraced, and carried my mother, my younger brother and sister, with his goods, to Sir William's house; but thought fit to go himself with me to Boston, where he had a cousin who received us into his house.

Here I did but lose my time, and therefore my father, who still in his low condition was desirous to make me a scholar, sent me to Hull, where he had a good friend, Mr Foxley, who, with his wife, were as kind to me as to their own children. There I went to school every day with a master who preserved what learning I had, if he did not add unto it. Mr Foxley, who was an wholesale grocer, had such an affection to me, as his wife had also, that he offered to take me his apprentice for nothing, if I would be of his trade. This was a great temptation, he being a great dealer, and a very rich man. But my father was so kind as to leave me to my own choice, and I persisted in my desire to be a scholar, in which Mr Foxley mightily encouraged me, and both he and his wife gave me some pieces of gold, when I went from them to the university: for I had given some proofs of my being religiously inclined, which made them, being pious persons, have a more than ordinary love to me. For instance, when Mr Foxley was gone a journey (who always used to pray witn his family before he went to bed) I composed a prayer, about the sixteenth year of my age, and said it in the family without book, during his absence. This was highly acceptable to them, as I hope it was well pleasing to God, who thus early disposed me to his service.

But many things hindered my going to the university; for my father was brought still lower, and disabled to maintain me there as he desired. For the parliament soldiers plundering Sir William Pelham's house, took away my father's goods, which were there with my mother, as well as his. Several other losses befell him, and all the country was so infested with soldiers that it was dangerous to travel. Notwithstanding which, my father adventured to carry me round from Boston to Lynn, and so to Cambridge; whereby we passed without any impediment.

It was in the year 1644, when I was between seventeen and eighteen years old, and had some discretion to govern myself. My father had recommendations to Dr Whichcote and Dr Cudworth, of Emanuel College, who, it was hoped, might take me to be their sizer. For my father was so mean then, he could not otherwise maintain me. They were both very kind, and being full themselves, recommended us to Queen's College, which was newly filled with fellows from thence. Thither we went, and I was admitted there June 25th of that year, under Mr Wells, who loved me very well, insomuch that he left me the key of his chamber, and of his study, when he was out of town. Here I found myself in a solitary place at first; for though Mr Fuller, in his *Church History*, was mistaken in saying this college was like a landwrack (as I think his words are), in which there was [not] one left to keep possession, yet there were about a dozen scholars, and almost half of the old fellows: the visitors at first doing no more than putting in a majority of new to govern the college. The others, rarely appearing, were all turned out for refusing the covenant; which was then so zealously pressed, that all scholars were summoned to take it at Trinity College. Thither I went, and had it tendered to me. But God so directed me, that I, telling them my age, was dismissed, and never heard more of it—blessed be God.

I had not been long in the college before the master, Mr Herbert Palmer, took some notice of me, and sent for me to transcribe some things he intended for the press; and soon after made me the college scribe, which brought me in a great deal of money, many leases being to be renewed. It was not long before I had one of the best scholarships in the college bestowed upon me; so that I was advanced to a higher rank, being made a pensioner. But before I was bachelor of arts this good man died, who was of an excellent spirit, and was unwearied in doing good. Though he was a little crooked man, yet he had such an authority, that the fellows reverenced him as much as we did them, going bare when he passed through the court, which after his death was disused.

I remember very well that, being a member of the assembly of divines, he went off to London, and sometimes stayed there a quarter of a year. But before he went, he was wont to cause the bell to be tolled, to summon us all to meet in the hall. There he made a pathetical speech to us, stirring us up to pious diligence in our studies, and told us, with such seriousness as made us believe, he should have as true an account from those he could trust, of the behaviour of every one of us in his absence, as if he were here present with us to observe us himself. This he said we should certainly find true at his return. And truly he was as good as his word; for those youths whom he heard well of, when he came back to college, he sent for to his lodgings, and commended them; giving books to those that were well maintained, and money to the poorer sort. He was succeeded by a good man (Dr Horton), but not such a governor: under whom I was chosen fellow of the college, when I was one year bachelor of arts; before which time I had been so studious as to fill whole books with observations out of various ancient authors, with some of my own which I made upon them. For I find one book begun in the year 1646, wherein I have noted many useful things, and another more large in the year 1647, having the word *Æternitas* at the top of many pages, by the thought of which I perceive I was quickened to spend my time well. For I have set down what I did every day, and when I took the liberty to recreate myself.

It is a great comfort now in my old age to find that I was so diligent in my youth; for in those books I have noted how I spent my time. What progress I made in 1648 I cannot tell; for I cannot find any book which gives an account of that year; but I have two which relate my improvements in 1649: and the next year, March 21st, 1650, I was admitted master of arts.

Thomas Ken (1637-1711), the saintly Nonjuring bishop, was a native of Little Berkhampstead in Hertfordshire, and was educated at Winchester and at Hart Hall and New College, Oxford. He held in succession, between 1663 and 1672, livings in Essex, the Isle of Wight, and Hants; but having been elected a Fellow of Winchester College, resided in Winchester till 1679. In 1667 he obtained from Morley, Bishop of Winchester, the living of Brixton, where he wrote his famous morning, evening, and midnight hymns, which he sang daily to his own accompaniment on the lute. The first two of these hymns or part of them are in every collection of sacred poetry and in the memory of almost every English child. There must be few who do not know by heart at least one verse :

Awake, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

In 1674 Ken published a *Manual of Prayers for the use of the Scholars of Winchester College.* It was in this work the three famous hymns, subsequently altered in wording, were first published. In 1679 he was appointed chaplain to the Princess Mary, but was 'horribly dissatisfied' with the Prince of Orange's behaviour to her, and returning to England next year, was made chaplain to Charles II. He refused the use of his house to Nell Gwynne when the court visited Winchester, where he was a prebendary. In 1683 he went to Tangiers as army chaplain, and in 1684 was made Bishop of Bath and Wells. Having refused to publish the Declaration of Indulgence issued by James II., Ken was one of the seven bishops sent to the Tower. He nevertheless found himself unable with a good conscience to take the oath of allegiance to William III., and was deprived. He had then saved a sum of £700, and in lieu of this his friend Lord Weymouth guaranteed him £80 a year and residence at his mansion of Longleat, where Ken lived till his death. In his later years he interested himself in collecting subscriptions for relief of the poor Nonjurors. He was esteemed a great preacher in his own day, but is remembered now only for his three hymns and his saintly character. His chief prose work is his *Practice of Divine Love*, an exposition of the Church Catechism (1685), the others being mainly sermons.

THOMAS KEN.
After an Engraving from a Drawing by Scheffier.

From the following specimens of his other poetical works it will be easily understood why only the three hymns are remembered. This is the beginning of the hymn for Good Friday :

A song of Jesus I design,
But stumble at the leading line ;
Of Jesus' passion I would sing,
And for this day's oblation bring ;
But cannot the dispute decide
'Twixt grief and love, which me divide

When Jesus' sufferings I review,
And know myself to be the Jew,
Whose sins created all the woe
God-flesh assumed to undergo ;
I dread my guilt, and in my eyes
Of tears I feel two fountains rise.

But when sweet Jesus to my sight
Appears in a salvific light,
Where on the cross He suffers pain,
That I may bliss eternal gain,
O then my heart with love runs o'er,
And is inclined to grieve no more.

The Easter Day hymn commences :

  Say, blessed angels, say,
How could you silent be to-day ?
Your hymn the shepherds waked that morn,
  When great God-man was born,
  But when He rose again
They heard no eucharistic strain.

  You saw God-man expire,
Did you His rising not admire ?
How when His soul at parting breath
  Enter'd the realm of death,
  He conquering forced His way,
And re-inspired His buried clay

  Had you His rise admired,
Hymn is by admiration fired ;
But you profoundly were amazed
  When you upon Him gazed,
  And while amazement reigns,
It all poetic force restrains

And this is the first verse of the hymn for Christmas :

    Celestial harps prepare
    To sound your loftiest air ;
  You choral angels at the throne,
  Your customary hymns postpone ;
Of glorious spirits, all ye orders nine,
To sute a hymn, to study chords combine.

Ken's epic style may be illustrated by a fragment from *Edmund*, in which Prince Edmund thus confers with Saint Hubert about marriage :

O father, you can unperplex my mind,
My realm are for my marriage all inclined;
I love, but know not who she is, or where,
And to discover either, I despair;
Despairing, I in celibate would live,
Since I my heart can to no other give;
I feel too great a load in cares of state,
Cares conjugal may much increase the weight;
More hours I fain would in my closet spend,
Pure virgins best the affairs of Heaven attend.

Son, said the saint, if you both lives compare,
Both different ways may in God's favour share;
Prayers, meditations, and intentions pure,
A heart which no temptations can allure;
Self abnegation and a conscience clear
Enduring no one lust to domineer;
All graces which incarnate God enjoin'd,
The married equally with virgins bind.

Contemplatives have easy loads to bear,
Freer from trouble and distracting care,
Loose from the world, and disembroil'd from sense,
Their prayers may longer be, and more intense;
To no relations virgins have a tie
To pluck them back, but unmolested die;
A virgin priest the altar best attends,
Our Lord that state commands not, but commends.

Hawkins published the prose works, with a Life, in 1713, as did Round in 1838, and Benham in 1889. Several works attributed to Ken are by most authorities regarded as spurious. Ken's poetical works included hymns; poems on gospel subjects and the attributes of God; two epics, *Edmund* and *Hymnotheo or the Penitent*, each in thirteen books; *Anodynes*; *Preparations for Death*; and *Damonet and Dorilla, or Chaste Love*, a pastoral. They were collected by Hawkins in 4 vols. (1721), and are mostly awkward and tedious. A selection of his 'Hymns and Poems for the Holy Days and Festivals of the Church' was published in 1868 as *Bishop Ken's Christian Year*. It is known that these hymns were highly prized by Keble, who apparently took thence the idea of his own *Christian Year*. See Lives by Bowles (1831), Anderdon (1851-54), Plumptre (2 vols. 1888), and Clarke (1896).

Jeremy Collier (1650-1726) is less remembered as the conscientious and persecuted Nonjuring bishop than as the trenchant and unsparing castigator of the corrupt stage of his time. He was born at Stow-cum-Quy, Cambridgeshire, son of a clerical schoolmaster at Ipswich; and here and at Caius College, Cambridge, he was educated, afterwards becoming rector of Ampton near Bury St Edmunds, and lecturer at Gray's Inn. His reply to Burnet's *Inquiry into the State of Affairs* (1688) cost him some months in Newgate. He next waged warfare on the crown with incisive pamphlets, and was arrested in 1692 on suspicion of being involved in a Jacobite plot. In 1696 he gave absolution to the would-be assassins Friend and Parkyns on the scaffold, for which offence he was outlawed. In 1698 he published his *Short View of the Immorality of the English Stage*, which fell like a thunderbolt among the wits. 'It is inspiriting,' says Macaulay, 'to see how gallantly the solitary outlaw advances to attack enemies, formidable separately, and, it might have been thought, irresistible when combined, distributes his swashing blows right and left among Wycherley, Congreve, and Vanbrugh, treads the wretched D'Urfey down in the dirt beneath his feet, and strikes with all his strength full at the towering crest of Dryden.' Collier's argument carried the country with it, and helped to bring back the English drama to good morals and good sense. That excessive stage-profligacy which was partly a reaction against the rigidity of Puritanism, and had far outrun the parallel laxity of contemporary social morals, was immediately to some extent checked. But it was not without a struggle that the wits consented to be worsted. Congreve and Vanbrugh, with many of the smaller fry, answered angrily but weakly, and were crushed anew by the redoubtable Nonjuror, who was 'complete master of the rhetoric of honest indignation.' 'Contest,' says Dr Johnson, 'was his delight; was not to be frighted from his purpose or his prey.' There were not merely replies but defences, second defences, and vindications of the *Short View* by the irrepressible *Censor Morum*. Even Congreve and Vanbrugh condescended to omit 'several expressions' from the *Double Dealer* and the *Provoked Wife*. The great Dryden stood apart at first, but at length in the preface to his *Fables* (1700) acknowledged he had been justly reproved. 'I shall say the less of Mr Collier,' he says, 'because in many things he has taxed me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine which can be truly argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one.'

But Dryden complained, and fairly, that his antagonist had often perverted his meaning, that he was 'too much given to horse-play in his raillery, and came to battle like a dictator from the plough;' and that 'if zeal for God's house had not eaten him up, it had at least devoured some part of his good manners and civility.' No doubt Collier erred by pedantry and want of discrimination. He treats with as fierce indignation whatever appears to him 'profanity' as he does the grossest offences against decency. And amongst sins of profaneness he reckons not merely all light allusions to religious words, phrases, and subjects, but any disrespectful comments on Churchmen or ecclesiastical affairs. He does not merely protest against speaking of the clergy at large as hypocrites and impostors; even to assume that some of the clergy were unworthy of their cloth was with him a sin, and the usual ejaculations of impatience were treated as heinous examples of blasphemy. It must have been trying to him, a partisan of the Stewart cause, to have to attack an institution so intimately bound up as was the theatre with the principles of the Restoration; and painful to the High Churchman to be spoken of an argument usually associated with censorious Presbyterians or narrow-minded Puritans. To a 'well-conducted and moral stage,' recommending virtue and discountenancing vice, he was in no ways hostile; though it may be doubted whether any theatre could successfully be conducted precisely in accordance with his canons of virtue and propriety. He is indignant at making fun of Mohammed or the heathen gods; to speak of a hackney-coachman as Jehu is 'a heavy piece of profaneness;' to say playfully that if 'marriage makes man and wife one flesh, it leaves them two fools,' is unpardonable. Swearing in any case is 'playing with edge tools. To go to Heaven in jest is the way to go to Hell in earnest.' Unquestionably he at times sees offences where none were intended and none committed. But he had very ample justification for his main charges; and in spite of pedantry, overstatement, and lack of proportion, the *Short View* was a noble protest against evil, and was only less effective than it deserved to be. It should be remembered that Collier was not the first to make such a protest from amongst the ranks of those who were not Puritans. Thirty-four years earlier Flecknoe, bred a Jesuit and himself a dramatist, had earned the hatred and contempt of Dryden by a severe impeachment in prose and in verse of the immorality of the contemporary stage (see Vol. I. page 784). And Blackmore had in 1695 commented on the same subject in the preface to his *Prince Arthur.*

But Collier ransacked Plautus and Terence, Sophocles and Euripides, to prove that the classical tragedy—nay, classical comedy—was more pure and reverent than that of professed Christians of the Reformed Church; that Seneca and even Aristophanes were less blameworthy than the playwrights of his own time. Plautus 'where he is most a poet is generally least a buffoon;' even Terence's 'strumpets are better behaved than our women of quality of the English stage.' 'A very indifferent Religion well believed will go a great way.' Shakespeare 'is too guilty to make an evidence' on modesty; 'the English stage has been always out of order,' but Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher were careful and considerate compared with their successors. Corneille and Molière might teach their English compeers decency and decorum. Collier does not explicitly attack all theatrical entertainments as such; he admits that a play may have a moral purpose. But with evident satisfaction and full approval he cites a long catena of denunciations of the stage in every shape and form from the earliest Christian councils, by way of the Fathers Clemens Alexandrinus, Tertullian, Cyprian, Augustine, and Jerome, down to the contemporary Catholic Church in Spain and France; and gives in full, in French and in English, a mandate of the Bishop of Arras in 1695 saying that the Church has always abominated stage plays, and disapproved the scandalous profession of actors, who, though not formally expelled by formal excommunication, are and ought to be refused admission to the sacraments. Hence it seems clear that Collier's argument hardly goes as far as his dislike to the stage; that he regards no stage as fit for Christians; and that plays approved by him would hardly have had a strong chance of popularity either in England in the seventeenth century, or anywhere else at any date. This dramatic critic with a mission sometimes writes with admirable point, and occasionally ventures on quite non-ethical criticisms; thus in one place, ridiculing the piling up of tautological words and phrases, he says, 'This Litter of Epithets makes the Poem look like a Bitch overstock'd with Puppies, and sucks the Sence almost to Skin and Bone.' When it is convenient for his argument, he insists on the unities of time, place, and action. Thus Vanbrugh's *Relapse* appears 'a Heap of Irregularities. There is neither Propriety in the Name nor Contrivance in the Plot, nor Decorum in the Characters. 'Tis a thorough Contradiction to Nature, and impossible in Time and Place.'

Collier continued to preach to a congregation of Nonjurors, and was consecrated bishop in 1713. He upheld the 'usages,' and laid himself open to a charge of holding Romish views. Of his forty-two books and pamphlets, those on the stage alone are still remembered. His largest works were the *Great Historical, Geographical, Genealogical, and Poetical Dictionary* (4 vols. folio, 1701-21, based on the encyclopædic work of Moreri, and not improved), and *An Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain* (a work of really great learning, 2 vols. folio, 1708-14; new ed. by Lathbury, with Life, 1852).

From the 'Short View.'

The business of plays is to recommend virtue and discountenance vice; to shew the uncertainty of humane greatness, the suddain turns of fate, and the unhappy conclusions of violence and injustice: 'tis to expose the singularities of pride and fancy, to make folly and falsehood contemptible, and to bring every thing that is ill under infamy and neglect. This design has been oddly pursued by the English stage. Our poets write with a different view, and are gone into an other interest. 'Tis true, were their intentions fair, they might be serviceable to this purpose. They have in a great measure the springs of thought and inclination in their power. Show, musick, action, and rhetorick are moving entertainments; and rightly employ'd would be very significant. But force and motion are things indifferent, and the use lies chiefly in the application. These advantages are now in the enemies hand and under a very dangerous management. Like cannon seized they are pointed the wrong way, and by the strength of the defence the mischief is made the greater. That this complaint is not unreasonable I shall endeavour to prove by shewing the misbehaviour of the stage with respect to morality and religion. Their liberties in the following particulars are intolerable, viz. their smuttiness of expression: their swearing, prophaneness, and lewd application of Scripture; their abuse of the clergy; their making their top characters libertines, and giving them success in their debauchery. This charge, with some other irregularities, I shall make good against the stage, and shew both the novelty and scandal of the practice. And first, I shall begin with the rankness and indecency of their language.

In treating of this head, I hope the reader does not expect that I should set down chapter and page, and give him the citations at length. To do this would be a very unacceptable and foreign employment. Indeed the passages, many of them, are in no condition to be handled: he that is desirous to see these flowers let him do it in their own soil: 'tis my business rather to kill the root than transplant it. But that the poets may not complain of injustice, I shall point to the infection at a distance, and refer in general to play and person.

Now among the curiosities of this kind we may reckon Mrs Pinchwife, Horner, and Lady Fidget in the *Country Wife:* Widow Blackacre and Olivia in the *Plain Dealer*. These, tho' not all the exceptionable characters, are the most remarkable. I'm sorry the author should stoop his wit thus low, and use his understanding so unkindly. Some people appear coarse and slovenly out of poverty: they can't well go to the charge of sense. They are offensive like beggars for want of necessaries. But this is none of the *Plain Dealer's* case; he can afford his muse a better dress when he pleases. But then the rule is, where the motive is the less the fault is the greater. To proceed. Jacinta, Elvira, Dalinda, and Lady Plyant, in the *Mock Astrologer*, *Spanish Friar*, *Love Triumphant* and *Double Dealer*, forget themselves extreamly: and almost all the characters in the *Old Batchelour* are foul and nauseous. *Love for Love* and the *Relapse* strike sometimes upon this sand, and so likewise does *Don Sebastian* . . .

I grant the abuse of a thing is no argument against the use of it. However, young people particularly should not entertain themselves with a lewd picture, especially when 'tis drawn by a masterly hand. For such a liberty may probably raise those passions which can neither be discharged without trouble, nor satisfyed without a crime: 'tis not safe for a man to trust his virtue too far, for fear it should give him the slip! But the danger of such an entertainment is but part of the objection: 'tis all scandal and meanness into the bargain: it does in effect degrade human nature, sinks reason into appetite, and breaks down the distinctions between man and beast. Goats and monkeys, if they could speak, would express their brutality in such language as this.

To argue the matter more at large.

Smuttiness is a fault in behaviour as well as in religion 'Tis a very coarse diversion, the entertainment of those who are generally least both in sense and station. The looser part of the mob have no true relish of decency and honour, and want education and thought to furnish out a gentile conversation. Barrenness of fancy makes them often take up with those scandalous liberties. A vitious imagination may blot a great deal of paper at this rate with ease enough: and 'tis possible convenience may sometimes invite to the expedient. The modern poets seem to use smut as the old ones did machines, to relieve a fainting invention. When Pegasus is jaded and would stand still, he is apt like other tits to run into every puddle.

Obscenity in any company is a rustick uncreditable talent; but among women 'tis particularly rude. Such talk would be very affrontive in conversation, and not endur'd by any lady of reputation. Whence then comes it to pass that those liberties which disoblige so much in conversation should entertain upon the stage? Do the women leave all the regards to decency and conscience behind them when they come to the play-house? Or does the place transform their inclinations, and turn their former aversions into pleasure? Or were their pretences to sobriety elsewhere nothing but hypocrisy and grimace? Such suppositions as these are all satyr and invective: they are rude imputations upon the whole sex. To treat the ladies with such stuff is no better than taking their money to abuse them. It supposes their imagination vitious, and their memories ill furnish'd: that they are practised in the language of the stews, and pleas'd with the scenes of brutishness. When at the same time the customs of education and the laws of decency are so very cautious and reserv'd in regard to women: I say so very reserv'd, that 'tis almost a fault for them to understand they are ill used. They can't discover their disgust without disadvantage, nor blush without disservice to their modesty. To appear with any skill in such cant looks as if they had fallen upon ill conversation, or managed their curiosity amiss. In a word, he that treats the ladies with such discourse must conclude either that they like it, or they do not. To suppose the first is a gross reflection upon their virtue. And as for the latter case, it entertains them with their own aversion; which is ill nature, and ill manners enough in all conscience. And in this particular custom and conscience, the forms of breeding and the maxims of religion are on the same side. In other instances vice is often too fashionable; but here a man can't be a sinner without being a clown.

In this respect the stage is faulty to a scandalous degree of nauseousness and aggravation. For

1st. The poets make women speak smuttily. Of this the places before mention'd are sufficient evidence: and if there was occasion they might be multiplyed to a much greater number: indeed the comedies are seldom clear of these blemishes: and sometimes you have them in tragedy. For instance. The *Orphans* Monimia makes a very improper description; and the royal Leonora in the *Spanish Friar* runs a strange length in the history of love. And do princesses use to make their reports with such fulsom freedoms? Certainly this Leonora was the first queen of her family. Such raptures are too lascivious for Joan of Naples. Are these the tender things Mr Dryden says the ladies call on him for? I suppose he means the ladies that are too modest to show their faces in the pit. This entertainment can be fairly design'd for none but such. Indeed it hits their palate exactly. It regales their lewdness, graces their character, and keeps up their spirits for their vocation: now to bring women under such misbehaviour is violence to their native modesty, and a mispresentation of their sex. For modesty, as Mr Rapin observes, is the character of women. To represent them without this quality is to make monsters of them and throw them out of their kind. Euripides, who was no negligent observer of humane nature, is always careful of this decorum. Thus Phædra when possess'd with an infamous passion, takes all imaginable pains to conceal it. She is as regular and reserv'd in her language as the most virtuous matron. 'Tis true, the force of shame and desire, the scandal of satisfying and the difficulty of parting with her inclinations, disorder her to distraction. However, her frensy is not lewd; she keeps her modesty even after she has lost her wits. Had Shakespear secur'd this point for his young virgin Ophelia, the play had been better contriv'd. Since he was resolv'd to drown the lady like a kitten, he should have set her a swimming a little sooner. To keep her alive only to sully her reputation and discover the rankness of her breath was very cruel. But it may be said the freedoms of distraction go for nothing, a feaver has no faults, and a man *non compos* may kill without murther. It may be so: but then such people ought to be kept in dark rooms and without company. To shew them or let them loose is somewhat unreasonable. But after all, the modern stage seems to depend upon this expedient. Women are sometimes represented silly and sometimes mad, to enlarge their liberty and screen their impudence from censure: this politick contrivance we have in Marcella, Hoyden, and Miss Prue. However, it amounts to this confession; that women when they have their understandings about them ought to converse otherwise. In fine, modesty is the distinguishing vertue of that sex, and serves both for ornament and defence: modesty was design'd by Providence as a guard to virtue; and that it might be always at hand, 'tis wrought into the mechanism of the body. 'Tis likewise proportion'd to the occasions of life, and strongest in youth when passion is so too. 'Tis a quality as true to innocence, as the sences are to health; whatever is ungrateful to the first, is prejudicial to the latter. The enemy no sooner approaches, but the blood rises in opposition, and looks defyance to an indecency. It supplys the room of reasoning and collection: intuitive knowledge can scarcely make a quicker impression; and what then can be a surer guide to the unexperienced? It teaches by suddain instinct and aversion; this is both a ready and a powerful method of instruction. The tumult of the blood and spirits and the uneasiness of the sensation are of singular use. They serve to awaken reason and prevent surprize. Thus the distinctions of good and evil are refresh'd, and the temptation kept at proper distance.

2ly. They represent their single ladies, and persons of condition, under these disorders of liberty. This makes the irregularity still more monstrous and a greater contradiction to nature and probability: but rather than not be vitious, they will venture to spoil a character. This mismanagement we have partly seen already. Jacinta and Belinda are farther proof. And the *Double Dealer* is particularly remarkable. There are but four ladies in this play, and three of the biggest of them are whores. A great compliment to quality to tell them there is not above a quarter of them honest! This was not the Roman breeding, Terence and Plautus his strumpets were little people: but of this more hereafter.

3ly. They have oftentimes not so much as the poor refuge of a double meaning to fly to. So that you are under a necessity either of taking ribaldry or nonsence. And when the sentence has two handles, the worst is generally turn'd to the audience. The matter is so contrived that the smut and scum of the thought now rises uppermost, and like a picture drawn to sight, looks always upon the company.

4ly. And which is still more extraordinary: the prologues and epilogues are sometimes scandalous to the last degree. . . .

What is more frequent then their wishes of Hell, and confusion, devils and diseases, all the plagues of this world, and the next, to each other? And as for swearing; 'tis used by all persons, and upon all occasions: by heroes and paltroons; by gentlemen and clowns: love and quarrels, success and disappointment, temper and passion, must be varnish'd, and set off with oaths. At some times, and with some poets, swearing is no ordinary relief. It stands up in the room of sense, gives spirit to a flat expression, and makes a period musical and round. In short, 'tis almost all the rhetorick and reason some people are masters of: the manner of performance is different. Some times they mince the matter, change the letter, and keep the sense, as if they had a mind to steal a swearing, and break the commandment without sin. At another time the oaths are clipt, but not so much within the ring, but that the image and superscription are visible. These expedients, I conceive, are more for variety than conscience: for when the fit comes on them, they make no difficulty of swearing at length. Instances of all these kinds may be met with in the *Old Batchelour*, *Double Dealer*, and *Love for Love*. . . .

The poets are of all people most to blame. They want even the plea of bullies and sharpers. There's no rencounters, no starts of passion, no suddain accidents to discompose them. They swear in solitude and cool blood, under thought and deliberation, for business, and for exercise: this is a terrible circumstance; it makes all *malice prepence*, and enflames the guilt and the reckoning. . . .

A woman will start at a soldiers oath, almost as much as at the report of his pistol: and therefore a well bred man will no more swear than fight in the company of ladies.

The Country Wife and *The Plain Dealer* are both by Wycherley, *The Old Bachelor*, *The Double Dealer*, and *Love for Love* by Congreve; *The Mock Astrologer*, *The Spanish Friar*, *Love Triumphant*, and *Don Sebastian* by Dryden; *The Orphan* by Otway; and *The Relapse* by Vanbrugh.

William Penn (1644-1718), son of an English admiral, is notable as Quaker author and as founder of the state of Pennsylvania. He was born in his father's house on Tower Hill in London. In his fifteenth year, while a student at Oxford, he embraced the doctrines of the Society of Friends; he was sent down from Christ Church, and sent abroad by his father to travel on the Continent. He returned at the end of two years, accomplished in all the graces of the fine gentleman and courtier; but soon the plague broke out in London, and the 'modish' youth's serious impressions were renewed. He ceased to frequent the court and to visit his gay friends, employing himself in the study of divinity. His father conceived that it was time he should again interfere. An estate in Ireland had been presented to the admiral by the king; it required superintendence, and William Penn was despatched to Dublin, furnished with letters to the Viceroy, the Duke of Ormonde. Again the cloud passed off. Penn was a favourite in all circles, and he even served for a short time as a volunteer officer in the army. But in the city of Cork he one day went to hear a sermon by the same Quaker preacher he had heard in Oxford. The effect was irresistible: Penn became a Quaker for life. Having assisted in expelling a soldier from the meeting, he was imprisoned; and on his return to England he not unnaturally found his father bitterl incensed against his Quaker views. He began to preach and write in defence of the new creed, his first manifesto being *The Truth Exalted* (1668); and this was immediately followed by *The Sandy Foundation Shaken*, in which he expressly set himself to refute from Scripture those 'so generally believed and applauded doctrines, viz. the Trinity of distinct and separate persons in the unity of essence,' 'the vulgar doctrine of Satisfaction being dependent on the second person of the Trinity,' and 'the Justification of impure persons by an imputative righteousness.' Attacks like this on the commonly received doctrines of the Trinity, the Atonement, and Justification by Faith explain the suspicion and abhorrence with which the early Quakers were regarded by all orthodox communions and sects; and for publishing this treatise without license Penn was committed to the Tower. Imprisonment only increased his ardour. During a confinement of eight months in 1668-69 he produced several treatises, the best of which, *No Cross, no Crown*, enjoyed great popularity. Shortly after his release he was again taken up and tried by the City authorities. The jury sympathised with the persecuted apostle of peace, and would return no harsher verdict than 'Guilty of speaking in Gracechurch Street.' They were browbeat by the insolent court, and kept two days and nights without food, fire, or light; but they would not yield, and their final verdict was 'Not Guilty.' Penn and the jury were all thrown into Newgate. On an appeal to the Court of Common Pleas, Penn triumphed, but he was imprisoned six months for refusing the oath of allegiance.

In 1670 Admiral Penn died, reconciled to his son, whom he left sole executor of his will. The admiral's estate was worth £1500 a year, and he had claims on the Government amounting to about £15,000. In consideration of these unliquidated but acknowledged claims, Charles II. granted to William Penn—who longed to establish a Christian democracy across the Atlantic—a vast territory on the banks of the Delaware in North America. Penn was constituted sole proprietor and governor. He proposed to call his colony Silvania, as being covered with woods. The king is said to have suggested that, in compliment to the admiral, *Penn* should be prefixed, and in the charter the colony was named Pennsilvania. Articles for the settlement and government of the new state were drawn up by Penn, with the assistance, it was said (on insufficient grounds), of Algernon Sidney. They were liberal and comprehensive, allowing the utmost civil and religious freedom to the colonists. The governor sailed to America in 1682, and entered into a treaty of peace and friendship with the native tribes, which was religiously observed. The signing of this treaty under an elm-tree, the Indian king being attended by his *sachems* or warriors, and Penn accompanied by a large body of his pilgrim-followers, is one of those picturesque passages in history on which poets and painters delight to dwell; but unluckily it seems certain that these Lenni Lenape Indians had, as disarmed subjects of the 'Five Nations,' no right to convey to Penn any property in the soil, which was not theirs. The governor, having constituted his council or legislative assembly, laid out his capital city of Philadelphia, and governed the colony wisely for two years, with full tolerance for all that was not by Puritanism regarded as wicked (card-playing, play-going, &c. being of course strictly forbidden as 'evil sports and games'). Murder alone was treated as a capital offence. The colonial dictator returned to England in 1684.

WILLIAM PENN.
After F. Place.

For the next four years and a half, till the abdication of James II., Penn appears in the novel character of a court favourite. He attended Whitehall almost daily, his house was crowded with visitors, and in consequence of his supposed influence with the king he might, as he himself says, have amassed great riches. He procured the release of about twelve hundred Quaker brethren imprisoned for refusing to take the oath of allegiance or to attend church. So he was accused of being a Jesuit in disguise, and of holding correspondence with the court of Rome. Even Tillotson was led to believe this calumny, but was convinced by Penn of the entire falsehood of the charge. Lord Macaulay revived some of the accusations against Penn, and represented him as conniving at the intolerance and corruption of the court. The specific cases adduced rest on doubtful evidence; but evidently Penn, misled by a little self-importance, and childishly hopeful of the great things to be expected from James, had mixed himself up too much with the proceedings of the court, yet could not prevent all acts of cruelty and extortion. Mr W. E. Forster was held to have proved that certain doubtful communications had nothing to do with the Quaker leader, but perhaps with another Mr Pen or Penne; and the most peaceful Friends, like Whittier, could not quite forgive Macaulay for adhering to what they regarded as his calumnious opinions. The uniform tenor of Penn's life was generous, self-sacrificing, and beneficent. After the Revolution Penn's formal intimacy with James caused him to be regarded as a disaffected person, and led to various troubles; but he still continued to preach and write in support of his favourite doctrines. Having once more gone out to America in 1699, where his 'Great Law' or constitution had proved unworkable and had to be much altered, he did something to mitigate the evils of slavery, but held negro slaves himself; and he did his best for the improvement of his colony till 1701, when he finally returned to England. His latter days were embittered by personal griefs and losses, he was thrown for nine months into the Fleet through financial embarrassment, and his mental vigour was prostrated by disease. He died in 1718.

Besides the works already mentioned, and many other doctrinal tracts, controversial pamphlets, and political arguments, Penn wrote *Some Fruits of Solitude in Reflections and Maxims relating to the Conduct of Human Life*, and *Fruits of a Father's Love, being his Advice to his Children* (posthumously published). Of the *Fruits of Solitude* R. L. Stevenson wrote, in forwarding a copy to a friend: 'If ever in all my human conduct I have done a better thing to any fellow-creature than handing on to you this sweet and wholesome work, I know I shall hear of it on the last day.' To George Fox's *Journal*, which was published in 1694, Penn prefixed *A Brief Account of the Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers.* The style of Penn's works is often rugged, but his command of thought and language is copious, and his enthusiasm renders him forcible and impressive. The first of the subjoined specimens, against 'the racket made about blood and families,' is from his *No Cross, no Crown.*

Against Pride of Birth.

That people are generally proud of their persons is too visible and troublesome, especially if they have any pretence either to blood or beauty; the one has raised many quarrels among men, and the other among women, and men too often for their sakes and at their excitements. But to the first: what a pother has this noble blood made in the world, antiquity of name or family, whose father or mother, great-grandfather or great grandmother, was best descended or allied? what stock or what clan they came of? what coat of arms they gave? which had of right the precedence? But methinks nothing of man's folly has less show of reason to palliate it.

For first, what matter is it of whom any one is descended that is not of ill fame? since 'tis his own virtue that must raise, or vice depress him. An ancestor's character is no excuse to a man's ill actions, but an aggravation of his degeneracy; and since virtue comes not by generation, I neither am the better nor the worse for my forefather: to be sure, not in God's account; nor should it be in man's. No body would endure injuries the easier, or reject favours the more, for coming by the hand of a man well or ill descended. I confess it were greater honour to have had no blots, and with an hereditary estate to have had a lineal descent of worth: but that was never found; no, not in the most blessed of families upon earth; I mean Abraham's. To be descended of wealth and titles fills no man's head with brains, or heart with truth; those qualities come from an higher cause. 'Tis vanity then, and most condemnable pride, for a man of bulk and character to despise another of less size in the world and of meaner alliance, for want of them; because the latter may have the merit, where the former has only the effects of it in an ancestor; and though the one be great by means of a forefather, the other is so too, but 'tis by his own; then, pray, which is the braver man of the two?

'Oh,' says the person proud of blood, 'it was never a good world since we have had so many upstart gentlemen!' But what should others have said of that man's ancestor, when he started first up into the knowledge of the world? For he and all men and families, ay and all states and kingdoms too, have had their upstarts, that is their beginnings. This is like being the True Church because old, not because good; for families to be noble by being old and not by being virtuous. No such matter: it must be age in virtue, or else virtue before age; for otherwise a man should be noble by means of his predecessor, and yet the predecessor less noble than he because he was the acquirer; which is a paradox that will puzzle all their heraldry to explain. Strange! that they should be more noble than their ancestor that got their nobility for them! But if this be absurd, as it is, then the upstart is the noble man; the man that got it by his virtue: and those only are intitled to his honour that are imitators of his virtue; the rest may bear his name from his blood, but that is all. If virtue then give nobility, which heathens themselves agree, then families are no longer truly noble than they are virtuous. And if virtue go not by blood, but by the qualifications of the descendants, it follows, blood is excluded; else blood would bar virtue, and no man that wanted the one should be allowed the benefit of the other; which were to stint and bound nobility for want of antiquity, and make virtue useless. No, let blood and name go together; but pray, let nobility and virtue keep company, for they are nearest of kin. . . .

But methinks it should suffice to say, our own eyes see that men of blood, out of their gear and trappings, without their feathers and finery, have no more marks of honour by nature stamped upon them than their inferior neighbours. Nay, themselves being judges, they will frankly tell us they feel all those passions in their blood that make them like other men, if not further from the virtue that truly dignifies. The lamentable ignorance and debauchery that now rages among too many of our greater sort of folks, is too clear and casting an evidence in the point: and pray tell me, of what blood are they come?

Howbeit, when I have said all this, I intend not by debasing one false quality to make insolent another that is not true. I would not be thought to set the churl upon the present gentleman's shoulder: by no means; his rudeness will not mend the matter. But what I have writ is to give aim to all where true nobility dwells, that every one may arrive at it by the ways of virtue and goodness. But for all this, I must allow a great advantage to the gentleman; and therefore prefer his station, just as the apostle Paul, who after he had humbled the Jews, that insulted upon the Christians with their law and rites, gave them the advantage upon all other nations in statutes and judgments. I must grant that the condition of our great men is much to be preferred to the ranks of inferior people. For first, they have more power to do good; and if their hearts be equal to their ability, they are blessings to the people of any country. Secondly, the eyes of the people are usually directed to them; and if they will be kind, just, and helpful, they shall have their affections and services. Thirdly, they are not under equal straits with the inferior sort; and consequently they have more help, leisure, and occasion to polish their passions and tempers with books and conversation. Fourthly, they have more time to observe the actions of other nations; to travel and view the laws, customs, and interests of other countries; and bring home whatsoever is worthy or imitable. And so an easier way is open for great men to get honour; and such as love true reputation will embrace the best means to it. But because it too often happens that great men do little mind to give God the glory of their prosperity, and to live answerable to his mercies, but on the contrary live without God in the world, fulfilling the lusts thereof, his hand is often seen either in impoverishing or extinguishing them, and raising up men of more virtue and humility to their estates and dignity. However, I must allow that among people of this rank there have been some of them of more than ordinary virtue, whose examples have given light to their families. And it has been something natural for some of their descendants to endeavour to keep up the credit of their houses in proportion to the merit of their founder. And to say true, if there be any advantage in such descent, 'tis not from blood but education; for blood has no intelligence in it, and is often spurious and uncertain; but education has a mighty influence and strong bias upon the affections and actions of men. In this the ancient nobles and gentry of this kingdom did excel; and it were much to be wisht that our great people would set about to recover the ancient œconomy of their houses, the strict and virtuous discipline of their ancestors, when men were honoured for their atchievements, and when nothing more exposed a man to shame than his being born to a nobility that he had not a virtue to support.

The following will show the style of the maxims in *Fruits of Solitude*, some 850 in number:

On Temperance.

To this a spare diet contributes much. Eat therefore to live and do not live to eat. That 's like a man, but this below a beast.

Have wholesome but not costly food, and be rather cleanly than dainty in ordering it.

The receipts of cookery are swelled to a volume, but a good stomach excels them all; to which nothing contributes more than industry and temperance.

If thou rise with an appetite, thou art sure to sit down with one.

Rarely drink but when thou art dry; nor then between meals, if it can be avoided.

The smaller the drink the clearer the head and the cooler the blood; which are great benefits in temper and business.

Strong liquors are good at some times and in small proportions; being better for physic than food, for cordials than common use.

The most common things are the most useful; which shews both the wisdom and goodness of the great Lord of the family of the world.

All excess is ill, but drunkenness is the worst sort; it spoils the health, dismounts the mind, and unmans men; it reveals secrets, is quarrelsome, lascivious, impudent, dangerous, and mad; in fine, he that 's drunk is not a man; because he is so long void of reason, that distinguishes a man from a beast.

Penn wrote in all over forty works and pamphlets, and his collected works (1726) fill three volumes. There are Lives by Clarkson (1813), Barker (1852), Janney (1852), Hepworth Dixon (new ed. 1856), Burdette (1882), Stoughton (new ed. 1883), Sparks, Draper, Bridges, and others. And see Mr Gosse's edition of *Some Fruits of Solitude* (1900).

Robert Barclay (1648-90), the apologist of the Quakers, was born at Gordonstown in Morayshire, the son of Colonel David Barclay, who had served under Gustavus Adolphus, and lost but recovered his estate under Charles II. Robert was educated at the Scots College at Paris, of which his uncle was rector, but withstood, not without difficulty, the temptation to become a Catholic, and returned to his native country in 1664. Two years afterwards his father made open profession of the principles of Quakerism; and in 1667, when only nineteen years of age, Robert Barclay became 'fully convinced,' as his friend William Penn has expressed it, 'and publicly owned the testimony of the true light.' His first defence of the new doctrines, *Truth cleared of Calumnies* (1670), was a reply to a book published in Aberdeen. In 1672 Barclay walked through the streets of Aberdeen—unseasonably—clothed in sackcloth and ashes, and published a *Seasonable Warning and Serious Exhortation to and Expostulation with the Inhabitants of Aberdeen*. Other controversial treatises followed: *A Catechism and Confession of Faith* (1673), and *The Anarchy of the Ranters* (1676). His great work, originally written and published in 1676 in Latin, appeared in English in 1678, and is entitled *An Apology for the true Christian Divinity, as the same is held forth and preached by the People called in scorn Quakers, &c.* His appeal in it to the king had no effect in stopping persecution; for after Barclay's return from Holland and Germany, which he visited now and later in company with Fox and Penn, he was in 1677 imprisoned along with many other Quakers at Aberdeen, through the procurement of Archbishop Sharp. In prison he wrote a treatise on *Universal Love*. He was soon liberated, and subsequently gained favour at court. Both Penn and he were on terms of intimacy with James II.; and just before the sailing of the Prince of Orange for England in 1688, Barclay in a private conference with His Majesty urged James to make some concessions to the people. He was one of twelve Quakers who in 1682 acquired East New Jersey, and was thereafter appointed nominal governor, with power to appoint a deputy.

He lived latterly at his seat of Urie in Kincardineshire; and there too he died The *Apology* is a learned and methodical treatise, and it was read with avidity both in Britain and on the Continent. Dignified and impressive in style, it was a serious contribution to theology, though, as its name imports, it was designed specifically as an *apologia*, and not as a compendium of all the doctrines of the Friends. Its most characteristic theological feature is the proof that there is an internal light in man, which is better fitted to guide him aright in religious matters than even the Scriptures themselves; the genuine doctrines of which he asserts to be rendered uncertain by various readings in different manuscripts, and the fallibility of translators and interpreters:

> I say, all these and much more which might be alleged, put the minds even of the learned into infinite doubts, scruples, and inextricable difficulties; whence we may very safely conclude that Jesus Christ, who promised to be always with his children, to lead them into all truth, to guard them against the devices of the enemy, and to establish their faith upon an unmovable rock, left them not to be principally ruled by that which was subject in itself to many uncertainties; and therefore he gave them his Spirit as their principal guide, which neither moths nor time can wear out, nor transcribers nor translators corrupt; which none are so young, none so illiterate, none in so remote a place, but they may come to be reached and rightly informed by it.

The dedication of the *Apology* to King Charles II. has always been admired for its respectful yet manly freedom of style, and for the frankness and kindliness of its allusions to His Majesty's own early troubles, as a reason for his extending mercy and favour to the persecuted Quakers:

> Thou hast tasted of prosperity and adversity; thou knowest what it is to be banished thy native country, to be over ruled as well as to rule and sit upon the throne; and being oppressed, thou hast reason to know how hateful the oppressor is to both God and man: if after all these warnings and advertisements, thou dost not turn unto the Lord with all thy heart, but forget him who remembered thee in thy distress, and give thyself up to follow lust and vanity, surely great will be thy condemnation.

Against Titles of Honour.

As for the first, we affirm positively that it is not lawful for Christians either to give or receive these titles of honour, as Your Holiness, Your Majesty, Your Excellency, Your Eminence, &c. First, because these titles are no part of that obedience which is due to magistrates or superiors; neither doth the giving them add to or diminish from that subjection we owe to them, which consists in obeying their just and lawful commands, not in titles and designations. Secondly, we find not that in the Scripture any such titles are used, either under the law or the gospel; but that, in speaking to kings, princes, or nobles they used only a simple compellation, as, O King! and that without any further designation, save perhaps the name of the person, as, O King Agrippa, &c. Thirdly, it lays a necessity upon Christians most frequently to lie; because the persons obtaining these titles, either by election or hereditarily, may frequently be found to have nothing really in them deserving them or answering to them: as some to whom it is said, Your Excellency, having nothing of excellency in them; and he who is called Your Grace appears to be an enemy to grace; and he who is called Your Honour is known to be base and ignoble. I wonder what law of man or what patent ought to oblige me to make a lie, in calling good evil, and evil good. I wonder what law of man can secure me in so doing from the just judgment of God, that will make me account for every idle word. And to lie is something more. Surely Christians should be ashamed that such laws, manifestly crossing the law of God, should be among them. . . .

Fourthly, as to those titles of Holiness, Eminency, and Excellency, used among the Papists to the pope and cardinals, &c.; and Grace, Lordship, and Worship, used to the clergy among the Protestants, it is a most blasphemous usurpation. For if they use Holiness and Grace because these things ought to be in a pope or in a bishop, how came they to usurp that peculiarly to themselves? Ought not holiness and grace to be in every Christian? And so every Christian should say Your Holiness and Your Grace one to another. Next, how can they in reason claim any more titles than were practised and received by the apostles and primitive Christians, whose successors they pretend they are; and as whose successors (and no otherwise) themselves, I judge, will confess any honour they seek is due to them? Now if they neither sought, received, nor admitted such honour nor titles, how came these by them? If they say they did, let them prove it if they can: we find no such thing in the Scripture. The Christians speak to the apostles without any such denomination, neither saying, If it please your Grace, Your Holiness, nor Your Worship: they are neither called My Lord Peter, nor My Lord Paul; nor yet Master Peter, nor Master Paul; nor Doctor Peter, nor Doctor Paul; but singly Peter and Paul; and that not only in the Scripture, but for some hundreds of years after: so that this appears to be a manifest fruit of the apostacy. For if these titles arise either from the office or worth of the persons, it will not be denied but the apostles deserved them better than any now that call for them. But the case is plain; the apostles had the holiness, the excellency, the grace; and because they were holy, excellent, and gracious, they neither used nor admitted such titles; but these having neither holiness, excellency, nor grace, will needs be so called to satisfy their ambitious and ostentatious mind, which is a manifest token of their hypocrisy.

Fifthly, as to that title of Majesty usually ascribed to princes, we do not find it given to any such in the Holy Scripture; but that it is specially and peculiarly ascribed unto God. . . . We find in the Scripture the proud king Nebuchadnezzar assuming this title to himself, who at that time received a sufficient reproof by a sudden judgment which came upon him. Therefore in all the compellations used to princes in the Old Testament it is not to be found, nor yet in the New. Paul was very civil to Agrippa, yet he gives him no such title. Neither was this title used among Christians in the primitive times. Hence the Ecclesiastical History of the Reformation France, relating the speech of the Lord Rochefort at the assembly of the estates of France held under Charles the Ninth in the year 1560, saith, 'That this harangue was

> well remarked in that he used not the word Majesty, invented by flatterers of late years.' And yet this author [Beza] minded not how his master Calvin used this flattering title to Francis the First, King of France; and not only so, but calls him Most Christian King in the epistle to his Institutions: though by his daily persecuting of the Reformers it was apparent he was far from such even in Calvin's own esteem. Surely the complying with such vain titles, imposed and introduced by Antichrist, greatly tended to stain the Reformation and to render it defective in many things.

Barclay's *Apology* and *Catechism* have been often reprinted; his works were collected in 1692 (1 vol. folio), and republished in 1718.

Thomas Ellwood (1639–1713), Milton's Quaker friend, was born at Crowell in Oxford of good family, was educated mainly at the Free School of Thame, and till his conversion to Quakerism in 1659 was a sprightly and rather foppish youth: 'taking my swing,' as he writes, 'in all such vain courses as were accounted harmless recreations.' His father, as averse to the new creed as Admiral Penn, sometimes beat him with great severity, particularly when the son persisted in remaining covered in his presence. In a succession of embarrassing interviews, Squire Ellwood knocked or 'tore violently' off Thomas's head all the young man's hats, one after the other; and he seems to have been well provided. But there remained another cause of offence:

> Whenever I had occasion to speak to my father, though I had no hat now to offend him, yet my language did as much; for I durst not say 'you' to him, but 'thou' or 'thee,' as the occasion required, and then he would be sure to fall on me with his fists. At one of these times, I remember, when he had beaten me in that manner, he commanded me, as he commonly did at such times, to go to my chamber, which I did, and he followed me to the bottom of the stairs. Being come thither, he gave me a parting blow, and in a very angry tone said: 'Sirrah, if ever I hear you say *thou* or *thee* to me again, I'll strike your teeth down your throat.' I was greatly grieved to hear him say so, and feeling a word rise in my heart unto him, I turned again, and calmly said unto him: 'Should it not be just if God should serve thee so, when thou sayest "thou" or "thee" to him?' Though his hand was up, I saw it sink, and his countenance fall, and he turned away, and left me standing there.

Ellwood is specially interesting as having been a pupil of Milton, and one of those who read to the blind poet in 1662; his services as reader securing from Milton in return guidance in his own studies for two months, until they were ended by illness and a succession of imprisonments. His later life was largely spent in controversy and in suffering persecution, mainly for refusing to take the oath of allegiance. *The History of the Life of Thomas Ellwood: written by his own hand*, but completed by a friend, was first published in 1714; and often republished (5th ed. 1855; ed. by Henry Morley, 1885; by C. G. Crump in 1900). Ellwood furnishes interesting facts about the London prisons, in which he and many of his brother Quakers were confined, and the manner in which they were treated both there and out of doors. It is melancholy to note how very few of all the miseries of their lives would have befallen them, or how swiftly they could have been got over, had the Quakers been able to make the merely formal concession required of them—on the hat question and the thou question at home, and about taking of the oath of allegiance when brought before the magistrates. Though as a Quaker faithful unto the utmost extremity, Ellwood evidently found the 'old man' in him asserting itself pretty often in the way of righteous indignation and the impulse to strenuous self-defence; and unlike the stricter Friends, he had no scruples about providing for the defence of himself and comrades before the law-courts by help of professional lawyers. Besides his own *Life*, Ellwood wrote a score of controversial treatises, including *A Seasonable Dissuasive from Persecution*, *A Fair Examination of a Foul Paper*, *Truth Defended*, *Sacred Histories of the Old and New Testaments*, and more than one volume of poems, including a *Davideis* in five books. He edited the Journal of his friend George Fox.

In his *Life* he describes his intercourse with Milton, whose literary standing he defines in a sufficiently surprising manner, and expounds the poet's insistence on a quite un-English and a specifically Italian pronunciation of Latin:

Milton as Latin Tutor.

> I mentioned before that when I was a boy I had made some good progress in learning, and lost it all again before I came to be a man; nor was I rightly sensible of my loss therein till I came among the Quakers. But then I both saw my loss and lamented it; and applied myself with utmost diligence at all leisure times to recover it; so false I found that charge to be which in these times was cast as a reproach upon the Quakers, that they despised and decried all human learning, because they denied it to be necessary to a gospel ministry, which was one of the controversies of those times. But though I toiled hard and spared no pains to regain what once I had been master of, yet I found it a matter of so great difficulty that I was ready to say as the noble eunuch to Philip in another case, 'How can I, unless I had some man to guide me?' This I had formerly complained of to my especial friend Isaac Pennington, but now more earnestly, which put him upon considering and contriving a means for my assistance.
>
> He had an intimate acquaintance with Dr Paget, a physician of note in London, and he with John Milton, a gentleman of great note throughout the learned world for the accurate pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions. This person, having filled a public station in the former times, lived now a private and retired life in London, and having wholly lost his sight kept always a man to read to him, which usually was the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom in kindness he took to improve in his learning. Thus by the mediation of my friend Isaac Pennington with Dr Paget, and of Dr Paget with John Milton, was I admitted to come to him, not as a servant (which at that time he needed not), nor to be in the house with him, but only to have the liberty

of coming to his house at certain hours when I would, and to read to him what books he should appoint me, which was all the favour I desired. . . .

He received me courteously, as well for the sake of Dr Paget, who introduced me, as of Isaac Pennington, who recommended me, to both of whom he bore a good respect; and having inquired divers things of me, with respect to my former progressions in learning, he dismissed me, to provide myself of such accommodations as might be most suitable to my future studies. I went, therefore, and took myself a lodging as near to his house (which was then in Jewyn Street) as conveniently I could; and from thenceforward went every day in the afternoon, except on the first days of the week; and sitting by him in his dining room, read to him such books, in the Latin tongue, as he pleased to hear me read.

At my first sitting to read to him, observing that I used the English pronunciation, he told me if I would have the benefit of the Latin tongue, not only to read and understand Latin authors, but to converse with foreigners, either abroad or at home, I must learn the foreign pronunciation. To this I consenting, he instructed me how to sound the vowels, so different from the common pronunciation used by the English (who speak Anglice their Latin) that, with some few other variations in sounding some consonants, in particular cases (as *C* before *E* or *I*, like *Ch*; *Sc* before *I*, like *Sh*, &c.)—the Latin thus spoken seemed as different from that which was delivered as the English generally speak it, as if it was another language. I had before, during my retired life at my father's, by unwearied diligence and industry so far recovered the rules of grammar, in which I had once been very ready, that I could both read a Latin author, and after a sort hammer out his meaning. But this change of pronunciation proved a new difficulty to me. It was now harder to me to read than it was before to understand when read. But *Labor omnia vincit improbus*—'Incessant pains the end obtains.' And so did I, which made my reading the more acceptable to my master. He on the other hand perceiving with what earnest desire I pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement but all the help he could; for having a curious ear, he understood by my tone when I understood what I read, and when I did not; and accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me. . . .

Some little time before I went to Aylesbury prison, I was desired by my quondam master, Milton, to take a house for him in the neighbourhood where I dwelt, that he might get out of the city for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London (1665). I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, and intended to have waited on him and seen him well settled in it, but was prevented by that imprisonment. But now being released and returned home, I soon made a visit to him to welcome him into the country. After some common discourses had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which being brought he delivered to me, bidding me to take it home with me and read it at my leisure, and when I had so done, return it to him, with my judgment thereupon. When I came home and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entituled *Paradise Lost*. After I had with the best attention read it through, I made him another visit and returned him his book, with due acknowledgment for the favour he had done me in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him; and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him: 'Thou hast said much here of Paradise lost; but what hast thou to say of Paradise found?' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then brake off that discourse, and fell upon another subject.

After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither. And when afterwards I went to wait on him there, which I seldom failed of doing whenever my occasions drew me to London, he shewed me his second poem, called *Paradise Regained*, and in a pleasant tone said to me: 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head at Chalfont; which before I had not thought of.'

Dr Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester (1635-1713), was praised by Dr Johnson as 'an author whose pregnancy of imagination and eloquence of language have deservedly set him high in the ranks of literature.' Lord Macaulay also eulogised him as 'a very great master of our language, and possessed at once of the eloquence of the orator, the controversialist, and the historian.' Born at Beaminster in Dorset, at Wadham College, Oxford, he studied mathematics under its warden, Dr Wilkins, in whose house scientific inquirers used to meet. Sprat's intimacy with Wilkins led to his election in 1663 as a member of the Royal Society; and in 1667 he published the history of that learned body, with the object of dissipating the prejudice and suspicion with which it was regarded by the public. Ordained in 1661, he was appointed chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham, whom he is said to have aided in writing the *Rehearsal*; in 1676 he was made chaplain to the king. Successively Canon of Westminster (1669), Canon of Windsor (1681), and Dean of Westminster (1683), he obtained the see of Rochester in 1684. Next year, by command of King Charles, he published an account of the Ryehouse Plot, for which, after the Revolution, he printed an apology; but having submitted to the new government he was allowed, notwithstanding his attachment to the abdicated monarch, to remain unmolested in his bishopric. In 1692 he was falsely charged with joining in a conspiracy for the restoration of James, but cleared himself after a confinement of eleven days. In his earlier days Sprat wrote poems long included in collections of poetry—one on the death of the Protector (1658), and a Pindaric Ode on the Plague of Athens (1659). His reply to Sorbières' *Voyage en Angleterre* (1665) was a defence of England and Englishmen, 'full of just satire and ingenuity,' as Addison said. But his best-known work was his *History of the Royal Society*. The Life of his friend Cowley (1667) Dr Johnson called 'a funeral oration rather than a biography.' Two collections of sermons (1697 and 1710) were popular: 'his language,' said Doddridge, 'is always beautiful.' Sprat was over-much given to hospitality, and over profuse in expenditure.

God revealed in Experimental Philosophy.

We are guilty of false interpretations of providences and wonders, when we either make those to be miracles that are none, or when we put a false sense on those that are real; when we make general events to have a private aspect, or particular accidents to have some universal signification. Though both these may seem at first to have the strictest appearance of religion, yet they are the greatest usurpations on the secrets of the Almighty, and unpardonable presumptions on his high prerogatives of punishment and reward.

And now, if a moderating of these extravagances must be esteemed profaneness, I profess I cannot absolve the experimental philosopher. It must be granted that he will be very scrupulous in believing all manner of commentaries on prophetical visions, in giving liberty to new predictions, and in assigning the causes and marking out the paths of God's judgments amongst his creatures.

He cannot suddenly conclude all extraordinary events to be the immediate finger of God; because he familiarly beholds the inward workings of things, and thence perceives that many effects, which use to affright the ignorant, are brought forth by the common instruments of nature. He cannot be suddenly inclined to pass censure on men's eternal condition from any temporal judgments that may befall them; because his long converse with all matters, times, and places has taught him the truth of what the Scripture says, that 'all things happen alike to all.' He cannot blindly consent to all imaginations of devout men about future contingencies, seeing he is so rigid in examining all particular matters of fact. He cannot be forward to assent to spiritual raptures and revelations; because he is truly acquainted with the tempers of men's bodies, the composition of their blood, and the power of fancy, and so better understands the difference between diseases and inspirations.

But in all this he commits nothing that is irreligious. 'Tis true, to deny that God has heretofore warned the world of what was to come, is to contradict the very Godhead itself; but to reject the sense which any private man shall fasten to it, is not to disdain the Word of God, but the opinions of men like ourselves. To declare against the possibility that new prophets may be sent from heaven, is to insinuate that the same infinite Wisdom which once shewed itself that way is now at an end. But to slight all pretenders that come without the help of miracles, is not a contempt of the Spirit, but a just circumspection that the reason of men be not overreached. To deny that God directs the course of human things is stupidity; but to hearken to every prodigy that men frame against their enemies, or for themselves, is not to reverence the power of God, but to make that serve the passions, the interests, and revenges of men.

It is a dangerous mistake into which many good men fall, that we neglect the dominion of God over the world if we do not discover in every turn of human actions many supernatural providences and miraculous events. Whereas it is enough for the honour of his government that he guides the whole creation in its wonted course of causes and effects: as it makes as much for the reputation of a prince's wisdom, that he can rule his subjects peaceably by his known and standing laws, as that he is often forced to make use of extraordinary justice to punish or reward.

Let us then imagine our philosopher to have all slowness of belief and rigour of trial, which by some is miscalled a blindness of mind and hardness of heart. Let us suppose that he is most unwilling to grant that anything exceeds the force of nature but where a full evidence convinces him. Let it be allowed that he is always alarmed, and ready on his guard, at the noise of any miraculous event, lest his judgment should be surprised by the disguises of faith. But does he by this diminish the authority of ancient miracles? or does he not rather confirm them the more, by confining their number, and taking care that every falsehood should not mingle with them? Can he by this undermine Christianity, which does not now stand in need of such extraordinary testimonies from heaven? or do not they rather endanger it who still venture its truths on so hazardous a chance, who require a continuance of signs and wonders, as if the works of our Saviour and his apostles had not been sufficient? Who ought to be esteemed the most carnally minded—the enthusiast that pollutes religion with his own passions, or the experimenter that will not use it to flatter and obey his own desires, but to subdue them? Who is to be thought the greatest enemy of the gospel—he that loads men's faiths by so many improbable things as will go near to make the reality itself suspected, or he that only admits a few arguments to confirm the evangelical doctrines, but then chooses those that are unquestionable?

By this I hope it appears that this inquiring, this scrupulous, this incredulous temper, is not the disgrace but the honour of experiments. And therefore I will declare them to be the most seasonable study for the present temper of our nation. This wild amusing men's minds with prodigies and conceits of providence has been one of the most considerable causes of those spiritual distractions of which our country has long been the theatre. This is a vanity to which the English seem to have been always subject above others. There is scarce any modern historian that relates our foreign wars but he has this objection against the disposition of our countrymen, they used to order their affairs of the greatest importance according to some obscure omens or predictions that passed amongst them on little or no foundations. And at this time, especially this last year [1666], this gloomy and ill-boding humour has prevailed. So that it is now the fittest season for experiments to arise, to teach us a wisdom which springs from the depths of knowledge, to shake off the shadows and to scatter the mists which fill the minds of men with a vain consternation. This is a work well becoming the most Christian profession. For the most apparent effect which attended the passion of Christ was the putting of an eternal silence on all the false oracles and dissembled inspirations of ancient times.

Cowley's Love of Retirement.

Upon the king's happy restoration, Mr Cowley was past the fortieth year of his age; of which the greatest part had been spent in a various and tempestuous condition. He now thought he had sacrificed enough of his life to his curiosity and experience. He had enjoyed many excellent occasions of observation. He had been present in many great revolutions, which in that tumultuous time disturbed the peace of all our neighbour states as well as our own. He had nearly beheld all the splendour of the highest part of mankind. He had lived in the presence of princes, and familiarly conversed with greatness in all its degrees, which was necessary for one that would contemn it aright; for to scorn the pomp of the world before a man knows it, does commonly proceed rather from ill-manners than a true magnanimity.

He was now weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with a long compliance to foreign manners. He was satiated with the arts of court; which sort of life though his virtue had made innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. These were the reasons that moved him to forego all public employments, and to follow the violent inclination of his own mind, which in the greatest throng of his former business had still called upon him and represented to him the true delights of solitary studies, of temperate pleasures, and of a moderate revenue below the malice and flatteries of fortune.

In his last seven or eight years he was concealed in his beloved obscurity, and possessed that solitude which from his very childhood he had always most passionately desired. Though he had frequent invitations to return into business, yet he never gave ear to any persuasions of profit or preferment. His visits to the city and court were very few; his stays in town were only as a passenger, not an inhabitant. The places that he chose for the seats of his declining life were two or three villages on the bank of the Thames. During this recess, his mind was rather exercised on what was to come than what was past; he suffered no more business nor cares of life to come near him than what were enough to keep his soul awake, but not to disturb it. Some few friends and books, a cheerful heart and innocent conscience, were his constant companions.

I acknowledge he chose that state of life not out of any poetical rapture, but upon a steady and sober experience of human things. But, however, I cannot applaud it in him. It is certainly a great disparagement to virtue and learning itself, that those very things which only make men useful in the world should incline them to leave it. This ought never to be allowed to good men, unless the bad had the same moderation, and were willing to follow them into the wilderness. But if the one shall contend to get out of employment, while the other strive to get into it, the affairs of mankind are like to be in so ill a posture, that even the good men themselves will hardly be able to enjoy their very retreats in security.

Lady Rachel Russell by her letters secured a place in literature, though less lofty than the niche in history she won by heroism and wifely love. Rachel Wriothesley (1636 1723) was the second daughter and co-heiress of the Earl of Southampton. In 1669, when widow of Lord Vaughan, she married Lord William Russell, the third son of the first Duke of Bedford. She was her second husband's senior by three years, yet her amiable and prudent character was said to have reclaimed him from the youthful follies into which he had plunged at the time of the Restoration. His later political career is known to every reader of English history. If ever a man opposed the course of a government in a pure and unselfish spirit, that man was Lord William Russell. The suspicious correspondence with Barillon (see the section on ALGERNON SIDNEY, Vol. I. page 715) leaves him unsullied, for the ambassador distinctly mentions Russell and Lord Holles as two who would not accept bribes. When brought to trial (July 1683), under the same circumstances as those which have been related in Sidney's case—with a packed jury and a brutal judge—and refused a counsel to conduct his defence, the only grace that was allowed him was to have an amanuensis. When Lord Russell asked, 'May I have somebody to write, to assist my memory?' the Attorney-General answered, 'Yes, a servant;' and the Lord Chief-Justice added, 'Any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please for you.' But Lord Russell proudly replied, 'My wife is here, my lord, to do it.' And when the spectators turned their eyes and beheld the devoted lady rising to aid her lord in his uttermost distress, a thrill of sympathy ran through the assembly. Lady Russell, after the condemnation of her husband, personally pled for his pardon, but in vain. He loved her as such a wife deserved to be loved; and on taking his final farewell of her, said, 'The bitterness of death is now past!' Fifty years after Lady Russell's death appeared that collection of her Letters which entitled her to a place in our literary history. Dr Fitzwilliam, her father's chaplain, became Canon of Windsor. Lord William Cavendish, afterwards second Duke of Devonshire, married Lady Russell's daughter. Henri Massue de Ruvigny, Lady Russell's cousin, was a Huguenot noble (son of a French ambassador) who settled in England on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, took service under William III., and was made Viscount (1692) and Earl (1697) of Galway.

To Dr Fitzwilliam

As you profess, good Doctor, to take pleasure in your writings to me, from the testimony of a conscience to forward my spiritual welfare, so do I to receive them as one to me of your friendship in both worldly and spiritual concernments; doing so, I need not waste my time [illegible] yours to tell you they are very valuable to me. That you are so contented to read mine, I make the just allowance for; not for the worthiness of them, I know it cannot be; but however, it enables me to keep up an advantageous conversation without scruple of being too troublesome. You say something sometimes, by which I should think you seasoned or rather tainted with being so much where compliment or praising is best learned; but I conclude that often what one heartily wishes to be in a friend, one is apt to believe is so. The effect is not nought towards me, whom it animates to have a true, not false title to the least virtue you are disposed to attribute to me. Yet I am far from such a vigour of mind as surmounts the secret discontent so hard a destiny as mine has fixt in my breast; but there are times the mind can hardly feel displeasure as while such friendly conversation entertaineth it; then a grateful sense moves one to express the courtesie.

If I could contemplate the conducts of Providence with the uses you do, it would give ease indeed, and no disastrous events should much affect us. The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow and not of joy, that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blessed eternity; doubtless he is at rest, tho' I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs; I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity; I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions whilst I possest him: all relish is now gone, I bless God for it, and pray, and ask of all good people (do it for me from such you know are so) also to pray that I may more and more turn the stream of my affections upwards, and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God; not starting at his darkest providences, but remembering continually either his glory, justice, or power is advanced by every one of them, and that mercy is over all his works, as we shall one day with ravishing delight see: in the mean time, I endeavour to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in, and say with the man in the gospel: 'I believe; help thou my unbelief.' . . .

WOBORNE ABBY, 27*th Novr.* 1685.

To Lord Cavendish.

Tho' I know my letters do Lord Cavendish no service, yet as a respect I love to pay him, and to thank him also for his last from Limbeck, I had not been so long silent, if the death of two persons both very near and dear to me had not made me so uncomfortable to myself, that I knew I was utterly unfit to converse where I would never be ill company. The separation of friends is grievous. My sister Mountague was one I loved tenderly; my Lord Gainsborough was the only son of a sister I loved with too much passion: they both deserved to be remembered kindly by all that knew them. They both began their race long after me, and I hoped should have ended it so too; but the great and wise Disposer of all things, and who knows where 'tis best to place his creatures, either in this or in the other world, has ordered it otherwise. The best improvement we can make in these cases, and you, my dear Lord, rather than I, whose glass runs low, while you are young, and I hope have many happy years to come, is, I say, that we should all reflect there is no passing thro' this to a better world without some crosses; and the scene sometimes shifts so fast, our course of life may be ended before we think we have gone half-way; and that a happy eternity depends on our spending well or ill that time allotted us here for probation.

Live virtuously, my lord, and you can't dye too soon, nor live too long. I hope the last shall be your lot, with many blessings attending it.

25*th October* 1690.

To the Earl of Galway.

I have before me, my good lord, two of your letters, both partially and tenderly kind, and coming from a sincere heart and honest mind (the last a plain word, but, if I mistake not, very significant) are very comfortable to me, who, I hope, have no proud thoughts of myself as to any sort. The opinion of an esteemed friend, that one is not very wrong, assists to strengthen a weak and willing mind to do her duty towards that Almighty Being who has from infinite bounty and goodness so checkered my days on this earth, as I can thankfully reflect I felt many, I may say as many years of pure and (I trust) innocent, pleasant content, and happy enjoyments as this world can afford, particularly that biggest blessing of loving and being loved by those I loved and respected; on earth no enjoyment certainly to be put in the ballance with it. All other are like wine, which intoxicates for a time, but the end is bitterness, at least not profitable. Mr Waller, whose picture you look upon, has, I long remember, these words:

'All we know they do above
Is that they sing and that they love.'

The best news I have heard is, you have two good companions with you, which I trust will contribute to divert you this sharp season, when, after so sore a fit as I apprehend you have felt, the air even of your improving pleasant garden can't be enjoyed without hazard.

[1712.]

Richard Cumberland (1631-1718), born at London, and educated at St Paul's and at Cambridge, held various cures from 1658, and was raised by King William to the see of Peterborough in 1691. He had published, in 1672, a Latin work, *De Legibus Naturæ Disquisitio Philosophica*, 'A Philosophical Inquiry into the Laws of Nature: in which their form, order, promulgation, and obligation are investigated from the nature of things; and in which also the philosophical principles of Hobbes, moral as well as civil, are considered and refuted.' This erudite but verbose treatise expounds some novel views, and lays down a distinctly utilitarian criterion in ethics. The laws of nature he deduces from the results of human conduct, regarding that to be commanded by God which conduces to the happiness of man. The public good is the *summum bonum*, and 'universal benevolence' the fountain of all virtue. He wrote also a learned essay on *Jewish Weights and Measures* (1686), dedicated oddly enough—to his friend Samuel Pepys, then President of the Royal Society; and a translation of *Sanchoniatho's Phœnician History* (translated from Eusebius, with disquisitions; not published till 1720). He was a really learned man and an acute thinker, but at best a poor writer: his sentences are involved; he lacks humour and vivacity, grace and point: and his works are hopelessly tedious even where most suggestive. In the performance of his Episcopal duties he displayed rare activity, moderation, and benevolence. When expostulated with by friends about his too great labours, he replied with the now proverbial maxim, 'I will do my duty as long as I can; a man had better wear out than rust out.' Yet he lived to the age of eighty-six, in the enjoyment of such mental vigour that he successfully studied Coptic only three years before his death. The dramatist who bore the bishop's name was his great-grandson

There is a Life by Payne prefixed to the Sanchoniathon (1720) The *De Legibus* was twice translated (by Maxwell in 1727, by Towers in 1750).

Tate and Brady, if they resemble Beaumont and Fletcher in nothing else, are in the mouths and memories of Englishmen as inseparably associated; it is impossible to say Tate without thinking Brady. The rather uninspired pair in whose 'New Version' the English Church and people sang the Psalms of David for more than a hundred years were both Irish-born; one was wholly, the other partly, educated in Ireland.

Nahum Tate (1652-1715), son of a Dublin clergyman, was educated at Trinity College. He succeeded Shadwell as poet-laureate in 1690, in 1702 became also historiographer-royal, and is described by Oldys as 'a free, good-natured, fuddling companion.' His writings include ten dramatic pieces—one named from the mythical *Brutus of Alba*; adaptations of Shakespeare's *Richard II.* and *Lear*, and of plays by Chapman, Fletcher, and Marston. Addison denounced Tate's perversion of *Lear*, Johnson defended it, and it kept the stage till well into the nineteenth century. Other publications were *Poems on Several Occasions* (1677) and *Panacea or a Poem on Tea.* He wrote a second part of *Absalom and Achitophel*, with a very successful imitation of Dryden's manner; and two hundred lines of the continuation and many passages here and there seem to have been actually added by Dryden himself. Tate did much work in collaboration with others, and executed some translations for the booksellers. His poetical taste may be judged by his translation, with high commendation, of the extraordinary poem of Fracastoro, *Syphilidis sive Morbi Gallici Libri Tres*, which enriched medical science with a new term. Early poems contain verses on subjects as unscriptural as a beldame song, a bawd who sat for her picture, skating (*Sliding on Skates in Hard Frost*), Lesbia's sparrow from Catullus, and drunken-amorous adventures from Propertius; and some of his verses are far from contemptible. But his name survives solely by the metrical version of the Psalms (1696), executed in conjunction with Nicholas Brady, which gradually supplanted the older version of Sternhold and Hopkins (see Vol. I. p. 150). The work as a whole was poor, but portions are not without poetic quality. The *Supplement to the New Version* (1703) was possibly the work of Tate alone; one thing in it, 'While shepherds watched,' has travelled over the Christian world. 'As pants the hart' is a rendering far above the usual level. Southey ranks Tate as poorest of the laureates after Shadwell; Ralph and Austin thought Eusden and Pye had a prior claim to come next Shadwell. Tate died in hiding from his creditors.

The following is in quite a different rhythm and tone from the Psalms:

On a Diseased Old Man who Wept at the Thought of Leaving the World.

Shame on thy Beard! that thou canst Bug bears dread,
Fear Death whom thou so oft hast seen,
So oft his Guest at Funerals hast been;
Thy self, I mean thy Better Half, already Dead!
The Tears were just which at thy Birth did flow,
For then, alass! thou cams't t'engage
The Miseries of Life, but now
Thou art allowed to quit the Tragick Stage;
Now to be careful to prolong the scene,
And act thy Troubles o'er agen,
Is Folly not to be forgiv'n even in thy doating Age

Can Cramps, Catarrhs, and Palsies be
Such charming Company?
What Pleasures can the grave deprive
Thy Senses of? what Inconvenience give,
From which thou art exempted while alive?
At worst thou canst but have
old lodging in the grave,
Nor ly'st thou warmer now, tho' cover'd o'er
In Furr, till thy faint limbs can bear no more.
Thou sleeps't each night in so much Sear-cloth bound,
Thou 'dst need no more to lodge thee underground.

Nicholas Brady (1659-1726), born at Bandon, was educated at Westminster, Christ Church (Oxford), and Dublin, and held from 1696 to his death the living of Richmond, along with Stratford-on-Avon and Clapham in succession. He also kept a school at Richmond. The metrical version of the Psalms by him and Tate was authorised in 1696. His tragedy, *The Rape*, on a plot from the history of the Goths and Vandals, his blank-verse *Æneid*, his *Ode for St Cecilia's Day*, and his sermons have long since sunk into deserved oblivion.

Thomas Tenison (1636-1715), Archbishop of Canterbury, born at Cottenham in Cambridgeshire, studied at Corpus Christi, Cambridge, and was made Bishop of Lincoln by William III. in 1691, and primate of all England in 1694. He was a favourite at court, crowned Queen Anne and George I., and strongly supported the Hanoverian succession. His works comprise anti-papal tracts, sermons, and a criticism of Hobbes; but though Swift was unfair when he said he was a very dull man, the Archbishop was not a power in literature, and his books are not read.

Matthew Henry (1662-1714) was born at Broad Oak farmhouse, Malpas, Flintshire, the son of Philip Henry, a pious and learned minister, just ousted by the Act of Uniformity. He entered as a student of law in Gray's Inn; but, yielding to a strong desire for the office of the ministry, he soon abandoned the pursuit of the law, and turned his attention to theology, which he studied with great diligence and zeal. In 1687 he was chosen pastor of a Nonconformist congregation at Chester, whence he removed in 1712 to Hackney. Of a variety of theological works published by him, the largest and best known is his *Exposition of the Old and New Testaments* (1710), which he did not live to complete, the Commentary on the Epistles being added by various divines. The work has little exegetical value, and is far from being a safe guide to the actual meaning of the sacred text; but as a treasury of practical religion and manual of hints for pulpit use, it soon secured a place in the very first class of expository works. Robert Hall for the last two years of his life read daily two chapters of Matthew Henry's Commentary, increasingly delighted with the copiousness, variety, and pious ingenuity of the thoughts; the simplicity, strength, and pregnancy of the expressions. Chalmers was a warm admirer of Henry; and for early two centuries the Commentary was the constant study companion and *vade-mecum* of a very large proportion of evangelical preachers of all denominations in English speaking countries and colonies. The following extract from the exposition of Matthew vi. 24 may be taken as a specimen of the nervous and pointed remarks with which the work abounds:

'Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.'

Mammon is a Syriack word that signifies gain, so that whatever it is in this world that is, or that we account to be gain to us (as St Paul speaks, Phil. iii. 7), that's mammon. 'Whatever is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life,' it is mammon. To some their belly is their mammon, and they serve that; to others, their ease, their sports and pastimes, are their mammon; to others, worldly riches; to others, honours and preferments; the praise and applause of men was the Pharisees' mammon; in a word, self, the unity in which the world's trinity centres, sensual secular self, is the mammon which cannot be served in conjunction with God; for if it be served, 'tis in competition with him, and in contradiction to him. He does not say we must not, or we *should* not, but we *cannot* serve God and mammon; we cannot love both, or hold to both, or hold by both, in observance, obedience, attendance, trust, and dependence, for they are contrary the one to the other. God saith: 'My son, give me thine heart;' Mammon saith: 'No, give it me.' God saith. 'Be content with such things as ye have;' Mammon saith: 'Grasp at all that ever thou canst—"Rem, rem, quocunque modo rem."' God saith: 'Defraud not; never tell a lye; be honest and just in all thy dealings;' Mammon saith: 'Cheat thy own father if thou canst get by it.' God saith: 'Be charitable;' Mammon saith: 'Hold thy own; this giving undoes us all.' God saith: 'Be careful for nothing;' Mammon saith: 'Be careful for every thing.' God saith: 'Keep holy the Sabbath-day;' Mammon saith: 'Make use of that day, as well as any other, for the world.' Thus inconsistent are the commands of God and Mammon, so that we cannot serve both. Let us not, then, halt between God and Baal, but 'chuse you this day whom ye will serve,' and abide by your choice.

Henry Aldrich (1647-1710), born at Westminster, passed in 1662 from Westminster School to Christ Church, Oxford, of which he became a canon in 1682, and dean in 1689. He it was who urged Charles Boyle to edit the *Epistles of Phalaris* (see Vol. I. p. 754), and so started a memorable controversy. He designed the Peckwater Quadrangle, wrote the well-known catch, 'Hark, the bonny Christ Church Bells,' and a 'smoking catch' for four smokers, set English words to Italian anthems and songs, and indited Latin verses and epigrams; but he is less remembered as architect, verse-writer, composer, or inveterate smoker than as the author of the *Artis Logicæ Compendium* (1691), which was long a standard text-book, and of which, though it is a by no means brilliant performance, a new edition appeared in 1862.

Humphrey Prideaux (1648-1724), born at Padstow, from Westminster passed to Christ Church, Oxford. His *Marmora Oxoniensia* (1676), an account of the Arundel Marbles, procured for him patronage through which he was in 1679 appointed rector of St Clement's, Oxford, and erelong canon of Norwich. In 1688 he became Archdeacon of Suffolk, and in 1702 Dean of Norwich. His nine works include a *Life of Maho*[illegible] *Church-wardens* (1701; [illegible] *New Testame*[illegible] *Jews and N*[illegible] ed. 1876). [illegible] (Camden So[illegible] last name[illegible] book [illegible] The *Life* [illegible] levelled as much [illegible] the Arabian imp[illegible] as the more imp[illegible] called, was a solid contribution to the knowledge of the subject, though in no [illegible] profound or original; and was only superseded [illegible] by more scholarly works a century and a half after its appearance.

Sir George Etherege, the Restoration dramatist who in England founded the comedy of intrigue, was born probably in 1634. He lived much in his early life at Paris, studied law, had an intrigue with the actress Mrs Barry (on whose daughter he afterwards settled £6000), was knighted and married a wealthy widow, and in 1686 was Resident at the Imperial court at Ratisbon. He varied the monotony of what he regarded as banishment with coursing, drinking, play, flirtation with actresses, and correspondence with Middleton, Dryden, Betterton, and others. He seems to have died in Paris in 1691, and not, as used to be said, by falling downstairs after a banquet at Ratisbon. He sought his inspiration in Molière, and out of his comedy of intrigue grew the legitimate comedy of manners that culminated in Congreve and rendered possible the dramatic triumphs of Goldsmith and Sheridan. The Jonsonian types and 'humours' made way for real characters, sketched from the life even when the portraiture is but superficial; his fops are unsurpassed. He is less brutal and more sprightly and frivolous than Wycherley, but not so eminent a master of theatrical effect; several of his characters are more perfectly individualised, more human, concrete, and living than either Wycherley's or Congreve's, though Congreve's work shows more power. Rochester lamented that Etherege's indolence checked the productiveness of a man 'who had as much sense, fancy, judgment, and wit as any writer of the day.' His three plays are *The Comical Revenge; or, Love in a Tub* (1664); *She Would if She Could* (1668); and *The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter* (1676)—all highly popular in their day. The first is mainly a farce; the second has serious scenes and a good deal of buffoonery; the third is the best and most readable. Dorimant, accepted as a sketch of Rochester, and Sir Fopling a study of the then famous Beau Hewitt, with points taken from Etherege himself, passed into literature as striking characterisations. Medley was Sir Charles Sedley. With all his grossness, 'gentle George' shows both restraint and a certain distinction.

From 'The Man of Mode.'

Medley. Is it not great indiscretion for a man of credit, who may have money enough on his word, to go and deal with Jews, who for little sums make men enter into bonds, and give judgment?

Bellair. Preach no more on this text; I am determin'd, and there is no hope of my conversion.

Dorimant. Leave your unnecessary fiddling; a wasp that 's buzzing about a man's nose at dinner, is not more troublesome than thou art. [*To* HANDY.

Handy. You love to have your cloaths hang just, sir.

Dor. I love to be well dress'd, sir; and think it no scandal to my understanding.

Handy. Will you use the essence, or orange flower water?

Dor. I will smell as I do to day, no offence to the ladies' noses.

Handy. Your pleasure, sir.

Dor. That a man's excellency shou'd lye in neatly tying of a ribbond, or a cravat! How careful 's nature in furnishing the world with necessary coxcombs!

Bell. That 's a mighty pretty suit of yours, Dorimant.

Dor. I am glad it has your approbation.

Bell. No man in town has a better fancy in his cloaths than you have.

Dor. You will make me have an opinion of my genius.

Med. There is a great critick, I hear, in these matters lately arriv'd piping hot from France.

Bell. Sir Fopling Flutter, you mean.

Med. The same.

Bell. He thinks himself the pattern of modern gallantry.

Dor. He is indeed the pattern of modern foppery.

Med. He was yesterday at the play, with a pair of gloves up to his elbows, and a perriwig more exactly curl'd than a lady's head newly dress'd for a ball.

Bell. What a pretty lisp he has!

Dor. Ho! that he affects in imitation of the people of quality in France.

Med. His head stands for the most part on one side, and his looks are more languishing than a lady's when she lolls at stretch in her coach, or leans her head carelessly against the side of a box i' the play house.

Dor. He is a person indeed of great acquir'd follies.

Med. He is like many others, beholden to his education for making him so eminent a coxcomb; many a fool had been lost to the world, had their indulgent parents wisely bestow'd neither learning nor good breeding on 'em.

Bell. He has been, as the sparkish word is, brisk upon the ladies already; he was yesterday at my aunt Townley's, and gave Mrs Loveit a catalogue of his good qualities, under the character of a complete gentleman, who, according to Sir Fopling, ought to dress well, dance well, fence well, have a genius for love-letters, an agreeable voice for a chamber, be very amorous, something discreet, but not over constant.

Med. Pretty ingredients to make an accomplish'd person.

Dor. I am glad he pitch'd upon Loveit.

Bell. How so?

Dor. I wanted a fop to lay to her charge, and this is as pat may be.

Bell. I am confident she loves no man but you.

Dor. The good fortune were enough to make me vain, but that I am in my nature modest.

Bell. Hark you, Dorimant, with your leave, Mr Medley, 'tis only a secret concerning a fair lady.

Med. Your good breeding, sir, gives you too much trouble; you might have whisper'd without all this ceremony.

Bell. How stand your affairs with Bellinda of late?

Dor. She 's a little jilting baggage.

Bell. Nay, I believe her false enough, but she 's ne'er the worse for your purpose; she was with you yesterday in a disguise at the play.

Dor. There we fell out, and resolv'd never to speak to one another more.

Bell. The occasion?

Dor. Want of courage to meet me at the place appointed. These young women apprehend loving, as much as the young men do fighting at first; but once enter'd, like them too, they all turn bullies straight.

Handy. Sir, your man without desires to speak with you. [*To* BELLAIR.

Bell. Gentlemen, I 'll return immediately. [*Exit.*

Med. A very pretty fellow this.

Dor. He 's handsom, well bred, and by much the most tolerable of all the young men that do not abound in wit.

Med. Ever well dress'd, always complaisant, and seldom impertinent; you and he are grown very intimate, I see.

Dor. It is our mutual interest to be so; it makes the women think the better of his understanding, and judge more favourably of my reputation; it makes him pass upon some for a man of very good sense, and me upon others for a very civil person.

Med. What was that whisper?

Dor. A thing which he wou'd fain have known, but I did not think it fit to tell him; it might have frighted him from his honourable intentions of marrying.

Med. Emilia, give her her due, has the best reputation of any young woman about the town, who has beauty enough to provoke detraction; her carriage is unaffected, her discourse modest, not at all censorious, nor pretending like the counterfeits of the age.

See Gosse's *Seventeenth Century Studies* (1883), and the edition of Etherege's works by A. W. Verity (1888).

Thomas Shadwell, a dramatic writer of some note in his day, though now hardly remembered save as the 'MacFlecknoe' of Dryden's satire, was born in 1640 or 1642 at Broomhill House, near Brandon in Norfolk, the son of a gentleman of family. He passed from Cambridge without a degree to the Middle Temple; but not finding law to his liking, he deserted it, and after an interval of foreign travel, betook himself seriously to literature. His first comedy of *The Sullen Lovers* (1668), based on Molière, had great success, and he continued from year to year to entertain the town with a succession of pieces, of which nearly a score are extant and fill a complete edition in four volumes (1720). Pepys condemned *The Royal Shepherdess* (1668) for its silliness; *The Humourists* is not open to the same criticism. *Epsom Wells* (1720) is coarse but clever. *The Miser* is Molière's *Avare* with new characters and incidents. *The Enchanted Island* is a *rifacimento* of Shakespeare's *Tempest;* and in his preface to *Timon of Athens*, while professing respect for 'the inimitable hand of Shakespear,' Shadwell 'can truly say, I have made it into a play,' by dislocating the action, introducing new and superfluous characters (especially women) and new scenes and passages, omitting much of the best, abridging, paraphrasing, and expanding Shakespeare's words, and transmogrifying the whole into a caricature. *The Libertine* has Don Juan for hero. *The True Widow*, *The Lancashire Witches*, *The Squire of Alsatia*, *Bury Fair*, *The Amorous Bigot*, and *The Volunteers* (not published till 1693) are others of the plays. Shadwell made Ben Jonson his model, and sought to amuse by the humours or eccentricities of his typical characters; but most of his plays belong rather to the comedy of manners as illustrated by Wycherley. Shadwell also wrote numerous odes and occasional poems. The immortality which the plays must have failed to achieve for him he was fated to attain in another way. With Dryden he was at first on terms of friendly intimacy, and indeed the great poet contributed the prologue to his *True Widow;* but when Dryden flung his *Absalom and Achitophel* and *The Medal* into the cause of the court, Shadwell was rash enough to make a gross attack upon him in the *Medal of John Bayes*, with such uncomplimentary terms as 'half-wit, half-fool,' 'abandoned rascal,' 'knavery,' and the like. Dryden heaped deathless ridicule upon his antagonist in the stinging satire of *MacFlecknoe* and as 'Og' in the second part of *Absalom and Achitophel. MacFlecknoe* is called on the title-page 'a Satire on the True Blue Protestant T. S.,' described further as the literary heir and representative of Flecknoe, whom Dryden thought proper to treat as a despicable rhymester (see Vol. I. p. 784).

Though Shadwell's works, hasty and careless as they are, exhibit lively talent and comic force, all that the reading world now knows of Shadwell is that 'Shadwell never deviates into sense.' But this is obviously a preposterous exaggeration. He was not a poet, but his plays are clever and skilfully put together. That they were gross and indecent could be no reason for Dryden's denunciation; and no doubt personal, professional, and religious hostility made Dryden uncritical in the extravagance of his abuse, as he was unreasonable in the vituperative terms he used of his habits and personal appearance. Rochester, who was no fool, credited Shadwell with exceptional wit and humour in conversation, if not in his plays. Addison praised his humour. Scott recognised him as an acute observer of human nature, and Mr G. A. Aitken has recently spoken of his 'excellent but coarse' comedies, giving interesting pictures of the times. It must have been some consolation to Shadwell to succeed his enemy in the laureateship, which in 1688 Dryden had to resign. He did not survive long to enjoy it, however, as in 1692 he died—of an overdose of laudanum, it is said. 'The times' by Shadwell's representation seem to have been as unvirtuous and anti-virtuous as it is possible to conceive. Of the seven ladies or maids who appear in *Epsom Wells*, four are expressly described amongst the *dramatis personæ* as 'an imperious strumpet,' 'very whorish,' or worse; and the other three might have been described in terms not much more complimentary. The main business and amusement alike of men and women was the unholiest self-indulgence. Spite of the obtrusive loyalty to Church and State professed by most of the characters, the clergy who appear are degraded, servile vulgarians, whom the fine old English gentlemen treat with the utmost contempt and insolence (the passages in the *Lancashire Witches* which give the most disrespectful pictures of a domestic chaplain were expunged at first playing by the Master of the Revels, but printed in italic; the grossest passages seem to have passed muster from the beginning). The fine old English gentleman who hates London ways and French habits equally gives an account of the London magistrates singularly like the revelations in the Tammany trials: the magistrates live off blackmail exacted from footpads, pickpockets, and improper persons of various sex and condition. In the *Lancashire Witches* the Lancashire dialect is freely used, and with good effect; and the representation of witch-proceedings are justified by long notes from the *Malleus Maleficarum*, from Remigius, Bodinus, and many other authors.

In the *Squire of Alsatia*, Belfond, the foolish son of a country squire, comes to London in the absence of his father, and falls among a set of bullies and sharpers—Cheatly, Shamwell, and Captain Hackum—who frequent the Whitefriars or Alsatia, a place behind the Temple, which still preserved the old privileges of sanctuary, and had thus become a notorious haunt of the worst characters in the town. Its privileges were abolished in 1697, nine years after Shadwell's play appeared.

From 'The Squire of Alsatia.'

Belfond. Cousin Shamwell, well met; good-morrow to you.

Shamwell. Cousin Belfond, your humble servant: what makes you abroad so early? 'tis not much past seven.

Belf. You know we were bowsy last night: I am a little hot headed this morning, and come to take the fresh air here in the Temple-Walks.

Sham. Well, and what do you think of our way of living here? Is not rich generous wine better than your poor hedge wine stum'd?

Belf. O yes, a world adad! Ne'er stir, I could never have thought there had been such a gallant place as London: here I can be drunk over night, and well next morning; can ride in a coach for a shilling, as good as a deputy lieutenant; —then for the women! Mercy upon us, so civil and well-bred! . . . And I am in that fear of my father besides, adad, he'd knock me i' th' head, if he should hear of such a thing. Lord! what will he say when he comes to know I am at London, which he in all his life time would never suffer me to see, for fear I should be debauch'd, forsooth; and allows me little or no money at home, neither.

Sham. What matter what he says? Is not every foot of the estate entail'd upon you?

Belf. Well, I'll endure 't no longer! If I can [illegible] I'll teach him to use his son like a dog. [illegible]

Sham. You can ne'er want that: take up on the [illegible] a lusty one, and Cheatly will help you to the ready, and thou shalt shine, and be as gay as any spruce prig that ever walk'd the street. This morning your [illegible] liveries will come home, and thou shalt [illegible] splendid like thyself, and the [illegible]

[illegible]

what I did, or where I was: clear, clear, is not that right?

Sham. Ay, ay! Why you broke windows; scour'd; broke open a house in Dorset-Court, and took a pretty wench, a gentleman's natural, away by force.

Belf. Now you put me in mind, I recollect somewhat of this matter; my shoulders are plaguy sore, and my arms black and blue; but where 's the wench, the natural, ha, Captain?

Hack. Ah, Squire, I led her off. I have her safe for you.

Belf. But does not the gallant thunder and roar for her?

Hack. The scoundrel dares not; he knows me, who never knew fear in my life: for my part, I love magnanimity and honour, and those things; and fighting is one of my recreations.

Belf. O brave Captain.

Hack. But, Squire, I had damn'd ill luck afterwards. I went up to the Gaming Ordinary, and lost all my ready: they left me not a rag or sock: pox o' the tatts for me. I believe they put the doctor upon me.

Belf. Tatts and doctor! What 's that?

Sham. The tools of sharpers, false dice.

Hack. Hark you, pr'ythee, noble Squire, equip me with a couple of meggs, or two couple of smelts.

Belf. Smelts! What, shall we bespeak another dish of fish for our dinner?

Sham. No, no, meggs are guineas, smelts are half guineas; he would borrow a couple of guineas.

Belf. Meggs! smelts! Ha, ha, ha, very pretty by my troth [illegible] thou shalt, dear Captain; there are two meggs; and I vow and swear I am glad I have 'em to pleasure you, [illegible] I am.

Hack. You are so honest a gentleman, quarrel every day and I'll be your second; once a day at least: and I'll say this for you, there 's not a finer gentleman this day walks the Fryars, no dispraise to any man, let him be what he will.

Belf. Adad you make me proud, sir. [illegible] *enter* O Lolpoop, where have you been all this morning, sirrah?

[illegible]

Cheat. Let me talk with him a little. Come on, fellow.

Lolp. Talk! Well, what sen ye?

Cheat. Why, put the case, you are indebted to me twenty pounds upon a *scire facias*; I extend this up to an outlawry, upon affidavit upon the *nisi prius*: I plead to all this matter, *non est inventus* upon the pannel: what is to be done more in this case, as it lies before the bench, but to award out execution upon the *posse comitatus*, who are presently to issue out a *certiorari*.

Lolp. I understand a little of sizes, nisi prizes, affidavi, sussurat! but by the mass I cannot tell what to mack of aw this together, not I.

Belf. Ha, ha, puppy! Owl! Loggerhead! O silly country put! Here 's a prig indeed: he 'll ne'er find out what 'tis to cut a sham or banter.

Lolp. Sham and banter are heathen Greek to me: but yeow have cut out fine wark for yoursel last neeght: I went to see the hause yeow had brocken, aw the windows are pood dawne. I askt what was the matter, and by th' mass they haw learnt your name too: they saiden Squire Belfond had done it . . . ; and that they hadden gotten the Lord Chief Justice warren for you, and wooden bring a pair of actions against yeow

Belf. Is this true?

Lolp. Ay, by the mass.

Cheat. No matter: we 'll bring you off with a wet finger; trust me for that.

Belf. Dear friend, I rely upon you for every thing

Sham. We value not twenty such things of a rush

Hack. If any of their officers dare invade our privileges, we 'll send 'em to hell without bail or mainprize.

(From Act i. sc. 2.)

Shadwell's works were published, with a Life, in four volumes in 1720. An edition of *The Lancashire Witches* was printed by Mr Halliwell (afterwards Halliwell-Phillipps) in 18[illegible]

William Wycherley (1640?-1716), born at Clive near Shrewsbury, where his father possessed a handsome property, was, next to Congreve, chief of the school of the comedy of manners. Though bred to the law, Wycherley did not practise his profession, but lived gaily 'upon town.' Pope says he had 'a true nobleman look,' and he was one of the favourites of the Duchess of Cleveland. He wrote four comedies—*Love in a Wood* (1672), *The Gentleman Dancing-master* (1673), *The Country Wife* (1675), and *The Plain Dealer* (1677). The first was received with applause; the second, a farcical comedy of intrigue, was not so popular; the *Country Wife*, greatly cleverer, is much coarser in plot and details than Molière's *Ecole des Femmes*, on which it is largely based; the *Plain Dealer*, his masterpiece, is founded on *Le Misanthrope*. The first was written when the author was only nineteen; the last was acted in 1674. In spite of its naughtiness, the *Country Wife* was praised by Steele as a 'very pleasant and instructive satire.' Dryden calls Wycherley 'my dear friend and excellent poet,' speaks of 'the satire, wit, and [illegible] of manly Wycherley,' and commends the *Plain Dealer* as 'one of the most bold, most general, and most useful satires which has ever been presented on the English theatre.' The phrase 'manly Wycherley' must surely have in it something of the nature of a complimentary pun, and an allusion to the chief character in the *Plain Dealer*. Voltaire says: 'All Wycherley's strokes are stronger and bolder than those of our *Misanthrope*, but then they are less delicate, and the rules of decorum are not so well observed.' Pope was proud to receive the notice of the author of the *Country Wife*. Their published correspondence is well known, and is interesting from the superiority maintained in their intercourse by the boy-poet of sixteen over his mentor of sixty-four. The pupil grew too great for his master, and the unnatural friendship was dissolved, renewed, and broken again. Wycherley represents the comedy of manners, not the comedy of human nature; wit, humour, sprightly conversation, mirthful situations and talk, are aimed at rather than strength of plot or credibility. The whole is utterly artificial, and therefore the nastiness is perhaps less offensive. Congreve is vastly more brilliant in Wycherley's own line. Macaulay has vehemently impeached Wycherley's profligacy and the indecency and artificiality of his plays, and has justly said that his verse, of which a volume was published late in his life, was beneath criticism. Leigh Hunt thought some of the detached *Maxims and Reflections* written by Wycherley in his old age not unworthy of his reputation, and quoted as specially good, 'The silence of a wise man is more wrong to mankind than the slanderer's speech.' Wycherley married the young widow the Countess of Drogheda, lived unhappily with her, and after her death was constantly in debt or money troubles. He spent some years in the Fleet, but James II., having seen the *Plain Dealer*, paid his debts and [illegible] pension. At the [illegible]

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY.

From an Engraving after the Painting by Sir Peter Lely.

Wycherley married a young girl in order to defeat the expectations of his nephew, and died eleven days afterwards. The extracts that follow are both from the *Plain Dealer.*

Mr Manly and Lord Plausible.

Manly. Tell not me, my good Lord Plausible, of your decorums, supercilious forms, and slavish ceremonies! your little tricks, which you, the spaniels of the world, do daily over and over, for and to one another; not out of love or duty, but your servile fear.

Plausible. Nay, i' faith, i' faith, you are too passionate; and I must humbly beg your pardon and leave to tell you they are the arts and rules the prudent of the world walk by.

Man. Let 'em. But I'll have no leading-strings; I can walk alone. I hate a harness, and will not tug on in a faction, kissing my leader behind, that another slave may do the like to me.

Plaus. What, will you be singular then? like nobody? follow, love, and esteem nobody?

Man. Rather than be general, like you, follow everybody; court and kiss everybody; though perhaps at the same time you hate everybody.

Plaus. Why, seriously, with your pardon, my dear friend

Man. With your pardon, my no friend, I will not, as you do, whisper my hatred or my scorn, call a man fool or knave by signs or mouths over his shoulder, whilst you have him in your arms. For such as you, like common whores and pickpockets, are only dangerous to those you embrace.

Plaus. Such as I! Heavens defend me! upon my honour

Man. Upon your title, my lord, if you'd have me believe you.

Plaus. Well, then, as I am a person of honour, I never attempted to abuse or lessen any person in my life.

Man. What, you were afraid?

Plaus. No, but seriously, I hate to do a rude thing: no, faith, I speak well of all mankind.

Man. I thought so; but know, that speaking well of all mankind is the worst kind of detraction; for it takes away the reputation of the few good men in the world, by making all alike. Now, I speak ill of most men, because they deserve it; I that can do a rude thing, rather than an unjust thing.

Plaus. Well, tell not me, my dear friend, what people deserve; I ne'er mind that. I, like an author in a dedication, never speak well of a man for his sake but my own. I will not disparage any man to disparage myself: for to speak ill of people behind their backs is not like a person of honour, and truly to speak ill of 'em to their faces is not like a complaisant person. But if I did say or do an ill thing to anybody, it should be sure to be behind their backs, out of pure good manners.

Man. Very well, but I that am an unmannerly sea fellow, if I ever speak well of people (which is very seldom indeed), it should be sure to be behind their backs; and if I would say or do ill to any, it should be to their faces. I would jostle a proud, strutting, over-looking coxcomb, at the head of his sycophants, rather than put out my tongue at him when he were past me; would frown in the arrogant, big, dull face of an over-grown knave of business, rather than vent my spleen against him when his back were turned; would give fawning slaves the lie whilst they embrace or commend me; cowards, whilst they brag; call a rascal by no other title, though his father had left him a duke's; laugh at fools aloud before their mistresses; and must desire people to leave me, when their visits grow at last as troublesome as they were at first impertinent.

Plaus. I would not have my visits troublesome.

Man. The only way to be sure not to have 'em troublesome, is to make 'em when people are not at home; for your visits, like other good turns, are most obliging when made or done to a man in his absence. A pox! why should any one, because he has nothing to do, go and disturb another man's business?

Plaus. I beg your pardon, my dear friend. What, you have business?

Man. If you have any, I would not detain your lordship.

Plaus. Detain me, dear sir! I can never have enough of your company

Man. I'm afraid I should be tiresome: I know not what you think.

Plaus. Well, dear sir, I see you'd have me gone. [*Aside.*

Man. But I see you won't.

Plaus. Your most faithful

Man. God be w' ye, my lord.

Plaus. Your most humble——

Man. Farewell.

Plaus. And eternally

Man. And eternally ceremony— [*Aside.*] Then the devil take thee eternally

Plaus. You shall use no ceremony, by my life

Man. I do not intend it.

Plaus. Why do you stir then?

Man. Only to see you out of doors, that I may shut 'em against more welcomes

Plaus. Nay, faith, that shall not pass upon your most faithful humble servant

Man. Nor this any more upon me. [*Aside*

Plaus. Well, you are too strong for me

Man. [*Aside.*] I'd sooner be visited by the plague, for that only would keep a man from visits, and his door shut.

[*Exit thrusting out Lord* PLAUSIBLE, *re-enters with* FREEMAN

. . . .

Freeman. Faith, I am sorry you would let the fop go, I intended to have had some sport with him

Man. Sport with him! A pox! then, why did you not stay? You should have enjoyed your coxcomb, and had him to yourself for me

Free. No, I should not have cared for him without you neither: for the pleasure which fops afford is like that of drinking, only good when 'tis shared; and a fool, like a bottle, which would make you merry in company, will make you dull alone. But how the devil could you turn a man of his quality down stairs? You use a lord with very little ceremony, it seems

Man. A lord! What, thou art one of those who esteem men only by the marks and value fortune has set upon 'em, and never consider intrinsic worth! but counterfeit honour will not be current with me: I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling, which you bend every way and debases the stamp he bears, instead of being raised by it.

Widow Blackacre and her Lawyers.

Widow. Let's see, Jerry, where are my minutes? Come, Mr Quaint, pray go talk a great deal for me in chancery, let your words be easy, and your sense hard; my cause requires it: branch it bravely, and deck my cause with flowers, that the snake may lie hidden. Go, go, and be sure you remember the decree of my Lord Chancellor, *Tricesimo quart'* of the queen.

Quaint. I will, as I see cause, extenuate or examplify matter of fact; baffle truth with impudence; answer exceptions with questions, though never so impertinent; for reasons give 'em words; for law and equity, tropes and figures; and so relax and enervate the sinews of their argument with the oil of my eloquence. But when my lungs can reason no longer, and not being able to say anything more for our cause, say everything of our adversary, whose reputation, though never so clear and evident in the eye of the world, yet with sharp invectives

Wid. Alias, Billingsgate.

Quaint. With poignant and sour invectives, I say, I will deface, wipe out, and obliterate his fair reputation, even as a record with the juice of lemons; and tell such a story (for the truth on 't is, all that we can do for our client in chancery, is telling a story), a fine story, a long story, such a story——

Wid. Go, save thy breath for the cause: talk at the bar. Mr Quaint: you are so copiously fluent, you can weary any one's ears sooner than your own tongue. Go, weary our adversaries' counsel, and the court; go, thou art a fine-spoken person: adad, I shall make thy wife jealous of me, if you can but court the court into a decree for us. Go, get you gone, and remember [*Whispers.*

Exit QUAINT]. Come, Mr Blunder, pray bawl soundly for me, at the King's-bench, bluster, sputter, question, cavil; but be sure your argument be intricate enough to confound the court; and then you do my business. Talk what you will, but be sure your tongue never stand still; for your own noise will secure your sense from censure: 'tis like coughing or hemming when one has got the belly-ache, which stifles the unmannerly noise. Go, dear rogue, and succeed; and I'll invite thee, ere it be long, to more soused venison.

Blunder. I'll warrant you, after your verdict, your judgment shall not be arrested upon if's and and's. [*Exit.*

Wid. Come, Mr Petulant, let me give you some new instructions for our cause in the Exchequer. Are the barons sat?

Petulant. Yes, no; may be they are, may be they are not: what know I? what care I?

Wid. Heyday! I wish you would but snap up the counsel on t'other side anon at the bar as much: and have a little more patience with me, that I might instruct you a little better

Pet. You instruct me! what is my brief for, mistress?

Wid. Ay, but you seldom read your brief but at the bar, if you do it then.

Pet. Perhaps I do, perhaps I don't, and perhaps 'tis time enough: pray hold yourself contented, mistress.

Wid. Nay, if you go there too, I will not be contented, sir; though you, I see, will lose my cause for want of speaking, I won't: you shall hear me, and shall be instructed. Let's see your brief.

Pet. Send your solicitor to me. Instructed by a woman! I'd have you to know, I do not wear a bar-gown——

Wid. By a woman! and I'd have you to know I am no common woman, but a woman conversant in the laws of the land, as well as yourself, though I have no bar-gown.

Pet. Go to, go to, mistress, you are impertinent, and there's your brief for you: instruct me!

[*Flings her breviate at her*

Wid. Impertinent to me, you saucy Jack, you! you return my breviate, but where's my fee? you'll be sure to keep that, and scan that so well, that if there chance to be but a brass half-crown in 't, one's sure to hear on 't again: would you would but look on your breviate half so narrowly! But pray give me my fee too, as well as my brief.

Pet. Mistress, that's without precedent. When did a counsel ever return his fee, pray? and you are impertinent and ignorant to demand it.

Wid. Impertinent again, and ignorant, to me! Gadsbodikins, you puny upstart in the law, to use me so! you green-bag carrier, you murderer of unfortunate causes, the clerk's ink is scarce off of your fingers,—you that newly come from lamp-blacking the judges' shoes, and are not fit to wipe mine; you call me impertinent and ignorant! I would give thee a cuff on the ear, sitting the courts, if I were ignorant. Marry-gep, if it had not been for me, thou hadst been yet but a hearing counsel at the bar.

[*Exit* PETULANT. *Enter* BUTTONGOWN.]

Mr Buttongown, Mr Buttongown, whither so fast? What, won't you stay till we are heard?

But. I cannot, Mrs Blackacre, I must be at the council; my lord's cause stays there for me.

Wid. And mine suffers here.

But. I cannot help it

Wid. I'm undone.

But. What's that to me?

Wid. Consider the five-pound fee, if not my cause: that was something to you.

But. Away, away! pray be not so troublesome, mistress: I must be gone

Wid. Nay, but consider a little: I am your old client, my lord but a new one; or let him be what he will, he will hardly be a better client to you than myself: I hope you believe I shall be in law as long as I live: therefore am no despicable client. Well, but go to your lord; I know you expect he should make you a judge one day; but I hope his promise to you will prove a true lord's promise. But that he might be sure to fail you, I wish you had his bond for 't.

But But what, will you yet be thus impertinent, mistress?

Wid. Nay, I beseech you, sir, stay; if it be but to tell me my lord's case; come, in short——

But Nay, then [*Exit.*

Wid Well, Jerry, observe child, and lay it up for hereafter. These are those lawyers who, by being in all causes, are in none: therefore if you would have 'em for you, let your adversary fee 'em; for he may chance to depend upon 'em; and so, in being against thee, they 'll be for thee.

Jerr. Ay, mother; they put me in mind of the unconscionable wooers of widows. . . . Therefore have a care of 'em, forsooth. There's advice for your advice.

Wid. Well said, boy.—Come, Mr Splitcause, pray go see when my cause in Chancery comes on; and go speak with Mr Quillit in the King's-bench, and Mr Quirk in the Common-pleas, and see how matters go there.

Major Oldfox [*entering*]. Lady, a good and propitious morning to you; and may all your causes go as well as if I myself were judge of 'em!

Wid. Sir, excuse me; I am busy, and cannot answer compliments in Westminster Hall.—Go, Mr Splitcause, and come to me again to that bookseller's; there I'll stay for you, that you may be sure to find me.

Old. No, sir, come to the other bookseller's. I'll attend your ladyship thither. [*Exit* SPLITCAUSE.

Wid. Why to the other?

Old. Because he is my bookseller, lady.

Wid. What, to sell you lozenges for your catarrh? or medicines for your corns? What else can a major deal with a bookseller for?

Old. Lady, he prints for me.

Wid. Why, are you an author?

Old. Of some few essays; deign you, lady, to peruse 'em. [*Aside.*] She is a woman of parts; and I must win her by showing mine.

Bookseller's Boy. Will you see Culpepper, mistress? Aristotle's Problems?' 'The Complete Midwife?'

Wid. No; let's see Dalton, Hughs, Shepherd, Win[illegible]e.

B. Boy. We have no law books.

Wid. No! you are a pretty bookseller then.

Old. Come, have you e'er a one [illegible] my essays left?

B. Boy. Yes, sir, we have en[illegible]t, and shall always have 'em.

Old. How so?

B. Boy. Why, they are [illegible] lasting ware.

Old. Nay, I hope [illegible] let's see.—Be pleased, madam, to per[illegible]deavours of my pen; for I have a pen, [illegible] that——

Jer. Pray let me see [illegible] Christendom,' or 'The Seven Champions [illegible]

Wid. No [illegible] give h[illegible] [illegible]ng Clerk's Guide. What, we [illegible] have [illegible] self into a humour of rambling [illegible] litary [illegible]pline, and wearing [illegible]

Old. Nay, [illegible]pline. [illegible] him my 'Treatise of [illegible]

Wid. Hold; I [illegible] wi[illegible] [illegible]ad a play.

Jer. O, pray for[illegible] then.

Wid. No, sirrah; [illegible] are y[illegible] [illegible] law enough spoiled already by plays [illegible] make you in love with your laundress, or, w[illegible] [illegible]ne queen of the stage that was a laundr[illegible] stay, Jerry, is not that Mr What d'ye-call-him, that goes there, he that offered to sell me a suit in chancery for five hundred pounds, for a hundred down, and only paying the clerk's fees?

J[illegible]

Wid. Then stay here, and [illegible] of the bags, whilst I follow him. Have a care of the bags, I say.

Jer. An[illegible] of the statute against champertys. [illegible] *Widow* B[illegible]

[illegible]

Aphra Behn (1640-89; her first name is also spelt AYFARA), the female Wycherley, was the first English professional authoress. The comedies of Mrs Behn are grossly indecorous; and of the whole seventeen which she wrote—besides various novels and poems—not one is now acted, read, or remembered. Mrs Behn was daughter of John Johnson, a barber, and born at Wye in Kent in 1640. With a relative whom she called 'father,' and who was English lieutenant-governor of Surinam, she went to the West Indies, and became acquainted with the princely slave Oroonoko, on whose story she founded a novel. In 1658 she returned to England, and soon after marrying Mr Behn, a wealthy London merchant of Dutch descent, she found her way to the English court. Her husband died before 1666, whereupon she was employed as a political spy by Charles II.; and while residing at Antwerp she was enabled, by the aid of her lovers and admirers, to give information to the British Government as to the intended Dutch attack on Chatham. Her advice was not acted on, and on her return to England she betook to literature as a profession. She wrote nearly a score of dramas, mostly comedies, which are very coarse but lively and amusing: *The Forced Marriage, Abdelazer, The Rover, The Debauchee, The Town Fop*, &c. She borrowed freely from older dramatists and from the French theatre. Her comedies attracted more attention in her lifetime than her novels. Of the novels, *Oroonoko* is the best known; both it and her story of *The Nun, or the Fair Vow-breaker*, were dramatised by Southerne; and in the section on Southerne (Vol. II. pp. 63-65) a passage from each is quoted. The *Nun* opens with a clever satire on town-fops. 'Facetious' Tom Brown, not himself very careful to avoid offence, makes a candid friend write to her and of her, 'Those were the two knacks you were chiefly happy in; one was to make libertines laugh, and the other to make modest women blush.' Mrs Keith of Ravelston's criticism is known to all lovers of Scott. The venerable lady remembered how in her youth Mrs Behn's stories were universally admired, and asked Scott to get her a sight of them. In spite of his misgivings, Scott says, 'To hear was to obey. So I sent Mrs Aphra Behn, curiously sealed up, with "Private and confidential" on the packet, to my gay old grand-aunt. The next time I saw her afterwards she gave me back Aphra, properly wrapped up, with nearly these words: "Take back your bonny Mrs Behn; and, if you will take my advice, put her in the fire, for I found it impossible to get through the very first novel. But is it not," she said, "a very odd thing that I, an old woman of eighty and upwards, sitting alone, feel myself ashamed to read a book which, sixty years ago, I have heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles, consisting of the first and most creditable society in London."'

Like so many of her contemporaries, Mrs Behn wrote 'Pindaricks' on the death of Charles II. and other notable events and occasions. Her longest poem was a tedious allegorical *Voyage to the Isle of Love;* some of the lyrics in her plays and amongst her poems are admirable. Mr Gosse places her 'in the first rank of English female writers.' Her life was less scandalous than her literary work; she was the friend of Dryden and Otway; and it should be recorded to her credit that by her *Oroonoko* she was the first English writer to stir sympathy with the slave. As Mr Swinburne has put it: 'This improper woman of genius was the first literary abolitionist—the first champion of the slave on record in the history of fiction.' That is a better justification than ought else in her plays and novels for her resting-place in Westminster Abbey, and brings her into strange companionship with Mrs Beecher Stowe. An eighth edition of her works appeared in 1735.

Song from 'Abdelazer.'

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
  Whilst bleeding hearts around him flowed,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
  And strange tyrannic power he shewed.
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
  Which round about in sport he hurled:
But 'twas from mine he took desires
  Enough to undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
  From thee his pride and cruelty;
From me his languishment and fears,
  And every killing dart from thee
Thus thou and I the god have armed,
  And set him up a deity:
But my poor heart alone is harmed,
  While thine the victor is, and free.

The Dream.

The grove was gloomy all around,
  Murmuring the stream did pass,
Where fond Astræa laid her down
  Upon a bed of grass;
I slept and saw a piteous sight,
  Cupid a-weeping lay,
Till both his little stars of light
  Had wept themselves away
Methought I asked him why he cried;
  My pity led me on,—
All sighing the sad boy replied,
  'Alas! I am undone!
As I beneath yon myrtles lay,
  Down by Diana's springs,
Amyntas stole my bow away,
  And pinioned both my wings.'
'Alas!' I cried, ''twas then thy darts
  Wherewith he wounded me'
Thou mighty deity of hearts,
  He stole his power from thee?
Revenge thee, if a god thou be,
  Upon the amorous swain,
I'll set thy wings at liberty,
  And thou shalt fly again;
And, for this service on my part,
  All I demand of thee
Is, wound Amyntas' cruel heart,
  And make him die for me.'
His silken fetters I untied,
  And those gay wings displayed,
Which gently fanned, he mounting cried,
  'Farewell, fond easy maid!'
At this I blushed, and angry grew
  I should a god believe,
And waking found my dream too true,
  For I was still a slave

Oroonoko, the hero of the romance, was a young and gallant African prince, grandson of the reigning king; eminently accomplished and distinguished for his military prowess, he was thus shamefully betrayed into slavery by Englishmen:

Oroonoko was no sooner return'd from this last conquest, and receiv'd at court with all the joy and magnificence that could be express'd to a young victor, who was not only return'd triumphant, but belov'd like a deity, than there arriv'd in port an English ship. The master of it had often before been in these countries, and was very well known to Oroonoko, with whom he had traffick'd for slaves, and had us'd to do the same with his predecessors.

This commander was a man of a finer sort of address and conversation, better bred, and more engaging than most of that sort of men are; so that he seem'd rather never to have been bred out of a court, than almost all his life at sea. This captain therefore was always better receiv'd at court than most of the traders to those countries were; and especially by Oroonoko, who was more civiliz'd, according to the European mode, than any other had been, and took more delight in the white nations; and, above all, men of parts and wit. To this captain he sold abundance of his slaves; and for the favour and esteem he had for him, made him many presents, and oblig'd him to stay at court as long as possibly he could. Which the captain seem'd to take as a very great honour done him, entertaining the prince every day with globes and maps, and mathematical discourses and instruments; eating, drinking, hunting, and living with him with so much familiarity, that it was not to be doubted but he had gain'd very greatly upon the heart of this gallant young man. And the captain, in return of all these mighty favours, besought the prince to honour his vessel with his presence some day or other at dinner, before he should set sail; which he condescended to accept, and appointed his day. The captain, on his part, fail'd not to have all things in a readiness, in the most magnificent order he could possibly: and the day being come, the captain, in his boat richly adorn'd with carpets and velvet cushions, rowed to the shore to receive the prince; with another longboat, where was plac'd all his musick and trumpets, with which Oroonoko was extremely delighted; who met him on the shore, attended by his French governor, Jamoan, Aboan, and about an hundred of the noblest of the youths of the court: and after they had first carried the prince on board, the boats fetch'd the rest off, where they found a very splendid treat, with all sorts of fine wines, and were as well entertain'd as 'twas possible in such a place to be

The prince having drank hard of punch and several sorts of wine, as did all the rest (for great care was taken they should want nothing of that part of the entertainment), was very merry, and in great admiration of the ship, for he had never been in one before; so that he was curious of beholding every place where he decently might descend. The rest, no less curious, who were not quite overcome with drinking, rambled at their pleasure fore and aft, as their fancies guided 'em: so that the captain, who had well laid his design before, gave the word, and seiz'd on all his guests; they clapping great irons suddenly on the prince, when he was leap'd down into the hold, to view that part of the vessel; and locking him fast down, secur'd him. The same treachery was us'd to all the rest; and all in one instant, in several places of the ship, were lash'd fast in irons, and betray'd to slavery. That great design over, they set all hands at work to hoist sail; and with as treacherous as fair a wind they made from the shore with this innocent and glorious prize, who thought of nothing less than such an entertainment.

Some have commended this act, as brave in the captain; but I will spare my sense of it, and leave it to my reader to judge as he pleases. It may be easily guess'd in what manner the prince resented this indignity, who may be best resembled to a lion taken in a toil; so he raged, so he struggled for liberty, but all in vain: and they had so wisely managed his fetters, that he could not use a hand in his defence, to quit himself of a life that would by no means endure slavery; nor could he move from the place where he was ty'd, to any solid part of the ship, against which he might have beat his head, and have finish'd his disgrace that way. So that being depriv'd of all other means, he resolv'd to perish for want of food; and pleas'd at last with that thought, and toil'd and tir'd by rage and indignation, he laid himself down and sullenly resolv'd upon dying, and refused all things that were brought him.

This did not a little vex the captain, and the more so because he found almost all of 'em of the same humour; so that the loss of so many brave slaves, so tall and goodly to behold, would have been very considerable: he therefore order'd one to go from him (for he would not be seen himself) to Oroonoko, and to assure him he was afflicted for having rashly done so unhospitable a deed, and which could not be now remedied, since they were far from shore; but since he resented it in so high a nature, he assur'd him he would revoke his resolution, and set both him and his friends ashore on the next land they should touch at; and of this the messenger gave him his oath, provided he would resolve to live. And Oroonoko, whose honour was such as he never had violated a word in his life himself, much less a solemn asseveration, believ'd in an instant what this man said; but reply'd he expected for a confirmation of this to have his shameful fetters dismiss'd. This demand was carried to the captain, who return'd him answer that the offence had been so great which he had put upon the prince, that he durst not trust him with liberty while he remain'd in the ship, for fear lest by a valour natural to him, and a revenge that would animate that valour, he might commit some outrage fatal to himself and the king his master, to whom the vessel did belong. To this Oroonoko reply'd, he would engage his honour to behave himself in all friendly order and manner, and obey the command of the captain, as he was lord of the king's vessel, and general of those men under his command.

This was deliver'd to the still doubting captain, who could not resolve to trust a heathen, he said, upon his parole, a man that had no sense or notion of the god that he worshipp'd. Oroonoko then reply'd, he was very sorry to hear that the captain pretended to the knowledge and worship of any gods, who had taught him no better principles than not to credit as he would be credited; but they told him the difference of their faith occasion'd that distrust: for the captain had protested to him upon the word of a Christian, and sworn in the name of a great God; which if he should violate, he must expect eternal torments in the world to come. 'Is that all the obligations he has to be just to his oath? (reply'd Oroonoko) Let him know, I swear by my honour; which to violate would not only render me contemptible and despised by all brave and honest men, and so give my self perpetual pain, but it would be eternally offending and displeasing all mankind; harming, betraying, circumventing, and outraging all men. But punishments hereafter are suffer'd by one's self; and the world takes no cognizance whether this God has reveng'd 'em or not, 'tis done so secretly, and deferr'd so long; while the man of no honour suffers every moment the scorn and contempt of the honester world, and dies every day ignominiously in his fame, which is more valuable than life. I speak not this to move belief, but to shew you how you mistake, when you imagine that he who will violate his honour will keep his word with his gods.' So, turning from him with a disdainful smile, he refused to answer him, when he urged him to know what answer he should carry back to his captain; so that he departed without saying any more.

The captain pondering and consulting what to do, was concluded that nothing but Oroonoko's liberty would encourage any of the rest to eat, except the Frenchman, whom the captain could not pretend to keep prisoner, but only told him he was secur'd because he might act something in favour of the prince; but that he should be freed as soon as they came to land. So that they concluded it wholly necessary to free the prince from his irons, that he might shew himself to the rest, that they might have an eye upon him, and that they could not fear a single man.

This being resolved, to make the obligation the greater, the captain himself went to Oroonoko, where, after many compliments and assurances of what he had already promis'd, he, receiving from the prince his parole and his hand for his good behaviour, dismiss'd his irons, and brought him to his own cabin, where, after having treated and repos'd him a while (for he had neither eat nor slept in four days before), he besought him to visit those obstinate people in chains, who refused all manner of sustenance; and intreated him to oblige 'em to eat, and assure 'em of their liberty the first opportunity.

Oroonoko, who was too generous not to give credit to his words, shew'd himself to his people, who were transported with excess of joy at the sight of their darling prince; falling at his feet, and kissing and embracing 'em; believing, as some divine oracle, all he assur'd 'em. But he besought 'em to bear their chains with that bravery that became those whom he had seen act so nobly in arms; and that they could not give him greater proofs of their love and friendship, since 'twas all the security the captain (his friend) could have against the revenge, he said, they might possibly justly take for the injuries sustained by him. And they all with one accord assur'd him that they could not suffer enough when it was for his repose and safety.

After this they no longer refused to eat, but took what was brought 'em, and were pleased with their captivity, since by it they hoped to redeem the prince, who all the rest of the voyage was treated with all the respect due to his birth, tho' nothing could divert his melancholy; and he would often sigh for Imoinda, and think this a punishment due to his misfortune in having left that noble maid behind him that fatal night in the Otan, when he fled to the camp.

Possess'd with a thousand thoughts of past joys with this fair young person, and a thousand griefs for her eternal loss, he endur'd a tedious voyage, and at last arrived at the mouth of the river of Surinam, a colony belonging to the king of England, and where they were to deliver some part of their slaves. There the merchants and gentlemen of the country going on board, to demand those lots of slaves they had already agreed on, and, amongst those, the overseers of those plantations where I then chanc'd to be, the captain, who had given the word, order'd his men to bring up those noble slaves in fetters, whom I have spoken of; and having put 'em some in one and some in other lots, with women and children (which they call Pickaninnies), they sold 'em off as slaves to several merchants and gentlemen; not putting any two in one lot, because they would separate 'em far from each other; nor daring to trust 'em together, lest rage and courage should put 'em upon contriving some great action, to the ruin of the colony.

Oroonoko was first seiz'd on, and sold to our overseer, who had the first lot, with seventeen more of all sorts and sizes, but not one of quality with him. When he saw this, he found what they meant; for, as I said, he understood English pretty well; and being wholly unarm'd and defenceless, so as it was in vain to make any resistance, he only beheld the captain with a look all fierce and disdainful, upbraiding him with eyes that forc'd blushes on his guilty cheeks, and cry'd in passing over the side of the ship: 'Farewel, Sir, 'tis worth my sufferings to gain so true a knowledge, both of you and of your gods, by whom you swear.' And desiring those that held him to forbear their pains, and telling 'em he would make no resistance, he cry'd, 'Come, my fellow slaves, let us descend, and see if we can meet with more honour and honesty in the next world we shall touch upon.' So he nimbly leapt into the boat, and shewing no more concern, suffer'd himself to be row'd up the river, with his seventeen companions.

The gentleman that bought him was a young Cornish gentleman, whose name was Trefry; a man of great wit and fine learning, and was carried into those parts by the Lord ——, Governor, to manage all his affairs. He reflecting on the last words of Oroonoko to the captain, and beholding the richness of his vest, no sooner came into the boat but he fix'd his eyes on him; and finding something so extraordinary in his face, his shape and mien, a greatness of look, and haughtiness in his air, and finding he spoke English, had a great mind to be enquiring into his quality and fortune; which, though Oroonoko endeavour'd to hide, by only confessing he was above the rank of common slaves, Trefry soon found he was yet something greater than he confess'd; and from that moment began to conceive so vast an esteem for him, that he ever after lov'd him as his dearest brother, and shew'd him all the civilities due to so great a man.

Part of the continuation of Oroonoko's story is given at page [illegible] [illegible] dramatised [illegible]

Elkanah Settle (1648-1724), born at Dunstable, went from Oxford University to London to make a living by his pen, and at eighteen (in 1665) made a hit by his tragedy of *Cambyses* (printed 1671). To annoy Dryden, Rochester got his high-flown *Empress of Morocco* played at Whitehall by the court lords and ladies (1671). In *Absalom and Achitophel* Dryden, enraged and jealous, scourged 'Doeg' with his scorn; and Settle replied, not very effectively, in *Absalom Senior, or Achitophel Transpros'd*, and *Reflections on Some of Mr Dryden's Plays*. *Love and Revenge*, *The Conquest of China*, *Ibrahim or the Illustrious Bassa*, and *Fatal Love* were acted before 1680. For a time petted by the court, he had lost favour and took the Whig side, writing in this cause not merely *The Female Prelate*, a play on Pope Joan, but a series of pamphlets in Shaftesbury's interest and against the succession of the Duke of York. But in 1683 he was writing down Oates, ridiculing the Popish Plot, denouncing Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney, and making a *Panegyrick* of Judge Jeffreys, and (in 1685) issuing a *Heroic Poem* in honour of James II.'s coronation. Appointed City poet in 1691, in the following years he brought out a series of City pageants. He compiled lives of two impostors and cheats, a pamphlet on the cruelties of the Dutch towards the English in the East Indies, and a 'Pindarick' ode on the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts. *The Ladies' Triumph* was the last of some eight plays produced between 1694 and 1718; but long ere this their author was writing comicalities for Bartholomew Fair, acting in a booth there, and producing (for a livelihood) elegies and complimentary poems. In 1718 he was admitted to the Charterhouse.

Thomas Otway (1652-85), born twelve years after Wycherley, was one of Dryden's younger contemporaries who succeeded where the master had failed; his plays – brilliant achievements associated with a melancholy history – sound the tones of deepest tragedy with singular power. Born the son of a clergyman at Trotton near Midhurst in Sussex, Otway proceeded from Winchester College to Christ Church, Oxford, but left in 1672 without taking his degree. The same year he made his appearance as an actor on the London stage. It was an absolute breakdown, but here he doubtless acquired a knowledge of dramatic art which stood him in good stead when he began to write for the theatre. He produced three tragedies, a farce, and a comedy (*Alcibiades* (1675), *Don Carlos* (1676; based on the same French romance by St Réal as Schiller's), *Titus and Berenice* (from Racine; 1677), *The Cheats of Scapin* (adapted from Molière; 1677), and *Friendship in Fashion* (1678)) which were successfully performed; but Otway was always in poverty, mainly owing to drink and other kinds of dissipation. Betterton, Mrs Barry, and Mrs Brac girdle were amongst the actors who helped to secure popularity for his plays; it was a lifelong heart-break to the dramatist that Mrs Barry flouted his almost abject devotion to her. The Earl of Plymouth procured him an ensignship in a foot regiment, and the poet went for a year or two to Flanders. He was soon cashiered for his irregularities; and returning to England, he resumed writing for the stage. In 1680 he produced *The Orphan* and *Caius Marius*, tragedies; in 1681, *The Soldier's Fortune*, a comedy full of autobiographical detail; and in 1682, *Venice Preserved*. *The Atheist* (1684), a continuation of *The Soldier's Fortune*, was his last play; and Otway's short but eventful life came to a premature end after twenty years of want and extravagance. One biographer says the cause of his death was his hastily swallowing, after long fasting, a piece of bread which charity had supplied. Another story makes him die of fever brought on by fatigue or by drinking water when violently heated. Whatever was the last of his misfortunes, he was at the time in great poverty, and apparently skulking from creditors at a public-house on Tower Hill.

THOMAS OTWAY
From an Engraving after a Portrait by Beal.

The fame of Otway now rests on his two tragedies, *The Orphan* and *Venice Preserved*; but on these it rests as on the pillars of Hercules. Scott said his talents in scenes of passionate affection 'rival at least and sometimes excel those of Shakespeare: more tears have been shed, probably, for the sorrows of Belvidera and Monimia than for those of Juliet and Desdemona.' This is excessive praise. The inherent indelicacy and unpleasant associations of the plot have driven *The Orphan* from the theatres; but *Venice Preserved* was played at Drury Lane so recently as 1829. The stern, plotting character of Pierre is well contrasted with the irresolute, sensitive, and affectionate nature of Jaffier; and the harsh, unnatural cruelty of Priuli serves as a dark shade to set off the bright purity and tenderness of his daughter. Belvidera is Otway's creation, a creation of high dramatic genius. The dramatist's genius shines in his delineation of the passions of the heart, the ardour of love, and the excess of misery and despair. His humour is clumsy and gross, and his comedy is very poor, though the farce is funny and rollicking. There is in Otway little of the rant or bombast Dryden too often admitted. He was partly influenced by French models; there is something classical in the simplicity and skill he shows in the working of his plots, and in his concentration of interest on a few figures or groups of figures; of development of character there is little or none. The versification is sometimes rugged and irregular, and there are plenteous redundancies and inflated expressions, due largely to haste and carelessness. *Venice Preserved*, which Mr Gosse, like most critics, has praised as 'simply the greatest tragic drama between Shakespeare and Shelley,' excited keen interest in French, Dutch, German, Russian, and Italian versions. The following extract is the opening of the play; the shorter detached extracts which follow it are all from *The Orphan*.

From 'Venice Preserved.'

Priuli. No more! I'll hear no more; begone and leave me.

Jaffier. Not hear me! by my suffering but you shall!
My lord, my lord! I'm not that abject wretch
You think me. Patience! where's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not hear me?

Pri. Have you not wronged me?

Jaf. Could my nature e'er
Have brooked injustice or the doing wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent myself
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.
Wronged you?

Pri. Yes, wronged me! in the nicest point,
The honour of my house, you've done me wrong.
You may remember (for I now will speak,
And urge its baseness) when you first came home
From travel, with such hopes as made you looked [illegible],
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation;
Pleased with your growing virtue, I received you;
Courted and sought to raise you to your merits:
My house, my table, nay my fortune too,
My very self was yours; you might have used me
To your best service; like an open friend
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;
When, in requital of my best endeavours,
You treacherously practised to undo me;
Seduced the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.
Oh, Belvidera!

Jaf. 'Tis to me you owe her:
Childless you had been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.

You may remember, scarce five years are past,
Since in your brigantine you sailed to see
The Adriatic wedded by our duke,
And I was with you: your unskilful pilot
Dashed us upon a rock, when to your boat
You made for safety, entered first yourself;
The affrighted Belvidera, following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave washed off into the deep;
When instantly I plunged into the sea,
And buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeemed her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dashed the saucy waves,
That thronged and pressed to rob me of my prize.
I brought her, gave her to your despairing arms:
Indeed, you thanked me; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul: for from that hour she loved me,
Till for her life she paid me with herself.

Pri. You stole her from me; like a thief you stole her,
At dead of night; that cursed hour you chose
To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
May all your joys in her prove false, like mine!
A sterile fortune and a barren bed
Attend you both: continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter and grievous still:
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you, till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion!

Jaf. Half of your curse you have bestowed in vain.
Heaven has already crowned our faithful loves
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty:
May he live to prove more gentle than his grandsire,
And happier than his father!

Pri. Rather live
To bait thee for his bread, and din your ears
With hungry cries; whilst his unhappy mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.

Jaf. You talk as if 'twould please you.

Pri. 'Twould, by Heaven!
Once she was dear indeed; the drops that fell
From my sad heart when she forgot her duty,
The fountain of my life, were not so precious!
But she is gone, and if I am a man
I will forget her.

Jaf. Would I were in my grave!

Pri. And she, too, with thee;
For living here, you're but my cursed remembrancers
I once was happy!

Jaf. You use me thus, because you know my soul
Is fond of Belvidera. You perceive
My life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me.
Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
But I might send her back to you with contumely,
And court my fortune where she would be kinder?

Pri. You dare not do't.

Jaf. Indeed, my lord, I dare not.
My heart, that awes me, is too much my master:
Three years are past since first our vows were plighted,
During which time the world must bear me witness
I've treated Belvidera like your daughter,
The daughter of a senator of Venice:
Distinction, place, attendance, and observance,
Due to her birth, she always has commanded:
Out of my little fortune I have done this;
Because, though hopeless e'er to win your nature,
The world might see I loved her for herself;
Not as the heiress of the great Priuli.

Pri. No more.

Jaf. Yes, all, and then adieu for ever.
There 's not a wretch that lives on common charity
But 's happier than me; for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never waked but to a joyful morning:
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scaped, yet 's withered in the ripening.

Pri. Home, and be humble; study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly:
Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state:
Then to some suburb cottage both retire;
Drudge to feed loathsome life; get brats, and starve.
Home, home, I say. [*Exit.*

Jaf. Yes, if my heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling heart: home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to mine eyes,
Filled and dammed up with gaping creditors,
Watchful as fowlers when their game will spring:
I've now not fifty ducats in the world,
Yet still I am in love, and pleased with ruin.
O Belvidera! Oh! she is my wife—
And we will bear our wayward fate together,
But ne'er know comfort more. . . . [BELVIDERA *enters.*

Jaf. Poor Belvidera!

Belvidera. Lead me, lead me, my virgins,
To that kind voice. My lord, my love, my refuge!
Happy my eyes when they behold thy face;
My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightful joys.
Oh smile as when our loves were in their spring,
And cheer my fainting soul!

Jaf. As when our loves
Were in their spring! Has, then, my fortune changed
Art thou not, Belvidera, still the same, [thee?
Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found thee?
If thou art altered, where shall I have harbour?
Where ease my loaded heart? oh, where complain?

Bel. Does this appear like change, or love decaying,
When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of strong truth?
Beats not my heart as 'twould alarum thine
To a new charge of bliss? I joy more in thee
Than did thy mother when she hugged thee first,
And blessed the gods for all her travail past.

Jaf. Can there in woman be such glorious faith?
Sure all ill stories of thy sex are false.
Oh woman, lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you;
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There 's in you all that we believe of Heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

Bel. If love be treasure, we 'll be wondrous rich:
I have so much my heart will surely break with 't:
Vows can't express it: when I would declare
How great 's my joy, I'm dumb with the big thought;
I swell and sigh and labour with my longing.
Oh lead me to some desert, wide and wild,

Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have its vent ; where I may tell aloud
To the high heavens and every list'ning planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom 's fraught ;
Where I may throw my eager arms about thee,
Give loose to love, with kisses kindling joy,
And let off all the fire that 's in my heart !
Jaf. O Belvidera ! doubly I 'm a beggar :
Undone by fortune and in debt to thee.
Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend,
Is at my heels, and chases me in view.
Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can these limbs,
Framed for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?
When banished by our miseries abroad
(As suddenly we shall be) to seek out
In some far climate where our names are strangers
For charitable succour, wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads ;
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?
Bel. Oh I will love thee, even in madness love thee :
Though my distracted senses should forsake me,
I 'd find some intervals when my poor heart
Should 'suage itself, and be let loose to thine.
Though the bare earth be all our resting-place,
Its roots our food, some clift our habitation,
I 'll make this arm a pillow for thy head,
And as thou sighing liest and swelled with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest ;
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the morning.
Jaf. Hear this, you Heavens, and wonder how you made her !
Reign, reign, ye monarchs that divide the world ;
Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine ;
Like gaudy ships, the obsequious billows fall
And rise again, to lift you in your pride ;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you :
I in my private bark already wrecked,
Like a poor merchant, driven on unknown land,
That had by chance packed up his choicest treasure
In one dear casket, and saved only that :
Since I must wander farther on the shore,
Thus hug my little but my precious store,
Resolved to scorn and trust my fate no more.

Parting.

Where am I? Sure I wander midst enchantment,
And never more shall find the way [illegible]st.
But O Monimia! art thou indeed resolved
To punish me with everlasting absence?
Why turn'st thou from me? I 'm alone already.
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach
Sighing to winds and to the seas complaining,
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul 's embarked.
Wilt thou not turn? O could those eyes but speak,
I should know all, for love is pregnant in them :
They swell, they press their beams upon me still.
Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon
And please myself withal, whilst my heart 's breaking.

A Witch.

Through a close lane as I pursued my journey,
And meditated on the last night's vision,
I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself ;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were galled and red,
Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seemed withered,
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapped
The tattered remnant of an old striped hanging,
Which served to keep her carcass from the cold.
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patched
With different coloured rags—black, red, white, yellow
And seemed to speak variety of wretchedness.
I asked her of my way, which she informed me ;
Then craved my charity, and bade me hasten
To save a sister. At that word *I* started !

A Splenetic View of Woman.

Woman the fountain of all human frailty !
What mighty ills have not been done by woman !
Who was 't betrayed the Capitol? A woman.
Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman.
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war.
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman,
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman ;
Woman to man first as a blessing given.
When innocence and love were in their prime.
Happy a while in Paradise they lay,
But quickly woman longed to go astray ;
Some foolish new adventure needs must prove,
And the first devil she saw she changed her love ;
To his temptations lewdly she inclined
Her soul, and for an apple damned mankind.

Morning.

Wished Morning 's come ; and now upon the plains
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
The lusty swain comes with his well-filled scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the fields his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits.
The beasts that under the warm hedges slept,
And weathered out the cold bleak night, are up,
And, looking towards the neighbouring pastures, raise
The voice, and bid their fellow brutes good-morrow.
The cheerful birds, too, on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in choirs, and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

A Boar Hunt.

When you, Castalio, and your brother left me,
Forth from the thickets rushed another boar,
So large, he seemed the tyrant of the woods,
With all his dreadful bristles raised up high.
They seemed a grove of spears upon his back ;
Foaming he came at me where I was posted,
Best to observe which way he 'd lead the chase,
Whetting his huge long tusks, and gaping wide,
As if he already had me for his prey ;
Till brandishing my well-poised javelin high,
With this bold executing arm I struck
The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

Fine Speeches.

Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves
Or fools that use them when they want good sense;
But honesty needs no disguise nor ornament.

Honest Men.

Honest men
Are the soft easy cushions on which knaves
Repose and fatten.

Otway translated one or two things from Ovid and Horace, wrote a number of prologues and epilogues, some epistles and occasional verses, and a few songs. *Windsor Castle*, published posthumously, is a panegyric of Charles II. *The Poet's Complaint of his Muse, or a Satire against Libels* (1680), is largely laudation of the Duke of York; the fickle Muse having deserted her true love for Libel, the anti-Catholic agitation which temporarily drove James from England in 1679. The mutual devotion of the poet and the Muse is first described, and in the sixth of the twenty-one stanzas of this nondescript 'Pindaric' ode the breach between them is thus described:

But in this most transporting height,
Whence I looked down, and laught at fate,
All of a sudden I was altered grown;
I round me looked, and found myself alone;
My faithless Muse, my faithless Muse, was gone;
I tried if I a verse could frame:
Oft I in vain invoked my Clio's name.
The more I strove, the more I failed,
I chafed, I bit my pen, curst my dull skull, and railed,
Resolved to force m' untoward thought, and at the last [prevailed.
A line came forth, but such a one,
No travelling matron in her child birth pains,
Full of the joyful hopes to bear a son,
Was more astonished at th' unlooked-for shape
Of some deformed baboon, or ape,
Than I was at the hideous issue of my brains
I tore my paper, stabbed my pen,
And swore I'd never write again,
Resolved to be a doating fool no more.
But when my reckoning I began to make,
I found too long I'd slept, and was too late awake;
I found m' ungrateful Muse, for whose false sake
I did myself undo,
Had robbed me of my dearest store,
My precious time, my friends, and reputation too;
And left me helpless, friendless, very proud, and poor.

. . . . . .

The whistling winds blew fiercely o'er his head,
Cold was his lodging, hard his bed;
Aloft his eyes on the wide heavens he cast,
Where we are told peace only's found at last;
And as he did its hopeless distance see,
Sighed deep and cried, How far is peace from me!

This is one of Otway's songs:

The Enchantment.

I did but look and love a-while,
'Twas but for one half hour,
Then to resist I had no will,
And now I have no power.

To sigh and wish is all my ease;
Sighs, which do heat impart
Enough to melt the coldest ice,
Yet cannot warm your heart.

O! would your pity give my heart
One corner of your breast,
'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
And quickly steal the rest.

The best edition of Otway is Thornton's (3 vols. 1813). See Johnson's *Lives*, Ward's *Dramatic Literature*, Mr Gosse in *Seventeenth Century Studies*, and the Hon. Roden Noel's volume on Otway in the 'Mermaid Series' (1888). There are German books on the *Don Carlos* of Otway and Schiller and their relation to the romance of the Abbé St Réal by Löwenberg (1880) and Ernst Muller (1888).

Thomas Southerne (1660–1746) was born at Oxmantown near Dublin, and studied at Trinity College, but in 1678 came to England and enrolled himself in the Middle Temple as a student of law. He entered the army in 1685, and rose rapidly to the rank of captain; but the Revolution dashed his hopes of further promotion. He was a friend of Dryden, who entrusted him with the completion of his *Cleomenes*, was praised by Pope, and lived to be spoken of as 'the poets' Nestor.' His later days were spent in retirement and in the possession of a considerable fortune, largely the outcome of his dramatic successes. He wrote ten plays, but only two fully exhibit his characteristic powers—*Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage* (1694), and *Oroonoko* (1696). The latter is founded on Aphra Behn's novel (see above, page 57), and that on an actual occurrence; Oroonoko, an African prince, having been stolen from his native kingdom of Angola and carried to one of the West India Islands. The impassioned intensity of Oroonoko's sufferings, his burst of horror and indignation at the slave-trade, and his devotion to the beautiful and virtuous Imoinda are powerfully and pathetically presented. *Isabella* is more regular than *Oroonoko*, and the part of the heroine affords scope for a tragic actress scarcely inferior in pathos to Belvidera; but on the whole Southerne is excelled by Otway in depth of passion and vigorous character-drawing. The plot of *Isabella* is also based on Mrs Behn's romance of *The Nun*. In abject distress and believing her husband to be dead, Isabella is hurried into a second marriage. Biron returns, and the heroine's agony ends in madness and death. Comic scenes are interspersed throughout Southerne's tragedies, which, though they relieve the sombre colouring of the main action and interest of the piece, are sometimes misplaced and unwelcome. Thus there were comic scenes in *Oroonoko*, subsequently omitted. And bathos intrudes from time to time, as will be seen in the extracts. Of the comedies, one or two are amusing, though more than gross enough. In the following scene from *Oroonoko* hero and heroine unexpectedly meet after long separation, both being now slaves on the plantations of Surinam (at this time British), in the presence of the Governor:

Oroonoko. O all you gods
Who govern this great world and bring about
Things strange and unexpected, can it be? . . .
My soul steals from my body through my eyes;
All that is left of life I 'll gaze away,
And die upon the pleasure.
Governor. This is strange!
Oroo. If you but mock me with your image here:
If she be not Imoinda—— [*He runs to her.*
Ha! she faints!
Nay, then, it must be she—it is Imoinda:
My heart confesses her, and leaps for joy,
To welcome her to her own empire here. [*Kisses her.*
I feel her all in every part of me.
O let me press her in my eager arms,
Wake her to life, and with this kindling kiss
Give back that soul she only sent to me. . . .
Imoinda! oh, thy Oroonoko calls.
Imoinda (*reviving*). My Oroonoko! Oh! I can't believe
What any man can say. But if I am
To be deceived, there 's something in that name,
That voice, that face——
Oh! if I know myself, I cannot be mistaken.
Oroo. Never here: [*Embracing her.*
You cannot be mistaken: I am yours,
Your Oroonoko, all that you would have;
Your tender, loving husband.
Imo. All, indeed,
That I would have: my husband! then I am
Alive, and waking to the joys I feel:
They were so great, I could not think 'em true;
But I believe all that you say to me:
For truth itself, and everlasting love,
Grows in this breast, and pleasure in these arms.
Oroo. Take, take me all; inquire into my heart—
You know the way to every secret there—
My heart, the sacred treasury of love:
And if in absence I have disemployed
A mite from the rich store; if I have spent
A wish, a sigh, but what I sent to you,
May I be cursed to wish and sigh in vain,
And you not pity me.
Imo. Oh! I believe,
And know you by myself. If these sad eyes,
Since last we parted, have beheld the face
Of any comfort, or once wished to see
The light of any other heaven but you,
May I be struck this moment blind, and lose
Your blessed sight, never to find you more.
Oroo. Imoinda! Oh! this separation
Has made you dearer, if it can be so,
Than you were ever to me. You appear
Like a kind star to my benighted steps,
To guide me on my way to happiness:
I cannot miss it now. Governor, friend,
You think me mad; but let me bless you all,
Who anyways have been the instruments
Of finding her again. Imoinda 's found!
And everything that I would have in her.
Blandford. Sir, we congratulate your happiness;
I do most heartily.
Gov. And all of us.
But how it comes to pass——
Oroo. That would require
More precious time than I can spare you now.
I have a thousand things to ask of her,
And she as many more to know of me.
But you have made me happier, I confess,
Acknowledge it, much happier than I
Have words or power to tell you. Captain, you,
Even you, who most have wronged me, I forgive.
I will not say you have betrayed me now:
I 'll think you but the minister of fate,
To bring me to my loved Imoinda here.
Imo. How, how shall I receive you? how be worthy
Of such endearments, all this tenderness?
These are the transports of prosperity,
When fortune smiles upon us.
Oroo. Let the fools
Who follow fortune live upon her smiles;
All our prosperity is placed in love;
We have enough of that to make us happy.
This little spot of earth you stand upon
Is more to me than the extended plains
Of my great father's kingdom. Here I reign
In full delights, in joys to power unknown;
Your love my empire, and your heart my throne.

From 'The Fatal Marriage.'

Isabella. I've heard of witches, magic spells, and charms,
That have made nature start from her old course:
The sun has been eclipsed, the moon drawn down
From her career still paler, and subdued
To the abuses of this under world.
Now I believe all possible. This ring,
This little ring, with necromantic force,
Has raised the ghost of pleasure to my fears;
Conjured the sense of honour and of love
Into such shapes, they fright me from myself!
I dare not think of them.
Nurse (*entering*). Madam, the gentleman 's below.
Isa. I had forgot; pray, let me speak with him.
[*Exit Nurse.*
This ring was the first present of my love
To Biron, my first husband; I must blush
To think I have a second. Biron died
(Still to my loss) at Candy; there 's my hope.
Oh, do I live to hope that he died there?
It must be so; he 's dead, and this ring left,
By his last breath, to some known faithful friend,
To bring me back again; that 's all I have to trust to.
[*Enter* BIRON.
My fears were woman's—I have viewed him all;
And let me, let me say it to myself,
I live again, and rise but from his tomb.
Biron. Have you forgot me quite?
Isa. Forgot you!
Bir. Then farewell my disguise, and my misfortunes!
My Isabella! [*He goes to her; she faints.*
Isa. Ha!
Bir. Oh! come again;
Thy Biron summons thee to life and love;
Once I had charms to wake thee:
Thy once-loved, ever-loving husband calls;
Thy Biron speaks to thee.
Isa. My husband! Biron!
Bir. Excess of love and joy for my return
Has overpowered her. I was to blame
To take thy sex's softness unprepared;
But sinking thus, thus dying in my arms,
This ecstasy has made my welcome more

Than words could say. Words may be counterfeit,
False coined, and current only from the tongue,
Without the mind; but passion 's in the soul,
And always speaks the heart.
Isa. Where have I been?
Why do you keep him from me?
I know his voice; my life, upon the wing,
Hears the soft lure that brings me back again;
'Tis he himself, my Biron, the dear man.
My true loved husband, do I hold you fast,
Never to part again? Can I believe it?
Nothing but you could work so great a change;
There 's more than life itself in dying here.
If I must fall, death 's welcome in these arms.
Bir. Live ever in these arms.
Isa. But pardon me;
Excuse the wild disorder of my soul;
The joy, the strange surprising joy of seeing you,
Of seeing you again, distracted me.
Bir. Thou everlasting goodness!
Isa. Answer me:
What hand of Providence has brought you back
To your own home again? O satisfy
Th' impatience of my heart; I long to know
The story of thy sufferings. . . . Oh, tell me all,
For every thought confounds me.
Bir. My best life! at leisure all.
Isa. We thought you dead; killed at the siege of Candy.
Bir. There I fell among the dead;
But hopes of life reviving from my wounds,
I was preserved but to be made a slave.
I often writ to my hard father, but never had
An answer; I writ to thee too.
Isa. What a world of woe
Had been prevented but in hearing from you!
Bir. Alas! thou couldst not help me.
Isa. You do not know how much I could have done;
At least, I'm sure I could have suffered all;
I would have sold myself to slavery,
Without redemption; given up my child,
The dearest part of me, to basest wants.
Bir. My little boy!
Isa. My life, but to have heard
You were alive—which now too late I find. [*Aside.*
Bir. No more, my love; complaining of the past,
We lose the present joy. 'Tis over price
Of all my pains that thus we meet again.
I have a thousand things to say to thee.
Isa. Would I were past the hearing. [*Aside.*
Bir. How does my child, my boy, my father too?
I hear he 's living still.
Isa. Well, both; both well;
And may he prove a father to your hopes,
Though we have found him none.
Bir. Come, no more tears.
Isa. Seven long years of sorrow for your loss
Have mourned with me.
Bir. And all my days to come
Shall be employed in a kind recompense
For thy afflictions. Can't I see my boy?
Isa. He 's gone to bed; I 'll have him brought to you.
Bir. To-morrow I shall see him; I want rest
Myself, after my weary pilgrimage.
Isa. Alas! what shall I get for you?
Bir. Nothing but rest, my love. To-night I would not
Be known, if possible, to your family:
I see my nurse is with you; her welcome would
Be tedious at this time; to-morrow will do better.
Isa. I'll dispose of her, and order everything
As you would have it. [*Exit.*
Bir. Grant me but life, good Heaven, and give the [means
To make this wondrous goodness some amends;
And let me then forget her, if I can.
Oh! she deserves of me much more than I
Can lose for her, though I again could venture
A father and his fortune for her love!
You wretched fathers, blind as fortune all!
Not to perceive that such a woman's worth
Weighs down the portions you provide your sons:
What is your trash, what all your heaps of gold,
Compared to this, my heartfelt happiness?
What has she in my absence undergone!
I must not think of that; it drives me back
Upon myself, the fatal cause of all.
Isa. (*returning*). I have obeyed your pleasure;
Everything is ready for you.
Bir. I can want nothing here; possessing thee,
All my desires are carried to their aim
Of happiness; there 's no room for a wish,
But to continue still this blessing to me;
I know the way, my love. I shall sleep sound.
Isa. Shall I [attend] you?
Bir. By no means;
I 've been so long a slave to others' pride,
To learn, at least, to wait upon myself;
You 'll make haste after? [*Going.*
Isa. I 'll but say my prayers, and follow you.
My prayers! no, I must never pray again.
Prayers have their blessings, to reward our hopes,
But I have nothing left to hope for more.
What Heaven could give I have enjoyed; but now
The baneful planet rises on my fate,
And what 's to come is a long life of woe;
Yet I may shorten it. I promised him to follow—him!
Is he without a name? Biron, my husband. . . .
My husband! Ha! What, then, is Villeroy? . . .
Oh, Biron, hadst thou come but one day sooner
I would have followed thee through beggary,
Through all the chances of this mortal life,
Wandered the many ways of wretchedness
With thee, to find a hospitable grave;
For that 's the only bed that 's left me now.
What 's to be done? for something must be done.
Two husbands! yet not one! . . .
And yet a wife to neither. Hold, my brain. . . .
Ha! a lucky thought
Works the right way to rid me of them all;
All the reproaches, infamies, and scorns,
That every tongue and finger will find for me.
Let the just horror of my apprehensions
But keep me warm; no matter what can come.
'Tis but a blow. If I should miss my heart?
But every part is mortal to such wounds.
Yet I will see him first,
Have a last look, to heighten my despair,
And then to rest for ever.

Editions of his plays were published in 1713 and 17[illegible] [illegible] a better one, in three volumes, with a Life of Southerne, wa[illegible] dedicated to Garrick in 1774. In a prologue he had been [illegible] 'great Otway's peer, and greater Dryden's friend.' Garri[illegible] [illegible]vived *The Nun* in 1757, but had to Bowdlerise it. [illegible] still being performed about 1830. See Colley Cibber's *Apo*[illegible] (ed. Lowe, 1889).

Tom Brown (1663–1704) — 'of facetious memory,' in Addison's phrase—was a native of Shifnal in Salop. He left Christ Church without a degree, but had in his Oxford days become already famous for wit and for irregularities. It was when threatened with expulsion by Dr Fell, the Dean of Christ Church, that the famous epigram is said to have been extemporised:

> I do not love thee, Dr Fell,
> The reason why I cannot tell;
> But this I know, and know full well,
> I do not love thee, Dr Fell;

less likely as an extempore translation of Martial's 'Non amo te, Sabidi,' than as a paraphrase of Thomas Forde's extant version (1661): 'I love thee not, Nel! but why, I can't tell.' And it should be added that the very same thing is found in good French. Tom was a 'merry fellow' and libertine, who, having after three years' work lost his post as schoolmaster at Kingston-upon-Thames, became a professional author and libeller in the metropolis. His writings, which consist of translations in prose and verse, dialogues, letters, poems, and other miscellanies, display considerable learning as well as shrewdness and humour, but are deformed by obscene and scurrilous buffoonery. He satirised or wrote epigrams on Dryden, Tom Durfey, Blackmore, Sherlock, Sternhold and Hopkins, Scots and Highlanders. And there is a long series of letters from the dead to the living, from the living to the dead, and an imitation of Lucian's *Dialogues of the Dead*. His most indecent things are by no means always his best, but his very best are generally unquotable. And he was not always facetious as, for instance, in his verses 'To Mr Dryden on his Conversion':

> Traytor to God and rebel to thy pen,
> Priest ridden poet, perjured son of Ben,
> If ever thou prove honest, then the nation
> May modestly believe Transubstantiation.

His elegy on Viscount Dundee shows real feeling as well as conviction. His ingenuity in phrases may be seen in the remarks made in a hypothetical letter from Dr Blew to the dead Purcell. Blew (who survived Brown some years) is made to comment unfavourably on the flattering inscription to Purcell put on a pillar behind Purcell's organ, and said, 'The fanaticks especially are very highly offended at it, and say it looks as if a man could toot himself to heaven on the whore of Babylon's bag-pipes'—a more disrespectful description of an organ than even the traditional Scottish Presbyterian 'kist of whistles.'

Letter from Scarron in the Next World to Louis XIV.

All the conversation of this lower world at present runs upon you; and the devil a word we can hear in any of our coffee-houses but what his Gallic majesty is more or less concerned in. 'Tis agreed on by all our virtuosos that since the days of Dioclesian no prince has been so great a benefactor to hell as yourself; and as much a master of eloquence as I was once thought to be at Paris, I want words to tell you how much you are commended here for so heroically trampling under foot the treaty of Reswick [Ryswick, 1697], and opening a new scene of war in your great climacteric, at which age most of the princes before you were such recreants as to think of making up their scores with Heaven, and leaving their neighbours in peace. But you, they say, are above such sordid precedents; and rather than Pluto should want men to people his dominions, are willing to spare him half a million of your own subjects, and that at a juncture, too, when you are not overstocked with them.

This has gained you a universal applause in these regions; the three Furies sing your praises in every street; Bellona swears there's never a prince in Christendom worth hanging besides yourself; and Charon bustles for you in all companies. He desired me about a week ago to present his most humble respects to you; adding that if it had not been for your majesty, he with his wife and children must long ago have been quartered upon the parish; for which reason he duly drinks your health every morning in a cup of cold Styx next his conscience. . . .

Last week, as I was sitting with some of my acquaintance in a public-house, after a great deal of impertinent chat about the affairs of the Milanese and the intended siege of Mantua, the whole company fell a-talking of your majesty, and what glorious exploits you had performed in your time. Why, gentlemen, says an ill-looked rascal who proved to be Herostratus, for Pluto's sake, let not the Grand Monarch run away with all your praises. I have done something memorable in my time too: 'twas I who, out of the *gaieté de cœur* and to perpetuate my name, fired the famous temple of the Ephesian Diana, and in two hours consumed that magnificent structure, which was two hundred years a-building; therefore, gentlemen, lavish not away all your praises, I beseech you, upon one man, but allow others their share. Why, thou diminutive, inconsiderable wretch, said I in a great passion to him, thou worthless idle loggerhead, thou pigmy in sin, thou Tom Thumb in iniquity, how dares such a puny insect as thou art have the impudence to enter the lists with Lewis le Grand? Thou valuest thyself upon firing a church, but how? when the mistress of the house, who was a midwife by profession, was gone out to assist Olympias, and delivered her of Alexander the Great. 'Tis plain thou hadst not the courage to do it when the goddess was present, and upon the spot. But what is this to what my royal master can boast of, that had destroyed a hundred and a hundred such foolish fabrics in his time, and bravely ordered them to be bombarded. . . . Therefore turn out of the room, like a paltry insignificant villain as thou art, or I'll pick thy carcass for thee.

He had no sooner made his exit, but cries an odd sort of spark, with his hat buttoned up before like a country scraper: Under favour, sir, what do you think of me? Why, who are you? replied I to him. Who am I? answered he; why, Nero, the sixth emperor of Rome, that murdered my—— Come, said I to him, to stop your prating, I know your history as well as yourself—that murdered your mother, kicked your wife down-stairs, dispatched two apostles out of the world, begun the first persecution against the Christians, and, lastly, put your master Seneca to death. . . . Whereas his most Christian majesty, whose advocate I am resolved to be against all opposers whatever, has bravely and generously starved a million of poor Hugonots at home, and sent t'other million of them a-grazing into foreign countries, contrary to solemn edicts and repeated promises, for no other provocation that I know of but because they were such coxcombs as to place him upon the throne. In short, friend Nero, thou mayest pass for a rogue of the third or fourth class; but be advised by a stranger, and never shew thyself such a fool as to dispute the pre-eminence with Lewis le Grand, who has murdered more men in his reign, let me tell thee, than thou hast murdered tunes, for all thou art the vilest thrummer upon cat-gut the sun ever beheld. However, to give the devil his due, I will say it before thy face and behind thy back, that if thou hadst reigned as many years as my gracious master has done, and hadst had, instead of Tigellinus, a Jesuit or two to have governed thy conscience, thou mightest, in all probability, have made a much more magnificent figure, and been inferior to none but the mighty monarch I have been talking of. . . .

An Indian's Account of a London Gaming-house.

The English pretend that they worship but one God, but for my part, I don't believe what they say; for besides several living divinities, to which we may see them daily offer their vows, they have several other inanimate ones to whom they pay sacrifices, as I have observed at one of their public meetings, where I happened once to be.

In this place there is a great altar to be seen, built round and covered with a green *wachum*, lighted in the midst, and encompassed by several persons in a sitting posture, as we do at our domestick sacrifices. At the very moment I came into the room, one of those, who I supposed was the priest, spread upon the altar certain leaves which he took out of a little book that he held in his hand. Upon these leaves were represented certain figures very awkwardly painted; however, they must needs be the images of some divinities; for in proportion as they were distributed round, each one of the assistants made an offering to it, greater or less according to his devotion. I observed that these offerings were more considerable than those they make in their other temples.

After the aforesaid ceremony is over, the priest lays his hand in a trembling manner, as it were, upon the rest of the book, and continues some time in this posture, seized with fear, and without any action at all. All the rest of the company, attentive to what he does, are in suspense all the while, and the unmovable assistants are all of them in their turn possest by different agitations, according to the spirit which happens to seize them. One joins his hands together, and blesses Heaven; another, very earnestly looking upon his image, grinds his teeth; a third bites his fingers, and stamps upon the ground with his feet. Every one of them, in short, makes such extraordinary postures and contortions, that they seem to be no longer rational creatures. But scarce has the priest turned a certain leaf, but he is likewise seized by the same fury with the rest. He tears the book, and devours it in his rage, throws down the altar, and curses the sacrifice. Nothing now is to be heard but complaints and groans, cries and imprecations. Seeing them so transported and so furious, I judge that the God that they worship is a jealous deity, who, to punish them for what they sacrifice to others, sends to each of them an evil demon to possess him.

(From *Amusements Serious and Comical*.)

Laconics, or New Maxims of State and Conversation.

If your friend is in want, don't carry him to the tavern, where you treat yourself as well as him, and entail a thirst and headache upon him next morning. To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy, or fill his snuff box, is like giving a pair of lace ruffles to a man that has never a shirt on his back. Put something into his pocket.

What is sauce for a goose is sauce for a gander. When any calamities befell the Roman empire, the pagans used to lay it to the charge of the Christians: when Christianity became the imperial religion, the Christians returned the same compliment to the pagans.

That which passes for current doctrine at one juncture and in one climate won't do so in another. The cavaliers, in the beginning of the troubles, used to trump up the 12th of the *Romans* upon the parliament; the parliament trumped it upon the army, when they would not disband; the army back again upon the parliament, when they disputed their orders. Never was poor chapter so unmercifully tossed to and fro again.

Not to flatter ourselves, we English are none of the most constant and easy people in the world. When the late war pinched us—Oh! when shall we have a peace and trade again? We had no sooner a peace, but Huzza, boys, for a new war! and that we shall soon be sick of.

A widow and a government are ready, upon all occasions, to tax the new husband and the new prince with the merits of their predecessors, unless the former husband was hanged, and the former king sent to grass; and then they bid them take fair warning by their destiny.

For a king to engage his people in war, to carry off every little ill humour of state, is like a physician's ordering his patient a flux for every pimple.

The surest way of governing, both in a private family and a kingdom, is for a husband and a prince sometimes to drop their prerogative.

What a fine thing it is to be well mannered upon occasion! In the reign of King Charles II. a certain worthy divine at Whitehall thus addressed himself to the auditory at the conclusion of his sermon: In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the gospel, but abandon yourselves to your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in a certain place which 'tis not good manners to mention here.

A man in throwing dirt at an adversary does often bespatter himself.

Some books, like the city of London, fare the better for being burnt.

'Twas a merry saying of Rabelais, that a man ought to buy all the bad books that come out, because they will never be printed again.

The style of his satires and epigrams may be gathered from a verse of his address 'To Mr D'Urfey on his uncomparable Ballads,' beginning—

> Thou cur, half French half English blood,
> Thou mongrel of Parnassus;

and containing the verse—

> Thou write Pindarics, and be damned!
> Write epigrams for cutlers,
> None with thy lyrics can be shammed
> But chambermaids and butlers.

Sir John Vanbrugh

Sir John Vanbrugh united what Leigh Hunt called for no very obvious reason the 'apparently incompatible geniuses' of comic writer and architect. His Blenheim and Castle Howard have outlived *The Provoked Wife* or *The Relapse;* yet the latter were for many years highly popular; and even Pope, though he admits his want of grace, says that he never wanted wit. The grandson of a Ghent Protestant refugee (Vanbrug), Vanbrugh was the son of a Cheshire sugar-baker who rose to be an esquire and comptroller of the Treasury Chamber, besides marrying the daughter of Sir Dudley Carlton. Baptised in London 24th January 1664, young Vanbrugh was educated as architect in France, and by his wit, handsome figure, and geniality won a footing in society. In 1685 he obtained a commission in the army. In 1690 he was seized at Calais and imprisoned at Vincennes and in the Bastille; before his release in 1692 he had been planning a comedy. The *Relapse* (suggested by Colley Cibber's work) was produced with success in 1697, and was recast by Sheridan (as *A Trip to Scarborough*, in 1777, and by Hollingshead in 1870. *Æsop* (based on a French original followed directly; *The Provoked Wife* (1697) produced a powerful impression. The indecencies of the *Relapse* and the *Provoked Wife* were largely utilised by Jeremy Collier in his philippic against the contemporary stage. Later pieces were *The False Friend* (1702; from Lesage), and *The Country House, The Confederacy, The Mistake* (from Molière in 1705). Meanwhile as architect he had made his famous design for Castle Howard (built 1702-14), and Lord Carlisle appoint[illegible]n Clarenceux King-at Arms. In 1703-5 he built the Queen's Theatre in Haymarket, of which h was lessee, manager, and principal dramati author. In 1705 also he commenced his novel and imposing design for the great national structure at Blenheim, an enterprise that led to quarrels with the imperious Duchess of Marlborough, and was stopped by the queen's command in 1712. He was heavily out of pocket by the transaction, though some of the arrears were paid in the next reign. The Duchess did her best to irritate and annoy him, and to make him liable for outlays made on her behalf. Spite of these embarrassments, he built many noteworthy mansions, including Dalkeith Palace, was knighted by George I., and appointed comptroller of the royal works and architect to Greenwich Hospital (in succession to Wren). He died at Whitehall, 20th March 1726. At the time of his death Vanbrugh was engaged on a comedy, finished by Colley Cibber as *The Provoked Husband*, and long a favourite piece. The architectural designs of Vanbrugh were praised by Sir Joshua Reynolds for their display of imagination and their originality of invention, but ridiculed by Swift and other wits of the day for heaviness and incongruity of design. His aim was always to produce the impression of vastness and grandiosity.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.
From an Engraving by J. Faber after a Picture by J. Richardson painted in 1725.

The first thing in Vanbrugh's plays which strikes the reader is the lively ease of his dialogue. Congreve had more wit, but less nature and less genuine unaffected humour and gaiety. Vanbrugh drew more from living originals, and depicted the manners of his times—the coarse debauchery of the country knight, the gallantry of town-wits and fortune-hunters, and the love of French intrigue and French manners in his female characters. Lord Foppington in the *Relapse* is the original of most of those luxurious coxcombs who abound in modern comedy, intent on dress, fashion, and self-indulgence, full of silly affectations (as in utterance), but not without wit and spirit. When he loses his mistress he consoles himself with this reflection:

> Now, for my part, I think the wisest thing a man can do with an aching heart is to put on a serene countenance; for a philosophical air is the most becoming thing in the world to the face of a person of quality. I will therefore bear my disgrace like a great man, and let the people see I am above an affront. [*Aloud.*] Dear Tam, since things are thus fallen out, prithee give me leave to wish thee joy. I do it *de bon cœur*—strike me dumb! You have married a woman beautiful in her person, charming in her airs, prudent in her conduct, canstant in her inclinations, and of a nice marality—split my windpipe!

The young lady thus eulogised, Miss Hoyden, is the lively, ignorant, romping country-girl to be met with in most of the comedies of this period. In the *Provoked Wife* the coarse pot-house valour and absurdity of Sir John Brute (Garrick's famous part) is well contrasted with the fine-lady airs and affectation of his wife, transported from the country to the hotbed luxuries of London fashion and extravagance. Such scenes delighted our play-going ancestors, and may still please us, in spite of faults of taste, for their own wit and, like antique family portraits, as pictures of a departed generation. Vanbrugh's portraits were exaggerated and heightened for dramatic effect; yet on the whole they are characteristic likenesses. There is an endless flow of vivacity and plenty of lively satire and broadly humorous raillery, but the whole is dashed with the most unblushing licentiousness. 'The licence of the times,' as Leigh Hunt says, 'allowed Vanbrugh to be plain-spoken to an extent which was perilous to his animal spirits;' but, like Dryden, he to some extent repented of these indiscretions—though he was one of the most confident 'answerers' of Collier's impeachment.

The following is part of the scene in the *Provoked Wife* in which Sir John Brute, having disguised himself in his lady's dress and joined in a drunken midnight frolic, is taken by the constable and watchmen before a Justice of the Peace:

Justice. Well, Mr Constable, what is the matter there?

Constable. An't please your worship, this here comical sort of a gentlewoman has committed great outrages to-night. She has been frolicking with my Lord Rake and his gang; they attacked the watch, and I hear there has been a man killed: I believe 'tis they have done it. . . .

Just. Why, truly, she does seem a little masculine about the mouth.

2nd Watchman. Yes, and about the hands too, an't please your worship. I did but offer in mere civility to help her up the steps into our apartment, and with her gripen fist—ay, just so, sir. [Sir JOHN *knocks him down.*

Sir John. I felled him to the ground like an ox.

Just. Out upon this boisterous woman! Out upon her!

Sir John. Mr Justice, he would have been uncivil! It was in defence of my honour, and I demand satisfaction.

2nd Watch. I hope your worship will satisfy her honour in Bridewell; that fist of hers will make an admirable hemp-beater.

Sir John. Sir, I hope you will protect me against that libidinous rascal: I am a woman of quality and virtue too, for all I am in an undress this morning.

Just. Why, she has really the air of a sort of a woman a little something out of the common. Madam if you expect I should be favourable to you, I desire I may know who you are.

Sir John. Sir, I am anybody, at your service.

Just. Lady, I desire to know your name.

Sir John. Sir, my name 's Mary.

Just. Ay, but your surname, madam?

Sir John. Sir, my surname 's the very same with my husband's.

Just. A strange woman this! Who is your husband, pray?

Sir John. Sir John.

Just. Sir John who?

Sir John. Sir John Brute.

Just. Is it possible, madam, you can be my Lady Brute?

Sir John. That happy woman, sir, am I: only a little in my merriment to-night.

Just. I am concerned for Sir John.

Sir John. Truly so am I.

Just. I have heard he 's an honest gentleman.

Sir John. As ever drank

Just. Good lack! Indeed, lady, I'm sorry he has such a wife.

Sir John. I am sorry he has any wife at all.

Just. And so, perhaps, may he.—I doubt you have not given him a very good taste of matrimony.

Sir John. Taste, sir! Sir, I have scorned to stint him to a taste, I have given him a full meal of it.

Just. Indeed I believe so! But pray, fair lady, may he have given you any occasion for this extraordinary conduct? does he not use you well?

Sir John. A little upon the rough sometimes.

Just. Ay, any man may be out of humour now and then.

Sir John. Sir, I love peace and quiet, and when a woman don't find that at home, she 's apt sometimes to comfort herself with a few innocent diversions abroad.

Just. I doubt he uses you but too well. Pray how does he as to that weighty thing, money? Does he allow you what is proper of that?

Sir John. Sir, I have generally enough to pay the reckoning, if this son of a whore of a drawer would but bring his bill.

Just. A strange woman this!—Does he spend a reasonable portion of his time at home, to the comfort of his wife and children?

Sir John. He never gave his wife cause to repine at his being abroad in his life. . . .

Just. 'Tis a great pity he should have been thus disposed of. Pray, madam (and then I've done), what may be your ladyship's common method of life? If I may presume so far.

Sir John. Why, sir, much that of a woman of quality.

Just. Pray how may you generally pass your time, madam? your morning for example.

Sir John. Sir, like a woman of quality. I wake about two o'clock in the afternoon—I stretch—and make a sign for my chocolate. When I have drank three cups I slide down again upon my back, with my arms over my head, while my two maids put on my stockings. Then, hanging upon their shoulders, I am trailed to my great chair, where I sit—and yawn—for my breakfast. If it don't come presently, I lie down upon my couch to say my prayers, while my maid reads me the play-bills.

Just. Very well, madam.

Sir John. When the tea is brought in, I drink twelve regular dishes, with eight slices of bread and butter. And half an hour after, I send to the cook to know if the dinner is almost ready.

Just. So, madam!

Sir John. By that time my head is half dressed, I hear my husband swearing himself into a state of perdition that the meat 's all cold upon the table, to amend which I come down in an hour more, and have it sent back to the kitchen to be all dressed over again.

Just. Poor man!

Sir John. When I have dined, and my idle servants are presumptuously set down at their ease, to do so too, I call for my coach, to go visit fifty dear friends, of whom I hope I shall never find one at home while I shall live.

Just. So, there 's the morning and afternoon pretty well disposed of! Pray, madam, how do you pass your evenings?

> *Sir John.* Like a woman of spirit, sir, a great spirit Give me a box and dice. Seven 's the main! Oons! Sir, I set you a hundred pound! Why, do you think women are married now a days to sit at home and mend napkins? Sir, we have nobler ways of passing time.
>
> *Just.* Mercy upon us, Mr Constable, what will this age come to?
>
> *Con.* What will it come to, indeed, if such women as these are not set in the stocks?
>
> *Sir John.* Sir, I have a little urgent business calls upon me; and therefore I desire the favour of you to bring matters to a conclusion.
>
> *Just.* Madam, if I were sure that business were not to commit more disorders, I would release you.
>
> *Sir John.* None. . . .
>
> *Just.* Then, Mr Constable, you may discharge her.
>
> *Sir John.* Sir, your very humble servant. If you please to accept of a bottle——
>
> *Just.* I thank you kindly, madam; but I never drink in a morning. Good-by t'ye, madam, good-by-t'ye.

There are editions of Vanbrugh by W. A. Ward (1893) and A. E. H. Swaen (1896).

William Congreve wrote a series of comedies which, more than any others in the English language, abound in witty dialogue and lively incident, though their licentiousness has banished them from the stage. Born at Bardsey near Leeds, and baptised 10th February 1670, he was of a good family, and his father held a military employment in Ireland, where the poet was educated -first at Kilkenny School, and then at Trinity College, Dublin. He studied law in the Middle Temple, but finding, as Leigh Hunt says, that, having family as well as wit and scholarship, he could make way in life without a profession, he early began to write. His first publication was a novel of cross-purposes and disguises, *Incognita*, full of ornate Gongorism and silly mock-sentiment, not without resemblances to Shakespeare's fancy plays, and closely akin to the prose comedy invented by Etherege and strengthened by Wycherley. He translated the seventh satire of Juvenal (1692), and next appeared as a writer for the stage. His *Old Bachelor* was produced, under Dryden's auspices, in January 1693, and acted with great applause. Other plays soon appeared: *The Double Dealer* in 1693; *Love for Love* in 1695; *The Mourning Bride*, a tragedy, in 1697; and *The Way of the World* in 1700. In 1710 he published a collection of miscellaneous poems, of which one little piece, *Doris*, is worthy of his fame. His position was assured as one of the foremost wits. He was eminently popular in society, and good fortune faithfully followed him. He received a succession of lucrative offices—a commissionership of wine licenses (1705-14), the secretaryship for Jamaica (from the first year of George I.'s reign, and worth £700 a year), and an appointment in the Customs. He was flattered and praised, was treated as a literary genius of the first rank, but was singularly free of literary jealousy. Basking in the sunshine of opulence and courtly society, Congreve wished to forget that he was an author; he maintained the affectation of insisting that his plays were dashed off quite carelessly for his own amusement; and when Voltaire waited upon him, he said he would rather be considered a gentleman than a poet. 'If you had been merely a gentleman,' said the witty Frenchman, 'I should not have come to visit you.' He lived a luxurious and apparently happy life, though latterly afflicted with gout and an affection of the eyes which terminated in total blindness. He died at his house in London on 19th January 1730. Congreve had contracted a close intimacy with the Duchess of Marlborough (daughter of the great Duke), sat at her table daily, and assisted in her household management. On his death he left the bulk of his fortune, amounting to about £10,000, to this eccentric lady. The Duchess spent seven of the ten thousand pounds in the purchase of a diamond necklace. 'How much better would it have been to have given it to Mrs Bracegirdle!' said Young the poet and clergyman; indeed it was commonly believed wrongly that the famous actress had been married to Congreve. Johnson thought it should have gone to the Congreve family, then in distress and poverty. The Duchess honoured the poet's remains with a splendid funeral. The corpse lay in state under the ancient roof of the Jerusalem Chamber, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. The pall was borne by the Duke of Bridgewater, Lord Cobham, the Earl of Wilmington (who had been Speaker, and was afterwards first Lord of the Treasury), and other men of high consideration. The Duchess of Marlborough, if report is to be believed, further manifested her regard for the deceased poet in a manner that spoke more for her devotion than her taste. It is said that she had a figure of him in ivory or wax, which moved by clockwork, and was placed daily at her table; and that the feet of this doll were regularly blistered and anointed by the doctors, as poor Congreve's feet had been for the gout.

Congreve remains the greatest master of the English comedy of repartee. Dryden complimented him as adorned by every muse and grace, and, extravagant in panegyric, declared of him:

Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakespeare gave as much, he could not give him more

Pope dedicated to him his translation of the *Iliad*. What higher honours could have been paid to a writer whose laurels were won by the age of thirty? Yet his plays are generally without the higher gifts of poetry or imagination, and his comic genius was devoted to illustrating a scheme of life almost wholly given up to sensuality and intrigue, without a trace of higher or nobler aims, or the barest sense of responsibility. He is the most perfect master of polished dramatic dialogue in English, and had no equal as a painter of contemporary life and manners, such as they were. He is not so grossly indecent as Etherege or Wycherley. We admire his brilliant dialogue and repartee, and his wealth of incident and variety of character; but the absence of the higher virtues which ennoble life—the beauty and gracefulness of woman's virtue; the feelings of generosity, truth, honour, affection, modesty, and tenderness—leaves his pages barren and lacking in any permanent interest. His glittering, artificial life palls on the lovers of nature or of poetry. His second comedy, the *Double Dealer*, was in every way stronger than the *Old Bachelor*, but either the satire on the heartless sexual morals of the time was too serious to please the people satirised, or even Congreve's complaisant public were shocked by the outrageous immorality of Maskwell and Lady Touchwood. The play was a failure at first, but its merits were soon fully recognised. *The Mourning Muse of Alexis*, a poetic dialogue on Queen Mary's death, was as full of artificial conceits as *Incognita*. *Love for Love* is, no doubt, the finest prose comedy in the English language. So late as 1842 Macready revived it (modified, of course) at Drury Lane, and there have been still later revivals (as in 1871). Mr Watts-Dunton has said of it that, abundant and brilliant as is the wit, the coruscations do not, as in Congreve's other plays, outdazzle the sweeter and softer light of the humour; and the characterisation is true, some of it beautiful. In the character of Ben, Congreve gave here the first really humorous and effective presentation of the rollicking English tar, afterwards so frequent and fertile a subject in the hands of Smollett and other novelists and dramatists. The *Mourning Bride*, Congreve's only tragedy, possesses higher merit than most of the serious plays of that day. As Macaulay said, it is poor compared with Shakespeare and with the best plays of Ford or Massinger, but stands high amongst the tragedies of the age in which it was written. To find anything so good one must go back to Otway's *Venice Preserved* or forward to Rowe's *Fair Penitent*. It has the stiffness of the French school, with no small affectation of fine writing, without passion, yet it possesses poetical scenes and admirable passages, nobly worded. The opening lines have often been quoted:

> Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
> To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
> I've read that things inanimate have moved,
> And, as with living souls, have been informed
> By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
> What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
> Than trees or flint? O force of constant woe!

Congreve was next busily occupied in the famous Jeremy Collier controversy, defending the morality of the new stage (see page 35). It would have been wiser had he, like Dryden, remained silent; his answer to Collier's trenchant polemic was voted dull even by his own party. Collier produced a powerful repartee; and the public were mainly on the side of the Nonjuring High Churchman. Congreve's last play, *The Way of the World* (1700), though quite as full of intellectual brilliance as *Love for Love*, and evidently written with more care, not to say labour, lacks the humorous impulse seen in Congreve's masterpiece. The wit of the dialogue is not sufficiently held in hand to work out the characters and the plot. It comes more completely than does any other of Congreve's plays within the scope of the Duke of Buckingham's strictures (see Vol. I. p. 788) upon the comedy of repartee:

> Another fault, which often does befal,
> Is when the wit of some great poet shall
> So overflow, that is, be none at all,
> That ev'n his fools speak sense, as if possest,
> And each by inspiration breaks his jest,
> If once the justness of each part be lost,
> Well may we laugh, but at the poet's cost.

The *Way of the World* was received with comparative coldness, and Congreve wrote no more for the stage; for the next twenty-eight years he did not add to his literary reputation.

Dr Johnson thought the following extract from the *Mourning Bride*, describing a cathedral, the most poetical paragraph in the whole range of the drama—finer than any in Shakespeare—and by such extravagant eulogy injured the piece. Had he said it was better than anything in the tragedies of Dryden, Lee, Otway, Rowe, Southerne, or Addison, he would not, in Macaulay's judgment and ours, have been far wrong:

> *Almeria.* It was a fancied noise, for all is hushed.
> *Leonora.* It bore the accent of a human voice.
> *Alm.* It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
> Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.
> We'll listen.
> *Leon.* Hark!
> *Alm.* No; all is hushed and still as death. 'Tis dreadful!
> How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
> Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
> To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
> By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
> Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
> And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
> And monumental caves of death look cold,
> And sh[illegible]ness [illegible] trembling heart.
> Give me [illegible] hand [illegible] hear thy voice;
> Nay, quickly spe[illegible], and let me hear
> Thy voice—my ow[illegible]ghts me with its echoes.
> *Leon.* Let us [illegible] the horror of th[illegible] place
> And silence wi[illegible] your melan[illegible]
> *Alm.* It may [illegible] cannot [illegible] that.
> No, I will on; [illegible]mo's t[illegible].
> Lead me o'er b[illegible] mouldering earth
> Of human bodie[illegible] them;
> Or wind me in [illegible] pale corpse
> Yet green in earth [illegible] the bride
> Of Garcia's more det[illegible] that thought
> Exerts my spirits, an[illegible] present fears
> Are lost in dread of [illegible] then shew me,
> Lead me, for I am [illegible]: lead on
> Where I may kneel [illegible] vows again
> To him, to Heaven [illegible]nso's [illegible]

In Congreve's co[illegible] is [illegible] constant stream of wit and live[illegible] [illegible]change of dialogue and incident. He was a master of dramatic rules and art, but was often careless and sometimes too complicated in his plots. From the sparkling, highly wrought love-scenes of Congreve it would be perilous to quote. 'I have read two or three of Congreve's plays over before speaking of him,' said Thackeray in one of his famous lectures; 'and my feelings were rather like those which I dare say most of us here have had at Pompeii, looking at Sallust's house and the relics of an orgy a dried wine-jar or two, a charred supper-table, the breast of a dancing-girl pressed against the ashes, the laughing skull of a jester, a perfect stillness round about, as the cicerone twangs his moral, and the blue sky shines calmly over the ruin. The Congreve muse is dead, and her song choked in Time's ashes. We gaze at the skeleton, and wonder at the life which once revelled in its mad veins. We take the skull up, and muse over the frolic and daring, the wit, scorn, passion, hope, desire, with which that empty bowl once fermented. We think of the glances that allured, the tears that melted; of the bright eyes that shone in those vacant sockets, and of lips whispering love and cheeks dimpling with smiles that once covered yon ghastly framework. They used to call those teeth pearls once. See! there's the cup she drank from, the gold chain she wore on her neck, the vase which held the rouge for her cheeks, her looking-glass, and the harp she used to dance to. Instead of a feast we find a grave-stone, and in place of a mistress a few bones!'

WILLIAM CONGREVE

From the Portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller in the National Portrait Gallery.

From 'The Old Bachelor.'

Bellmour. Vainlove, and abroad so early! Good-morrow. I thought a contemplative lover could no more have parted with his bed in a morning, than he could have slept in't.

Vainlove. Bellmour, good morrow. Why, truth on't is, these early sallies are not usual to me; but business, as you see, sir [*Showing letters*] and business must be followed, or be lost.

Bell. Business! And so must time, my friend, be close pursued or lost. Business is the rub of life, perverts our aim, casts off the bias, and leaves us wide and short of the intended mark.

Vain. Pleasure, I guess you mean.

Bell. Ay, what else has meaning?

Vain. Oh, the wise will tell you

Bell. More than they believe or understand.

Vain. How; how, Ned? a wise man says more than he understands?

Bell. Ay, ay, wisdom's nothing but a pretending to know and believe more than we really do. You read of but one wise man, and all that he knew was, that he knew nothing. Come, come, leave business to idlers, and wisdom to fools; they have need of 'em. Wit be my faculty, and pleasure my occupation; and let father Time shake his glass. Let low and earthly souls grovel till they have worked themselves six feet deep into a grave. Business is not my element; I roll in a higher orb, and dwell

Vain. In castles i' th' air of thy own building - that 's thy element, Ned. Well as high a flyer as you are, I have a lure may make you stoop. [*Flinging a letter*

(From Act i. sc. 1.)

From the Same.

Sir Joseph Wittol. Oh, here a' comes. Ay, my Hector of Troy; welcome, my bully, my back; egad, my heart has gone pit a pat for thee.

Bluffe. How now, my young knight? Not for fear, I hope? He that knows me must be a stranger to fear.

Sir Jos. Nay, egad, I hate fear ever since I had like to have died of fright but ——

Bluffe. But! Look you here, boy; here 's your antidote; here 's your Jesuit's Powder for a shaking fit. But who hast thou got with thee; is he of mettle?

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Sir Jos. Ay, bully, a devilish smart fellow; a' will fight like a cock.

Bluffe. Say you so? Then I'll honour him. But has he been abroad? for every cock will fight upon his own dunghill.

Sir Jos. I don't know; but I'll present you.

Bluffe. I'll recommend myself. Sir, I honour you; I understand you love fighting. I reverence a man that loves fighting, sir, I kiss your hilts.

Captain Sharper. Sir, your servant, but you are misinformed; for unless it be to serve my particular friend, as Sir Joseph here, my country, or my religion, or in some very justifiable cause, I'm not for it.

Bluffe. O Lord, I beg your pardon, sir! I find you are not of my palate; you can't relish a dish of fighting without sweet sauce. Now, I think

Fighting for fighting's sake 's sufficient cause;
Fighting to me 's religion and the laws!

Sir Jos. Ah, well said, my hero! Was not that great, sir? By the Lord Harry, he says true; fighting is meat, drink, and cloth to him. But, Back, this gentleman is one of the best friends I have in the world, and saved my life last night. You know I told you.

Bluffe. Ay, then I honour him again. Sir, may I crave your name?

Sharper. Ay, sir, my name 's Sharper.

Sir Jos. Pray, Mr Sharper, embrace my Back—very well. By the Lord Harry, Mr Sharper, he is as brave a fellow as Cannibal; are you not, Bully-Back?

Sharper. Hannibal, I believe you mean, Sir Joseph?

Bluffe. Undoubtedly he did, sir. Faith, Hannibal was a very pretty fellow; but, Sir Joseph, comparisons are odious. Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days, it must be granted; but alas, sir, were he alive now, he would be nothing, nothing in the earth.

Sharper. How, sir? I make a doubt if there be at this day a greater general breathing.

Bluffe. Oh, excuse me, sir; have you served abroad, sir?

Sharper. Not I, really, sir.

Bluffe. Oh, I thought so. Why, then, you can know nothing, sir. I am afraid you scarce know the history of the late war in Flanders with all its particulars.

Sharper. Not I, sir; no more than public papers or gazettes tell us.

Bluffe. Gazette! Why, there again now—why, sir, there are not three words of truth, the year round, put into the Gazette. I'll tell you a strange thing now as to that. You must know, sir, I was resident in Flanders the last campaign, had a small post there; but no matter for that. Perhaps, sir, there was scarce anything of moment done but a humble servant of yours that shall be nameless was an eye witness of—I won't say had the greatest share in 't; though I might say that too, since I name nobody, you know. Well, Mr Sharper, would you think it? In all this time, as I hope for a truncheon, that rascally gazette-writer never so much as once mentioned me—not once, by the wars! Took no more notice than as if Nol Bluffe had not been in the land of the living.

Sharper. Strange!

Sir Jos. Yet, by the Lord Harry, 'tis true, Mr Sharper, for I went every day to coffee-houses to read the Gazette myself.

Bluffe. Ay, ay; no matter. You see, Mr Sharper, after all, I am content to retire—live a private person. Scipio and others have done it.

Sharper. Impudent rogue! [*Aside.*

Sir Jos. Ay, this damned modesty of yours—egad, if he would put in for 't, he might be made general himself yet.

Bluffe. Oh, fy, no, Sir Joseph; you know I hate this.

Sir Jos. Let me but tell Mr Sharper a little, how you ate fire once out of the mouth of a cannon; egad, he did; those impenetrable whiskers of his have confronted flames.

Bluffe. Death! What do you mean, Sir Joseph?

Sir Jos. Look you now, I tell you he's so modest, he'll own nothing.

Bluffe. Pish; you have put me out; I have forgot what I was about. Pray, hold your tongue, and give me leave— [*Angrily.*

Sir Jos. I am dumb.

Bluffe. This sword I think I was telling you of, Mr Sharper, this sword I'll maintain to be the best divine, anatomist, lawyer, or casuist in Europe; it shall decide a controversy, or split a cause.

Sir Jos. Nay, now, I must speak; it will split a hair; by the Lord Harry, I have seen it.

Bluffe. Zounds, sir, it's a lie! you have not seen it, nor shan't see it; sir, I say you can't see. What d'ye say to that now?

Sir Jos. I am blind.

Bluffe. Death! had any other man interrupted me—

Sir Jos. Good Mr Sharper, speak to him; I dare not look that way.

Sharper. Captain, Sir Joseph's penitent.

Bluffe. Oh, I am calm, sir, calm as a discharged culverin—but 'twas indiscreet, when you know what will provoke me. Nay, come, Sir Joseph; you know my heat 's soon over.

Sir Jos. Well, I am a fool sometimes, but I'm sorry.

Bluffe. Enough.

Sir Jos. Come, we'll go take a glass to drown animosities. Mr Sharper, will you partake?

Sharper. I wait on you, sir; nay, pray Captain, you are Sir Joseph's back. (From Act ii. sc. 1.)

From 'The Double Dealer.'

Lady Froth. Then you think that episode between Susan the dairy maid and our coachman is not amiss? You know I may suppose the dairy in town, as well as in the country.

Brisk. Incomparable, let me perish! But, then, being an heroic poem, had you not better call him a charioteer? Charioteer sounds great. Besides, your ladyship's coachman having a red face, and you comparing him to the sun—and you know the sun is called Heaven's charioteer.

Lady F. Oh! infinitely better; I am extremely beholden to you for the hint. Stay; we'll read over those half-a-score lines again. [*Pulls out a paper.*] Let me see here; you know what goes before—the comparison you know. [*Reads.*]

For as the sun shines every day,
So of our coachman I may say——

Brisk. I am afraid that simile won't do in wet weather, because you say the sun shines every day.

Lady F. No; for the sun it won't, but it will do for the coachman; for you know there's most occasion for a coach in wet weather.

Brisk. Right, right; that saves all.

Lady F. Then I don't say the sun shines all the day, but that he peeps now and then; yet he does shine all the day, too, you know, though we don't see him.

Brisk. Right; but the vulgar will never comprehend that.

Lady F. Well, you shall hear. Let me see. [*Reads*]

For as the sun shines every day,
So of our coachman I may say,
He shews his drunken fiery face
Just as the sun does, more or less.

Brisk. That 's right; all 's well, all 's well. More or less.

Lady F. [*Reads*]

And when at night his labour 's done,
Then, too, like heaven's charioteer, the sun—

Ay, charioteer does better—

Into the dairy he descends,
And there his whipping and his driving ends;
There he 's secure from danger of a bilk;
His fare is paid him, and he sets in milk.

For Susan, you know, is Thetis, and so——

Brisk. Incomparable well and proper, egad! But I have one exception to make: don't you think 'bilk'—I know it 's a good rhyme—but don't you think 'bilk' and 'fare' too like a hackney coachman?

Lady F. I swear and vow I 'm afraid so. And yet our Jehu was a hackney coachman when my lord took him.

Brisk. Was he? I 'm answered, if Jehu was a hackney coachman. You may put that in the marginal notes though, to prevent criticism; only mark it with a small asterisk, and say, 'Jehu was formerly a hackney coachman.'

Lady F. I wish you 'd oblige me extremely to write notes to the whole poem.

Brisk. With all my heart and soul, and proud of the vast honour, let me perish!

Lord Froth. Hee, hee, hee! my dear, have you done? Won't you join with us? We were laughing at my Lady Whifler and Mr Sneer.

Lady F. Ay, my dear, were you? Oh! filthy Mr Sneer; he 's a nauseous figure, a most fulsamic [fulsome] fop, foh! He spent two days together in going about Covent Garden to suit the lining of his coach with his complexion.

Lord F. O silly: Yet his aunt is as fond of him as if she had brought the ape into the world herself.

Brisk. Who? my Lady Toothless? Oh, she 's a mortifying spectacle; she 's always chewing the cud like an old ewe.

Cynthia. Fy, Mr Brisk! eringos for her cough.

Lord F. I have seen her take 'em half chewed out of her mouth, and then put them in again—foh!

Lady F. Foh!

Lord F. Then she 's always ready to laugh when Sneer offers to speak; and sits in expectation of his no-jest, with her gums bare, and her mouth open——

Brisk. Like an oyster at low ebb, egad! Ha, ha, ha!

Cynthia. [*Aside.*] Well, I find there are no fools so inconsiderable in themselves but they can render other people contemptible by exposing their infirmities.

Lady F. Then that t'other great strapping lady; I can't hit of her name; the old fat fool that paints so exorbitantly.

Brisk. I know whom you mean. But, deuce take me, I can't hit of her name either. Paints, d'ye say? Why, she lays it on with a trowel. Then she has a great beard that bristles through it, and makes her look as if she were plastered with lime and hair, let me perish!

Lady F. Oh! you made a song upon her, Mr Brisk.

Brisk. He? egad, so I did—my lord can sing it.

Cynthia. O good my lord; let 's hear it.

Brisk. 'Tis not a song neither—it 's a sort of epigram, or rather an epigrammatic sonnet; I don't know what to call it, but it 's satire. Sing it, my lord.

Lord F. [*Sings*]

Ancient Phyllis has young graces;
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one;
Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own faces,
And each morning wears a new one;
Where 's the wonder now?

Brisk. Short, but there 's salt in 't; my way of writing, egad!

(From Act iii. sc. 3.)

From 'Love for Love.'

Ben Legend. Where 's father?

Servant. There, sir; his back 's towards you.

Sir Sampson. My son, Ben! Bless thee, my dear boy; body o' me, thou art heartily welcome.

Ben. Thank you, father; and I 'm glad to see you.

Sir S. Odsbud, and I 'm glad to see thee. Kiss me, boy; kiss me again and again, dear Ben. [*Kisses him.*

Ben. So, so; enough, father. Mess, I 'd rather kiss these gentlewomen.

Sir S. And so thou shalt. Mrs Angelica, my son Ben.

Ben. Forsooth, if you please. [*Salutes her.*] Nay, Mistress, I 'm not for dropping anchor here; about ship i' faith. [*Kisses Mrs Frail.*] Nay, and you too, my little cock-boat—so. [*Kisses Miss Prue.*]

Tattle. Sir, you 're welcome ashore.

Ben. Thank you, thank you, friend.

Sir S. Thou hast been many a weary league, Ben, since I saw thee.

Ben. Ey, ey, been! been far enough, an that be all. Well, father, and how do all at home? How does brother Dick and brother Val?

Sir. S. Dick! body o' me, Dick has been dead these two years; I writ you word when you were at Leghorn.

Ben. Mess, that 's true: marry, I had forgot. Dick 's dead, as you say. Well, and how? I have a many questions to ask you. Well, you ben't married again, father, be you?'

Sir S. No, I intend you shall marry, Ben; I would not marry for thy sake.

Ben. Nay, what does that signify?—an you marry again, why, then, I 'll go to sea again; so there 's one for t'other, an that be all. Pray, don't let me be your hindrance; e'en marry a God's name, an the wind sit that way. As for my part, mayhap I have no mind to marry.

Mrs Frail. That would be a pity; such a handsome young gentleman.

Ben. Handsome! he, he, he; nay, forsooth, an you be for joking, I 'll joke with you, for I love my jest, an the ship were sinking, as we say'n at sea. But I 'll tell you why I don't much stand towards matrimony. I love to roam about from port to port, and from land to land: I could never abide to be port-bound, as we call it. Now, a man that is married has, as it were, d'ye see, his feet in the bilboes, and mayhap mayn't get 'em out again when he would.

Sir S. Ben 's a wag.

Ben. A man that is married, d'ye see, is no more like another man than a galley-slave is like one of us free sailors. He is chained to an oar all his life; and mayhap forced to tug a leaky vessel into the bargain.

Sir S. A very wag! Ben's a very wag! only a little rough; he wants a little polishing.

Mrs F. Not at all; I like his humour mightily; it's plain and honest; I should like such a humour in a husband extremely.

Ben. Say'n you so, forsooth? Marry, and I should like such a handsome gentlewoman hugely. How say you, mistress! would you like going to sea? Mess, you're a tight vessel, and well rigged. . . . But I'll tell you one thing, an you come to sea in a high wind, or that, lady, you mayn't carry so much sail o' your head. Top and topgallant, by the mess.

Miss F. No? why so?

Ben. Why, an you do, you may run the risk to be overset, and then you'll carry your keels above water; he, he, he.

Angelica. I swear Mr Benjamin is the veriest wag in nature—an absolute sea-wit.

Sir S. Nay, Ben has parts; but, as I told you before, they want a little polishing. You must not take anything ill, madam.

Ben. No; I hope the gentlewoman is not angry; I mean all in good part; for if I give a jest, I take a jest; and so, forsooth, you may be as free with me.

Ang. I thank you, sir; I am not at all offended. But methinks, Sir Sampson, you should leave him alone with his mistress. Mr Tattle, we must not hinder lovers.

Tattle. Well, Miss, I have your promise. [*Aside.*

Sir S. Body o' me, madam, you say true. Look you, Ben, this is your mistress. Come, Miss, you must not be shame faced; we'll leave you together.

Miss Prue. I can't abide to be left alone; mayn't my cousin stay with me?

Sir S. No, no; come, let's away.

Ben. Look you, father, mayhap the young woman mayn't take a liking to me.

Sir S. I warrant thee, boy; come, come, we'll be gone; I'll venture that. [*They leave Ben and Miss Prue alone.*

Ben. Come, mistress, will you please to sit down? for an you stand astern a that'n, we shall never grapple together. Come, I'll haul a chair; there, an you please to sit, I'll sit beside you.

Miss Prue. You need not sit so near one; if you have anything to say, I can hear you farther off; I an't deaf.

Ben. Why, that's true as you say, nor I an't dumb; I can be heard as far as another. I'll heave off to please you. [*Sits further off.*] An we were a league asunder, I'd undertake to hold discourse with you, an 'twere not a main high wind indeed, and full in my teeth. Look you, forsooth, I am as it were bound for the land of matrimony; 'tis a voyage, d'ye see, that was none of my seeking, I was commanded by father; and if you like of it, mayhap I may steer into your harbour. How say you, mistress? The short of the thing is, that if you like me, and I like you, we may chance to swing in a hammock together.

Miss P. I don't know what to say to you, nor I don't care to speak with you at all.

Ben. No? I'm sorry for that. But pray, why are you so scornful?

Miss P. As long as one must not speak one's mind, one had better not speak at all, I think; and truly I won't tell a lie for the matter.

Ben. Nay, you say true in that; it's but a folly to lie; for to speak one thing, and to think just the contrary way, is, as it were, to look one way and to row another. Now, for my part, d'ye see, I'm for carrying things above-board, I'm not for keeping anything under hatches; so that if you ben't as willing as I, say so a God's name, there's no harm done. Mayhap you may be shame-faced; some maidens, thof they love a man well enough, yet they don't care to tell 'n so to's face. If that's the case, why, silence gives consent.

Miss P. But I'm sure it is not so, for I'll speak sooner than you should believe that; and I'll speak truth, though one should always tell a lie to a man; and I don't care, let my father do what he will; I'm too big to be whipt; so I'll tell you plainly I don't like you, nor love you at all, nor never will, that's more. So there's your answer for you, and don't trouble me no more, you ugly thing!

Ben. Look you, young woman, you may learn to give good words, however. I spoke you fair, d'ye see, and civil. As for your love or your liking, I don't value it of a rope's end; and mayhap I like you as little as you do me. What I said was in obedience to father: I fear a whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing, if you should give such language at sea, you'd have a cat-o'-nine-tails laid across your shoulders. Flesh! who are you? You heard t'other handsome young woman speak civilly to me of her own accord. Whatever you think of yourself, I don't think you are any more to compare to her than a can of small beer to a bowl of punch.

Miss P. Well, and there's a handsome gentleman, and a fine gentleman, and a sweet gentleman, that was here, that loves me, and I love him; and if he sees you speak to me any more, he'll thrash your jacket for you, he will, you great sea-calf!

Ben. What! do you mean that fair-weather spark that was here just now? Will he thrash my jacket? Let 'n, let 'n—but an he comes near me, mayhap I may give him a salt eel for 's supper, for all that. What does father mean, to leave me alone, as soon as I come home, with such a dirty dowdy? Sea-calf! I an't calf enough to lick your chalked face, you cheese-curd you. Marry thee! oons, I'll marry a Lapland witch as soon, and live upon selling contrary winds and wrecked vessels.

Miss P. I won't be called names, nor I won't be abused thus, so I won't. If I were a man [*Cries*] you durst not talk at this rate; no, you durst not, you stinking tar-barrel!

(From Act iii. sc. 3.)

A good edition of Congreve's comedies is that by Mr Henley (1895); all the plays were edited for the 'Mermaid Series' by A. C. Ewald (1888); and there is a short Life by Mr Gosse (1888).

Nathaniel Lee (1653?-92) was possessed of no small share of the fire of genius, though in him genius was near allied to madness. The son of a Hertfordshire clergyman, a Presbyterian and a pluralist, who conformed at the Restoration, Lee received a classical education at Westminster School and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He tried the stage both as an actor and author, was patronised by Rochester, lived a dissipated and vicious life, and was five years in Bedlam from wild insanity. Recovering his reason, he lived on precarious gifts or charity; and falling into intemperance again, died from the effects of a fall when he was drunk. He was the author of about a dozen tragedies, mainly on classical themes. The best of the tragedies are *The Rival Queens, or Alexander the Great*; *Mithridates*; *Theodosius*; and *Lucius Junius Brutus.* His comedy, *The Princess of Cleve*, was founded on Madame La Fayette's romance. Several of the plays were long popular; *Alexander* (as *The Rival Queens* came to be called) held the stage for a hundred and fifty years. The earlier (and least successful) plays were in rhyme; from *Alexander* on they were mostly in blank verse. Lee had the honour of being invited to collaborate with Dryden in two pieces. In praising *Alexander* and his friend's power to move the passions, Dryden counsels him to despise those critics who condemn 'the too much vigour of his youthful muse.' Here is indicated the source both of Lee's strength and of his weakness. In tenderness and genuine passion he excels Dryden; but his style often degenerates into bombast and extravagant frenzy defects heightened in his late productions by his mental malady. Poor Nat was aware of his weakness. 'It has often been observed against me,' he says in his dedication of *Theodosius*, 'that I abound in ungoverned fancy; but I hope the world will pardon the sallies of youth: age, despondency, and dulness come too fast of themselves. I discommend no man for keeping the beaten road; but I am sure the noble hunters that follow the game must leap hedges and ditches sometimes, and run at all, or never come into the fall of a quarry.' Colley Cibber denounces Lee's 'furious fustian and turgid rant;' Addison says his thoughts are 'frequently lost in such a cloud of words that it is hard to see the beauty of them. There is an infinite fire in his works, but so involved in smoke that it does not appear in half its lustre.' Steele finds in *Alexander* 'passion in its purity . . . drawn by a mad poet.' Lee wanted discretion to temper his too luxuriant genius and reduce his poetical conceptions to consistency and order; yet among his wild ardour and rhapsodical enthusiasm are very powerful and graceful lines and passages. The following is an unusually pregnant comparison:

> Speech is morning to the mind;
> It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
> Which else lie furled and clouded in the soul

This is a fragment from Lee's *Sophonisba*:

> Love, that brightest jewel of a crown,
> That fires ambition and adorns renown,
> That with sweet hopes does our harsh pains beguile,
> And midst of javelins makes the soldier smile.

And here is a declaration of love from *Theodosius*:

> No more of this, no more; for I disdain
> All pomp when thou art by: far be the noise
> Of kings and courts from us, whose gentle souls
> Our kinder stars have steered another way.
> Free as the forest-birds we'll pair together,
> Fly to the arbours, grots, and flowery meads,
> And in soft murmurs interchange our souls:
> Together drink the crystal of the stream,
> Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields;
> And when the golden evening calls us home,
> Wing to our downy nest, and sleep till morn.

From the same play comes this on self-murder:

> What torments are allotted those sad spirits,
> Who, groaning with the burden of despair,
> No longer will endure the cares of life,
> But boldly set themselves at liberty,
> Through the dark caves of death to wander on,
> Like wildered travellers, without a guide;
> Eternal rovers in the gloomy maze
> Where scarce the twilight of an infant morn,
> By a faint glimmer checkering through the trees,
> Reflects to dismal view the walking ghosts,
> That never hope to reach the blessed fields

Lee's heroic style verging upon rodomontade may be seen in lines such as those on Brutus throwing off his disguise of idiocy after the rape of Lucrece by Tarquin:

> As from night's womb the glorious day breaks forth,
> And seems to kindle from the setting stars;
> So, from the blackness of young Tarquin's crime
> And furnace of his lust, the virtuous soul
> Of Junius Brutus catches bright occasion.
> I see the pillars of his kingdom totter:
> The rape of Lucrece is the midnight lantern
> That lights my genius down to the foundation.
> Leave me to work, my Titus, O my son!
> For from this spark a lightning shall arise,
> That must ere night purge all the Roman air,
> And then the thunder of his ruin follows.

For Warburton the following speech of Alexander's contained 'not only the most sublime but the most judicious imagery that poetry could conceive or paint;' for Joseph Warton, on the other hand, there was not in the language 'a more striking example of true turgid expression and genuine fustian and bombast:'

> When Glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood
> Perched on my beaver in the Granic flood;
> When Fortune's self my standard trembling bore,
> And the pale Fates stood frighted on the shore;
> When the Immortals on the billows rode,
> And I myself appeared the leading god.

Warton was surely the truer critic.

''Tis hard to be in love and to be wise' is a sententious saying from *The Princess of Cleve.* ''Tis beauty calls and glory leads the way' is found in *Alexander the Great*; and thence, too, comes the so variously worded stock quotation about Greek meeting Greek, which is almost never correctly given, and whose authorship and contextual meaning are utterly ignored. It occurs in the heated dispute between Alexander and Kleitos (Lee's Clytus) which goaded Alexander to murdering the old friend who had saved his life. Lee embellishes the standard story with 'an entertainment of Indian singers and dancers: the music flourishes' [in Sogdiana; or, say, Bokhara]. When they had well drunken, Alexander asks the leading question .

Who, think you, was the bravest general
That ever led an army to the field?

Hephestion, Lysimachus, and the rest with one consent exalt Alexander above all generals dead or alive. Clytus alone, jealous for his old master's fame and the glory of the older military school, is silent for a space. Alexander, delighted with the general chorus of adulation, replies

O, you flatter me!
Clytus. They did indeed, and yet ye love them for it,
But hate old Clytus for his hardy virtue.
Come, shall I speak a man more brave than you,
A better general and more expert soldier?
Alexander. I should be glad to learn; instruct me, sir
Cli. Your father Philip. I have seen him march,
And fought beneath his dreadful banner, where
The stoutest at the table would ha' trembled.
Nay, frown not, sir; you cannot look me dead
When Greeks joyned Greeks, then was the tug of war.
The laboured battle sweat, and conquest bled.
Why should I fear to speak a truth more noble
Than e'er your father Jupiter Ammon told you?
Philip fought men, but Alexander women. [envy!
Alex. Spite! by the gods, proud spite and burning
Is then my glory come to this at last,
To vanquish women?

And so the debate waxes hot and personal, and after swift exchange of a few stinging speeches, Alexander strikes Clytus through with a javelin. The harsh line with the strained personification of battle and conquest is characteristic of Lee; 'sweat' is of course the old past tense.

John Crowne was the son of 'Colonel' William Crowne, who before 1656 migrated from England to Nova Scotia, and received a grant of land from Cromwell. After the Restoration these lands were taken possession of by the French, and John Crowne, coming to England, was for some time gentleman-usher to an old lady. He afterwards became an author by profession, and died in obscurity about 1703. He had for a while the doubtful honour of being patronised by Rochester, in opposition to Dryden, as a dramatic poet. His first work was a romance, *Pandion and Amphigenia* (1665). Between 1671 and 1698 he wrote a dozen plays, including *Calisto*, a court masque, tragedies, comedies, and a tragi-comedy; besides *Timon*, a satire, and a heroic poem on the destruction of Jerusalem, a burlesque, &c. Several of the tragedies were on classical subjects, and some were on English history. The *Thyestes* tragedy (1681), founded on Seneca, was well received, and contains not a few fine and powerful passages. The comedy *City Politiques* takes off many of the conspicuous personages of the day; but the most popular of all Crowne's works was the comedy *Sir Courtly Nice* (1685).

From 'Thyestes.'

Thyest. O wondrous pleasure to a banished man,
I feel my loved, long looked-for native soil!
And oh! my weary eyes, that all the day . . .
Had from some mountain travelled toward this place,
Now rest themselves upon the royal towers
Of that great palace where I had my birth.
O sacred towers, sacred in your height,
Mingling with clouds, the villas of the gods,
Whither for sacred pleasures they retire:
Sacred, because you are the work of gods;
Your lofty looks boast your divine descent;
And the proud city which lies at your feet,
And would give place to nothing but to you,
Owns her original is short of yours.
And now a thousand objects more ride fast
On morning beams, and meet my eyes in throngs:
And see, all Argos meets me with loud shouts!
Philisthene. O joyful sound!
Thy. But with them Atreus too--
Phil. What ails my father that he stops, and shakes,
And now retires?
Thy. Return with me, my son,
And old friend Peneus, to the honest beasts,
And faithful deserts, and well seated caves:
Trees shelter man, by whom they often die,
And never seek revenge: no villainy
Lyes in the prospect of a humble cave.
Peneus. Talk you of villany, of foes, and fraud?
Thy. I talk of Atreus.
Pen. What are these to him?
Thy. Nearer than I am, for they are himself. [mind.
Pen. Gods drive these impious thoughts out of your
Thy. The gods for all our safety put 'em there.
Return, return with me.
Pen. Against our oaths?
I cannot stem the vengeance of the gods.
Thy. Here are no gods; they've left this dire abode.

. . . .

Pen. True race of Tantalus! who parent-like
Are doomed in midst of plenty to be starved,
His hell and yours differ alone in this:
When he would catch at joys, they fly from him;
When glories catch at you, you fly from them.
Thy. A fit comparison; our joys and his
Are lying shadows, which to trust is hell.

(From Act iv. sc. 1.)

Wishes for Obscurity.

How miserable a thing is a great man!
Take noisy vexing greatness they that please;
Give me obscure and safe and silent ease.
Acquaintance and commérce let me have none
With any powerful thing but Time alone:
My rest let Time be fearful to offend,
And creep by me as by a slumbering friend;
Till, with ease glutted, to my bed I steal,
As men to sleep after a plenteous meal.
Oh, wretched he who, called abroad by power,
To know himself can never find an hour!
Strange to himself, but to all others known,
Lends every one his life, but uses none;
So, ere he tasted life, to death he goes,
And himself loses ere himself he knows.

(From *Thyestes*, Act i.)

Passions.

We oft by lightning read in darkest nights;
And by your passions I read all your natures,
Though you at other times can keep them dark.

Love in Women.

These are great maxims, sir, it is confessed;
Too stately for a woman's narrow breast.
Poor love is lost in men's capacious minds;
In ours, it fills up all the room it finds.

Inconstancy of the Multitude.

I'll not such favour to rebellion shew,
To wear a crown the people do bestow;
Who, when their giddy violence is past,
Shall from the king, the adored, revolt at last;
And then the throne they gave they shall invade,
And scorn the idol which themselves have made.

Warriors.

I hate these potent madmen, who keep all
Mankind awake, while they, by their great deeds,
Are drumming hard upon this hollow world,
Only to make a sound to last for ages.

Crowne's works were edited in 1873-74 by Maidment and Logan (4 vols. 8vo).

George Farquhar (1678-1707) was a better artist, in stage effect and happy combinations of incident and adventure, than most of this race of comic writers. He had an uncontrollable vivacity and love of sport, which still render his comedies attractive both on the stage and in the closet. Farquhar was an Irishman, born in Londonderry. After some months at Trinity College, Dublin, he took to the stage; but happening dangerously to wound a fellow-actor in a fencing-scene, he left the boards at the age of eighteen, and procured a commission in the army from the Earl of Orrery. His first play, *Love and a Bottle*, came out at Drury Lane in 1698, *The Constant Couple* in 1700, *Sir Harry Wildair* in 1701, *The Inconstant* in 1703, *The Stage-coach* in 1704, *The Twin Rivals* in 1705, *The Recruiting Officer* in 1706, and *The Beaux' Stratagem* in 1707. Farquhar was early married to a lady who had deceived him by pretending to be possessed of a fortune, and he sank a victim to ill-health and over-exertion in his thirtieth year. A letter written shortly before his death to Wilkes the actor possesses a touching brevity of expression: 'Dear Bob, I have not anything to leave to thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls. Look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was to the last moment of his life thine GEORGE FARQUHAR.' One of these daughters, it appears, married a 'low tradesman,' and the other became a servant, while their mother died in utter poverty.

The *Beaux' Stratagem* is Farquhar's best comedy. The plot is admirably managed, and the disguises of Archer and Aimwell form a ludicrous yet natural series of incidents. Boniface, the landlord, is still a favourite on the stage; and hence the name (originally *Bonniface*, as if to express genial looks, and not a derivative from the Latin *Bonifacius*) has become an ordinary name for any innkeeper as such. Scrub, the servant, is equally true and amusing; and the women characters, as free-spoken though not as frail as the fine-bred ladies of Congreve and Vanbrugh, are sufficiently discriminated. Sergeant Kite, in the *Recruiting Officer*, is an original picture of low life and humour rarely surpassed. Farquhar had not the ripe wit of Congreve, he was the Smollett, not the Fielding, of the stage.

'Farquhar,' says Leigh Hunt, 'was a good-natured, sensitive, reflecting man, of so high an order of what may be called the *town* class of genius as to sympathise with mankind at large upon the strength of what he saw of them in little, and to extract from a quintessence of good sense an inspiration just short of the romantic and imaginative; that is to say, he could turn what he had experienced in common life to the best account. . . . He felt the little world too much, and the universal too little. He saw into all false pretensions, but not into all true ones; and if he had had a larger sphere of nature to fall back upon in his adversity, would probably not have died of it. The wings of his fancy were too common, and grown in too artificial an air, to support him in the sudden gulfs and aching voids of that new region, and enable him to beat his way to their green islands. . . . He was becoming gayer and gayer, when death, in the shape of a sore anxiety, called him away as if from a pleasant party, and left the house ringing with his jest.'

From 'The Beaux' Stratagem.'

Boniface. This way, this way, gentlemen.

Aimwell. You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, sir, I'm old Will Boniface; pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim. Oh, Mr Boniface, your servant.

Bon. Oh, sir, what will your servant please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of Lichfield much famed for ale; I think I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire: 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy, and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll shew you such ale. Here, tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is. Sir, you shall taste my anno domini. I have lived in Lichfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and I believe have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess by your bulk?

Bon. Not in my life, sir; I have fed purely upon ale: I have ate my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon ale. [*Tapster enters with tankard.*] Now, sir, you shall see - Your worship's health. Ha! delicious, delicious: fancy it Burgundy; only fancy it—and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart

Aim. 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! it must be so, or how would we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, sir; but it killed my wife, poor woman, as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, sir; she would not let the ale take its natural course, sir; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest gentleman, that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after; but however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her?

Bon. My Lady Bountiful said so. She, good lady, did what could be done: she cured her of three tympanies: but the fourth carried her off: but she 's happy, and I 'm contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who 's that Lady Bountiful you mentioned?

Bon. Odds my life, sir, we 'll drink her health. [*Drinks.*] My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a year; and I believe she lays out one-half on 't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours.

Aim. Has the lady any children?

Bon. Yes, sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles: the finest woman in all our county, and the greatest fortune. She has a son, too, by her first husband, Squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t' other day: if you please, sir, we 'll drink his health. [*Drinks.*]

Aim. What sort of a man is he?

Bon. Why, sir, the man 's well enough: says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, faith; but he 's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

Aim. A sportsman, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, he 's a man of pleasure; he plays at whisk [whist], and smokes his pipe eight-and forty hours together sometimes.

Aim. A fine sportsman, truly!—and married, you say?

Bon. Ay; and to a curious woman, sir. . . . But he 's my landlord, and so a man you know, would not—— But, ecod, he 's no better than—— Sir, my humble service to you. [*Drinks.*] Though I value not a farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his rent at quarter day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her—— but no matter for that.

Aim. You 're very happy, Mr Boniface. Pray, what other company have you in town?

Bon. A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers.

Aim. Oh, that 's right; you have a good many of those gentlemen. Pray, how do you like their company?

Bon. So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em. They 're full of money, and pay double for everything they have. They know, sir, that we paid good round taxes for the taking of 'em; and so they are willing to reimburse us a little; one of 'em lodges in my house. [*Bell rings.*] I beg your worship's pardon; I 'll wait on you in half a minute.

In the following extract from the opening of the *Recruiting Officer*, Sergeant Kite enters the market-place behind the drummer beating the Grenadiers' March, and is followed by a mob:

From 'The Recruiting Officer.'

Kite. If any gentlemen, soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve her majesty, and pull down the French king; if any 'prentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents; if any servants have too little wages, or any husband a bad wife, let them repair to the noble Sergeant Kite, at the sign of the Raven, in this good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment. Gentlemen, I don't beat my drums here to ensnare or inveigle any man; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honour: besides I don't beat up for common soldiers; no, I list only grenadiers—grenadiers, gentlemen. Pray, gentlemen, observe this cap—this is the cap of honour—it dubs a man a gentleman in the drawing of a tricker; and he that has the good-fortune to be born six foot high was born to be a great man. Sir, will you give me leave to try this cap upon your head?

Costar Pearmain. Is there no harm in 't? Won't the cap list me?

Kite. No, no; no more than I can. Come, let me see how it becomes you.

Cost. Are you sure there is no conjuration in it?—no gunpowder-plot upon me?

Kite. No, no, friend; don't fear, man.

Cost. My mind misgives me plaguily. Let me see it. It smells woundily of sweat and brimstone. Smell, Tummas.

Thomas Appletree. Ay, wauns ['oons, wounds], does it.

Cost. Pray, sergeant, what writing is this upon the face of it?

Kite. The crown, or the bed of honour.

Cost. Pray, now, what may be that same bed of honour?

Kite. Oh, a mighty large bed!—bigger by half than the great bed at Ware—ten thousand people may lie in it together. . . .

Cost. But do folk sleep sound in this same bed of honour?

Kite. Sound!—ay, so sound that they never wake.

Cost. Wauns! I wish that my wife lay there.

Kite. Say you so? then I find, brother——

Cost. Brother! hold there, friend; I am no kindred to you that I know of yet. Look ye, sergeant, no coaxing, no wheedling, d' ye see. If I have a mind to list, why, so; if not, why, 'tis not so; therefore take your cap and your brothership back again, for I am not disposed at this present writing. No coaxing, no brothering me, faith.

Kite. I coax! I wheedle! I 'm above it, sir; I have served twenty campaigns; but, sir, you talk well, and I must own you are a man every inch of you; a pretty young sprightly fellow! I love a fellow with a spirit; but I scorn to coax, 'tis base; though, I must say that never in my life have I seen a man better built. How firm and strong he treads!—he steps like a castle!—but I scorn to wheedle any man! Come, honest lad! will you take share of a pot?

Cost. Nay, for that matter, I 'll spend my penny with the best he that wears a head; that is, begging your pardon, sir, and in a fair way.

Kite. Give me your hand then: and now, gentlemen, I have no more to say but this—here 's a purse of gold, and there is a tub of humming ale at my quarters: 'tis the queen's money and the queen's drink: she 's a generous queen, and loves her subjects. I hope, gentlemen, you won't refuse the queen's health?

Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. Huzza, then! — huzza for the queen and the honour of Shropshire.

Mob. Huzza!

Kite. Beat drum. [*Exeunt shouting.*

The third scene of the second act opens with the entry of Kite leading Costar and Thomas, both drunk; and Kite sings, while the mob choruses:

Our 'prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes,
For now he's free to sing and play
Over the hills and far away.
Over the hills and over the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain;
The queen commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away.

GEORGE FARQUHAR.
From an Engraving by Clamp in the Burney Collection.

We shall lead more happy lives
By getting rid of brats and wives,
That scold and brawl both night and day—
Over the hills and far away.
Over, &c.

Kite. Hey, boys! thus we soldiers live! drink, sing, dance, play: we live, as one should say—we live—'tis impossible to tell how we live—we are all princes: why—why you are a king, you are an emperor, and I'm a prince; now an't we?

Thomas. No, sergeant; I'll be no emperor.

Kite. No!

Tho. I'll be a justice-of-peace.

Kite. A justice-of-peace, man!

Tho. Ay, wauns will I: for since this pressing act, they are greater than any emperor under the sun.

Kite. Done: you are a justice-of-peace, and you are a king, and I'm a duke, and a rum duke, an't I?

Cost. I'll be a queen.

Kite. A queen!

Cost. Ay, queen of England: that's greater than any king of them all.

Kite. Bravely said, faith! Huzza for the queen. But hark'ee, you Mr Justice, and you Mr Queen, did you ever see the queen's picture?

Both. No, no, no.

Kite. I wonder at that; I have two of them set in gold, and as like her majesty; God bless the mark!—see here, they are set in gold. [*Taking two broad pieces out of his pocket, presents one to each.*]

Tho. The wonderful works of nature! [*Looking at it.*]

Cost. What's this written about? here's a posy, I believe. Ca-ro-lus! what's that, sergeant?

Kite. Oh, Carolus! why, Carolus is Latin for Queen Anne; that's all.

Cost. 'Tis a fine thing to be a scollard. Sergeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the compass of a crown.

Kite. A crown! never talk of buying; 'tis the same thing among friends, you know. I'll present them to ye both: you shall give me as good a thing. Put them up, and remember your old friend when I am 'Over the hills and far away.' [*They sing, and put up the money.*

Enter PLUME, the Recruiting Officer, *singing.*

Over the hills and over the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain;
The queen commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away.

Come on, my men of mirth, away with it; I'll make one among you. Who are these hearty lads?

Kite. Off with your hats; 'ounds! off with your hats; this is the captain; the captain.

Tho. We have seen captains afore now, mun.

Cost. Ay, and lieutenant captains too. 'Sflesh! I'll keep on my nab [hat].

Tho. And I'se scarcely doff mine for any captain in England. My vether's a freeholder.

Plume. Who are those jolly lads, sergeant?

Kite. A couple of honest brave fellows, that are willing to serve the queen; I have entertained 'em just now as volunteers, under your honour's command.

Plume. And good entertainment they shall have; volunteers are the men I want; those are the men fit to make soldiers, captains, generals.

Cost. Wauns, Tummas, what's this! are you listed?

Tho. Flesh! not I: are you, Costar?

Cost. Wauns, not I.

Kite. What! not listed? ha, ha, ha! a very good jest, i' faith.

Cost. Come, Tummas, we'll go home.

Tho. Ay, ay, come.

Kite. Home! for shame, gentlemen: behave yourselves better before your captain. Dear Tummas, honest Costar —

Tho. No, no; we'll be gone.

Kite. Nay, then, I command you to stay: I place you both sentinels in this place for two hours, to watch the motion of St Mary's clock you, and you the motion of St Chad's; and he that dares stir from his post till he be relieved shall have my sword in his guts the next minute.

Plume. What's the matter, sergeant? I'm afraid you are too rough with these gentlemen.

Kite. I'm too mild, sir; they disobey command, sir;

and one of them should be shot for an example to the other. They deny their being listed.

Cost. Shot, Tummas!

Plume. Come, gentlemen, what 's the matter?

Cost. We don't know; the noble sergeant is pleased to be in a passion, sir—but——

Kite. They disobey command: they deny being listed.

Tho. Nay, sergeant, we don't downright deny it neither: that we dare not do, for fear of being shot: but we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your worship's pardon, that we may go home.

Plume. That 's easily known. Have either of you received any of the queen's money?

Cost. Not a brass farthing, sir.

Kite. They have each of them received three-and-twenty shillings and sixpence, and 'tis now in their pockets.

Cost. Wauns, if I have a penny in my pocket but a bent sixpence, I 'll be content to be listed, and shot into the bargain.

Tho. And I: look ye here, sir.

Cost. Nothing but the queen's picture, that the sergeant gave me jus' now.

Kite. See there, a broad piece; three-and-twenty shillings and sixpence; t' other has the fellow on 't.

Plume. The case is plain, gentlemen: the goods are found upon you. Those pieces of gold are worth three and twenty shillings and sixpence each

Cost. So it seems that Carolus is three-and twenty shillings and sixpence in Latin?

Tho. 'Tis the same thing in Greek, for we are listed

Cost. Flesh, but we an't, Tummas: I desire to be carried before the mayor, captain.

Plume [*Aside to Kite*]. 'Twill never do, Kite; your damned tricks will ruin me at last. I won't lose the fellows though, if I can help it. Well, gentlemen, there must be some trick in this; my sergeant offers to take his oath that you are fairly listed

Tho. Why, captain, we know that you soldiers have more liberty of conscience than other folks; but for me or neighbour Costar here to take such an oath, 'twould be downright perjuration.

Plume [*to Kite*]. Look ye, rascal, you villain! if I find that you have imposed upon these two honest fellows, I'll trample you to death, you dog! Come, how was 't?

Tho. Nay, then, we 'll speak. Your sergeant, as you say, is a rogue; an't like your worship, begging your worship's pardon; and

Cost. Nay, Tummas, let me speak: you know I can read. And so, sir, he gave us those two pieces of money for pictures of the queen, by way of a present.

Plume. How? by way of a present? the rascal! I 'll teach him to abuse honest fellows like you. Scoundrel, rogue, villain! [*Beats off the Sergeant, and follows.*

Both. O brave noble captain! huzza! A brave captain, faith!

Cost. Now, Tummas, Carolus is Latin for a beating This is the bravest captain I ever saw. Wauns, I 've a month's mind to go with him. . . .

Nicholas Rowe (1674-1718), who was bred to the law, but early forsook it for the tragic drama, was born at Little Barford in Bedfordshire, and from Westminster School and Dr Busby passed to the Middle Temple. His father had an estate at Lamerton in Devonshire, and was a serjeant-at-law in the Temple; by his death in 1692 Nicholas came into £300 a year, and cultivated the muses in chambers in the Temple. His blank-verse tragedy, ***The Ambitious Stepmother***, was acted in 1700 with great success; and it was followed by ***Tamerlane*** (1702), ***The Fair Penitent*** (1703), ***Ulysses***, ***The Royal Convert*** (1705), ***Jane Shore*** (1714), and ***Lady Jane Grey*** (1715). On rising into fame as an author, Rowe was munificently patronised. The Duke of Queensberry made him his secretary for public affairs in 1709 he was, of course, a Whig. On the accession of George I. he was made poet-laureate and a surveyor of customs, the Prince of Wales appointed him clerk of his council, and the Lord Chancellor gave him the office of clerk of the presentations. The fortunate playwright was a favourite in society; his voice was singularly sweet, his conversation lively, and his manner engaging. Pope, Swift, and Addison were amongst his intimates. Yet Spence reports that there was a certain levity and carelessness about him which made Pope declare him to have no heart. Rowe was the first editor of Shakespeare entitled to the name, and the first of a long series to collect biographical facts about him. His edition, published in 1709 and based on the Fourth Folio, was the earliest octavo one, and the first to contain regular lists of the *dramatis personæ*. Rowe was twice married. His widow, who erected a handsome monument over his grave in Westminster Abbey, received a pension from the Crown in consideration not of his dramatic genius, but 'of the translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia* made by her late husband.'

The translation is a spirited enough paraphrase, but little in Rowe's two volumes of miscellaneous poetry rises above dull and respectable mediocrity. His tragedies are passionate and tender, in smooth and equable verse. His *Jane Shore*, still performed from time to time, is effective in the pathetic scenes descriptive of the sufferings of the heroine. *The Fair Penitent*, adapted from Massinger's *Fatal Dowry*, was long a popular play, and the 'gallant gay Lothario' was the prototype of many stage seducers and romance heroes. Richardson elevated the character in his Lovelace, and gave a sanctity to Clarissa's sorrows which leaves Rowe's Calista immeasurably behind. Johnson praised the play heartily both for plot and language; Scott pronounced it greatly inferior to its original. The incidents of Rowe's dramas, well arranged as they are for stage effect, were studied and prepared in the manner of the French school, and were adapted to the taste of the age. As the study of Shakespeare and the romantic drama advanced, Rowe declined in credit, and is now but seldom acted or

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The 'broad-piece,' a name given to the 20s. piece (Jacobus or Carolus) to distinguish it from the guinea (which was not so broad and thin), had in 1706, when this play was produced, risen in value to 23s. 6d. Broad-pieces were called in in 1732 [illegible] guineas. Ewald edited Farquhar's works in 1893. See also Macaulay's essay on 'The Comic Dramatists of the Revolution,' Thackeray's *English Humorists*, and Leigh Hunt's critique in his edition of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar.

read. His popularity in his own day is best seen in the epitaph by Pope—an effusion of friendship presumably not irreconcilable with the anecdote preserved by Spence:

Thy relics, Rowe, to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakespeare place thy honoured bust;
Oh next him skilled to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdained a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blest in thy genius, in thy love, too, blest!
And blest that, timely from our scene removed,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it loved.

From 'Jane Shore.'

Jane Shore. Speak, tell me which is he. And oh! what
This dreadful vision? See, it comes on me. [would
It is my husband! Ah!
Shore. She faints; support her!
Sustain her head, while I infuse this cordial
Into her dying lips. . . . So, gently raise her!
Bellmour. How fare you, lady?
Jane. My heart is thrilled with horror.
Bell. Be of courage;
Your husband lives! 'tis he, my worthiest friend.
Jane. Still art thou there? still dost thou hover round
Oh, save me, Bellmour, from his angry shade! [me?
Bell. 'Tis he himself! he lives! look up.
Jane. I dare not.
Oh, that my eyes could shut him out for ever!
Shore. Am I so hateful, then, so deadly to thee,
To blast thy eyes with horror? Since I'm grown
A burden to the world, myself, and thee,
Would I had ne'er survived to see thee more.
Jane. Oh [illegible] most injured—dost thou live indeed?
Fall then, ye mountains, on my guilty head!
Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret caverns;
Cast thy black veil upon my shame, O night!
And shield me with thy sable wing for ever.
Shore. Why dost thou turn away? Why tremble thus?
Why thus indulge thy fears, and in despair
Abandon thy distracted soul to horror?
Cast every black and guilty thought behind thee,
And let 'em never vex thy quiet more.
My arms, my heart, are open to receive thee,
To bring thee back to thy forsaken home,
With tender joy, with fond forgiving love. . . .
Jane. No, arm thy brow with vengeance, and appear
The minister of Heaven's enquiring justice.
Array thyself all terrible for judgment,
Wrath in thy eyes and thunder in thy voice.
Pronounce my sentence, and if yet there be
A woe I have not felt, inflict it on me. . . .
Shore. Waste not thy feeble spirits. I have long
Beheld unknown thy mourning and repentance,
Therefore my heart has set aside the past,
And holds thee white as unoffending innocence.
Therefore, in spite of cruel Gloster's rage,
Soon as my friend had broke thy prison doors
I flew to thy assistance. Let us haste
Now while occasion seems to smile upon us,
Forsake this place of shame, and find a shelter.
Jane. What shall I say to you? But I obey.
Shore. Lean on my arm.
Jane. Alas! I am wondrous faint:
But that 's not strange, I have not ate these three days.
Shore. Oh, merciless! Look here, my love, I've
Some rich conserves. . . . [brought you
Jane Oh! I'm sick at heart!
Shore. Thou murderous sorrow!
Would thou still drink her blood, pursue her still?
Must she then die? Oh, my poor penitent!
Speak peace to thy sad heart: she hears me not:
Grief masters every sense—help me to hold her.
Catesby [*with a guard*]. Seize on 'em both, as traitors
Bell. What means this violence? [to the state!
Cates. Have we not found you
In scorn of the Protector's strict command,
Assisting this base woman, and abetting
Her infamy?
Shore. Infamy on thy head!
Thou tool of power, thou pander to authority!
I tell thee, knave, thou know'st of none so virtuous,
And she that bore thee was an Ethiop to her.
Cates. You 'll answer this at full: away with 'em.
Shore. Is charity grown treason to your court?
What honest man would live beneath such rulers?
I am content that we should die together.
Cates. Convey the man to prison; but for her—
Leave her to hunt her fortune as she may.
Jane. I will not part with him. For me, for me!
Oh must he die for me? [*Following him—she falls.*
Shore. Inhuman villains!
Stand off! the agonies of death are on her.
She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold hand.
Jane. Was this blow wanting to complete my ruin?
Oh let him go, ye ministers of terror.
He shall offend no more, for I will die,
And yield obedience to your cruel master.
Tarry a little, but a little longer,
And take my last breath with you.
Shore. Oh, my love!
Why have I lived to see this bitter moment—
This grief by far surpassing all my former?
Why dost thou fix thy dying eyes upon me
With such an earnest, such a piteous look,
As if thy heart were full of some sad meaning
Thou couldst not speak?
Jane. Forgive me! but forgive me!
Shore. Be witness for me, ye celestial host,
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee, and begs of Heaven to shew thee,
May such befall me at my latest hour,
And make my portion blest or curst for ever!
Jane. Then all is well, and I shall sleep in peace.
'Tis very dark, and I have lost you now:
Was there not something I would have bequeathed you?
But I have nothing left me to bestow,
Nothing but one sad sigh. Oh! mercy, Heaven! [*Dies.*

From 'The Fair Penitent.'

Calista. Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave,
Nor let thy fond, officious love disturb
My solemn sadness with the sound of joy.
If thou wilt soothe me, tell some dismal tale
Of pining discontent and black despair;
For, oh! I've gone around through all my thoughts,
But all are indignation, love, or shame,
And my dear peace of mind is lost for ever.
Lucilla. Why do you follow still that wandering fire,
That has misled your weary steps, and leaves you

Benighted in a wilderness of woe?
That false Lothario! Turn from the deceiver;
Turn, and behold where gentle Altamont,
Kind as the softest virgin of our sex,
And faithful as the simple village swain,
That never knew the courtly vice of changing,
Sighs at your feet, and woos you to be happy.
Cal. Away, I think not of him. My sad soul
Has formed a dismal, melancholy scene,
Such a retreat as I would wish to find;
An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade
Ravens and birds ill omened only dwell:
No sound to break the silence but a brook
That bubbling winds among the weeds: no mark
Of any human shape that had been there,
Unless a skeleton of some poor wretch
Who had long since, like me, by love undone,
Sought that sad place out to despair and die in.
Luc. Alas! for pity.
Cal. There I fain would hide me
From the base world, from malice, and from shame;
For 'tis the solemn counsel of my soul
Never to live with public loss of honour:
'Tis fixed to die, rather than bear the insolence
Of each affected she that tells my story,
And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous.
To be a tale for fools, scorned by the women,
And pitied by the men! Oh insupportable!
Luc. Can you perceive the manifest destruction,
The gaping gulf that opens just before you,
And yet rush on, though conscious of the danger?
Oh! hear me, hear your ever-faithful creature;
By all the good I wish you, by all the ill
My trembling heart forebodes, let me entreat you
Never to see this faithless man again:
Let me forbid his coming.
Cal. On thy life,
I charge thee, no; my genius drives me on;
I must, I will behold him once again;
Perhaps it is the crisis of my fate,
And this one interview shall end my cares
My labouring heart, that swells with indignation,
Heaves to discharge the burden; that once done,
The busy thing shall rest within its cell,
And never beat again.
Luc. Trust not to that:
Rage is the shortest passion of our souls;
Like narrow brooks that rise with sudden showers,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon;
Still as it ebbs the softer thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver, Love, supplies its place.
Cal. I have been wronged enough to arm my temper
Against the smooth delusion; but, alas!
(Chide not my weakness, gentle maid, but pity me)
A woman's softness hangs about me still;
Then let me blush, and tell thee all my folly.
I swear I could not see the dear betrayer
Kneel at my feet and sigh to be forgiven,
But my relenting heart would pardon all,
And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.
Luc. Ye sacred powers whose gracious providence
Is watchful for our good, guard me from men,
From their deceitful tongues, their vows and flatteries.
Still let me pass neglected by their eyes,
Let my bloom wither and my form decay
That none may think it worth his while to ruin me,
And fatal love may never be my bane.
Cal. Ha! Altamont! Calista, now be wary,
And guard thy soul's excesses with dissembling:
Nor let this hostile husband's eyes explore
The warring passions and tumultuous thoughts
That rage within thee, and deform thy reason.

The style of the translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia* may be illustrated by such sententious passages as:

The vulgar falls and none laments his fate;
Sorrow has hardly leisure for the great.

Laws in great rebellions lose their end,
And all go free when multitudes offend.

To strictest justice many ills belong,
And honesty is often in the wrong.

When fair occasion calls, 'tis fatal to delay.

More sprightly is (from an occasional poem):

Thus some who have the stars surveyed
Are ignorantly led
To think those glorious lamps were made
To light Tom Fool to bed.

Colin's Complaint: a Song.

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

'Alas, silly swain that I was!'
Thus sadly complaining he cried;
'When first I beheld that fair face
'Twere better by far I had died.
She talked, and I blessed the dear tongue;
When she smiled 'twas a pleasure too great:
I listened and cried when she sung,
"Was nightingale ever so sweet?"

'How foolish was I to believe
She could dote on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine folk of the town.
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove,
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love.

'What though I have skill to complain,
Though the Muses my temples have crowned?
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around?
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain;
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

'And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betrayed,
Whatever I suffer, forbear—
Forbear to accuse the false maid.

Though through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

'If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymph of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

'Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talked of or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon
His ghost shall glide over the green.'

Six editions of Rowe's works appeared between 1727 and 1792.

Susannah Centlivre (c. 1667-1723), dramatist, is said to have been born in Ireland, her surname either Freeman or Rawkins; her father according to one account having fled to Ireland after the Restoration, when his religious or political opinions made him obnoxious to the authorities. She had already been the wife or mistress of two or three gentlemen, when in 1700 she produced a tragedy, *The Perjured Husband*, and not long after she appeared on the stage at Bath. In 1706 she married Joseph Centlivre, head-cook to Queen Anne, with whom she lived happily till the end. Her nineteen plays (with Life, 3 vols. 1761; new ed. 1872) include *The Perjured Husband* (1700); *The Gamester* (1705); *The Platonick Lady* (1707); *The Busybody* ('Marplot' its leading character, 1709); *A Bickerstaff's Burial*, ultimately called *The Custom of the Country* (1710); *The Wonder! A Woman Keeps a Secret* (1714); and *A Bold Stroke for a Wife* (1717), her most original play—for many of them are adaptations of French and other plays or stories. Some of her plays, on the other hand, were translated into French and into German. She was a strong Whig. In the *Wonder*, the scene of which is laid in Lisbon, the principal characters, except Spanish Dons and Donnas, are Colonel Briton, 'a Scotchman,' who has for three years held a command in Spain, and Gibby, his footman, who wears full Highland costume and speaks a dialect absolutely unknown to Highlanders, compounded of Aberdeenshire and south-country Scots, and English or disguised English, with a large element of a sort of Volapuk concocted on hypothetical analogies. Much is genuine Scotch (as in Tatham's plays, vol. i. p. 786), often very oddly spelt; and, as in the former case, one wonders how many persons in a London audience in 1714 (the year the play was produced) would understand that *carich* (i.e. carritch) meant catechism, *speer* ask, *kenspeckle* conspicuous and recognisable, and *sculdudrie* what Allan Ramsay referred to by that name. The institution, if not the word, figures largely in Mrs Centlivre's plays. When Gibby in full fig enters to Colonel Briton and a Spanish gentleman, the latter not unnaturally exclaims, 'What have we here?' and Colonel Briton explains: 'My footman; this is our country dress, you must know, which for the honour of Scotland I make all my servants wear.' But to the London auditory, who must have been at least as much nonplussed by Gibby's 'Doric,' no such explanation is vouchsafed of an utterance of the footman so esoteric as the following:

> Ay, this is bonny wark indeed! to run three hundred mile to this wicked town, and before I can weel fill my weam, to be sent . . . hunting after this black she devil. What gate sall I gang to speer for this witch, now? Ah for a ruling elder (or the Kirk's treasurer—or his mon) I'd gar my master mak twa o' this. But I am sure there's na sick honest people here, or there wud na be sa muckle sculdudrie.

Mary de la Riviere Manley (1672?-1724), novelist, dramatist, and political writer, enjoyed some celebrity among the wits of the Queen Anne period, though neither her life nor writings will bear a close scrutiny. She was the daughter of a respected royalist officer, Sir Roger Manley, who, an exile in 1646-60, became in 1667 commander-in-chief (not governor) in Jersey. (He is wrongly credited by his daughter with being part-author of the famous *Letters writ by a Turkish Spy*, the first notable example of a description of European things by a feigned Oriental. The *Letters* are largely based on *L'Espion Turc* of the Genoese G. P. Marana, and are probably his work, translated and edited.) Sir Roger died while his daughter was young, and she fell to the charge of a Mr Manley, her cousin, who drew her into a mock marriage (he had a wife living) and in about three years basely deserted her. Her life henceforward was that of an author by profession and a woman of intrigue. The next notable woman after Mrs Aphra Behn to make a livelihood by literature, she wrote three plays, the *Royal Mischief*, the *Lost Lover*, and *Lucius*—the last being honoured by a prologue from the pen of Steele and an epilogue by Prior. Her most famous work appeared in 1709: *Secret Memoirs and Manners of several Persons of Quality, of both Sexes. From the New Atalantis*—a political romance or satire, full of court and party scandal, directed against the Whig statesmen and public characters connected with the Revolution of 1688. This work was honoured with a State prosecution; author, printer, and publisher were arrested, but released in a few days. She met with some favour from a succeeding Tory Ministry; and *Memoirs of Europe* (1710) and *Court Intrigues* (1711) were reprinted as third and fourth volumes of the *New Atalantis*. Swift, in his *Journal to Stella* (January 28, 1711-12), says of Mrs Manley: 'She has very generous principles for one of her sort, and a great deal of good sense and invention : she is about forty, very homely, and very fat.' She found favour, moreover, with Swift's friend, Alderman Barbour, in whose house she lived for many years, and there she died. When Swift relinquished the *Examiner*, Mrs Manley conducted it for some time, the Dean supplying hints, and she appears to have been a ready and effective political writer. All her works, however, have sunk into oblivion. Her novels are worthless, extravagant productions, and the *Atalantis* is chiefly remembered from a line in Pope. The Baron, in the *Rape of the Lock*, says :

As long as *Atalantis* shall be read,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!

Atalantis for *Atlantis* does no undue dishonour to Mrs Manley's scholarship. Spite of her cleverness and reading, she had a fatal incapacity to apprehend classical names aright, and refers familiarly to Paulus Diaconius, Cataline, and Isaac Commenus ; and quotes 'Baron Annal' apparently without knowing that she was citing the *Annales* of Baronius. Even such spellings as *strick* (for strict), *comparitively*, and *hipperboly* (hyperbole!) occur. Swift said of Mrs Manley's writing that it 'seemed as if she had about two thousand epithets and fine words packed up in a bag, and that she pulled them out by handfuls, and strewed them on her paper, where once in five hundred times they happen to be right.' Yet he [illegible] his Tory allies willingly co-operated or c[illegible]ed with Mrs Manley ; he was not above acc[illegible]g hints from the *New Atalantis*, as Smollett also d[illegible] ; and in the unfortunate woman's last d[illegible] days Swift supported a petition from her to [illegible] Government for some reward for her services to the Tory cause, the writing of the *Atalantis* and her prosecution for it being accounted amongst her claims.

The Memoirs of Europe towards the Close of the Eighth Century she described on the title-page as 'written by Eginardus, secretary and favourite to Charlemagne, and done into English by the translator of the *New Atalantis*.' Though in some library catalogues it appears under the head of Eginhard, after his Life of Charlemagne (!), this miscellany was sufficiently like the *New Atalantis* to appear subsequently as a continuation of that work — contemporary persons being freely dealt with under eighth-century names. It was ironically dedicated to Isaac Bickerstaff in the following characteristic dedication, here reproduced with her own spelling and punctuation, italics, and long ſ's :

To Iſaac Bickerſtaff, Eſq ;

SIR,

As a Dedication is of neceſſity towards the Ornament of a Work of this Kind, I cou'd not heſitate upon my Choice, becauſe Experience (and the Example of the [illegible]ians, who in the Worſhip of their *Demons*, conſult [illegible]ly Fear, which ſeems to be their ſtrongeſt Paſſion) has taught me to ſecure any One that might have been my Hero, from the well bred, further Reflections, of ſo polite a Pen as yours. Tho' your Worſhip, in the TATLER of No[illegible]r the Tenth has been pleaſed to call a *Patron the Filthieſt Creature in the Street*, &c. yet I cannot but obſerve, in innumerable Inſtances, you are ſo delighted with ſuch Addreſſes, as even to make 'em to your ſelf : I hope therefore, a corroborating Evidence of your Perfections, may not be unacceptable.

I HAVE learnt from your Worſhip's Lucubrations, to have all the Moral Virtues in Eſteem ; and therefore take this Opportunity of doing Juſtice, and aſking a certain worthy Gentleman, one Capt. *Steele*, pardon ; for ever miſtaking him for your Worſhip ; for if I perſever'd in that Accuſation, I muſt believe him not in Earneſt, when he makes me theſe following Aſſurances in a Letter, which according to your Example, Sir, who ſeem prodigiouſly fond of ſuch Inſertions, I venture to tranſcribe *Verbatim*.

To Mrs. *Man*[illegible] :

Madam,

'I HAVE receiv'd a letter from you, whe[illegible]
'as if I were *Bickerſtaff*, with falling upon [illegible] of
'of the *Atalantis*, and the Perſon who ha[illegible]th
'a Character in that Celebrated Piece. [illegible]
'you, you wrong me in this, as much [illegible]
'do in all elſe you have been pleaſed [illegible] I
'had the greateſt Senſe imaginable of [illegible]
'you gave me when I was going on [illegible]
'am ſo far from retaining an Inclinati[illegible]
'Inhumanity with which you have tr[illegible]
'give my ſelf a Satisfaction in that you [illegible]ancell
'with Injuries, a friendſhip I ſhould neve[illegible]een [illegible]
'to return.

'THIS will convince you how little I [illegible]
'for I believe you will allow no one [illegible] to me [illegible]
[illegible]etful of Services, ever fails in [illegible]

[illegible]e Verſes you quote of mine, [illegible]

'*Againſt a Woman's Wit* [illegible]
'*Your Malice, as your* [illegible]

'and your Sex, as well as you[illegible]ity of
'woman (a Juſtice you would [illegible] to my [illegible]
'Education) ſhall always preſerve [illegible] againſt the
'your provok'd

Moſt humble Servant,
Sept. 6. 1709.
Rich[illegible]

SOON after, two moſt mighty *Tatlers* came [illegible] directly at *M.* ; but *That* I could have forgive[illegible] they not aim'd to aſperſe one *too Great to name.* [illegible] ridiculous Endeavour ! as well the Sun may be [illegible] with a Hand, as ſuch Merit ſullied by the Attempt[illegible] the moſt malicious, moſt witty Pen.

SINCE Mr. *Steele's* reconcil'd Friendſhip (promi[illegible] after my Application to him when under Confineme[illegible] could never be guilty of ſo barbarous a Breach, ſin[illegible] could not commit the Treacherouſeſt ! the Baſeſt ! the moſt Abject thing upon the Earth ! ſo contrary to his A[illegible]rance ! It muſt be you, Sir, to whom my Thanks are due ; making me a Perſon of ſuch Conſideration, as to be worthy your important War. A weak unlearned Woman's Writings, to employ ſo great a Pen ! Heavens !

how valuable am I! How fond of that *Immortality*, even of *Infamy*, that you have promiſed! I am raviſh'd at the Thoughts of *living a thouſand Years hence* in your indelible Lines, tho' to *give Offence*. He that burnt the Temple of *Diana* was Ambitious after much ſuch a ſort of Fame, as what your Worſhip ſeems to have in ſtore for me! Nay, (juſt tho' you are) you even ſtrain a Point to oblige me, as to the Fate of my *Atalantis*, calling that *preſent State Oblivion*, which was Suppreſſion. I doubt your Worſhip muſt be forced to make many as bold Attempts, elſe in my frail Woman's Life there will be little of Heroick Ills worth recording: Nor would I for the World (as your Worſhip ſeems to fear) by *feign'd Names or none at all*, put you to your Criticiſms upon *the Style of all your Contemporaries*, though to give you an Opportunity to ſhow your profound Judgment. No, Sir, I will not hazard loſing my Title to ſo promiſing a Favour. Draw what Lengths you pleaſe; I ſhall be proud of furniſhing Matter towards your inexhauſtible *Tatler*, and of being a perpetual Monument of Mr. Bickerſtaff's Gallantry and Morality.

As to the following Work (for which I humbly implore your Worſhip's All-ſufficient Protection) I refer you to it ſelf and the Preface: But could I have found you in your *Sheer-Lane*, in which Attempt I have wander'd many Hours in vain, I ſhould have ſubmitted it, with that Humility due to ſo Omnipotent a Cenſor. Receive then, Sir, with your uſual Goodneſs, with the ſame intent with which it is directed, this Addreſs of,

SIR,
Your moſt Oblig'd
Moſt humble Servant,
D. M.

The letter from Steele is a true letter, and acknowledged a real service rendered. D. M. stands, of course, for De la Riviere Manley. The attack referred to is in *Tatler* No. 92. Sheer Lane (spelt also Shear Lane) was Shire Lane near Temple Bar—afterwards called Lower Serle's Place—in which stood a public-house called the 'Trumpet,' where the Tatler was said to meet his club. The lane has many other literary associations—with Sir Charles Sedley, Elias Ashmole, the Kit-Cat Club, Theodore Hook, and Dr Maginn.

Walter Pope, born at Fawsley in Northamptonshire, was a half-brother of Bishop Wilkins. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1645, but graduated from Wadham College, Oxford, in which college he became dean. Having succeeded Sir Christopher Wren as professor of Astronomy in Gresham College, he died in London a very old man in 1714. Besides scientific papers, he wrote ironical *Memoires of M. Du Vall* and an ode on Claude Duval, translated *Select Novels* from Cervantes and Petrarch, wrote *Moral and Political Fables*, and was author of *The Old Man's Wish*, 'sung a thousand times' by Benjamin Franklin in his youth, and done into Latin by Vincent Bourne. It is curiously irregular in rhythm, with many extra syllables. The horus is repeated after each of the twenty verses.

From 'The Old Man's Wish.'

If I live to be old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate. In a country town
May I have a warm house, with a stone at my gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.

May I govern my passions with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wear
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay. [away.

May my little house stand on the side of a hill
With an easy descent to a mead and a mill,
That when I've a mind I may hear my boy read
In the mill if it rains, if it's dry in the mead

Near a shady grove, and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance whereon I may look,
With a spacious plain without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad nag to ride out a mile.

With Horace and Petrarch, and two or three more
Of the best wits that reigned in the ages before;
With roast-mutton rather than ven'son or teal,
And clean though coarse linen at every meal

With a pudding on Sunday, with stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar.
With Monte Fiascone or Burgundy wine
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine. . . .

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day,
And when I am dead may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
'He's gone and left not behind him his fellow.'
May I govern, &c.

Thomas Wharton (1648-1715), first Marquis of Wharton, escaped from the Presbyterian and Puritan régime of his father, the third Baron Wharton, to bec[illegible] greatest rake in England Famous at Newn[illegible]et before he became a keen Whig partisan, he made himself highly obnoxious to the Duke of York, and finally boasted that by his ballad of *Lillibulero* (1688) (so the word is usually now spelt) set to music by Purcell, he had sung a king out of three kingdoms. He joined the Prince of Orange, but though made Privy Councillor and Master of the Household, did not realise his ambitions under William III. He was, without doubt, the astutest of the Whig managers. He was abhorred by Tories and Churchmen, and described by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu as the 'most profligate, impious, and shameless of men.' Swift reviled him as 'an atheist grafted on a dissenter;' Queen Anne disliked him, but in 1710 he was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, when he had Joseph Addison as his secretary. As a great Whig leader he naturally attained to a marquisate and other honours, which he enjoyed but for a few months. That very little ingenuity, the most rudimentary wit, and a plentiful lack of poetry sufficed to produce an epoch-making rhyme will be plain from a verse or two of his early and poor prophetic counterblast to 'The Wearing of the Green', which oddly enough begins with a precisely similar question

Ho! broder Teague, dost hear de decree?
Lilli burlero, bullen a la.
Dat we shall have a new deputie?
Lilli burlero, bullen a la.
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a la,
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a la.

Ho! by Shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote:
Lilli, &c.
And he will cut de Englishmen's troate
Lilli, &c.

Dough by my shoul de English do praat
De laws on dare side and Creist knows what

But if dispence do come from de Pope,
We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope.

Now, now de hereticks all go down
By Chrish and Shaint Patrick the nation's our own

Dare was an old prophecy found in a bog,
Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog

And now dis prophecy is come to pass,
For Talbot's de dog and Ja**s is de ass

the ridiculous-looking refrain being repeated to satiety with each verse as with the first. *Lilli burlero* and *bullen a la* were understood to have been Irish watchwords in the rising against the English and Protestants in 1641

Samuel Johnson (1649-1703), Whig divine, was humbly born in Staffordshire or Warwickshire, was educated at St Paul's School and Trinity College, Cambridge, became chaplain to Lord William Russell, and was soon noted for his polemical tracts and sermons. In *Julian the Apostate* (1682) he gave an unflattering portrait of the Duke of York, and continued the controversy in *Julian's Arts*, which led to arrest, prosecution, and imprisonment. He continued to write pamphlets against popery and for the Revolution cause, was stripped of his robes and pilloried, received three hundred and seventeen lashes and was imprisoned again in 1686, and was said by Calamy, who called him 'that truly glorious person,' to have done more than any man in England besides towards paving the way for King William's revolution. He scornfully rejected the usual pretexts by which the Whigs salved their consciences, insisting that William's title was solely the free gift of the people. Soured by lack of gratitude on the part of the court (for he expected much), he wrote bitterly against Burnet and other favourites, but was ultimately pensioned. Dryden reviled him as Ben-Jochanan in *Absalom and Achitophel*, and Swift sneered at 'Julian Johnson.' Coleridge ranked him high amongst controversial writers. His works were published in a folio in 1710, and reprinted in 1713. Another **Samuel Johnson** (1691-1773), a Manchester dancing-master and fiddler, produced in 1729 an absurd burlesque called *Hurlothrumbo*, followed by a series of poor comedies and comic operas.

In the Julian pamphlet the Whig Samuel Johnson makes no secret of his design to institute a practical parallel between the Roman Emperor and the heir-apparent to the British crown (as Strauss afterwards did with Frederick William IV. of Prussia), and to promote the policy of the exclusion bill by insisting on Christian ill-will to Julian. Of the Roman Catholics he says: 'No doubt they would bestow more good words on us if we would all be Passive Protestants; for then the fewer Active Papists would serve to despatch us;' and of passive obedience in Charles I.'s time says

> And yet the arbitrary doctrine of those times did not bring any great terror along with it; it was then but a rake, and serv'd only to scrape up a little paltry passive mony from the subject; but now it is become a murdering piece, loaden with no body knows how many bullets. And that the patrons of it may not complain that it is an exploded doctrine, as if men only hooted at it, but cou'd not answer it, I shall stay to speak a little more to it.

From 'Julian the Apostate.'

In reading many of the late addresses [against the exclusion of the Duke of York from succeeding to the crown], I cou'd not forbear thinking of those angels which Mahomet saw, whose horns were half fire and half snow: those contrarietys which they wore on the outside of their heads, methought, many of our addressers had got on the inside of theirs. For with a brave and warm zeal for the Protestant religion and a Protestant prince, they generously offer'd their lives and fortunes, and the last drop of blood, in defence of his Majesty and the religion now establish'd by law; and by and by the same lives and fortunes, and last drop of blood, are promis'd over again to a popish successor. What is this but clapping cold snow upon the head of all their Protestant zeal? For he that offers his service to both of these together, lifts himself under two the most adverse partys in the world, and Guelph and Gibeline at once. What benefit a popish successor can reap from lives and fortunes spent in defence of the Protestant religion, he may put in his eye: and what the Protestant religion gets by lives and fortunes spent in the service of a popish successor, will be over the left shoulder.

But this contradictious zeal was nothing near so surprizing as that of our friends of Rippon, who beseech his Majesty, and are very sollicitous, lest he shou'd agree to a bill of exclusion (for plain English is as well understood on this side the Trent as on the other), and seem to be very much afraid of losing the great blessing of a popish successor. All the sober men that I have met with, who remain unsatisfy'd as to a bill of exclusion, do nevertheless acknowledg, that a popish successor will be a heavy judgment of God to this nation; to which we must patiently submit, as we do to all other calamitys. But did ever men pray for a judgment, and make it their humble request, that they might be sure of it? Do they not, on the other hand, when it begins to threaten them, heartily deprecate the evil, and are they not earnest with God to avert it? Nay, do they not moreover use all lawful human means to prevent it? There is no judgment represented in scripture to be so immediately the stroke of God as the plague. David, in his great strait, made choice of it under that notion, when he desir'd rather to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of men: and yet men do constantly make use of all lawful means to prevent it. For, besides their using Hippocrates's receipt of Citò, longe, tarde, and running away from it, they make no scruple of antidoting and fortifying themselves against it. They strive with an infected air; and with fires, and fumes of pitch and tar, &c., they endeavour to correct it. Nay, they imprison men that are infected, and put them under a very close confinement, when they have committed no fault, nor done any thing to forfeit their liberty, only that they may thereby preserve others. This and many other things are done by law, till such time as it pleases God to countermand that heavy judgment. I was therefore perfectly pos'd with that address, and cou'd not tell what to make of it. The least I cou'd think of them was this, that if they were Protestants, they were men weary of their religion, who were so undone for a prince, a great part of whose religion it is to persecute and extirpate theirs. And considering with my self what precedents or examples they might have of this strange conduct, and being able to find none; instead thereof, I had an imperfect remembrance of the quite contrary carriage of the primitive Christians towards Julian. In which having thorowly satisfy'd my self, I was willing to give the world this short scheme of it. I can term it no otherwise: for whoever pleases to look into those places which I have cited will find that I have not impoverish'd the subject, but have left untouch'd, sufficient materials for whole volumes, to any one that shall be dispos'd to write them. From the Preface

How the Christians us'd Julian's Memory.

To make amends for their dry eyes at Julian's funeral, the Christians spar'd neither pains nor cost to erect pillars and monuments to his memory. Gregory gives us the description of that stately one which he rear'd for him, speaking to Julian: 'This pillar we erect for you, which is higher and more conspicuous than Hercules's pillars. For they are fix'd in one place, and are only to be seen by those that come thither; but this being a movable one, cannot chuse but be known every where and by all men: which I am sure will last to future ages, branding thee and thy actions, and warning all others not to attempt any such rebellion against God, lest doing the like things, they fare alike.' And I think he has made an example of him

For let any one read the inscription of this monument, and he will bless himself to see what titles of honour are bestow'd upon him. 'Thou persecutor next to Herod, thou traitor next to Judas (only thou hast not testify'd thy repentance by hanging thy self, as he did) and killer of Christ after Pilate; and next to the Jews, thou hater of God!' He calls him murderer, enemy, and avenger, &c. And all the ecclesiastical historians do the like.

But I am weary of ripping up the reproachful and ignominious titles which the Christians tongues being unfetter'd, as Gregory's expression is, and the great facility of compounding Greek words, have lavishly bestow'd upon him. And after all, they lodg him in hell, and there they leave him. Says St. Chrysostom, 'Where is the emperor that threaten'd these things? He is lost and destroy'd, and now he is in hell, undergoing endless punishment.'

What Protestants ever treated their worst persecutors at this rate? Who ever call'd Queen Mary mad bitch, as St. Jerom does Julian, mad dog? No, the courtesy of England has been shewn, even to that treacherous and bloody woman, who deserv'd as ill of the Christian religion as ever Julian did, which I hope to make very plain by and by.

In the mean time it will be necessary to make some reflections upon this strange and unexpected behaviour of the primitive Christians. Chapter viii.

John Asgill (1659-1738) was in his own time thought by many to be crazy, and is now seldom even named, yet Coleridge 'knew no genuine Saxon English superior to Asgill's,' and 'thought his and Defoe's irony often finer than Swift's.' Born at Hanley Castle in Worcestershire, he qualified for the Bar at the Middle Temple. As executor and heir of Nicholas Barbon (believed to have been son of Praise God Barbon or Barebones), he bought life-interests in forfeited estates in Ireland, and so secured a succession of lawsuits and entanglements that led to his spending his last years within the rules of King's Bench. He wrote on banking and registration of titles, and sat in Parliament for Bramber in Sussex, but was expelled for the startling doctrines of his most famous book—an argument to prove that (on the fully developed forensic theory of Christ's having paid the penalty of death inflicted on man for Adam's sin) death is not inevitable for any Christian who claims his right to exemption, and desires to be 'translated' to heaven instead. It is doubtful how far he was sincere, how far he allowed his humorous propensities to carry him beyond his own convictions, to make simple people gape. He affected curiously short paragraphs of a single sentence or less. Southey quotes largely from him in *The Doctor*. The following is the whole of his pamphlet (1712) called

An Essay for the Press.

That there should be a restraint upon the press seems a matter of necessity: but the manner of it, a matter of debate.

The use and intent of printing is (the same with that of preaching) for communicating our thoughts to others.

And there is equal reason (in it self) for suppressing the one as the other.

But this communication being the natural right of mankind (as sociable creatures, and all embarked in one common salvation), the suppressing of either of these is taking away the children's bread.

And in this communication, printing is more diffusive than speaking.

In the beginning of the gospel, for calling the Gentiles, the Spirit of God interpreted the first preaching of it to every auditor in his own language.

And since that miraculous communication of it hath ceased,

It pleased God in his own time to have dictated Man the invention of printing, to supply the place of it.

By which what is at first published in one language only, is made intelligible to all others by translations.

And though several errors have and will be vented by the occasion of this invention, this is no more an argument against the invention itself, than the growing of tares among wheat is an argument against sowing of corn.

Nor any more a reason for suppressing it by a law, than it would be for shutting up the church-door because hypocrites crowd into the church with true worshippers.

Whenever the sons of God came to present them selves before the Lord, Satan would jostle in among them, and present himself before the Lord also.

And yet we don't hear that they quitted their devotion upon it.

And as Satan used our Saviour himself so:

Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil.

So it will be to the end of the world.

Wherefore to me, the clergy of the Church of England, in admitting their auditors to the sacraments without any personal examination, seem more orthodox with that standing rule, Let every man examine himself, than the ministers of those dissenting congregations, that first put each communicant to a test of experience; there being no such test necessary in the churches of God.

Nor are they thereby secure of what they intend (to have none among them but true believers).

A hypocrite will stand and sit, and kneel and pray, as the people of God.

And I am apt to believe, that upon such a test, the Pharisee by giving himself so many distinguishing characters, might have had admission; and the poor publican, that had nothing to say for himself to God or man, but Lord have mercy upon me a sinner! might have been excluded.

And as by the common rules of justice, 'tis better ten guilty escape than one innocent suffer:

So in common charity among Christians, it is a less error to admit ten unworthy than to exclude one believing communicant.

And by the like rules both of justice and charity to mankind, 'tis safer to suffer ten errors to be vented than one necessary truth concealed.

For man is not bound to embrace the errors; but 'tis at his peril to come to the knowledg of the truth in matters of salvation.

When Virgil (by reflection on his own works) finding some things imperfect, had devised them to the flames, the Roman emperor strained a point of law to preserve them from that sentence.

> 'Frangatur legum potius veneranda potestas.
>
> 'Rather than Maro shall in fire burn,
> Let laws themselves be cast into the urn.'

All which is hinted as reasons against restraining the press, by subjecting it to a licence.

And the project of a tax upon it seems impracticable.

But the present licentiousness being chiefly occasioned by concealing the names of the authors:

The most just and natural remedy seems by prohibiting the prints without the names of the authors to them.

As the press is now used, it is a paper-inquisition, by which any man may be arraigned, judged, and condemned (ay, and broad hints given for his execution too) without ever knowing his accusers.

If this be objected to, as an imperfect remedy; for that, notwithstanding this, things may be clandestinely printed and dispersed:

So they may under the restraint by licence.

No prohibitions of human laws can totally extirpate the evils prohibited, but serve only to restrain the frequent commission of them.

When men have once taught their beasts to refrain trespassing upon their neighbour's lands,

Then may they expect to teach their fellow-creatures to cease from sin.

In the meantime, they must content themselves with driving the offenders into corners (as they do their cattel into pounds).

Patrick Walker, the Covenanting hagiographer, was born probably in Lanarkshire, some time about the middle of the seventeenth century. In 1682, as one of the wild Westland Whigs, he was concerned in the shooting of a dragoon near Lanark, and two years later was captured as a rebel and imprisoned in Edinburgh and Dunnottar Castle, suffering, according to his own story, the torture of the thumbscrew and the boot. He made his escape from Leith tolbooth in 1685, and was active in the rabbling of the curates at the Revolution. After the return of peaceful times he seems to have lived as a packman or pedlar, and, in the words of an unfriendly authority, 'when his means went from him, he became a vagrant person without a calling, and wandered through the country gathering old stories' about the Cameronian saints of the 'killing time.' Walker's own account is, that in the process of research he travelled upwards of a thousand miles in Scotland and Ireland in 1722 and 1723. The results appeared in the 'Remarkable Passages' of the Lives of Alexander Peden, John Semple, Richard Cameron, Daniel Cargill, and others, which were published mostly by the author himself at Bristo Port in Edinburgh, between 1724 and 1732. Walker was one of the irreconcilable zealots known as 'Society men,' who left their testimony in the *Hind Let Loose;* and his biographies, in their quaint and picturesque sincerity, give striking illustration of the ferocity, fanaticism, and childish superstition of that intractable remnant. They had a great chap-book vogue—the Life of the miraculous Peden in especial among the Scottish peasantry of the eighteenth century, and supplied plentiful materials for such later writers as Howie of Lochgoin: while Sir Walter Scott turned them to good account in another fashion for *Old Mortality* and *The Heart of Midlothian.* In 1827 appeared a reprint, *Biographia Presbyteriana;* a scholarly new edition by Dr D. H. Fleming in 1901 fixed Walker's death in 1745. The first extract is from the life of Peden; the next is 'To the Reader.

Brown of Priesthill shot by Claverhouse.

In the beginning of May 1685, he [Peden] came to the house of John Brown and Isabel Weir, whom he married before he went last to Ireland, where he stayed all night: and in the morning, when he took his farewel, he came out at the door, saying to himself, Poor woman, a fearful morning, twice over, a dark misty morning. The next morning between five and six hours, the said John Brown, having performed the worship of God in his family, was going with a spade in his hand, to make ready some peat-ground: the mist being very dark, knew not until bloody, cruel Claverhouse compassed him with three troops of horses, brought him to his house, and there examined him; who, tho' he was a man of a stammering speech, yet answered him distinctly and solidly; which made Claverhouse to examine these whom he had taken to be his guides thorow the muirs, if ever they heard him preach: they answered, No, no, he was never a preacher. He said, If he has never preached, meikle has he prayed in his time. He said to John, Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die. When he was praying, Claverhouse interrupted him three times. One time that he stopt him, he was pleading that the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of his anger. Claverhouse said, I gave you time to pray, and ye're begun to preach; he turned about upon his knees, and said, Sir, you know neither the nature of preaching nor praying, that calls this preaching: then continued without confusion. When ended, Claverhouse said, Take goodnight of your wife and children; his wife standing by, with her child in her arms, that she had brought forth to him, and another child of his first wife's, he came to her, and said, Now Isabel, the day is come, that I told you would come, when I spake first to you of marrying me; she said, Indeed, John, I can willingly part with you; then he said, That's all I desire, I have no more to do but die, I have been in case to meet with death for many years. He kissed his wife and bairns, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be multiplied upon them, and his blessing. Claverhouse ordered six soldiers to shoot him; the most part of the bullets came upon his head, which scattered his brains upon the ground. Claverhouse said to his wife, What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman? She said, I thought ever much good of him, and as much now as ever: he said, It were but justice to lay thee beside him; she said, If ye were permitted, I doubt not but your cruelty would go that length; but how will you make answer for this morning's work? He said, To man I can be answerable; and for God, I will take him in my own hand. Claverhouse mounted his horse, and marched, and left her with the corps of her dead husband lying there; she set the bairn upon the ground, and gathered his brains, and tied up his head, and straighted his body, and covered him with her plaid, and sat down and wept over him; it being a very desert place, where never victual grew, and far from neighbours. It was some time before any friends came to her; the first that came was a very fit hand, that old singular Christian woman in the Cummerhead, named Jean Brown, three miles distant, who had been tried with the violent death of her husband at Pentland, afterwards of two worthy sons, Thomas Weir, who was killed at Drumclog, and David Steil, who was suddenly shot afterwards, when taken. The said Isabel Weir, sitting upon her husband's gravestone, told me that before that, she could see no blood but she was in danger to faint, and yet was helped to be a witness to all this, without either fainting or confusion, except when the shotts were let off, her eyes dazled. His corps were buried at the end of his house where he was slain, with this inscription on his gravestone:

'In earth's cold bed the dusty part here lies
Of one who did the earth as dust despise.
Here in that place from earth he took departure,
Now he has got the garland of the martyr.'

This murder was committed betwixt six and seven in the morning; Mr Peden was about ten or eleven miles distant, having been in the fields all night; he came to the house betwixt seven and eight, and desired to call in the family, that he might pray amongst them: He said, Lord, when wilt thou avenge Brown's blood? Oh, let Brown's blood be precious in thy sight, and hasten the day when thou'lt avenge it, with Cameron's, Cargill's, and many others of our martyrs' names; and O for that day when the Lord would avenge all their bloods. When ended, John Muirhead enquired what he meant by Brown's blood; he said twice over, What do I mean? Claverhouse has been at the Preshill this morning, and has cruelly murdered John Brown; his corps are lying at the end of his house, and his poor wife sitting weeping by his corps, and not a soul to speak comfortably to her. This morning after the sun-rising, I saw a strange apparition in the firmament, the appearance of a very bright clear-shining star, fall from heaven to the earth; and indeed there is a clear shining light fallen this day, the greatest Christian that ever I conversed with.

Signs and Wonders.

In the year 1686, especially in the months of June and July, many yet alive can witness, that about the Crosfoord boat, two miles beneath Lanark, especially at the Mains, on the water of Clyde, many people gathered together for several afternoons, where there were showers of bonnets, hats, guns and swords, which covered the trees and ground, companies of men in arms marching in order, upon the water-side, companies meeting companies, going all through other, through other, and then all falling to the ground, and disappearing; and other companies immediately appearing the same way. I went there three afternoons together, and, as I could observe, there were two of the people that were together saw, and a third that saw not; and tho' I could see nothing, yet there was such a fright and trembling upon these that did see, that was discernible to all from these that saw not. There was a gentleman standing next to me who spake as too many gentlemen and others speak, who said, A pack of damn'd witches and warlocks, that have the second sight, the devil-ha't do I see. And immediately there was a discernible change in his countenance, with as much fear and trembling as any woman I saw there, who cried out, O all ye that do not see, say nothing: for I perswade you it is matter of fact, and discernable to all that is not stone blind: and these who did see, told what works the guns had, and their length and wideness, and what handles the swords had whether small or three-barred, or Highland-guards and the closing knots of the bonnets, black or blue; and these who did see them there, where-ever they went abroad, saw a bonnet and a sword drop in the way. I have been at a loss ever since what to make of this last: however a profane age may mock, disdain, and make sport of these extraordinary things, yet these are no new things, but some such things have been in former times.

Straighted in the form *straughted* is still the vernacular word in Scotland for laying out a dead body.

Warlocks, wizards; *devil-ha't*, *deil ha't*, the devil a thing.

Archibald Pitcairne (1652-1713), the chief physician of his day in Edinburgh, and professor for a while at Leyden, was born in Edinburgh, and educated at Edinburgh and Paris. He was notable also in the Scotland of Queen Anne's time as a Latinist, a Jacobite and Episcopalian, and a satirical opponent of the Kirk. The most memorable of his Latin poems, published by Ruddiman in 1727, is the epitaph on Claverhouse, freely translated by Dryden in these lines:

> Oh last and best of Scots! who didst maintain
> Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
> New people fill the land, now thou art gone,
> New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
> Scotland and thou did each in other live,
> Nor wouldst thou her, nor could she thee survive.
> Farewell! who dying didst support the State,
> And couldst not fall but with thy country's fate.

Pitcairne is also credited with the authorship of *The Assembly*, a scurrilous comedy satirising the Presbyterian clergy in general, and the proceedings at the recalcitrant General Assembly of 1692 in particular. It is a dull and coarse production, though with occasional effective hits. Thus, when one of the persons in it suggests that the Episcopalian curates shall not be expelled as a class but treated each on his own merits, a high-flying minister is made to ask: 'Did Joshua, when he extirpated idolaters, cite every man to personal appearance and give him a copy of the libel beforehand? Did Christ, when He apt the buyers out of the Temple, take every ticular huxter's wife by the lug?' Pitcairne is naturally detested by Presbyterians like Wodrow, who, while admitting his scholarship, has painted him as a profane drunkard and Deist. 'Pitcarnius Scotus' wrote much in Latin on fevers and other medical subjects, had bitter pamphlet feuds with several professional colleagues, and carried on a controversy on fermentation with Astruc, the Belgian physician, who, by calling attention to the varying use of Jehovah and Elohim as the names for God, founded the scientific criticism of the Pentateuch. Pitcairne's library was sold after his death to the Czar Peter the Great.

William Dampier (1652-1715), navigator, was born near Yeovil, and voyaged to Newfoundland, Bantam, Jamaica, and Campeachy Bay. After two years among the lawless logwood-cutters of Yucatan, he joined in 1679 a band of buccaneers who crossed the Isthmus of Darien and ravaged the coast as far south as Juan Fernandez. In another expedition (1683), after seizing a Danish ship at Sierra Leone, he coasted along the shores of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, sailing thence across the Pacific, and touching at the Philippines, China, and Australia. Marooned on Nicobar Islands (1688), he made his way in a native canoe to Acheen, and got back to England (1691), where he published his *Voyage round the World* (1697), eminently interesting in substance, and in style homely but clear and easily read. He conducted (1699-1700) a voyage of discovery to the South Seas, in which he explored the north-west coast of Australia, as also the coasts of New Guinea and New Britain, giving his name to the Dampier Archipelago and Strait. On the return voyage he was wrecked off Ascension, and until relieved some two months later lived with his crew on turtles and goats. The old buccaneer was a better pilot than commander, and his cruelty to his lieutenant led to his being court-martialled. Yet in 1703 he was reappointed to the command of two privateers (the sailing-master of one of them Alexander Selkirk) to the South Seas, where he was said to have been guilty of drunkenness, brutality, and even cowardice. Dampier returned home at the close of 1707, poor and broken; nor did his angry *Vindication* re-establish his reputation. Next year he sailed again as pilot to a privateer, which rescued Selkirk, and returned in 1711 after a prosperous voyage. In the portrait of Dampier, 'a rough sailor but a man of exquisite mind,' Coleridge in the *Table Talk* insisted that he could trace 'that something feminine discoverable in the countenances of all men of genius.' Coleridge, who probably knew much less about the buccaneer-hydrographer than Dr Laughton, would on no account hear of his being called a pirate. The passage below from the 1683 voyage obviously contributed (as well as the experiences of Selkirk, published 1712) in not a few particulars to Defoe's great picture (1719) of a solitary's life on the island of

Juan Fernandez.

Both we and Capt. Eaton being bound for John Fernando's Isle, we kept company, and we spared him bread and beef, and he spared us water, which he took in as he passed thro' the Streights [of Magellan].

March the 22d 1684, we came in sight of the island, and the next day got in and anchored in a bay at the south-end of the island, and 25 fathom water, not two cables length from the shore. We presently got out our canoa, and went ashore to seek for a Moskito Indian, whom we left here when we were chased hence by three Spanish ships in the year 1681, a little before we went to Arica; Capt. Watlin being then our commander, after Capt. Sharp was turned out.

This Indian lived here alone above three years, and altho' he was several times sought after by the Spaniards, who knew he was left on the island, yet they could never find him. He was in the woods, hunting for goats, when Captain Watlin drew off his men, and the ship was under sail before he came back to shore. He had with him his gun and a knife, with a small horn of powder, and a few shot; which being spent, he contrived a way by notching his knife, to saw the barrel of his gun into small pieces, wherewith he made harpoons, lances, hooks and a long knife, heating the pieces first in the fire, which he struck with his gun-flint, and a piece of the barrel of his gun, which he hardned: having learnt to do that among the English. The hot pieces of iron he would hammer out and bend as he pleased with stones, and saw them with his jagged knife; or grind them to an edge by long labour, and harden them to a good temper as there was occasion. All this may seem strange to those that are not acquainted with the sagacity of the Indians; but it is no more than these Moskito men are accustomed to in their own country, where they make their own fishing and striking instruments, without either forge or anvil; tho' they spend a great deal of time about them.

Other wild Indians who have not the use of iron, which the Moskito men have from the English, make hatches of a very hard stone, with which they will cut down trees (the cotton-tree especially, which is a soft tender wood), to build their houses or make canoas; and tho' in working their canoas hollow, they cannot dig them so neat and thin, yet they will make them fit for their service. This their digging or hatchet-work they help out by fire, whether for the felling of trees, or for making the inside of their canoa hollow. These contrivances are used particularly by the savage Indians of Blewfield's River, described in the 3d Chapter, whose canoas and stone-hatches I have seen. These stone-hatches are about 10 inches long, 4 broad, and three inches thick in the middle. They are grownd away flat and sharp at both ends: right in the midst and clear round it they make a notch, so wide and deep that a man might place his finger along it, and taking a stick or withe about 4 foot long, they bind it round the hatchet-head, in that notch, and so twisting it hard, use it as an handle or helve; the head being held by it very fast. Nor are other wild Indians less ingenious. Those of Patagonia, particularly, head their arrows with flint, cut or ground; which I have seen and admired. But to return to our Moskito man on the isle of J. Fernando. With such instruments as he made in that manner, he got such provision as the island afforded; either goats or fish. He told us that at first he was forced to eat seal, which is very ordinary meat, before he had made hooks: but afterwards he never killed any seals but to make lines, cutting their skins into thongs. He had a little house or hut half a mile from the sea, which was lin'd with goats skin; his couch or barbecu of sticks lying along about two foot distant from the ground, was spread with the same, and was all his bedding. He had no cloaths left, having worn out those he brought from Watlin's ship, but only a skin about his waist. He saw our ship the day before we came to an anchor, and did believe we were English, and therefore kill'd three goats in the morning, before we came to an anchor, and drest them with cabbage, to treat us when we came ashore. He came then to the sea-side to congratulate our safe arrival. And when we landed, a Moskito Indian, named Robin, first leap'd ashore, and running to his brother Moskito man, threw himself flat on his face at his feet, who helping him up, and embracing him, fell flat with his face on the ground at Robin's feet, and was by him taken up also. We stood with pleasure to behold the surprize, and tenderness, and solemnity of this interview, which was exceedingly affectionate on both sides; and when their ceremonies of civility were over, we also that stood gazing at them drew near, each of us embracing him we had found here, who was overjoyed to see so many of his old friends come hither, as he thought purposely to fetch him. He was named Will, as the other was Robin. These were names given them by the English, for they had no names among themselves; and they take it as a great favour to be named by any of us; and will complain for want of it, if we do not appoint them some name when they are with us: saying of themselves they are poor men, and have no name.

This island is in lat. 34 d. 45 m. and about 120 leagues from the main. It is about 12 leagues round, full of high hills and small pleasant valleys, which if manured, would probably produce any thing proper for the climate. The sides of the mountains are part savannahs, part woodland. Savannahs are clear pieces of land without woods; not because more barren than the wood land, for they are frequently spots of as good land as any, and often are intermixt with wood-land. . . .

The grass in these savannahs at John Fernando's is not a long flaggy grass, such as is usually in the savannahs in the West-Indies, but a sort of kindly grass thick and flourishing the biggest part of the year. The woods afford divers sorts of trees; some large and good timber for building, but none fit for masts. The cabbage-trees of this isle are but small and low, yet afford a good head, and the cabbage very sweet. This tree I shall describe in the Appendix, in the Bay of Campeachy. The savannahs are stocked with goats in great herds: but those that live on the east-end of the island are not so fat as those on the west-end; for though there is much more grass, and plenty of water in every valley, nevertheless they thrive not so well here as on the west end, where there is less food; and yet there are found greater flocks, and those too fatter and sweeter. That west end of the island is all high champion ground without any valley, and but one place to land; there is neither wood nor any fresh water, and the grass short and dry.

Goats were first put on the island by John Fernando, who first discovered it on his voyage from Lima to Baldivia (and discovered also another island about the same bigness, 20 leagues to the westward of this). From those goats these were propagated, and the island hath taken its name from this its first discoverer, who when he returned to Lima, desired a patent for it, designing to settle here; and it was in his second voyage hither that he set ashore three or four goats, which have since by their increase so well stock'd the whole island. But he could never get a patent for it, therefore it lies still destitute of inhabitants, tho' doubtless capable of maintaining 4 or 500 families, by what may be produced off the land only. I speak much within compass; for the savannahs would at present feed 1000 head of cattle, besides goats, and the land being cultivated would probably bear corn, or wheat, and good pease, yams, or potatoes; for the land in their valleys and sides of the mountains is of a good black fruitful mould. The sea about it is likewise very productive of its inhabitants. Seals swarm as thick about this island as if they had no other place in the world to live in; for there is not a bay nor rock that one can get ashore on but is full of them. Sea lions are here in great companies, and fish, particularly snappers and rock-fish, are so plentiful, that two men in an hour's time will take with hook and line as many as will serve 100 men. . .

There are only two bays in the whole island where ships may anchor; these are both at the east-end, and in both of them is a rivulet of good fresh water. Either of these bays may be fortified with little charge, to that degree that 50 men in each may be able to keep off 1000 and there is no coming into these bays from the west-end but with great difficulty, over the mountains, where if 3 men are placed, they may keep down as many as come against them on any side. This was partly experienced by 5 Englishmen that Capt. Davis left here, who defended themselves against a great body of Spaniards who landed in the bays, and came here to destroy them; and tho' the second time one of their consorts deserted and fled to the Spaniards, yet the other four kept their ground, and were afterwards taken in from hence by Capt. Strong of London. We remained at John Fernando's sixteen days; our sick men were ashore all the time, and one of Captain Eaton's doctors (for he had four in his ship) tending and feeding them with goat and several herbs, whereof here is plenty growing in the brooks: and their diseases were chiefly scorbutick.

The article on Dampier in the *Dictionary of National Biography* is by Dr Laughton; and there is a *Life* by Mr Clark Russell (1889)

Richard Bentley (1662-1742), born of yeoman parentage at Oulton near Leeds, passed from Wakefield grammar-school to St John's College, Cambridge, in 1676, as subsizar, and in 1682 was appointed by his college head-master of Spalding grammar-school. As tutor to the son of Stillingfleet, then Dean of St Paul's, he accompanied his pupil in 1689 to Oxford, where he was twice appointed to deliver the Boyle Lectures on the Evidences of Religion. He had taken orders in 1690, and to Stillingfleet he owed various good ecclesiastical preferments, with the post of royal librarian at St James's. His *Letter to Mill* (1691) on the Greek chronicler John Malelas is itself a masterpiece; but it was the *Dissertation upon the Epistles of Phalaris* (1699), an expansion of an earlier essay, that established his reputation throughout Europe, and may be said to mark a new era in scholarship. The origin and course of this *Battle of the Books* is sketched in Vol. I. of this work in connection with Sir William Temple (page 754). The essay is not merely a monument of erudition, a triumph of penetrative insight in the new art of making accurate philosophy elucidate history, but a great literary masterpiece, in which trenchant argument is enlivened by keen and plentiful wit and satire. The style is direct and simple, with many homely phrases. In 1700 Bentley was appointed Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. The history of his mastership is an unbroken series of quarrels and litigations, provoked by his arrogance and rapacity; but when in 1717 he was made regius professor of Divinity, he contrived to pass scathless through all his controversies. Only death prevented the Bishop of Ely, visitor of Trinity, from depriving him of his mastership (1714); the university senate did deprive him of his degrees (1718); and another bishop pronounced sentence of deposition (1734). But at his death he was in full possession both of degrees and mastership. This stormy life did not impair his literary activity. As 'Phileleutherus Lipsiensis' he attacked Anthony Collins's *Discourse of Free-thinking* with a trenchancy of argument, ripeness of scholarship, and a brilliancy of style such as none of the deistical writers could command. It was in these *Remarks* that he incidentally endorsed the hypothesis that the Homeric poems were put together from many separate ballads or lays long after their first date of composition, thus partly anticipating Wolf's theory. He edited a number of classical authors—among others, Horace (1711) and Terence (1726)—upon which he bestowed vast labour. Emendations were at once his forte and foible—the latter conspicuously in his edition of *Paradise Lost* (1732). His theory was that Milton's blindness had necessitated the help of an amanuensis who made stupid mistakes, and of an editor who made mistakes as well as wilful alterations and interpolations. These by internal criticism he set himself to correct, with much superfluous acuteness. The proposal (1720) to print an edition of the Greek New Testament, in which the received text should be corrected by a careful comparison with the Vulgate and all the oldest existing Greek MSS., was then singularly bold, and evoked violent opposition; in the settling of the New Testament text, his principles were triumphantly carried out by Lachmann. The founder of the school of classical criticism of which Porson illustrated the excellences and the defects, he wielded with equal effect the weapons of textual and of higher criticism. By uncomplimentary remarks on Pope's *Homer* he incurred the enmity of the translator and a place in the *Dunciad*, which reflected more ridicule on the jealous poet than on the great critic. One of Bentley's daughters was the mother of Richard Cumberland the dramatist.

From the 'Phalaris.'

That sophist, whoever he was, that wrote a small book of letters in the name and character of Phalaris (give me leave to say this now, which I shall prove by and by) had not so bad a hand at humouring and personating, but that several believed it was the tyrant himself that talked so big, and could not discover the ass under the skin of that lion: for we find Stobæus quoting the 38, and 67, and 72 of those Epistles, under the title of Phalaris; and Suidas, in the account he gives of him, says he has wrote 'very admirable letters,' ἐπιστολὰ θαυμασίας πάνυ, meaning those that we are speaking of. And Johannes Tzetzes, a man of much rambling learning, has many and large extracts out of them in his Chiliads; ascribing them all to the tyrant whose livery they wear. These three, I think, are the only men among the antients that make any mention of them; but since they give not the least hint of any doubts concerning their author, we may conclude that most of the scholars of those ages received them as true originals; so that they have the general warrant and certificate for this last thousand years before the restoration of learning. As for the moderns, besides the approbation of those smaller critics that have been concerned in the editions of them, and cry them up of course, some very learned men have espoused and maintained them; such as Thomas Fazellus and Jacob Cappellus. Even Mr Selden himself draws an argument in chronology from them, without discovering any suspicion or jealousy of a cheat: to whom I may add their latest and greatest advocate, who has honoured them with that most high character, prefixed to this Treatise.

> Others, indeed, have shewn their distrust of Phalaris's title to them, but are content to declare their sentiment without assigning their reasons. Phalaris, or 'somebody else,' says Cælius Rhodus. 'The Epistles that go under the name of Phalaris,' says Menagius. Some name the very person at whose door they lay the forgery. 'Lucian, whom they commonly mistake for Phalaris,' says Ang. Politianus. 'The Epistles of Phalaris, if they are truly his, and not rather Lucian's,' says Lilius Greg. Gyraldus, who in another place informs us, that Politian's opinion had generally obtained among the learned of that age, 'The Epistles,' says he of Phalaris, which 'most people attribute to Lucian.' How judiciously they ascribe them to Lucian we shall see better anon, after I have examined the case of Phalaris, who has the plea and right of possession; and I shall not go to dispossess him, as those have done before me, by an arbitrary sentence in his own tyrannical way, but proceed with him upon lawful evidence, and a fair and impartial trial; and I am very much mistaken in the nature and force of my proofs, if ever any man hereafter that reads them persist in his old opinion of making Phalaris an author.
>
> The censures that are made from style and language alone are commonly nice and uncertain, and depend upon slender notices. Some very sagacious and learned men have been deceived in those conjectures, even to ridicule. The great Scaliger published a few iambics, as a choice fragment of an old tragedian, given him by Muretus; who soon after confessed the jest, that they were made by himself. Boxhornius wrote a commentary upon a small poem *De Vite*, supposed by him to be some ancient author's; but it was soon discovered to be Michael Hospitalius's, a late Chancellor of France; so that if I had no other argument but the style to detect the spuriousness of Phalaris's Epistles, I myself, indeed, should be satisfied with that alone; but I durst not hope to convince every body else. I shall begin therefore with another sort of proofs, that will affect the most slow judgments, and assure the most timid or incredulous.

Then follows the argument proper, in too great detail for quotation. Bentley's unheard-of liberties with the most perfect passages of *Paradise Lost* may be well illustrated by his transformation of 'No light, but rather darkness visible' into 'No light but rather a transpicuous gloom;' and by his proposed emendations of the very last lines of the last book (see the last paragraph quoted in Vol. I. p. 703). Addison had suggested that the omission of the last two unforgetable lines

> They hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
> Through Eden took their solitary way

would make a better close for the poem. Bentley disapproved this suggestion, but asserted that the lines had been utterly corrupted by the editor, and for the reasons given proposed to restore or emend them into woefully different verses:

> Milton 'tells us before, that Adam, upon hearing Michael's predictions, was even surcharg'd with joy (xii. 372); was replete with joy and wonder (468); was in doubt whether he should repent of, or rejoice in, his fall (475); was in great peace of thought (558); and Eve herself was *not sad*, but full of *consolation* (620). Why then does this distich dismiss our first parents in anguish, and the reader in melancholy? And how can the expression be justified, "with wand'ring steps and slow"? Why *wand'ring?* Erratic steps? Very improper: when in the line before, they were guided by Providence. And why *slow?* when even Eve profess'd her readiness and alacrity for the journey (614):—"*But now lead on; In me is no delay.*" And why "their solitary way"? All words to represent a sorrowful parting; when even their former walks in Paradise were as solitary as their way now: there being nobody besides them two, both here and there. Shall I therefore, after so many prior presumptions, presume at last to offer a distich, as close as may be to the author's words, and entirely agreeable to his scheme?
>
> "*Then* hand in hand *with social steps their way*
> Through Eden took, *with heav'nly comfort cheer'd.*"'

Dyce's edition of Bentley's works (3 vols. 1836-38) is unfinished. See the Life of him by Monk (2 vols. 1833), and the monograph in the 'English Writers' series by Sir Richard Jebb (188[illegible]).

The Duke of Buckingham (JOHN SHEFFIELD, often called DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE—1648-1721) was associated in his latter days with the wits and poets of the reign of Queen Anne, though in spirit he belongs to the previous age. Having succeeded his father as Earl of Mulgrave in 1658, he served with Prince Rupert against the Dutch, and in 1673 became colonel of a regiment of foot. In order to learn the art of war under Marshal Turenne, he made a campaign in the French service. But even amidst the din of arms he did not wholly neglect literary pursuits, and he made himself an accomplished scholar. He was a member of the Privy Council of James II., but *acquiesced* in the Revolution, and was for three years a member of the Privy Council of William and Mary, with a pension of £3000 and the title of Marquis of Normanby. Sheffield is said to have 'made love' to Queen Anne when they were both young, and Her Majesty heaped honours on the favourite immediately on her accession to the throne, including the dukedom of the county of Buckingham. He lived in great state in a magnificent house he had built in St James's Park, of which he has given a long description, dwelling with delight on its gardens, terrace, park, and canal, and the rows of goodly elms and limes through which he approached his mansion. This stately residence was purchased by George III., and taken down by George IV. to make way for the present royal palace, which still bears the name of Buckingham. Sheffield wrote several poems and prose works, among the latter being an *Account of the Revolution*. Among the former is an *Essay on Satire*, which Dryden is reported, but erroneously, to have revised. His principal work, however, is his *Essay on Poetry*, which was published anonymously in 1682; the second edition, enlarged in 1691, received the praises of Roscommon, Dryden, and Pope. This poem was retouched by Pope, and in return some of the last lines of Buckingham were devoted to the praise of the young poet of *Windsor Forest*. The *Essay on Poetry*, written in the heroic couplet, seems to have suggested Pope's ***Essay on Criticism.*** It is in the style of Roscommon, plain, perspicuous, and sensible, but it contains little or no true poetry less than many of Dryden's prose essays and is much of it incredibly commonplace in thought and in word. Out of Shakespeare's ***Julius Cæsar*** he manufactured, with the help of some new love scenes and other tags, two model dramas according to his own—and his contemporaries'—notions of good taste.

From the 'Essay on Poetry.'

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief master piece is writing well ;
No writing lifts exalted man so high
As sacred and soul moving Poesy :
No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
And, if well finished, nothing shines so much
But Heaven forbid we should be so profane
To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
'Tis not a flash of fancy, which, sometimes
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes ;
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done :
True wit is everlasting like the sun,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retired,
Breaks out again, and is by all admired.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound
Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts ;
And all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the structure of the whole ;
Without a genius, too, for that 's the soul :
A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about ;
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit,
Even something of divine, and more than wit :
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but described by none. . . .
First, then, of songs, which now so much abound,
Without his song no fop is to be found ;
A most offensive weapon which he draws
On all he meets, against Apollo's laws.
Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art ;
For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
The least of which defects is plainly shewn
In one small ring, and brings the value down :
So songs should be to just perfection wrought ;
Yet when can one be seen without a fault ?
Exact propriety of words and thought ;
Expression easy, and the fancy high ;
Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly ;
No words transposed, but in such order all,
As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall.
Of all the ways that wisest men could find
To mend the age and mortify mankind,
Satire well writ has most successful proved,
And cures, because the remedy is loved.
'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
Without repeating things oft said before.
Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,
That stain a beauty which we so much love.
Of chosen words some take not care enough,
And think they should be, as the subject, rough :
This poem must be more exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words conveyed.
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only business was to rail ;
But human frailty, nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a satire from a scold.
Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down ;
A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown ;
So, while you seem to slight some rival youth,
Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth. . . .
By painful steps at last we labour up
Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top
The epic poets so divinely shew,
And with just pride behold the rest below.
Heroic poems have a just pretence
To be the utmost stretch of human sense ;
A work of such inestimable worth,
There are but two the world has yet brought forth
Homer and Virgil ; with what sacred awe
Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw !
Just as a changeling seems below the rest
Of men, or rather as a two-legged beast,
So these gigantic souls, amazed, we find
As much above the rest of human-kind !
Nature's whole strength united ! endless fame
And universal shouts attend their name !
Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose ; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.

Sir Richard Blackmore birth year unknown; died 1729 was one of the most fortunate physicians and most severely handled poets of the age. Born of a good family at Corsham in Wiltshire, and educated at Westminster and St Edmund Hall, Oxford, he took his B.A. in 1674. He was in extensive medical practice, was knighted in 1697 by William III., and afterwards made censor of the College of Physicians. In 1695 he published *Prince Arthur*, an epic poem, which he says he wrote amidst the duties of his profession, 'for the greatest part in coffee-houses, or in passing up and down the streets.' Dryden, whom he had attacked for licentiousness, satirised him for writing 'to the rumbling of his chariot-wheels.' In *Prince Arthur* Blackmore flattered himself that he had imitated Virgil's manner, angels taking the place of heathen gods in the management of sublunary affairs. In *King Arthur* (1697) he seems to think he had followed rather the Homeric model. The twelve dreary books of this preposterous epic are devoted wholly to one of the most fabulous of Arthur's exploits as reported by Geoffrey of Monmouth an expedition to support the Christian people of Gaul against certain heathen Franks, in which history, ethnology, and common-sense are alike defied. The principal enemy is the Frankish king Clotar, assumed to be a heathen though the Franks were converted to Christianity before the end of the fifth century, and Arthur or his prototype seems to have belonged to the sixth. The prince of darkness and his pseudo-Miltonic council of war Belus, Milcom, Ammon, Rimmon, &c.—discuss in long speeches how to check the Christian champion's progress, but in vain. There are endless lists of the princes in either camp, and the numbers of their forces. The battle in which Arthur triumphs is not more amusing than the rest. Before the campaign is ended Satan effects a diversion by stirring up strife in Britain; Arthur has to hasten thither, but soon returns, and in a final battle wounds Clotar mortally, takes the opportunity as he lies 'weltering in his gore' to address a sermon to him about Divine justice, and then hacks off his head and 'spurns' or apparently kicks the corpse. The last stage of the personal conflict between the kings proceeded thus:

> The Frank observing that his arm did wield
> His sword in vain against King Arthur's shield,
> Retreating, to the ground did downward stoop,
> And heav'd a mighty rocky fragment up.
> Then did the furious warriour forward step,
> And hurl'd with both his hands the pondrous heap.
> The Britons trembled when they saw the stone
> With such a force against their monarch thrown.
> O'er Arthur's shoulder flew the flinting rock,
> But as it past a craggy corner struck
> The shoulder's point, and his bright armour bruis'd,
> Which in his flesh a painful wound produc'd.
> His friends grew pale to see that shoulder hurt,
> Which did their empire and their hopes support.
> The pious monarch did the wound neglect,
> And for one mortal stroke did all his might collect,
> Like some celestial sword of temper'd flame,
> Down on the Frank keen caliburno came.
> It fell upon his neck with vengeful sway,
> And thro' the shrinking muscles made its way,
> The head, reclin'd, on the right shoulder lay.
> Down fell the Frank, disabled by the wound,
> Weltering in gore and raging, bit the ground.
> The pious prince did o'er the warriour stand,
> Bright caliburno flaming in his hand.

Blackmore continued writing, and published a series of epics on King Alfred, Queen Elizabeth, the Redeemer, the Creation, &c. All are intolerably tedious, and have sunk into oblivion; but Pope has preserved his memory in various satirical allusions. Addison extended his friendship to the Whig poet, whose private character was irreproachable, and strongly approved his hostility to the prevalent grossness and impiety of dramatic poetry. Dr Johnson included Blackmore in his edition of the poets, but of his works reproduced only the poem of *Creation*, which, he said, 'wants neither harmony of numbers, accuracy of thought, nor elegance of diction.' Even Dennis, formerly hostile, thought Blackmore surpassed Lucretius. The design of *Creation* was to demonstrate the existence of a Divine Eternal Mind. The worthy doctor recites the proofs of a Deity from natural and physical phenomena, and afterwards reviews the systems of the Epicureans and the Fatalists, concluding with a hymn to the Creator of the world. The old-fashioned orthodox piety of Blackmore is everywhere apparent in his writings; but the genius of poetry evaporates amidst tedious argumentations, commonplace illustrations, prosing declamation, and general dullness. From the opening of *Creation* it would appear that he deliberately designed to outsoar Milton 'to heights unknown to anybody but himself, presumably:

> No more of courts, of triumphs, or of arms,
> No more of valour's force, or beauty's charms;
> The themes of vulgar lays, with just disdain,
> I leave unsung, the flocks, the amorous swain,
> The pleasures of the land, and terrors of the main.
> How abject, how inglorious 'tis to lie
> Grovelling in dust and darkness, when on high
> Empires immense, and rolling worlds of light,
> To range their heavenly scenes, the muse invite!
> I meditate to soar above the skies,
> To heights unknown, through ways untry'd to rise
> I would th' Eternal from his works assert,
> And sing the wonders of creating art.
> While I this unexampled task essay,
> Pass awful gulfs, and beat my painful way;
> Celestial Dove! divine assistance bring,
> Sustain me on thy strong extended wing,
> That I may reach th' Almighty's sacred throne,
> And make his causeless power, the cause of all things
> Thou dost the full extent of nature see, (Creation.)
> And the wide realms of vast immensity:
> Eternal Wisdom thou dost comprehend,
> Rise to her heights, and to her depths descend:
> The Father's sacred counsels thou canst tell,
> Who in his bosom didst for ever dwell.
> Thou on the deep's dark face, immortal dove!
> Thou with Almighty energy didst move
> On the wild waves, incumbent didst display
> Thy genial wings, and hatch primeval day.
> Order from thee, from thee distinction came,
> And all the beauties of the wond'rous frame.
> Hence stampt on nature we perfection find,
> Fair as th' idea in the Eternal Mind.

Garth in *The Dispensary* unkindly makes Blackmore cite four scraps of his own verse (quite accurately reproduced) from *Prince Arthur* and *King Arthur* as sufficiently sonorous to summon the Sibyl from the shades

> These lines the pale Divinity shall raise,
> Such is the power of sound and force of lays,

Blackmore is made to say, and then cites his own:

> Arms meet with arms, fauchions with fauchions clash,
> And sparks of fire struck out from armour flash
> Thick clouds of dust contending warriors raise,
> And hideous war o'er all the region brays.
>
> Some raging ran with huge Herculean clubs,
> Some massy balls of brass, some mighty tubs
> Of cinders bore.
>
> Naked and half-burnt hills with hideous wrack
> Affright the skies and fry the ocean's back.
>
> High rocks of snow and sailing hills of ice,
> Against each other with a mighty crash
> Driven by the winds in rude rencounter dash.

Blood, brains, and limbs the highest walls disdain,
And all around lay squalid heaps of slain.

In the following singular and original theodicy from Book iii. of *Creation*, it is noticeable that Blackmore quite admits the Creator might (but for sufficient reasons) have made a much finer world; and he justifies the ways of God to men in the matter of having wasted so much space on mountains not from the majesty or beauty of the everlasting hills, but from their utilitarian 'convenience' for practical purposes:

You ask us why the soil the thistle breeds;
Why its spontaneous birth are thorns and weeds;
Why for the harvest it the harrow needs?
  The Author might a nobler world have made,
In brighter dress the hills and vales arrayed,
And all its face in flowery scenes displayed:
The glebe untilled might plenteous crops have borne,
And brought forth spicy groves instead of thorn:
Rich fruit and flowers, without the gardener's pains,
Might every hill have crowned, have honoured all the plains:
This Nature might have boasted, had the Mind
Who formed the spacious universe designed
That man, from labour free, as well as grief,
Should pass in lazy luxury his life.
But He his creature gave a fertile soil,
Fertile, but not without the owner's toil,
That some reward his industry should crown,
And that his food in part might be his own.
  But while insulting you arraign the land
Ask why it wants the plough or labourer's hand;
Kind to the marble rocks, you ne'er complain,
That they, without the sculptor's skill and pain,
No perfect statue yield, no basse relieve,
Or finished column for the palace give.
Yet if from hills unlaboured figures came,
Man might have ease enjoyed, though never fame.
  You may the world of more defect upbraid,
That other works by Nature are unmade:
That she did never, at her own expense,
A palace rear, and in magnificence
Out-rival art, to grace the stately rooms;
That she no castle builds, no lofty domes.
Had Nature's hand these various works prepared
What thoughtful care, what labour had been spared!
But then no realm would one great master shew,
No Phidias Greece, and Rome no Angelo.
With equal reason too you might demand
Why boats and ships require the artist's hand;
Why generous Nature did not these provide,
To pass the standing lake or flowing tide.
  You say the hills, which high in air arise,
Harbour in clouds, and mingle with the skies,
That earth's dishonour and encumbering load,
Of many spacious regions man defraud;
For beasts and birds of prey a desolate abode.
But can the objector no convenience find
In mountains, hills, and rocks, which gird and bind
The mighty frame, that else would be disjoined?
Do not those heaps the raging tide restrain,
And for the dome afford the marble vein?
Do not the rivers from the mountains flow,
And bring down riches to the vale below?
See how the torrent rolls the golden sand
From the high ridges to the flatter land!
The lofty hills abound with endless store
Of mineral treasure and metallic ore,
With precious veins of silver, copper, tin;
Without how barren, yet how rich within!
They bear the pine, the oak and cedar yield,
To form the palace and the navy build.

Basse relieve was one of many ways (*bas relief*, *bass relief*, *base relief*) in which *bas-relief* used to be spelt in English.

Sir Samuel Garth, an eminent London physician, was born in 1661 at Bowland Forest in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and educated at Ingleton, Peterhouse (Cambridge), and Leyden, taking his M.D. in 1691, and being elected a Fellow of the College of Physicians in 1693. In 1699 he published his poem of *The Dispensary*, to aid the College in a war they were then waging with the apothecaries. The latter, supported by some of the physicians, had ventured to prescribe as well as compound medicines; and the physicians advertised that they would give advice gratis to the poor, and establish a dispensary of their own for the sale of cheap medicines. 'The original of this difference,' Garth said in the preface, 'has been of some standing, though it did not break out into fury and excess until the time of the erecting of the dispensary, a room in the college set up for the relief of the sick poor.' The College triumphed; but in 1703 the House of Lords decided that apothecaries were entitled to exercise the privilege Garth and his brother-physicians resisted. Garth was a popular and kindly man, a firm Whig, yet the early encourager of Pope; and when Dryden died he pronounced a Latin oration over his remains. With Addison he was, politically and personally, on terms the closest intimacy. On the accession of George I. he was knighted with Marlborough's sword, and received the double appointment of Physician-in-Ordinary to the King and Physician-General to the Army. He edited Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 'translated by the most eminent hands,' in 1717, and wrote a good many prologues and occasional poems and verses, such as those inscribed on the toast-glasses of the Kit-Cat Club, of which he was a member. He died 18th January 1719, and was buried in the chancel of the church at Harrow-on-the-Hill. Pope praised him as 'the best good Christian he, although he knows it not;' and Bolingbroke, in oddly similar terms, called him 'the best-natured ingenious wild man I ever knew.' The *Dispensary* is a mock-heroic poem in six cantos, designed, Garth said, 'to rally some of our disaffected members into a sense of their duty;' it culminates in a grand combat between physicians and apothecaries. Envy and Disease play a large part, and a delegate is finally sent to the shades to consult Harvey on the matter in dispute. In the management of the plot Garth took hints both from Boileau's *Lutrin* and from Dryden's *MacFlecknoe*. Some of the leading apothecaries of the day are happily ridiculed ; but the interest of the satire has largely passed away. It opens thus :

Speak, goddess ! since 'tis thou that best canst tell
How ancient leagues to modern discord fell ;
And why physicians were so cautious grown
Of others' lives, and lavish of their own ;
How by a journey to the Elysian plain,
Peace triumphed, and old time returned again.
Not far from that most celebrated place The Old Bailey
Where angry Justice shews her awful face ;
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state ;
There stands a dome, majestic to the sight, The College of Physicians
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height ;
A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
Seems to the distant sight a gilded pill ;
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Raised for a use as noble as its frame ,
Nor did the learn'd society decline
The propagation of that great design ;
In all her mazes, Nature's face they viewed,
And, as she disappeared, their search pursued.
Wrapt in the shade of night the goddess lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark disguise,
But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes.
Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife
Of infant atoms kindling into life ;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And slender trains of twisting fibres makes ;
And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
By just degrees to harden into bone ;
While the more loose flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple streams return ;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
And dart in emanations through the eyes ;
How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
To slake a feverish heat with ambient showers ;
Whence their mechanic powers the spirits claim ;
How great their force, how delicate their frame ;
How the same nerves are fashioned to sustain
The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain ;
Why bilious juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in silver currents run ;
How the dim speck of entity began
To extend its recent form, and stretch to man ; . . .
Why Envy oft transforms with wan disguise,
And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the eyes ; . . .
Whence Milo's vigour at the Olympic's shewn,
Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane ;
How matter, by the varied shape of pores
Or idiots frames or solemn senators.
Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cause to find
How body acts upon impassive mind ;
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire ;
Why our complexions oft our soul declare,
And how the passions in the feature are ;
How touch and harmony arise between
Corporeal figure and a form unseen ;
How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at every summons of the will ;
With mighty truths, mysterious to descry,
Which in the womb of distant causes lie.
But now no grand inquiries are descried ;
Mean faction reigns where knowledge should preside ;
Feuds are increased, and learning laid aside :
Thus synods oft concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings shew a zeal :
The drooping sciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's beams with fading lustre shine. Apo.
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight watching, drowned
The lonely edifice in sweats complains
That nothing there but sullen silence reigns.
This place, so fit for undisturbed repose,
The god of Sloth for his asylum chose ;
Upon a couch of down in these abodes,
Supine with folded arms, he thoughtless nods ,
Indulging dreams his godhead lull to ease,
With murmurs of soft rills, and whispering trees
The poppy and each numbing plant dispense
Their drowsy virtue and dull indolence ;
No passions interrupt his easy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain :
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head

The poem proceeds to show how the slumbers of the god are effectively and finally disturbed. The Sloane named so disrespectfully is the famous Sir Hans, who was one of the first subscribers to the *Dispensary*.

On Death.

'Tis to the vulgar death too harsh appears ;
The ill we feel is only in our fears.
To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar :
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
The wise through thought the insults of death defy,
The fools through blest insensibility.
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave ;
Sought by the wretch, and vanquished by the brave.
It eases lovers, sets the captive free,
And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.

(From Canto iii.)

Often-quoted fragments of the *Dispensary* are :

Dissensions like small streams are first begun ;
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run.

Harsh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear ;
None please the fancy who offend the ear.

Though possession be the undoubted view,
To seize is far less pleasure than pursue.

Garth wrote the epilogue to Addison's tragedy of *Cato*, which ends with the following aspiration :

Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere ;
When gold and grandeur were unenvied things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs !
Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
And Constancy feel transport in its chains ;
Sighs with success their own soft language tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal :
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And Beauty fear no enemy but Time ;
The fair shall listen to desert alone ;
And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

In the same poem occurs the couplet :

The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix ;
'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.

Richard Duke (1659?-1711), the son of a substantial London citizen, studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, lived for a time a dissolute life with the courtiers, wits, playwrights and actors, and wrote a good many poems which Dr Johnson found 'not below mediocrity.' There are translations from Ovid, Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, and Theocritus; epistles or addresses to Waller, Dryden, Otway, Creech, and others; *The Review*, an unfinished political satire; poems on the birth, death, marriage, or accession of princes and private persons, and a number of songs. Duke was one of the wits when Swift was a child, as Swift said, but took orders before 1685, held with credit several cures, published sermons, and was by-and-by chaplain to the Queen's Most Gracious Majesty as well as to the Bishop of Winchester, with the rich living of Witney in Oxfordshire.

To Mr Waller.

When shame for all my foolish youth had writ
Advised 'twas time the rhyming trade to quit,
Time to grow wise, and be no more a wit
The noble fire that animates thy age
Once more inflam'd me with poetic rage.
Kings, heroes, nymphs, the brave, the fair, the young,
Have been the theme of thy immortal song:
A nobler argument at last thy Muse,
Two things divine, Thee and Herself, does choose.
Age, whose dull weight makes vulgar spirits bend,
Gives wings to thine, and bids it upward tend:
No more confined, above the starry skies,
Out from the body's broken cage it flies
But oh, vouchsafe not wholly to retire,
To join with and complete th' ethereal choir!
Still here remain; still on the threshold stand;
Still at this distance view the promised land;
Though thou may'st seem, so heavenly is thy sense,
Not going thither, but new come from thence.

An Epistle to Mr Otway.

Dear Tom, how melancholy I am grown
Since thou hast left this learned dirty town,
To thee by this dull letter be it known.
Whilst all my comfort, under all this care,
Are duns, and puns, and logic, and small beer.
Thou seest I'm dull as Shadwell's men of wit,
Or the top scene that Settle ever writ:
The sprightly Court that wander up and down
From gudgeons to a race, from town to town,
All, all are fled; but them I well can spare,
For I'm so dull I have no business there.
I have forgot whatever there I knew,
Why men one stocking tye with ribbon blue:
Why others medals wear, a fine gilt thing,
That at their breasts hang dangling by a string;
I know no officer of court: nay more,
No dog of court, their favourite before.
Unpolish'd thus, an errant scholar grown,
What should I do but sit and coo alone,
And thee, my absent mate, for ever moan.

William Walsh (1663-1708) was the son of the lord of the manor of Abberley in Worcestershire, left Wadham College without a degree, and in 1698 was sent to Parliament for his native county. Throughout life he supported the Whig and the Honoverian interest. Johnson honoured him with a place among the poets, though in his judgment he had 'more elegance than vigour,' and seldom rises higher than to be pretty. He was for a while Master of the Horse, and was a man of fashion, 'ostentatiously splendid in his dress.' He is known chiefly through his connection with Pope, whom, when still a young man, he helped with encouragement, advice, and criticism, for which Pope was very grateful. It was he who gave Pope the famous advice to try and be a correct poet, as this was now the only way of excellency. His own poems comprise pastorals, eclogues, imitations of Virgil and Horace, and a variety of love poems and occasional verses, some of them sprightly enough.

The Unrewarded Lover.

Let the dull merchant curse his angry fate,
And from the winds and waves his fortune wait:
Let the loud lawyer break his brains, and be
A slave to wrangling coxcombs, for a fee:
Let the rough soldier fight his prince's foes,
And for a livelihood his life expose:
I wage no war, I plead no cause but Love's;
I fear no storms but what Celinda moves.
And what grave censor can my choice despise?
But here, fair charmer, here the difference lies:
The merchant, after all his hazard's past,
Enjoys the fruit of his long toils at last;
The soldier high in his king's favour stands,
And, after having long obey'd, commands;
The lawyer, to reward his tedious care,
Roars on the bench, that babbled at the bar
While I take pains to meet a fate more hard,
And reap no fruit, no favour, no reward.

Written in a Lady's Table-book.

With what strange raptures would my soul be blest,
Were but her book an emblem of her breast!
As I from that all former marks efface,
And, uncontrolled, put new ones in their place;
So might I chace all others from her heart,
And my own image in the stead impart.
But ah, how short the bliss would prove, if he
Who seized it next might do the same by *me*!

Death.

What has this bugbear Death that 's worth our care?
After a life in pain and sorrow past,
After deluding hope and dire despair,
Death only gives us quiet at the last.

How strangely are our love and hate misplaced!
Freedom we seek, and yet from freedom flee;
Courting those tyrant sins that chain us fast,
And shunning Death, that only sets us free.

'Tis not a foolish fear of future pains,
(Why should they fear who keep their souls from stains?)
That makes me dread thy terrors, Death, to see:
'Tis not the loss of riches, or of fame,
Or the vain toys the vulgar pleasures name;
'Tis nothing, Cælia, but the losing thee.

Phyllis's Resolution

When slaves their liberty require,
They hope no more to gain,
But you not only that desire,
But ask the power to reign

Think how unjust a suit you make,
Then you will soon decline;
Your freedom when you please pray take,
But trespass not on mine

No more in vain, Alcander, crave,
I ne'er will grant the thing,
That he who once has been my slave
Should ever be my king.

John Dunton (1659-1733), son of the rector of Graffham, Hunts, was apprenticed to a London bookseller, and acquired much varied knowledge, in spite of love, politics, and other distractions. He took a shop, married happily, made some lucky ventures, but was involved in financial troubles as security for relatives. He visited America, Holland, and Cologne, settled with his creditors, and kept shop for ten years with fair prosperity, his *Athenian Gazette* (afterwards *Athenian Mercury*, 1691-97) being specially successful as one of the earliest journals devoted to answering correspondents. He wrote political pamphlets on the Whig side, satires, &c., to the number of forty, published six hundred books, and carried out a few of the 'six hundred projects' he cherished. He married a second time unhappily, and under the real and imaginary troubles of his later years his mind seems to have crossed the line between crack-brained flightiness and sheer lunacy, as may be gathered from his extraordinary *Life and Errors of John Dunton* (1705).

A [illegible] of the *Athenian Oracle*, Dunton's own [illegible] selection of articles from the *Athenian Mercury*, was edited [illegible]

George Stepney (1663-1707) was one of Johnson's poets, reported in youth to have made 'grey authors blush,' but adjudged by Johnson to have 'little either of the grace of wit or the vigour of nature.' And time has confirmed this judgment: Stepney's poems figure in collections like Chalmers's *British Poets*, but nobody reads them, and his name is all but forgotten. Of Pembrokeshire stock, he was the son of a groom of the chamber to Charles II., became famous at Cambridge as a writer of Latin verse, and chose a diplomatic career. Than this envoy to the Emperor, to the Elector Palatine, the Electors of Brandenburg, Saxony, Mainz, Treves, and Cologne, and the Landgrave of Hesse, 'no Englishman knew the affairs of Germany so well and few Germans better.' His work is but small in volume. He made some free translations or imitations from Juvenal, Horace, and Ovid, praised William III. and Mary in neat and commonplace verses as he had done James II., and wrote 'occasional poems,' like so many of his contemporaries.

Dreams.

At dead of night imperial Reason sleeps,
And Fancy with her train loose revels keeps;
Then airy phantoms a mix'd scene display,
Of what we heard, or saw, or wish'd by day;
For memory those images retains
Which passion form'd, and still the strongest reigns.
Huntsmen renew the chace they lately run,
And generals fight again their battles won.
Spectres and furies haunt the murderer's dreams;
Grants or disgraces are the courtier's themes.
The miser spies a thief, or a new hoard;
The cit's a knight, the sycophant a lord.
Thus fancy's in the wild distraction lost,
With what we most abhor or covet most.
But of all passions that our dreams control,
Love prints the deepest image in the soul . . .

John Pomfret (1667-1702) was the son of the rector of Luton, Bedfordshire, and himself a clergyman. In 1695 he became rector of Maulden, also in Bedfordshire, and had the prospect of preferment; but the Bishop of London, absurdly regarding as immoral in the mouth of a married clergyman the gently cynical wish to have no wife, expressed in *The Choice*, considered and rejected the poetical candidate. Detained in London by the unsuccessful negotiation, Pomfret caught smallpox and died. His works comprise occasional poems and some 'Pindaric Essays' in Cowley's manner; *Cruelty and Lust*, on Colonel Kirke's proceedings; and *Reason: a Poem upon the Divine Attributes*. The only piece of Pomfret's now remembered (we can hardly say read) is *The Choice*. Dr Johnson said that perhaps no poem in our language had been oftener perused; and Southey still asked why Pomfret was the most popular among the English poets. It is difficult nowadays to conceive that *The Choice* could ever have been a truly popular poem. It is a graceful but tame and monotonous celebration, in neat verse, of the mild joys of a country retirement, a modest dwelling, with wood, garden, and stream, a clear and competent estate, and the enjoyment of lettered ease and happiness—a subject sufficiently often handled by Pomfret's contemporaries; and Thomson and Cowper, one might have thought, would long ere Southey's time have obliterated all but the dim memory of Pomfret's commonplaces.

From 'The Choice.'

If Heaven the grateful liberty would give
That I might choose my method how to live;
And all those hours propitious fate should lend,
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend;
Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little nor too great;
Better if on a rising-ground it stood;
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It should within no other things contain
But what are useful, necessary, plain;
Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden grateful to the eye
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by;

On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes or sycamores should grow
At th' end of which a silent study placed
Should be with all the noblest authors graced
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit and solid learning shines;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excel
His thoughts so tender, and expressed so well
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteemed for learning and for eloquence
In some of these, as fancy should advise
I'd always take my morning exercise;
For sure no minutes bring us more content
Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.
  I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great;
As much as I could moderately spend;
A little more, sometimes to oblige a friend.
Nor should the sons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune; they should taste of mine,
And all that objects of true pity were
Should be relieved with what my wants could spare
For that our Maker has too largely given
Should be returned in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty should my table spread;
With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread;
Enough to satisfy, and something more,
To feed the stranger, and the neighbouring poor
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diseases and inflames the blood
But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take; and as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless

Matthew Prior.

Matthew Prior was born 21st July 1664, probably at Wimborne Minster in East Dorsetshire, but was brought up at Westminster, and sent to the school there. His father, a Nonconformist joiner, died, and Matthew was adopted by an uncle, Samuel Prior, who kept the Rhenish Wine House in Channel now Cannon Row, Westminster. The Earl of Dorset here found him once reading Horace, and got his uncle to send the lad back to Westminster; in 1681 he became a King's Scholar, and in 1683 was elected to a scholarship at St John's College, Cambridge. Here he distinguished himself, and amongst other verses, produced 1687, in conjunction with Charles Montagu afterwards Earl of Halifax, a no-popery skit entitled the *City Mouse and Country Mouse*, burlesquing Dryden's *Hind and Panther*, in which gives figures somewhat as in the *Rehearsal*. The Earl of Dorset subsequently obtained for him an appointment as secretary to Lord Dursley, afterwards Earl of Berkeley, ambassador to the Hague. In this post Prior showed gifts unusual in successful poets, and secured the approbation of King William, who made him one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber. In 1697 he was appointed secretary to the embassy on the treaty of Ryswick, and next year he was secretary of embassy at Paris. Johnson relates that, viewing at Versailles Le Brun's pictures of the victories of Louis, Prior, on being asked whether the King of England's palace had any such decorations, happily replied 'The monuments of my master's actions are to be seen everywhere but in his own house.' After his return to England Prior was appointed a Commissioner of Trade and Plantations. In 1701 he entered the House of Commons for the borough of East Grinstead, and abandoning his former friends the Whigs, joined the Tories in impeaching Lord Somers. This came with a bad grace from Prior, for the charge against Somers was that he had advised that partition treaty in which the poet himself had had a share. He showed his patriotism by afterwards celebrating in verse the battles of Blenheim (1704) and Ramillies (1706). When the Whig Government was overturned, Prior became attached to Harley's administration, and went with Bolingbroke to France in 1711 to negotiate a treaty of peace. He lived in splendour in Paris, was a favourite of the French monarch, and enjoyed all the honours of ambassador. He was recalled, sore against his will, to London in 1715. Queen Anne being dead, and the Whigs again in office, Prior was committed to custody on a charge of high treason. The charge was that he had held clandestine conferences with the French plenipotentiary though, as he justly replied, no treaty was ever made without private interviews and preliminaries; it was suggested, too, that Bolingbroke and he were intriguing for the Pretender. The Whigs were indignant at what they regarded as the disgraceful treaty of Utrecht. Prior only shared in the blame of the Government and the unpopularity of Bolingbroke. After two years' confinement, the poet was released without a trial. He had in the interval written his poem of *Alma*; and being now left without any other support than his fellowship of St John's, and very improvident to boot, he produced *Solomon*, the most elaborate of his works. He further issued a collected edition of his poems 1718, which was sold to subscribers for two guineas a copy and realised four thousand guineas. An equal sum was presented to Prior by Lord Oxford's son, Lord Harley, now Earl of Oxford, and thus he had laid up a provision for old age. He was now ambitious only of comfort and private enjoyment or said so. Even these he did not long possess; he died on the 18th of September 1721, at Lord Harley's seat at Wimpole, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. The Duchess of Portland, Lord Harley's daughter, said Prior 'made himself beloved by every living thing in the house master, child, and servant, human creature or animal.' To this lady as a child he had addressed his well-known verses beginning

My noble lovely little Peggy,
Let this, my first epistle, beg ye,

At dawn of morn and close of even
To lift your heart and hands to heaven:
In double beauty say your prayer,
'Our Father' first, then 'Notre Père.'

He was said to have been fond of toping and of low company, and at the time of his death was, according to Arbuthnot, on the point of marrying a certain Bessy Cox, who kept an alehouse in Long Acre. To this person and to his secretary, Prior left his estate. Arbuthnot, writing to a friend the month after Prior's death, says: 'We are to have a bowl of punch at Bessy Cox's. She would fain have put it upon Lewis that she was his (Prior's) Emma: she owned Flanders Jane was his Chloe.' To this doubtful Chloe some of his happiest verses were devoted; even high-born ladies might well have envied such compliments as these:

MATTHEW PRIOR.
From the Portrait by Jon. Richardson in the National Portrait Gallery

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write, shows
The difference there is betwixt Nature and Art:
I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose;
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart

The god of us verse men you know, Child—the Sun,
How after his journeys he set up his rest;
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come:
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
They were but my visits, but thou art my home

To Chloe was inscribed his *Henry and Emma*, a poem upon the model of the *Nut-brown Maid*, but in discarding the simplicity of the original, Prior sacrificed much of its charm.

The works of Prior range over a variety of styles and subjects—odes, songs, epistles, epigrams, and tales; he was unquestionably versatile, though not always equal to himself in grace. His longest poem, *Solomon on the Vanity of the World*, was by its author thought his best, and so too thought Cowper. It is free, of course, from the objections that can be raised against some of the others, and is perhaps the most carefully written; but the tales and lighter pieces of Prior are undoubtedly his happiest efforts. In these he displays that 'charming ease' Cowper commends, together with the lively illustration and colloquial humour of his master, Horace. Few poets have possessed in greater perfection the art of graceful and fluent versification. His narratives flow on like a clear stream without break or fall, and interest us by their perpetual good-humour and vivacity, even when they wander into metaphysics, as in *Alma*, or into coarseness, as in his tales—though Johnson called Prior's works 'a lady's book.' *Alma* is still read by those who like its model, *Hudibras*; but *Henry and Emma*, also very popular at first, is forgotten. *The Secretary*, *The Female Phæton*, and the lines *To a Child of Quality*, all famous in his lifetime, were not included in the poems of 1718. Pope and Beattie praised four (unprinted) prose *Dialogues of the Dead* by him; an interesting 'History of his own Time,' printed amongst his works, is of doubtful authenticity. Prior, who was tall and lank in person, and in manner usually somewhat solemn, was vain of his gifts, though he constantly professed that his poetry was but the accident of a busy life. Thackeray thought highly of his work: 'Prior's seem to me,' he says, 'amongst the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poems. His classical allusions and images in tho fashion of the day—seem not to carry with them the air of pedantry or restraint. Like Swift he liked to versify the common occurrences of life and relate personal feelings and adventures; but he had none of the Dean's bitterness or misanthropy, and employed no stronger weapons of satire than raillery and arch allusion. He contrived to combine playfulness with grace and even a measure of dignity. His verses to children—a department in which he was a pioneer—are delightful. He sported on the surface of existence, noting its foibles, its pleasures, and eccentricities, but without the power of penetrating into its recesses or evoking the nobler passions of our nature. He was the most natural of artificial poets—a seeming paradox, yet as true as the old maxim that the perfection of art is the art of concealing it.

For My Own Monument

As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Matt, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfilled by his heir.

Then take Matt's word for it, the sculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;

Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceived, and he smothered great fears,
In a life party-coloured, half pleasure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
And whirled in the round as the wheel turned about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

This verse, little polished, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It says that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
So Matt may be killed and his bones never found;
False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
So Matt may yet chance to be hanged or be drowned.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same;
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,
He cares not—yet, prithee, be kind to his fame

The sculptor[1] was Antoine Coysevox. The bust was presented to Prior by Louis XIV.

Epitaph Extempore.

Nobles and Heralds, by your leave,
  Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve,
  Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?

Instead of being extempore, this is more probably a recollection of Goldsmith's 'Ned Purdon.' There is an old epitaph—

'Johnnie Carnegie lais heer,
  Descendit of Adam and Eve,
Gif ony can gang hieher,
  Ise willing gie him leave.

An Epitaph.

Interred beneath this marble stone,
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run,
If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose or fell,
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple still the same.
They walked and ate, good folks: What then?
Why, then they walked and ate again;
They soundly slept the night away;
They did just nothing all the day . . .
Nor sister either had nor brother;
They seemed just tallied for each other
Their moral and economy
Most perfectly they made agree;
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespassed on the other's ground
Nor fame nor censure they regarded;
They neither punished nor rewarded.
He cared not what the footman did;
Her maids she neither praised nor chid;
So every servant took his course,
And, bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder filled his stable,
And sluttish plenty decked her table.
Their beer was strong, their wine was port;
Their meal was large, their grace was short.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and parish rate,
And took, but read not the receipt;
For which they claimed their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.
No man's defects sought they to know,
So never made themselves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend,
So never raised themselves a friend.
Nor cherished they relations poor,
That might decrease their present store;
Nor barn nor house did they repair,
That might oblige their future heir.
They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded . . .
Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung and bonfires made,
If asked, they ne'er denied their aid;
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married.
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was deposed or crowned.
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise,
They would not learn, nor could advise;
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led - a kind of - as it were:
Nor wished, nor cared, nor laughed, nor cried;
And so they lived, and so they died.

To a Child of Quality (one of the Dorset House), Five Years Old, the Author Forty. 1704.

Lords, knights, and squires, the numerous band
  That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command
  To shew their passion by their letters.

My pen amongst the rest I took,
  Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
  The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality nor reputation
  Forbid me yet my flame to tell.
Dear five-years-old befriends my passion,
  And I may write till she can spell

For, while she makes her silkworms beds
  With all the tender things I swear;
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
  In papers round her baby's hair;

She may receive and own my flame,
  For though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
  And I for an unhappy poet.

Then, too, alas! when she shall tear
  The lines some younger rival sends;
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
  And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,
  'Tis so ordained (would Fate but mend it !)
That I shall be past making love,
  When she begins to comprehend it.

Baby in the sixteenth line is a doll. Cf. *Tatler* No. 95

Abra's Love for Solomon.

Another nymph, amongst the many fair
That made my softer hours their solemn care,
Before the rest affected still to stand,
And watched my eye, preventing my command.
Abra—she so was called—didst soonest haste
To grace my presence ; Abra went the last ;
Abra was ready ere I called her name ;
And, though I called another, Abra came.
Her equals first observed her growing zeal,
And laughing, glossed that Abra served so well.
To me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remarked but with a common eye ;
Till, more apprised of what the rumour said,
More I observed peculiar in the maid.
The sun declined had shot his western ray,
When tired with business of the solemn day,
I purposed to unbend the evening hours,
And banquet private in the women's bowers.
I called before I sat to wash my hands
For so the precept of the law commands
Love had ordained that it was Abra's turn
To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.
With awful homage, and submissive dread,
The maid approached, on my declining head
To pour the oils : she trembled as she poured ;
With an unguarded look she now devoured
My nearer face ; and now recalled her eye,
And heaved, and strove to hide a sudden sigh.
'And whence,' said I, 'canst thou have dread or pain ?
What can thy imagery of sorrow mean ?
Secluded from the world and all its care,
Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear ?
For sure,' I added, 'sure thy little heart
Ne'er felt love's anger, or received his dart.'
  Abashed she blushed, and with disorder spoke :
Her [illegible]
  'I [illegible]
Th[illegible]
O[illegible]
I[illegible]
O! [illegible]
F[illegible]
M[illegible]
An[illegible]
B[illegible] what I my wo[illegible]
F[illegible]
Flow fast my tears, full rising [illegible]
O! [illegible] heaven above !
For can I hide it ? I am sick of love :
If madness may the name of passion bear,
Or love be called what is indeed despair.
  'Thou Sovereign Power, whose secret will controls
The inward bent and motion of our souls !
Why hast thou placed such infinite degrees
Between the cause and cure of my disease ?
The mighty object of that raging fire,
In which unpitied, Abra must expire.
Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,
The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care,
At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
Scornful of winter's frost and summer's sun,
Still asking where he made his flock to rest at noon ;
For him at night, the dear expected guest,
I had with hasty joy prepared the feast ;
And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain,
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain,
Wavering, impatient, tossed by hope and fear,
Till he and joy together should appear,
And the loved dog declare his master near.
On my declining neck and open breast
I should have lulled the lovely youth to rest,
And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
With softest care have stol'n my arm away,
To rise and from the fold release his sheep,
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep
Or if kind heaven, propitious to my flame
For sure from heaven the faithful ardour came
Had blest my life, and decked my natal hour
With height of title, and extent of power :
Without a crime my passion had aspired,
Found the loved prince, and told what I desired.
Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,
To see the comeliest of the sons of men,
To hear the charming poet's amorous song,
And gather honey falling from his tongue,
To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native South,
Likening his grace, his person, and his mien,
To all that great or beauteous I had seen' . . .
  Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail
O foolish maid ! and O, unhappy tale ! . . .
I saw her : 'twas humanity ; it gave
Some respite to the sorrows of my slave
Her fond excess proclaimed her passion true,
And generous pity to that truth was due.
Well I entreated her, who well deserved ;
I called her often, for she always served.
Use made her person easy to my sight
And ease insensibly produced delight
Whene'er I revelled in the women's bowers
For first I sought her but at looser hours
The apples she had gathered smelt most sweet,
The cake she kneaded was the savoury meat
But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste
If gentle Abra had not decked the feast.
Dishonoured did the sparkling goblet stand
Unless received from gentle Abra's hand ;
And, when the virgins formed the evening choir,
Raising their voices to the master lyre,
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill,
One showed too much, and one too little skill ;
Nor could my soul approve the music's tone,
Till all was hushed, and Abra sang alone.
Fairer she seemed distinguished from the rest,
And better mien disclosed, as better drest
A bright tiara round her forehead tied,
To juster bounds confined its rising pride
The blushing ruby on her snowy breast
Rendered its panting whiteness more confessed ;
Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm
And every gem augmented every charm.
Her senses pleased, her beauty still improved,
And she more lovely grew, as more beloved.

Written in Mezeray's History of France.

Whate'er thy countrymen have done
By law and wit, by sword and gun,
In thee is faithfully recited ;
And all the living world that view
Thy work give thee the praises due,
At once instructed and delighted.

Yet for the fame of all these deeds,
What beggar in the Invalides,
With lameness broke, with blindness smitten,
Wished ever decently to die,
To have been either Mezeray
Or any monarch he has written?

It's strange, dear author, yet it true is,
That down from Pharamond to Louis,
All covet life, yet call it pain ;
All feel the ill, yet shun the cure.
Can sense this paradox endure?
Resolve me, Cambray or Fontaine.

The man in graver tragic known
(Though his best part long since was done)
Still on the stage desires to tarry ;
And he who played the Harlequin,
After the jest still loads the scene,
Unwilling to retire, though weary.

[illegible] Fenelon, who was Archbishop of Cambrai ; [illegible] Eudes Mezeray (1610-83) wrote what was long the stan[illegible] Sir Walter Scott, about a year before his [illegible] these verses when on a Border tour with Mr Lock[illegible] two beggars [illegible] he was in [illegible] God bless him.' The mendicants went on their way, and we stood breathing on the knoll. Sir Walter followed [illegible] with his eye, and, planting his stick firmly on the sod, repeated [illegible] Prior's verses to the historian Mezeray. [illegible] applied them to himself was touchingly obvious.

The Thief and the Cordelier. A Ballad.

Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know the Greve,
Fatal retreat of the unfortunate brave ;
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down

There death breaks the shackles which force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge but begun ;
There the 'squire of the pad, and the knight of the post,
Find their pains no more balked, and their hopes no more crossed.
Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known ;
And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own ;
But my hearers cry out : 'What a deuce dost thou ail?
Cast off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.'
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there, then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear ;
And who to assist but a grave Cordelier?
Derry down, &c.

The 'squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seemed not in great haste that the show should begin :
Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart ;
And often took leave, but was loath to depart.
Derry down, &c.

'What frightens you thus, my good son?' says the priest
'You murdered, are sorry, and have been confessed.'
'O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon ;
For 'twas not that I murdered, but that I was taken.'
Derry down, &c.

'Pooh, prithee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies;
Rely on the aid you shall have from St Francis ;
If the money you promised be brought to the chest,
You have only to die ; let the church do the rest.'
Derry down, &c.

'And what will folks say if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade.
Courage, friend ; to-day is your period of sorrow ;
And things will go better, believe me, to morrow.'
Derry down, &c.

'To morrow!' our hero replied in a fright ;
'He that's hanged before noon ought to think of to-night.'
'Tell your beads,' quoth the priest, 'and be fairly trussed up,
For you surely to night shall in paradise sup.'
Derry down, &c.

'Alas!' quoth the 'squire, howe'er sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat ;
I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place.'
Derry down, &c.

'That I would,' quoth the father, 'and thank you to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit ;
The feast I proposed to you I cannot taste,
For this night by our order is marked for a fast.'
Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said :
'Despatch me, I prithee, this troublesome blade ;
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
And we live by the gold for which other men die.'
Derry down, &c.

Ode to a Lady :

She refusing to continue a Dispute with me, and leaving me in the Argument

Spare, generous victor, spare the slave,
Who did unequal war pursue ;
That more than triumph he might have
In being overcome by you!

In the dispute whate'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue belied ;
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argued on your side.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustained an open fight ;
For seldom your opinions err,
Your eyes are always in the right.

Why, fair one, would you not rely
On reason's force with beauty's joined?
Could I their prevalence deny,
I must at once be deaf and blind.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspired ;
To keep the beauteous foe in view,
Was all the glory I desired.

But she, howe'er of victory sure,
  Contemns the wreath too long delayed;
And, armed with more immediate power,
  Calls cruel silence to her aid.

Deeper to wound she shuns the fight;
  She drops her arms to gain the field:
Secures her conquest by her flight;
  And triumphs when she seems to yield.

So when the Parthian turned his steed,
  And from the hostile camp withdrew,
With cruel skill the backward reed
  He sent, and as he fled he slew.

Theory of the Mind.

I say, whatever you maintain
Of Alma in the heart or brain,
The plainest man alive may tell ye
Her seat of empire is the belly.
From hence she sends out those supplies
Which make us either stout or wise. . . .
Your stomach makes your fabric roll
Just as the bias rules the bowl.
That great Achilles might employ
The strength designed to ruin Troy,
He dined on lion's marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition bread;
But, by his mother sent away
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
Effeminate he sat and quiet
Strange product of a cheese cake diet! . . .
Observe the various operations
Of food and drink in several nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon the strength of water gruel?
But who shall stand his rage or force
If first he rides, then eats his horse?
Salads, and eggs, and lighter fare
Tune the Italian spark's guitar;
And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Britons fight.
Tokay and coffee cause this work
Between the German and the Turk:
And both, as they provisions want,
Chicane, avoid, retire, and faint. . . .
As, in a watch's fine machine,
Though many artful springs are seen;
The added movements, which declare
How full the moon, how old the year,
Derive their secondary power
From that which simply points the hour.
For though these gimcracks were away —
Quare would not swear, but Quare would say
However more reduced and plain,
The watch would still a watch remain:
But if the horal orbit ceases,
The whole stands still or breaks to pieces,
Is now no longer what it was,
And you may e'en go sell the case.
So if unprejudiced you scan
The goings of this clockwork, man,
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head;
But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke
That tells his being what 's o'clock.
If you take off his *rhetoric* trigger,
He talks no more in trope and figure;
Or clog his *mathematic* wheel,
His buildings fall, his ship stands still;
Or, lastly, break his *politic* weight,
His voice no longer rules the state:
Yet, if these finer whims are gone,
Your clock, though plain, will still go on.
But spoil the organ of digestion,
And you entirely change the question,
Alma's affairs no power can mend;
The jest, alas! is at an end:
Soon ceases all the worldly bustle,
And you consign the corpse to Russel.

(From *Alma*.)

Alma here symbolises the mind; *Quare* was a noted watchmak
of the day; *Russel*, an undertaker, mentioned in Garth's *Dispensa*

The best edition of Prior's Poems is by Mr Brimley Johnson (2 vols. 1892), and there is a good selection by Mr Austin Dobson (1889). See also articles in the *Contemporary Review* for May 1890, and the *Quarterly Review* for October 1894.

THE AGE OF QUEEN ANNE.

THE death of Dryden in 1700 and the appearance of Thomson's *Winter* in 1726 make the best boundary-marks for the so-called Augustan age of English literature, which is likewise styled the age of Queen Anne, although it really includes also the reign of George I. It is true that the activity and influence of the greatest poet of the period extended far beyond the latter limit, for Pope lived on till near the middle of the century, and his *Dunciad*, *Essay on Man*, and *Satires* were all produced during the reign of George II. The same is true in a measure of Swift, who died a month after the battle of Prestonpans, as well as of some minor men like Gay, whose *Fables* and *Beggar's Opera* in their dates of publication just overpass the line here drawn. Yet that line seems on the whole as little arbitrary as possible, since the appearance of Thomson marks the beginning of the slow return to nature in poetry, which, despite its lingering conventionalism, shows a nascent reaction against the limited ideals of correctness associated with the name of Pope. Moreover, the great bulk of the definitely Augustan literature had been produced before the end of 1726. All the work of Addison and Steele, and all the greatest work of Swift from the *Tale of a Tub* down to *Gulliver's Travels*, as well as Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, *Rape of the Lock*, and *Homer*, were given to the world within what is roughly the first quarter of the eighteenth century; and the same holds good of the novels of Defoe. It is perhaps not insignificant that the dividing line thus drawn in literature may be traced also in the sphere of public affairs. For in the few years before 1726 the generation of statesmen which had flourished under Queen Anne made way for their successors. Stanhope, Sunderland, Marlborough, and Cowper had died between 1720 and 1723: in that latter year Atterbury was exiled, and Bolingbroke extinguished by pardon and return from banishment, while Oxford ended his days in 1724. The close of the first twenty-six years of the eighteenth century may be said, indeed, to coincide with the critical point of the transition from Pope and Swift to Thomson and Richardson and Fielding, and also from the contemporaries of Harley and St John to those of Walpole and the Pelhams.

The epithet Augustan so often applied to the period of Queen Anne, suggests a parallel with the age of Virgil and Horace which can only partially be justified. Assuredly there was no Virgil among the poets of eighteenth-century England, and if Pope may be accepted as all we have for an English Horace, he must be taken as but a maimed one at the best. With a sharper satiric genius than the Roman, and almost as shrewd a knowledge of human life and character, he has none of the geniality that delights us in the Epistles, and as little of the lyric charm that gives immortality to the Odes. The Horatian quality in the age of Queen Anne is to be sought rather in the work of Addison, and not in Addison's verse but in his prose. The papers of the *Spectator*, in their delightful and always genial mingling of humour, satire, and observation, show all the best of Horace's traits, except of course the purely poetical, while at the same time they are absolutely unstained by the characteristically Horatian blots. As for the sinister and solitary genius of Swift, there is no parallel to that in any literary age whatever. In the creator of the Struldbrugs and the Yahoos there was certainly little of that urbanity which is reckoned as a specially Augustan trait; and indeed the literary urbanity of the age of Anne is to be found less in the gracious tone of a polished civilisation than in an absorption in the artificial life of what had come to be called 'the town.' Virgil and Horace are always at home—and even most at home—in the country: but it is not so with Swift or Pope, or even, despite his *Shepherd's Week* of pastorals, with Gay. Here again, however an exception must be made for Addison, who is as much at his ease in Worcestershire as in the Strand, and whose portrait of Sir Roger de Coverley recalls Horace's pictures of the farmers among the Samnite hills.

On the other hand, there are one or two

particulars in which the age of Queen Anne on the literary side did really resemble that of Augustus. It was an age of comparative repose and contentment and prosperity after civil disquiet, and an age too in which letters were splendidly encouraged by the great. The peculiar development of literary patronage due to the Revolution has been considered on a former page, and here it will suffice to say that in no other period has English literature owed so much to the imitators of Mæcenas; so that even Pope, who thanked Homer alone for his pecuniary independence, was indebted to Harley and St John for his social position, while Addison's essays procured him a Secretaryship of State. It has to be added, however, that the end of the period saw the decline of the political patronage of letters under Walpole's unromantic régime. That shrewd opportunist was quick to perceive that the consolidation of the Whig oligarchy had made literary aid superfluous to the administration. Not clever satire or pamphleteering but crafty political management was needed to sustain the Minister's majority, and so under Walpole English literature passed into those gloomy decades through which Fielding and Johnson struggled.

The statement that the age of Queen Anne was one of comparative repose and content may seem paradoxical in face of the fact that it was occupied by a long foreign war, by constant Jacobite intrigue, and by the conflict of fierce political factions. Yet the war, illustrated by the victories of Marlborough, was brilliantly successful, and served to overshadow the Jacobite intriguing, while the strife of Whigs and Tories, with all its bitterness, was far less violent than the civil broils of the later Stuart reigns or even of the time of William III. The great majority of the people were undoubtedly more contented with their political lot than they had been since the years immediately succeeding the Restoration. They were ruled now not by a real or suspected Papist, or a Dutch intruder, but by a native sovereign of the old line, fervently attached to the national Church. The constitution and the succession had been settled, the danger from Scotland was peacefully avoided by the Union of 1707, and every year the Tower guns were sounding the news of glorious victories over the French. It would seem that the nation was really very little troubled by fears of Jacobitism, and it is significant at least that, so far as its abiding literature gives evidence, there might almost have been no such thing as Jacobitism at all. Of the Tory revival promoted largely perhaps by the publication of Lord Clarendon's great *History* in 1704–7 there are traces in plenty, especially in the *jeux d'esprit* of Arbuthnot and the voluminous pamphleteering of Swift, though even this revival has left no such mark on our literature as the terrible factions of Charles II.'s time have done in the satires of Dryden. But for Jacobitism one must turn to the subterranean literature of the time—to secret memoirs and libellous broadsheets and clandestine correspondence, or at the best to such unread tracts of Defoe as *And what if the Pretender should come?* or *Hannibal at the Gate*. England in truth was almost as hopeful and as well satisfied with herself in the reign of Queen Anne as in the reign of Queen Victoria; and although her self-consciousness did not issue, as in the case of Augustan Rome, in a great national epic or history, it is sufficiently evident in the optimism of Pope, the easy good-humour of Addison, and even the mordant activity of Swift.

Passing from these general aspects to some of the particular features of the age, one may note that in poetry it consummated the effort after orderliness and correctness which had followed as a natural reaction upon the licentious degeneracy of Elizabethan vigour. Of that consummation Pope of course was the grand agent, and his influence is seen in all the minor poets (some of them little more than his satellites) from Gay and Parnell down to Fenton and Broome. A fresh reaction against the excess of convention and correctness was of course inevitable, and the return to nature, which at first and for long was made with reverent loyalty to the authority of Pope, has been discerned by some in the poems of the Countess of Winchilsea, who would thus be a very small and early herald of Thomson. In the drama the Restoration comic model lingered on in the work of Farquhar till 1707, but was gradually supplanted by the sentimental comedy, wherein Steele, the first effective moraliser of the stage, was succeeded by Colley Cibber. Tragedy was continued mainly by Nicholas Rowe, a very much weaker and purer Otway; but the entire lack of aptitude for the poetic drama was most signally shown in Addison's *Cato*, the production of which, in the year of the Treaty of Utrecht, was one of its conspicuous literary events. Rowe and Addison are far more notable in other regards—the one as the first critical editor of Shakespeare (followed ere long by Pope himself and Theobald), and the other as the earliest popular and sympathetic critic of Milton. English literary criticism may almost be said to begin with the *Spectator*, which led the way in its attempt to show and explain to intelligent men and women at large the methods and merits of a classic English writer. The age, indeed, was essentially though crudely critical, as beseemed a generation that made correctness the main poetic virtue; and its bent in this direction is to be seen in the sallies of the Scriblerus Club, the bitter war of Pope against the dunces, and the frenzies of Mr John Dennis.

Swift is the greatest name of the period in prose, and infinitely the greatest master of satire in the language. His style shows the highest reach of that essentially pamphleteering manner which in its plain directness of appeal to the multitude had always maintained a contrast to the academic manner as developed in different varieties by Bacon, Hooker, and Browne. As an influence on English prose, however, he has been second to Addison, who simplified and perfected what one may call the gentlemanly style affected by Sir William Temple. Hardly any development in English literature has been so momentous as that which was begun by the *Tatler* in 1709, and continued by the more famous *Spectator* (1711) and the *Guardian* (1713). Not only did these papers mark the rise of periodical writing, and give a fresh start and a new form to the English essay, but they also did more than anything else to spread a knowledge and love of literature among the middle classes, to diffuse an atmosphere of politeness and culture, and offer a model of easy and unaffected expression. At the same time the art of epistolary writing made a great advance in the hands of Pope and Swift, and above all of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the first of whose charming letters from the East was written in 1717. Soon afterwards, between 1719 and 1724, came the tales of Daniel Defoe, beginning with *Robinson Crusoe*, and marking a preliminary stage in the evolution of the English novel.

A few other prose-writers in different fields deserve a word of notice. The works of Lord Bolingbroke, one of the great political figures of the age, were mostly written and published long afterwards; but his Letter to Sir William Wyndham, composed in 1717, shows his essentially oratorical style almost at its best. In 1711 the third Lord Shaftesbury had published the *Characteristics*, a collection of philosophical essays in stately and somewhat too rhetorical prose. Shaftesbury has often been ranked as one of the Deists, an active and notable band of controversialists in their day, though now half-forgotten. Their leaders were such men as Toland, Tindal, Woolston, and Anthony Collins, and their attacks on revelation raised a fierce controversy, which was begun by the Nonjuror Leslie so early as 1697, and culminated perhaps in the encounter of Anthony Collins and Bentley in 1713. The polemical monuments of Deism are not of great literary interest, but the movement is noteworthy as showing the change of the ecclesiastical battle ground from the old question of Papal supremacy which had occupied the attention of combatants in the century before. It is important also because of the effect it had on French speculation through the agency of Voltaire, whose memorable sojourn in England began just at the end of this period, in 1726. A loftier and rarer spirit than most of those engaged in the Deistical controversy was Bishop Berkeley, famous in metaphysics as the exponent of an extreme idealism, but mentionable here mainly for the literary grace of dialogues like *Hylas and Philonous*, which are the most successful adaptations in our language of the manner and method of Plato. Externally the Church was strong, prosperous, and even aggressive in the reign of Queen Anne, while among its ministers were some of the most brilliant intellects of the age—notably Atterbury and Swift. It was already, however, very largely affected by a practical if not a dogmatic rationalism, which was to prevail for more than a century, until the romantic and Tractarian movements had ended the reign of common-sense. An eccentric but not an insignificant phenomenon was the career of the wayward Whiston, who managed to combine Arianism with supernaturalism, and was in consequence deprived of the Cambridge professorship, in which he had succeeded Newton. Outside the bounds of the Establishment the same rationalising tendency is apparent; and it was in the reign of Queen Anne that the Unitarian sect in England (not then consciously rationalist) had its beginning out of the isolated congregations—many of them Presbyterian—which in the preceding half-century had left the Anglican Church.

Jonathan Swift.

It is not at all uncommon for the lives of men of letters to be comparatively uninteresting, or to possess interest only or mainly in connection with their works. But there are certain notable exceptions, and perhaps the greatest of these exceptions is the case of Jonathan Swift. One of the greatest names in English or in any literature, he presents likewise a 'human document' of the most interesting and in part puzzling kind; while he also exercised no small influence upon the public fortunes of his country as well as upon the private fates of his friends. He was born in Hoey's Court, Dublin, on 30th November 1667; he spent by far the greater part of his life in Ireland, and was most intimately and momentously connected with its affairs; yet he was only an Irishman by the accident of the time and place of his birth, and his characteristics were not in the slightest degree Irish—in fact, few of the distinguished men of the three kingdoms have been more thoroughly English in blood. The Swifts themselves were of Yorkshire origin, but Jonathan's grandfather was a royalist parson in Herefordshire, most active in the king's cause during the rebellion, and sorely punished by the triumphant party. He married Elizabeth Dryden, first cousin to the poet's father, who brought Cumberland and Northants blood into the strain; and Swift's own mother was Abigail Erick or Herrick, a kinswoman of the author of the *Hesperides*, and of a Leicestershire family who traced themselves back to the most distinguished Saxon ancestry. In the generation before Swift's birth his uncles had established themselves chiefly in Ireland; and his father obtained the position of Steward of the King's Inns in Dublin, but died before his son's birth, leaving his wife and a baby girl in very poor circumstances. Part of Swift's own infancy was passed with a nurse at Whitehaven, but he returned to Ireland at three years old, and was educated by his uncle Godwin at Kilkenny Grammar-school (the best in Ireland), with Congreve for a schoolfellow, and then at Trinity College, Dublin. It is said (with the confirmation of his own admissions, or rather frank assertions) that he showed not only no cleverness as a boy or young man, but not even the scatter-brained idleness which sometimes preludes genius.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

From the Portrait by Charles Jervas in the Na Portrait Gallery.

It is at least interesting to note that his two great kinsmen on different sides of the tree were also very late in showing what was in them. At any rate, the termination of Swift's career at college mortified himself very much. At Easter 1685 he failed to satisfy the examiners in two out of three necessary subjects—a failure which in the ordinary course would have apparently kept him back a whole year. But a sort of back-door was provided *speciali gratiâ*, as it was called, for unfortunates in this plight; and Swift, it seems, was allowed to avail himself of it in February 1686. He could hardly, however, be said to be starting in life with flying colours, and some pecuniary misfortunes of his uncle Godwin's made things very black for him. He was therefore compelled to accept, towards the end of 1689, the offer of a position in the household of the well-known essayist and diplomatist Sir William Temple, whose wife, Dorothy Osborne, was a distant relation of Swift's mother, and who was now living in retirement at Moor Park in Surrey. The 'menial' character of this position has been much exaggerated. The practice by which men of gentle birth and the best education became 'servants' to men better fortuned, though not better born or bred, than themselves was of very old date, and had increased rather than diminished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries owing to the dissolution of the monasteries and the slow constitution of regular openings for a career in the professions, in the public service, and in business. It was certainly now in its very last stage; but it was still an existing and an understood thing. By degrees, if not at first, Swift became a sort of secretary to Temple, having opportunities (which he used) of considerably increasing an erudition which, despite his unlucky degree, was already not inconsiderable. Their connection lasted for some ten years, and Swift had the opportunity of making acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men and women, from King William (who is said to have both offered him a cavalry commission and taught him how to cut asparagus) to a pretty child named Esther Johnson, who with her mother lived at the Temples' house on a sort of poor-relation standing even more difficult to define than Swift's own, and who became 'Stella' the star, if not the sole star, of the sea of bitterness which was Swift's life. But the sojourn was not unbroken. It is uncertain whether the first gap was due to any quarrel, but Swift was certainly away from Temple for nearly a year and a half, from the spring of 1690 to the winter of 1691. Then he returned, and Temple soon after did him the important service of procuring for him, at the cost only of very brief residence, first an *ad eundem* B.A. at Oxford, and then the full M.A. degree from that university. The actual gain as a qualification was something: to Swift the washing out of the *speciali gratiâ* must have been almost priceless. He again left Temple in 1694, went to Ireland, took orders, and was presented to a small living at Kilroot, near Belfast, where he—it can hardly be said fell in love, but entered into a kind of courtship with a certain Miss Jane Waring ('Varina') sister of a college friend of his. The affair came to nothing or indeed rather worse than nothing being broken off years afterwards by a letter from Swift which from anybody else would be a piece of sheer brutality, and which can only be excused as a document of his unique and in some respects morbid or maimed temperament.

But he did not stay at this place (which was hopelessly dull and had no future in it) very long, and actually resigned the benefice a little while after he had again returned (May 1696) to Moor Park. Here he remained till Temple's death in January 1699. It is not certain whether his patron left him anything directly: but he entrusted him with the publication of his works, whence Swift derived a good deal of annoyance and perhaps a few hundred pounds of profit. Thus the death of Temple marks the end of the first stage in Swift's career. It had been a long stage and a hard one; it had brought him little outward profit or inward pleasure; but it had 'made' him. He had accumulated much reading; and for the last ten years at least he had acquired even more knowledge of men. He had published practically nothing, and part of his time had been given up to the writing of pseudo-'Pindaric' odes, which had, according to legend, brought down upon him the fatal and never-forgiven judgment of Dryden 'Cousin Swift, you will never be a [Pindaric] poet.' The word 'Pindaric' does not appear in all versions of the legend, but it suits the facts, it justifies the judgment, and, above all, it makes it more likely to have come from Dryden, who was never harsh to the young. But Swift had before Temple's death written two things, though they were not published till later, which in degree of merit only three men then living—Dryden himself, Addison, and Pope had equalled or were to equal, and which in special kind none of them had rivalled or was to rival. These were *The Battle of the Books* and *A Tale of a Tub*.

How far these were known even in MS. is a matter of guesswork; but we find with Swift (as with some, though not many, other men of letters) that a queer kind of general impression of his talents had got abroad long before he had any ostensible titles to urge. But patrons were still necessary, and not long after Temple's death Swift went back to Ireland with the Deputy Lord Berkeley as chaplain, and with definite hopes of clerical preferment as such. He seems to have enjoyed himself as his unsleeping and unyielding pride always enabled him to do after a fashion—in the viceregal household: but he was jockeyed out of one benefice after another till he had to put up with a paltry group of small livings. Laracor the chief of them which lay not very far from Dublin, and which brought him in some £200 a year. Before long Stella, who was in a small way an heiress through Sir William Temple's bequest, came over to Ireland with her companion, Mrs (i.e. Miss) Dingley. She was continually in Swift's neighbourhood and society, though the most elaborate precautions were taken not merely to avoid scandal, but to make any ground for it impossible. For some years Swift oscillated between Ireland and England, belonging in a rather outside manner to the Whig party when in London, associating with its wits, especially Addison and Steele, and being patronised in a distant, unpractical way by its Mæcenates, Somers and Halifax. Whatever may be thought of his religious standpoint (and an impartial examination will find it very difficult to discover anything therein incompatible with at least eighteenth-century orthodoxy), his *esprit de corps* was undeniable; and he was enraged at finding that the more the Whigs succeeded in edging out their Tory colleagues from the coalition government with which Queen Anne started, the less were they disposed to do anything for the Church. In particular, a suit for the remission of the Irish first-fruits, with which Swift was semi-officially charged, was continually played with and evaded by the Whigs especially Godolphin. Meanwhile Harley, who was certainly a master of intrigue if not of statesmanship, and St John, whose brilliancy appealed to, and was appealed to by, Swift, were overhauling their rivals on the very back-stairs by which those rivals had climbed to power. And at last Swift openly joined them. All talk of apostasy is here absurd, for neither of the party creeds was then formulated; and as Marlborough joined the Whigs when the Tories went against the war, so Swift joined the Tories when the Whigs would not help the Church.

His aid, however, was most momentous. In the troubled four last years of the queen he first fought his friends into grip of power by his masterly journalism in the *Examiner;* then defended them in the great pamphlets of *The Conduct of the Allies* (1711), the *Barrier Treaty* (1712), and *The Public Spirit of the Whigs* (1714); and always was at hand to mediate as far as possible their personal jars, to stimulate Harley's sluggishness, remedy Bolingbroke's levity, curb the rabid extremeness of the October Club, and introduce system and method and public spirit into the welter of jealousy, greed, and carelessness in which, from the Restoration downwards, both parties had wallowed. As for himself, he obtained, and just obtained, in the teeth of the scruples instilled into Anne's timid piety by personal enemies, the sorry preferment of the Deanery of St Patrick's. And he had no sooner obtained it than Oxford and Bolingbroke became hopelessly at variance. Swift, who had gone over to take possession of his deanery, came back after much entreaty in order to mediate, but found it quite impossible, and retired to a remote village on the Berkshire Downs (Letcombe) to wait for the end. That end is matter of history, though still to some extent matter of mystery also. Swift never seems to have been a Jacobite, though his intimate friends Arbuthnot and Atterbury certainly were. The queen's personal dislike for or distrust of him would in any case have prevented his having any say in the alleged intrigues for getting her to prefer her brother to the Elector of Hanover. He was much more a friend of Oxford, who was hardly a Jacobite at all, than of Bolingbroke, who at times was as 'thorough' as he could be on that side. On the other hand, the Duke of Shrewsbury (that strange, wavering king maker) was, though of his friends, not of his most intimate friends; and of the two dukes whose invasion of the Privy Council decided the matter, he had stood with Argyll much as he did with Shrewsbury, till the attack on Scotland in *The Public Spirit of the Whigs* alienated Duke John altogether; while Somerset was the husband of his bitterest and most envenomed enemy. The situation had got out of his grasp altogether; and he seems at the last to have contemplated it with a sort of cynical resignation. And though he was practically exiled (for Ireland was always a foreign country to him), though he was for a time made a target for Grub Street abuse, as was to be expected, yet the helplessness of his later days under the queen protected him from any active molestation under the Elector-king (from the immediate prison of Oxford and Prior, as from the positive exile of Bolingbroke and Ormond and later of Atterbury). So finished the second period of Swift's life, which, despite the disappointment and defeat with which it closed, was not merely by far his happiest time, but might almost be called positively happy. Just after the beginning he obtained, and just before the end he secured, that independence of fortune which was absolutely the first of blessings to so proud a spirit. Throughout he possessed, in whatever strange conditions, the unstinted affection of Stella, the only person whom he ever really loved. And for the last year or two this affection was supplemented in a manner already somewhat embarrassing, and destined to be more so, but flattering and undoubtedly pleasant, by that of the other Esther ('Vanessa'—i.e. Miss Vanhomrigh, as the 'Cadenus' of the poem that has made her immortal is 'Decanus'—i.e. Swift). During almost the whole time he had abundance of intellectual companionship, and during the latter part of it such power and influence in the State as few men of letters have ever achieved—power, too, which was not lost by his own fault, as has usually happened in these few cases. Even up to this time he had published little, and most of that little anonymously. But his position of 'the greatest genius of the nation,' which the clear and competent judgment, even more than the not then estranged friendship, of Addison had assigned to him years before, would have been allowed, it seems, not merely by most of his friends, but by many of his enemies.

His third and last stage was a long one (longer indeed than even the first). It was free from some of the hardships which had beset that earlier time; it set him, if possible, higher; it certainly strengthened his position as a man of letters; but it lay from the first in the valley of the shadow, and the shadows deepened to their very darkest before its close. On his first return to Ireland after the downfall of the Tories and the establishment of the Hanoverian succession, Swift was extremely unpopular; and watch was laid in high quarters, though vainly, to see if he could be entangled in charges of treason. The deanery was encumbered, and the promise of a sum of money to clear off the encumbrances fell through with the Tory fall. But courage, wariness, and parsimony saw Swift through all these things. It is not long afterwards (in 1716) that tradition places his actual marriage with Stella, a marriage formal but in no way altering the relations between them. We have no certain evidence of this marriage, and it has been argued about with the voluminousness and the unnecessary violence which are often displayed on such things. It is sufficient to say that the quality and amount of such testimony as does exist, though it falls short of legal proof, is immensely in its favour, and would probably be regarded (in any case which did not excite partisanship one way or the other) as morally decisive. But as it was not published, it was of no help to Swift in the complications with Vanessa, who followed him to Ireland and established herself at a house of hers not far from Dublin—complications which, also in some of their details resting on evidence probable only, are certain, and must have been great. This unhappy lady, a figure not so attractive as her rival, but to be pitied *quia multum amavit*, died in 1723. In the interval Swift (whether out of genuine Irish patriotism, or to revenge himself on the Whigs, is a moot point) had been working up a line of attack against the undoubted misdeeds of the Irish Government; and a year later the best of handles was given to him by the affair called 'Wood's halfpence.' The idlest attempts have been made by his detractors to lessen the scandal of this job. It will probably be sufficient, even for those who are not prone to listen to 'Irish grievances,' to mention two simple facts. In the first place, Wood was empowered to coin thirty pence out of twelve pennyworth of copper, and there are suspicions that he did not always keep even to this comfortable margin of profit. In the second, after the contract had been cut down from the preposterous sum of £108,000 to £40,000, its entire withdrawal was supposed to require a *solatium* of £3000 a year for eight years. At any rate, Swift took up the matter in the famous *Drapier's Letters* (1724; see *infra*), and, not without some slight personal risk, beat the Government completely, becoming thereby the idol of Ireland. Not long afterwards, in 1726 and 1727, he made visits to his friends in England, and these visits not merely knit up old friendship anew, but were fruitful in literary work. This was the time when *Gulliver's Travels* appeared. Moreover, Swift's genius had always been remarkable for its suggestive and stimulative power over his friends, and there is no doubt that both the *Beggar's Opera* and the *Dunciad* owed something, perhaps much, to him. But Stella's health had been breaking for some time, and she died in 1728, shortly after his return from the second visit. Of the world-famous inscription, 'Only a woman's hair,' on a lock of hers in his writing, it is sufficient to say that there have been persons, apparently possessing heads, who have charged Swift with wanting a heart. He outlived her for nearly twenty years, and probably wrote (certainly published) some of his most characteristic and brilliant work: the *Modest Proposal* (see *infra*), one of the very *apices* of the irony of the world; the charming *Polite Conversation*, almost good-natured in its satire on society; the verses, in their peculiar way consummate, 'On the Death of Dr Swift,' 'Rhapsody of Poetry,' and 'Legion Club,' with those, virtually though not technically authenticated, on the 'Last Judgment.' But the mysterious disease which had afflicted his whole life, which he himself set down to some ailment of the stomach, but which is now held to have been a local affection close to but not necessarily affecting the brain, was increasing, and, aided by disappointment, bereavement, and the 'fierce indignation' which in the happiest circumstances and highest health would probably have still been fated to him, made his life more and more of a misery. At last its ravages gained the brain itself; and after some five years, sometimes of hideous torture, sometimes of apathetic vacancy, a series of epileptic fits ended in his death on October 19, 1745. He lies buried, with Stella, in his cathedral; and the Latin inscription written by himself still records that *saeva indignatio* which is an undoubted psychological and historical fact, and which perhaps wisdom will join with charity in bidding us not too hastily to condemn as a moral fault. An intelligent passer-by, like him who has secured immortality for himself in the case of Ben Jonson, might have added Addison's verdict forty years before—'The greatest genius of the nation.'

Of his character no adequate discussion, or even summary, is possible in a small space. To those who would reduce all human nature to a set of probable types, acting consciously in accordance with or deliberately against certain accepted moral rules and intellectual principles, it must always be an insoluble enigma or a shocking deformity and abnormality. To those who like cheap and glaring antitheses it is an easy prey. But those who are content to admit infinite diversity, *plus* in at least many cases not a little mystery, in human character, will find Swift not at all astounding except in his genius, and only incomprehensible as great things and persons usually are. It may, however, be permitted to dissent from some high authorities who assert his entire sanity before the last breakdown. In the discernment of right from wrong, and in the co-ordination of action to consequence, he was no doubt as sane as the sanest. But the too famous 'coarseness' (for which coarseness itself is a word too fine) of his ideas and language has rather horribly suggestive analogies in some symptoms of insanity itself, and the suggestion is repeated in other traits of his character. At any rate, one famous saying would not here be out of place: of the greatness of the wits allied to this madness no one himself possessing wit however small can doubt.

These wits were shown both in prose and in verse; but admirable as are some of Swift's verses, it cannot be said that those are wholly wrong who maintain that even the widest form of Dryden's alleged sentence, 'You will never be a poet,' Pindaric or other, was justified. Not only does Swift never attain the finest, rarest, most charming strokes of poetry, but it can hardly be said that his very best things (with the possible exception of the 'Last Judgment,' where the light style of the medium and the tremendous gravity of the sense create the most marvellously effective discord) gain very much from their poetic form. Swift has made them capital in poetry; he could have made them as capital, though in a slightly different way, in prose. Rash as it is to generalise about things poetical, it is scarcely rash to say that with real poetry this never happens.

His prose is a very different matter. Unlike his verse, the relative perfection of the lighter kinds of which was led up to by unsuccessful apprenticeship in the severer, this prose seems to have come to Swift almost at once. We have nothing of the slightest importance of his earlier than *A Tale of a Tub*, which, though not published till later, seems to have been written in whole or in part at Kilroot in 1695. And in *A Tale of a Tub* Swift's style and his thought are both sent out full-grown, fully armed, indissolubly linked, distinguished from everything else in literature. Both suggest Lucian more than anybody else; but the differences are even greater than the likeness. 'The folly of it' almost sums up Lucian's view; and that folly affects him with nothing stronger or more unpleasant than amusement. Swift's amusement exists, but it is sardonic from the outset, and it passes quickly into contempt, indignation, furious abhorrence. It is true that in the *Tale* these later stages are only seen afar off, not fully present as in the later parts of *Gulliver*, and still more in the verses of his closing years. But at no period does his style alter much. It has from the first that impalpable but intense individuality which is quite independent of mannerism. Swift was a great purist, as is shown in his early and excellent rebuke, through the *Tatler*, of the slipshod vulgarity which threatened English at the close of the seventeenth century. His own grammar has been found fault with (as indeed has Addison's); but a remark made above as to Dryden applies here too, and Swift even more than Addison is also entitled to the Thucydidean excuse of 'construction according to the meaning.' That meaning is always transparently clear, though it has an almost preternatural power (the source of his triumphant irony) of allowing a quite different meaning to be seen through and behind the literal and grammatical sense. It is ostentatiously plain in diction with a plainness which some have been unlucky enough to take for meanness. But it combines the sharpness of Saladin's scimitar with the crushing force of Cœur-de-Lion's mace.

These characteristics do not appear eminently in Swift's first published prose work of any importance, the *Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions between the Nobles and Commons in Athens and Rome* (1701), though this is very valuable both historically and as giving light on Swift's serious political views. They appear most eminently in the anonymous volume of 1704 which contained *A Tale of a Tub* (at first not with all its appurtenances) and *The Battle of the Books*. By this volume, in a manner which not quite seldom happens, but to an extent which is very rare, Swift is 'constituted.' The shorter and less important *Battle of the Books* is in scheme an attempt to help his patron Temple out of the scrape into which he had got by meddling with the 'Ancient and Modern' quarrel without any sufficient acquaintance with the facts (see Vol. I. p. 754). Substantively it is of course worthless: the mere allotting of the parts of defender of the ancients to Temple, and of champion of the upstart moderns to Bentley, speaks for itself. But as a piece of light-horse advocacy it is superb and almost supreme. The strokes are incessant, and every stroke tells. The *Tale*, very much less easy to define, and less complete on any definition, flies far higher and on a longer and stronger wing, though we may be uncertain of its exact destination. As far as it has any single theme, that theme is satire on the warring and jarring divisions of political Christianity in Swift's time. 'Peter' (Rome) and 'Jack' (Presbyterianism and the Protestant sects generally) are most hardly treated, though 'Martin' (Lutheranism, with more special reference to the Anglican Church) by no means escapes. But the piece melts and shades off into a vast if rather vague ironic survey of human beliefs, principles, creeds, and habits generally, in which the still outwardly restrained but inwardly all-pervading misanthropy of the author finds consummate expression. Misanthropy, be it most definitely repeated. The consistency of the writer's temper with any recognised form of piety may be questioned; but he is no *misotheos*, however inexplicable the constitution of the world by the Divinity may seem to him, and however roughly he may handle systems of theology. Side-lights on the life and character of Swift will be found in the articles in this work dealing with friends, enemies, and contemporaries, such as Temple in the first volume, and Arbuthnot, Pope, Gay, Steele, and others in the present.

For some twenty years after 1704 Swift's production, though never long intermitted, included no one thing that can be called a book, but consisted of pamphlets and articles, sometimes serious, sometimes continuing his campaign of irony. The most important in the order of time are the admirable *Argument* against abolishing Christianity (1708), the masterpiece, with the *Modest Proposal*, of this latter method among his smaller things, as *A Tale of a Tub* and *Gulliver* are among his greater; the quaint persecution of Partridge the almanac-maker (about the same time) by a series of 'skits' first predicting the poor man's death, then describing it, and at last calmly reaffirming it against his protests; the miscellaneous contributions to *The Tatler* (1709-10); the political articles in *The Examiner* (1710-11); the great pamphlets above referred to (1711-14); and a cluster of retrospective papers on the Tory collapse, with a fuller *History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne*, which he quite certainly wrote, but which was never published till after his death, and has in its published form been rather unreasonably doubted by some. The development of the new line of attack against the Whigs in Ireland turned his pamphleteering into a new political channel, while it may be as well to note that during great part of his life he kept up a dropping fire of papers on religious or at least ecclesiastical and clerical matters. By far the greatest result of his Irish campaigns was *The Drapier's Letters* (1724), which, ephemeral and casual as was their subject, are as pieces of literature almost if not quite the equal of his greatest work; and the *Modest Proposal as to the Children of the Irish Poor* (1729), which need not fear comparison with anything either of his own or another's. In the *Letters* the protean variety of the attack, the astonishing verisimilitude (so interesting to compare with Defoe's different use of the same device) of the exposition, the cunning appeal (without any ostentatious 'writing down') to the vulgar understanding, combined with prodigies of irony and advocacy only to be appreciated by the keenest wits, are the main things to be noticed. The *Modest Proposal* (to relieve the distress of Ireland doubly by the use of Irish children from twelve to eighteen months old as an article of food) is perhaps the capital example in little of Swift's thought, style, and general method of procedure. Those (and there have been not a few) who are simply too much shocked and disgusted by the bare idea of it need hardly hope ever to understand him fully), and there is perhaps something of a counter-danger in the possibility of exaggerating his humanity and his indignation at oppression, so as to obscure his artistic delight in the grave and orderly conduct of a monstrous and paradoxical proposition. Between the *Drapier* (which is only 'Draper') and the *Modest Proposal* came *Gulliver's Travels* (1726), which is not only his most popular but also his most complete as well as most ambitious book. It is possible that in sheer clear intellectual power this book is not quite the equal of the *Tale*, but it has as much more variety as it has more art, and the stream flows distinctly from source to sea instead of first meandering in tangled reaches and then sinking in sands. In the two earlier divisions (the accounts of Lilliput, where men's height is an inch for our foot, and of Brobdingnag, where it is a foot for our inch) the satire on humanity is comparatively good-humoured; the absurdity rather than the malignity of man is the thing chiefly insisted upon. In the third the attack on the pedants and 'projectors' of Laputa and Balnibarbi grows much more savage; while the appalling description of the Struldbrugs or decrepit immortals of Luggnagg shows us not only what Swift but too truly feared for himself, but one of his reasons for detesting humanity. Then in the fourth part, the description of the Houyhnhnms and Yahoos, the batteries are shifted, and it is no longer at the folly and feebleness of man but at the brutal and almost devilish corruption that they are levelled. Perhaps the picture, which Swift appears to hold up to contrasted admiration, of the Houyhnhnm character—sensible, orderly, prudent, but utterly without passion or enthusiasm of any kind—is more really depressing than even the baboon-like bestiality of his male and female Yahoos. As a whole, however, the book, with the possible exception of the Struldbrug passage, is much too amusing to depress at all. Dullness (especially German dullness) has picked out this and that reminiscence of or similarity to preceding work, especially that of Cyrano de Bergerac; but this is usual and negligible. There is no more original work of genius in literature than *Gulliver's Travels*.

The only two pieces still requiring mention (of about a hundred credited to him) are *Polite Conversation* (1738) and the *Directions to Servants*, the latter not published except posthumously. This piece, though very amusing in parts, and a wonderful instance of that microscopic observation which had so much to do with Swift's success, is at best a little trivial, and at worst spoilt by the nastiness which is his greatest weakness. But the *Polite Conversation* is perfectly charming. Purporting to be the talk of a fashionable set in London during something like the double round of the clock, it not merely abounds with strokes of humour, not merely hits types and ways which exist very little changed to-day, but clothes those types with dramatic individualities in a fashion never indulged in by Swift elsewhere. Even Lemuel Gulliver is but an *eidolon* compared with 'Miss' and Tom Neverout, Lady Smart and the Colonel. Everywhere, or almost everywhere, else Swift's comedy turns, or seems constantly on the point of turning, either to the sternest tragedy or at least to acrimonious invective. Here, keen as is the rapier and unerring as is the artist's fence, he never exactly takes off the button that keeps it a harmless foil.

Yet if not the greatest, the most unique, the most charming, the most pathetic, the most varied in appeal of Swift's works remains to be mentioned, and that is what he never meant for a work at all—the *Journal to Stella*. This consists of the budgets of diary-letters which he sent to his beloved and her companion (for this strange etiquette of the third person was kept up even here) during his momentous stay in London during the last years of the queen (2nd September 1710 to 6th June 1714). As vivid as Pepys, shot through and through by the light of an intellect beside which that of the good, or at least agreeable, Clerk of the Acts is a mere farthing candle, dealing with matters of the greatest historical and social interest publicly, and revealing in private one of the strangest tragi-comedies in the great theatre of Love, diversified by the extraordinary 'little language' or baby jargon which Swift sprinkles here and there as a sort of caress to his correspondent, this wonderful book even by itself defies the existence of anything like a second to it. But standing as it does between the *Tale* and *Gulliver*, it completes as nothing else possibly could, the evidence of the greatness and the strangeness of its author's genius.

From 'On Poetry: a Rhapsody.'

Not empire to the rising sun,
By valour, conduct, fortune won ;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states ;
Not skill in sciences profound,
So large to grasp the circle round,
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.
Not beggar's brat or bulk-begot ;
Not bastard of a pedler Scot ;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews ;
Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
Of gipsies littering under hedges,
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blasted with poetic fire.

A Description of the Morning.

Now hardly here and there a hackney-coach
Appearing shewed the ruddy morn's approach. . . .
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had pared the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirled her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drowned in shriller notes of chimney sweep :
Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet,
And brick dust Moll had screamed through half the street.
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees ;
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

From 'Cadenus and Vanessa.'

But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain :
One way he knows to give her pain ;
Vows on Vanessa's heart to take
Due vengeance, for her patron's sake ;
Those early seeds by Venus sown
In spite of Pallas now were grown ;
And Cupid hop'd they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made use of all his craft,
In vain discharging many a shaft,
Pointed at colonels, lords, and beaux :
Cadenus warded off the blows ;
For, placing still some book betwixt
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's Morals struck, were spoil'd.
The Queen of Wisdom could foresee
But not prevent, the Fates' decree.
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
Was in the very search betray'd.
Cupid, though all his darts were lost,
Yet still resolv'd to spare no cost :
He could not answer to his fame
The triumphs of that stubborn dame,
A nymph so hard to be subdued,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
I find, said he, she wants a doctor,
Both to adore her and instruct her :
I'll give her what she most admires,
Among these venerable sires.
Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Caress'd by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate.
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice.
Cadenus many things had writ :
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works :
Meantime the boy in secret lurks ;
And while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown increas'd her smart.
Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four ;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind :
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years,
She fancies music in his tongue ;
Nor further looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd ?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak ?
As years increase, she brighter shines :
Cadenus with each day declines :
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart ;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit :
But books, and time, and state affairs
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love
His conduct might have made him styl'd
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew ;
She hourly press'd for something new :
Ideas came into her mind
So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind ;

She reason'd, without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a sudden change was wrought:
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amaz'd to find
Such marks of a distracted mind:
For though she seem'd to listen more
To all he spoke than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would absent range,
Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
And first he modestly conjectures
His pupil might be tir'd with lectures;
Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
But in a mild dejected strain,
At last he ventur'd to complain:
Said she should be no longer teaz'd,
Might have her freedom when she pleas'd:
Was now convinc'd he acted wrong
To hide her from the world so long,
And in dull studies to engage
One of her tender sex and age:
That every nymph with envy own'd,
How she might shine in the *grande monde*;
And every shepherd was undone
To see her cloister'd like a nun.
This was a visionary scheme:
He wak'd, and found it but a dream,
A project far above his skill;
For nature must be nature still.
If he were bolder than became
A scholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuse a man of letters:
Thus tutors often treat their betters:
And, since his talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last adieu.
Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain,
Instructed from her early years
To scorn the art of female tears.
Had he employ'd his time so long
To teach her what was right and wrong;
Yet could such notions entertain
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wandering of her thoughts;
But he must answer for her faults.
She well remember'd to her cost
That all his lessons were not lost.
Two maxims she could still produce,
And sad experience taught their use;
That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear disclose
Our inmost secrets to our foes:
That common forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble mind.
Now, said the nymph, to let you see
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms despise,
And have no secrets to disguise;
I knew, by what you said and writ,
How dangerous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me against their charms,
But never gave me equal arms:
Your lessons found the weakest part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.
Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style:
And yet her words were so exprest,
He could not hope she spoke in jest.
His thought had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place,
Without distinguishing her face:
Much less could his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;
And, if her youth indifference met,
His person must contempt beget:
Or grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong:
Would say he made a treacherous use
Of wit to flatter and seduce:
The town would swear he had betray'd
By magic spells the harmless maid:
And every beau would have his jokes,
That scholars were like other folks;
And when Platonic flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover!
So tender of the young and fair!
It show'd a true paternal care —
Five thousand guineas in her purse!
The doctor might have fancy'd worse. —
Hardly at length he silence broke,
And falter'd every word he spoke;
Interpreting her complaisance,
Just as a man *sans* consequence.
She rallied well, he always knew:
Her manner now was something new;
And what she spoke was in an air
As serious as a tragic player.
But those who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon some certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jest,
Else he must enter his protest:
For, let a man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught with sober lies;
A science which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis just what coxcombs call a bite.
But, not to dwell on things minute,
Vanessa finish'd the dispute;
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reason was her guide in love.
She thought he had himself describ'd,
His doctrines when she first imbib'd;
What he had planted, now was grown;
His virtues she might call her own;
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last:
Why she likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herself, and that 's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praise
The geniuses of ancient days!

(Those authors he so oft had nam'd,
For learning, wit, and wisdom fam'd;)
Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
For persons whom he never saw.
Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,
He must adore such godlike men.
If one short volume could comprise
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
How would it be esteem'd and read,
Although the writer long were dead!
If such an author were alive,
How all would for his friendship strive,
And come in crowds to see his face!
And this she takes to be her case.
Cadenus answers every end,
The book, the author, and the friend;
The utmost her desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:
His converse is a system fit
Alone to fill up all her wit:
While every passion of her mind
In him is cent'red and confin'd.
Love can with speech inspire a mute,
And taught Vanessa to dispute.
This topic, never touch'd before,
Display'd her eloquence the more:
Her knowledge, with such pains acquir'd,
By this new passion grew inspir'd;
Through this she made all objects pass,
Which gave a tincture o'er the mass;
As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the sea their course incline;
Or, as philosophers who find
Some favourite system to their mind,
In every point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to submit.
Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
His lessons would have such effect,
Or be so artfully apply'd,
Insensibly came on her side.
It was an unforeseen event;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes:
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
When miss delights in her spinnet,
A fiddler may a fortune get;
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding-schools may have his choice;
And oft the dancing-master's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a mistress by 't.
Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame;
And, though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talk'd so well.
His pride began to interpose;
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux!
So bright a nymph to come unsought!
Such wonder by his merit wrought!
'Tis merit must with her prevail!
He never knew her judgment fail!
She noted all she ever read!
And had a most discerning head!
'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery 's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.
So, when Cadenus could not hide,
He chose to justify his pride;
Construing the passion he had shown,
Much to her praise, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In her a most judicious taste.
Love, hitherto a transient guest,
Ne'er held possession of his breast;
So long attending at the gate,
Disdain'd to enter in so late.
Love why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.
But friendship, in its greatest height,
A constant, rational delight,
On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
When love allurements long are past.
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return;
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem:
With that devotion we bestow,
When goddesses appear below.
While thus Cadenus entertains
Vanessa in exalted strains,
The nymph in sober words entreats
A truce with all sublime conceits:
For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durst not read romances?
In lofty style to make replies,
Which he had taught her to despise?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and respect,
He fairly abdicates the throne:
The government is now her own:
He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it strange,
If both should now their stations change;
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor; and the pupil, he:
Though she already can discern
Her scholar is not apt to learn;
Or wants capacity to reach
The science she designs to teach;
Wherein his genius was below
The skill of every common beau,
Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.
But what success Vanessa met
Is to the world a secret yet,
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain;

Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends;
Or, to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.

From 'Verses on the Death of Dr Swift.'

As Rochefoucault his Maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
  This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
'In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends;
While nature kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.'
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
  We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal raised above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you;
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post;
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion killed, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtopp'd,
Would you not wish his laurels cropp'd?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies racked with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!
  What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell?
  Her end when Emulation misses,
She turns to Envy, stings, and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to Pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
  Vain human kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all on me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry: 'Pox take him and his wit.'
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and shewed its use.
St John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.

Afterwards Lords Bolingbroke and Bath

If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents heaven hath blest 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?
  To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.
  Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.
  The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
'See, how the dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman! he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he 's dead.
Besides his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where last he dined;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith, he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.
  'For poetry he 's past his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme:
His fire is out, his wit decayed,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I 'd have him throw away his pen
But there 's no talking to some men.'
  And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:
'He 's older than he would be reckoned,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach, too, begins to fail;
Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he 's quite another thing;
I wish he may hold out till spring.'
They hug themselves and reason thus:
'It is not yet so bad with us.'
  In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily How-d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer: 'Worse and worse!')

Would please them better than to tell,
That, 'God be praised! the dean is well.'
Then he who prophesied the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
'You know I always feared the worst,
And often told you so at first.'
He'd rather choose that I should die,
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover,
But all agree to give me over.
Yet should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain,
How many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept?
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the snivellers round my bed.
My good companions, never fear;
For, though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
How is the dean? 'He's just alive.'
Now the departing prayer is read;
'He hardly breathes.' 'The dean is dead.'
Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run:
'Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?
'I know no more than what the news is:
'Tis all bequeathed to public uses.'
'To public uses! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the dean in all the nation
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!'. . .
Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's Remains!
And then to make them pass the glibber,
Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die,
Which Pope must bear, as well as I.
Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry:
'I'm sorry—but we all must die!'
One year is past; a different scene!
No further mention of the dean,
Who now, alas! no more is missed,
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now this favourite of Apollo?
Departed: and his works must follow;
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country squire to Lintot goes, A bookseller
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
Says Lintot: 'I have heard the name;
He died a year ago.' 'The same.'
He searches all the shop in vain:
'Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane
I sent them, with a load of books,
Last Monday to the pastry-cooks.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.
The dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past;
The town has got a better taste.
I keep no antiquated stuff,
But spick-and-span I have enough.
Pray, do but give me leave to shew 'em:
Here's Colley Cibber's birthday poem;
This ode you never yet have seen
By Stephen Duck upon the queen.
Then here's a letter finely penned
Against the Craftsman and his friend;
It clearly shews that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
And Mr Henley's last oration.
The hawkers have not got them yet;
Your honour please to buy a set?'. . .
Suppose me dead; and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose,
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
And while they toss my name about,
With favour some, and some without,
One, quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws:
'The dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill received at court.
As for his works in verse and prose,
I own myself no judge of those:
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em,
But this I know, all people bought 'em;
As with a moral view designed
To cure the vices of mankind,
His vein, ironically grave,
He shamed the fool, and lashed the knave.
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.
'He never thought an honour done him,
Because a duke was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
Despis'd the fools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs:
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends:
And only chose the wise and good;
No flatterers; no allies in blood:
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success;
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.

'With princes kept a due decorum ;
But never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just :
In princes never put thy trust :
And would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish senate if you nam'd,
With what impatience he declaim'd !
Fair Liberty was all his cry ;
For her he stood prepar'd to die ;
For her he boldly stood alone ;
For her he oft expos'd his own.
Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head ;
But not a traitor could be found,
To sell him for six hundred pound.
'Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men :
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valu'd not a groat :
Ingratitude he often found,
And pitied those who meant the wound :
But kept the tenor of his mind,
To merit well of human kind :
Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
To reconcile his friends in power ;
Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursu'd each other's ruin.
But finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair. . . .
'By innocence and resolution,
He bore continual persecution ;
While numbers to preferment rose,
Whose merits were to be his foes :
With even his own familiar friends,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels,
Against him lifting up their heels
'The dean did by his pen defeat
An infamous destructive cheat ;
Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy has own'd it was his doing,
To save that hapless land from ruin ;
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, sought his blood. . . .
'In exile, with a steady heart,
He spent his life's declining part ;
Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St John, Pope, and Gay.
His friendships there, to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling kind ;
No fools of rank, a mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed :
Where titles give no right, or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower ;
He would have held it a disgrace,
If such a wretch had known his face. . .
'Perhaps I may allow the dean
Had too much satire in his vein :
And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it
Yet malice never was his aim ;
He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name :
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant ;
His satire points at no defect,
But what all mortals may correct ;
For he abhorr'd that senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe :
He spar'd a hump, or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux.
True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
Unless it offer'd to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confest,
He ne'er offended with a jest ;
But laughed to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
'He knew a hundred pleasing stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories :
Was cheerful to his dying day ;
And friends would let him have his way.
'He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad ;
And show'd by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better.'

Curll was the Dean's pet aversion, the bookseller who published bogus pieces in Swift's name ; *Tibbalds* is Theobald, the editor of Shakespeare ; *Moore*, James Moore (afterwards J. Moore Smythe), a forgotten dramatist satirised in the *Dunciad ;* Stephen Duck, a farm-labourer who took to rhyming and was patronised by Queen Caroline ; 'Orator Henley' was a quack preacher ; *The Craftsman* was a political periodical, organ of the opposition to Walpole ; *Sir Robert* is Walpole ; Colonel Francis Charteris was infamous (see Arbuthnot's epitaph, page 146) ; the *six hundred pounds* refers to proclamations offering that sum for the discovery of the author of two of Swift's pamphlets . Wood was the 'destructive cheat.'

Mrs Frances Harris's Petition, 1700.

To their excellencies the Lords Justices of Ireland,
The humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve and die a maid if it miscarries ;
Humbly sheweth, that I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's chamber, because I was cold ;
And I had in a purse seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence, besides farthings, in money and gold ;
So because I had been buying things for my lady last night,
I was resolv'd to tell my money, to see if it was right.
Now, you must know, because my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very small stock,
I keep in my pocket, tied about my middle, next my smock.
So when I went to put up my purse, as God would have it, my smock was unripp'd,
And instead of putting it into my pocket, down it slipp'd ;
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my lady to bed ;
And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe as my maidenhead.
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light ;
But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, Lord ! I thought I should have sunk outright.
'Lord ! madam,' says Mary, 'how d' ye do ?'—'Indeed,' says I, 'never worse :
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purse ?'

'Lord help me!' says Mary, 'I never stirr'd out of this place!'
'Nay,' said I, 'I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that 's a plain case.'
So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm:
However, she stole away my garters, that I might do myself no harm.
So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may very well think,
But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.
So I was a dream'd, methought, that I went and search'd the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs Dukes's box, tied in a rag, the money was found.
So next morning we told Whittle, and he fell a swearing:
Then my dame Wadger came; and she, you know, is thick of hearing.
'Dame,' said I, as loud I could bawl, 'do you know what a loss I have had?'
'Nay,' said she, 'my Lord Colway's folks are all very sad:
For my Lord Dromedary comes a Tuesday without fail.'
'Pugh!' said I, 'but that 's not the business that I ail.'
Says Cary, says he, 'I have been a servant this five and twenty years, come spring,
And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of such a thing.'
'Yes,' says the steward, 'I remember when I was at my Lady Shrewsbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd, just about the time of *gooseberries*.'
So I went to the party suspected, and I found her full of grief:
(Now, you must know, of all things in the world, I hate a thief:)
However, I was resolv'd to bring the discourse slily about:
'Mrs Dukes,' said I, 'here 's an ugly accident has happen'd out:
'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a louse;
But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house.
'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence makes a great hole in my wages:
Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these ages.
Now, Mrs Dukes, you know, and every body understands,
That though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands.'
'The *devil* take me!' said she (blessing herself,) 'if ever I saw 't!'
So she roar'd like a bedlam, as though I had call'd her all to naught.
So you know, what could I say to her any more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.
Well; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man!
'No,' said I, ''tis the same thing, the Chaplain will be here anon.'
So the Chaplain came in. Now the servants say he is my sweetheart,
Because he 's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.
So, as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
'*Parson*,' said I, 'can you cast a *nativity*, when a body 's plunder'd?'
(Now you must know, he hates to be call'd *Parson*, like the *devil!*)
'Truly,' says he, 'Mrs Nab, it might become you to be more civil;
If your money be gone, as a learned *Divine* says, d' ye see,
You are no *text* for my handling; so take that from me:
I was never taken for a *Conjurer* before, I 'd have you to know.'
'Lord!' said I, 'don't be angry, I am sure I never thought you so;
You know I honour the cloth; I design to be a Parson's wife;
I never took one in *your coat* for a conjurer in all my life.'
With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who should say,
'Now you may go hang yourself for me!' and so went away.
Well: I thought I should have swoon'd. 'Lord!' said I, 'what shall I do?
I have lost my money, and shall lose my true love too!'
Then my lord call'd me: 'Harry,' said my Lord, 'don't cry;
I 'll give you something toward thy loss:' 'And,' says my lady, 'so will I.'
Oh! but, said I, what if, after all, the Chaplain won't come to?
For that, he said (an 't please your Excellencies), I must petition you.
The premises tenderly consider'd, I desire your Excellencies protection,
And that I may have a share in next Sunday's collection;
And, over and above, that I may have your Excellencies letter,
With an order for the Chaplain aforesaid, or, instead of him, a better:
And then your poor petitioner, both night and day,
Or the chaplain (for 'tis his *trade*), as in duty bound, shall ever *pray*.

Vanbrugh's House, built from the ruins of Whitehall that was burnt, 1703.

In times of old, when Time was young,
And poets their own verses sung,
A verse would draw a stone or beam,
That now would overload a team;
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its different power:
Heroic strains could build a tower;
Sonnets, or elegies to Chloris,
Might raise a house about two stories;
A lyric ode would slate; a catch
Would tile; an epigram would thatch.
But, to their own or landlord's cost,
Now poets feel this art is lost.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raise a lodging for a song.
For Jove consider'd well the case,
Observ'd they grew a numerous race;
And should they build as fast as write,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
This evil therefore to prevent,
He wisely chang'd their element:

On earth the God of Wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade ;
Leaving the wits the spacious air,
With licence to build castles there :
And 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
Premising thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to say ;
Sing, Muse, the house of Poet Van,
In higher strains than we began.
Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a herald and a poet ;
No wonder then if nicely skill'd
In both capacities to build.
As herald, he can in a day
Repair a house gone to decay ;
Or, by achievements, arms, device,
Erect a new one in a trice ;
And as a poet, he has skill
To build in speculation still.
'Great Jove !' he cry'd, 'the art restore
To build by verse as heretofore,
And make my Muse the architect ;
What palaces shall we erect !
No longer shall forsaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames ;
A pile shall from its ashes rise,
Fit to invade or prop the skies.'
Jove smil'd, and like a gentle god,
Consenting with the usual nod,
Told Van, he knew his talent best,
And left the choice to his own breast.
So Van resolv'd to write a farce ;
But, well perceiving wit was scarce,
With cunning that defect supplies :
Takes a French play as lawful prize ;
Steals thence his plot and every joke,
Not once suspecting Jove would smoke ;
And (like a wag set down to write)
Would whisper to himself, 'a *bite*.'
Then, from this motley mingled style,
Proceeded to erect his pile.
So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
To turn the matter to a jest :
Down from Olympus' top he slides,
Laughing as if he 'd burst his sides :
Ay, thought the god, are these your tricks ?
Why then old plays deserve old bricks ;
And since you 're sparing of your stuff,
Your building shall be small enough.
He spake, and grudging, lent his aid ;
Th' experienc'd bricks, that knew their trade
(As being bricks at second hand),
Now move, and now in order stand.
The building, as the poet writ,
Rose in proportion to his wit :
And first the prologue built a wall ;
So wide as to encompass all.
The scene, a wood, produc'd no more
Than a few scrubby trees before.
The plot as yet lay deep : and so
A cellar next was dug below .
But this a work so hard was found,
Two acts it cost him under ground.
Two other acts, we may presume,
Were spent in building each a room :
Thus far advanc'd, he made a shift
To raise a roof with act the fifth.
The epilogue behind did frame
A place not decent here to name.
Now poets from all quarters ran,
To see the house of brother Van :
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round ;
But no such house was to be found.
One asks the watermen hard by,
'Where may the poet's palace lie ?'
Another of the Thames inquires,
If he has seen its gilded spires ?
At length they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a goose-pye.
Thither in haste the poets throng,
And gaze in silent wonder long.
Till one in raptures thus began
To praise the pile and builder Van :
'Thrice happy poet ! who mayst trail
Thy house about thee like a snail :
Or, harness'd to a nag, at ease
Take journeys in it like a chaise ;
Or in a boat whene'er thou wilt,
Canst make it serve thee for a tilt !
Capacious house ! 'tis own'd by all
Thou 'rt well contriv'd, though thou art small :
For every wit in Britain's isle
May lodge within thy spacious pile.
Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
Thy mother burnt, art born again,
Born like a phœnix from the flame :
But neither bulk nor shape the same ;
As animals of largest size
Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies ;
A type of modern wit and style,
The rubbish of an ancient pile :
So chemists boast they have a power,
From the dead ashes of a flower
Some faint resemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taste, or juice
So modern rhymers wisely blast
The poetry of ages past ;
Which, after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own.'

The Day of Judgment.

With a whirl of thought oppress'd,
I sunk from reverie to rest.
A horrid vision seiz'd my head,
I saw the graves give up their dead !
Jove, arm'd with terrors, bursts the skies,
And thunder roars and lightning flies !
Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne !
While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said :
'Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning, blind ;
You who, through frailty, stepp'd aside ;
And you, who never fell from pride :
You who in different sects were shamm'd,
And come to see each other damn'd
(So some folk told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's designs than you)

—The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent these pranks no more.
I to such blockheads set my wit!
I damn such fools!—Go, go, you're bit.'

The three extracts that follow are from the *Tale of a Tub.* The overpowering and overshadowing greatness of this book is believed to have sometimes produced an impression that Swift invented the title-phrase. This is of course quite wrong. Ben Jonson had actually used it, as the title of his last play (1633), seventy years before. Nearly a hundred earlier (1538) it occurs in Bale, and is probably much older still, having, like all such alliterative popular sayings, no definitely ascertainable origin.

The Epistle Dedicatory to His Royal Highness Prince Posterity.

Sir,—I here present your highness with the fruits of a very few leisure hours, stolen from the short intervals of a world of business, and of an employment quite alien from such amusements as this, the poor production of that refuse of time which has lain heavy upon my hands during a long prorogation of parliament, a great dearth of foreign news, and a tedious fit of rainy weather: for which and other reasons it cannot choose extremely to deserve such a patronage as that of your highness, whose numberless virtues, in so few years, make the world look upon you as the future example to all princes: for although your highness is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the universal learned world already resolved upon appealing to your future dictates, with the lowest and most resigned submission; fate having decreed you sole arbiter of the productions of human wit, in this polite and most accomplished age. Methinks the number of appellants were enough to shock and startle any judge, of a genius less unlimited than yours: but in order to prevent such glorious trials, the person, it seems, to whose care the education of your highness is committed, has resolved (as I am told) to keep you in almost a universal ignorance of our studies, which it is your inherent birth-right to inspect.

It is amazing to me that this person should have the assurance, in the face of the sun, to go about persuading your highness that our age is almost wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one writer upon any subject. I know very well that when your highness shall come to riper years, and have gone through the learning of antiquity, you will be too curious to neglect inquiring into the authors of the very age before you: and to think that this insolent, in the account he is preparing for your view, designs to reduce them to a number so insignificant as I am ashamed to mention; it moves my zeal and my spleen for the honour and interest of our vast flourishing body, as well as of myself, for whom, I know by long experience, he has professed and still continues a peculiar malice.

It is not unlikely that, when your highness will one day peruse what I am now writing, you may be ready to expostulate with your governor upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him to shew you some of our productions. To which he will answer (for I am well informed of his designs) by asking your highness, where they are? and what is become of them? and pretend it a demonstration that there never were any, because they are not then to be found. Not to be found! who has mislaid them? are they sunk in the abyss of things? it is certain, that in their own nature, they were light enough to swim upon the surface for all eternity. Therefore the fault is in him, who tied weights so heavy to their heels as to depress them to the centre. Is their very essence destroyed? who has annihilated them? were they drowned by purges, or martyred by pipes? who administered them to the posteriors of ——? But, that it may no longer be a doubt with your highness who is to be the author of this universal ruin, I beseech you to observe that large and terrible scythe which your governor affects to bear continually about him. Be pleased to remark the length and strength, the sharpness and hardness of his nails and teeth: consider his baneful, abominable breath, enemy to life and matter, infectious and corrupting: and then reflect, whether it be possible for any mortal ink and paper of this generation to make a suitable resistance. O! that your highness would one day resolve to disarm this usurping *maitre du palais* of his furious engines, and bring your empire *hors de page.*

It were needless to recount the several methods of tyranny and destruction which your governor is pleased to practise upon this occasion. His inveterate malice is such to the writings of our age, that of several thousands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the sun there is not one to be heard of: unhappy infants! many of them barbarously destroyed, before they have so much as learnt their mother tongue to beg for pity. Some he stifles in their cradles; others he frights into convulsions, whereof they suddenly die: some he flays alive; others he tears limb from limb. Great numbers are offered to Moloch; and the rest, tainted by his breath, die of a languishing consumption.

But the concern I have most at heart, is for our corporation of poets; from whom I am preparing a petition to your highness, to be subscribed with the names of one hundred thirty-six of the first rate; but whose immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each of them is now an humble and an earnest appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes ready to shew for a support to his pretensions. The never-dying works of these illustrious persons, your governor, sir, has devoted to unavoidable death; and your highness is to be made believe, that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one single poet.

We confess Immortality to be a great and powerful goddess; but in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our sacrifices, if your highness's governor, who has usurped the priesthood, must, by an unparalleled ambition and avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned and devoid of writers in any kind, seems to be an assertion so bold and so false that I have been some time thinking the contrary may almost be proved by uncontrollable demonstration. It is true, indeed, that although their numbers be vast, and their productions numerous in proportion, yet are they hurried so hastily off the scene, that they escape our memory and elude our sight. When I first thought of this address, I had prepared a copious list of titles to present your highness, as an undisputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were posted fresh upon all gates and corners of streets; but, returning in a very few hours to take a review, they were all torn down, and fresh ones in their places. I enquired after them among readers and booksellers; but I enquired in vain; the memorial of them was lost among men; their place was no more to be found: and I was laughed to scorn for a clown and a pedant, without all taste and refinement, little versed in the course of present affairs, and that knew nothing of what had passed in the best companies of court and town. So that I can only avow in general to your highness that we do abound in learning and wit; but to fix upon particulars is a task too slippery for my slender abilities. If I should venture in a windy day to affirm to your highness that there is a large cloud near the horizon, in the form of a bear; another in the zenith, with the head of an ass; a third to the westward, with claws like a dragon; and your highness should in a few minutes think fit to examine the truth, it is certain they would all be changed in figure and position; new ones would arise, and all we could agree upon would be, that clouds there were, but that I was grossly mistaken in the zoography and topography of them.

But your governor perhaps may still insist, and put the question, What is then become of those immense bales of paper which must needs have been employed in such numbers of books? can these also be wholly annihilate, and so of a sudden, as I pretend? What shall I say in return of so invidious an objection? it ill befits the distance between your highness and me, to send you for ocular conviction to a jakes, or an oven; to the windows of a bawdy-house, or to a sordid lantern. Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world, but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profess to your highness, in the integrity of my heart, that what I am going to say is literally true this minute I am writing: what revolutions may happen before it shall be ready for your perusal, I can by no means warrant: however, I beg you to accept it as a specimen of our learning, our politeness, and our wit. I do therefore affirm, upon the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called John Dryden, whose translation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and, if diligent search were made, for aught I know, is yet to be seen. There is another, called Nahum Tate, who is ready to make oath that he has caused many reams of verse to be published, whereof both himself and his bookseller (if lawfully required) can still produce authentic copies, and therefore wonders why the world is pleased to make such a secret of it. There is a third, known by the name of Tom Durfey, a poet of a vast comprehension, a universal genius, and most profound learning. There are also one Mr Rymer, and one Mr Dennis, most profound critics. There is a person styled Dr Bentley, who has written near a thousand pages of immense erudition, giving a full and true account of a certain squabble, of wonderful importance, between himself and a bookseller: he is a writer of infinite wit and humour; no man rallies with a better grace, and in more sprightly turns. Farther, I avow to your highness, that with these eyes I have beheld the person of William Wotton, B.D., who has written a good sizeable volume against a friend of your governor (from whom, alas! he must therefore look for little favour), in a most gentlemanly style, adorned with the utmost politeness and civility, replete with discoveries equally valuable for their novelty and use, and embellished with traits of wit so poignant and so apposite that he is a worthy yokemate to his forementioned friend.

Why should I go upon farther particulars, which might fill a volume with the just eulogies of my contemporary brethren? I shall bequeath this piece of justice to a larger work, wherein I intend to write a character of the present set of wits in our nation: their persons I shall describe particularly and at length, their genius and understandings in miniature.

In the meantime, I do here make bold to present your highness with a faithful abstract drawn from the universal body of all arts and sciences, intended wholly for your service and instruction: nor do I doubt in the least but your highness will peruse it as carefully and make as considerable improvements as other young princes have already done by the many volumes of late years written for a help to their studies.

That your highness may advance in wisdom and virtue, as well as years, and at last outshine all your royal ancestors, shall be the daily prayer of, Sir, your highness's most devoted, &c.

Clothes-religion and Clothes-philosophy.

About this time it happened a sect arose whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grand monde*, and among everybody of good fashion. They worshipped a sort of idol, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest part of the house, on an altar erected about three foot: he was shewn in the posture of a Persian emperor, sitting on a superficies, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a goose for his ensign; whence it is that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus. . . .

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamentals. They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes, which invests everything: that the earth is invested by the air, the air is invested by the stars, and the stars are invested by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land but a fine coat faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious a journeyman Nature has been to trim up the vegetable beaux; observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself but a micro coat, or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? As to his body there can be no dispute; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress. To instance no more, is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, self-love a surtout, vanity a shirt, and conscience a pair of breeches? . . .

Characteristics of Modern Critics.

I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a true modern critic from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits who engage in so useful and honourable an art. The first is, that criticism, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best when it is the very first result of the critic's mind: as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark if they stay for a second. Secondly, the true critics are known by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or as a wasp to the fairest fruit. So when the king is on horseback, he is sure to be the dirtiest person of the company; and they that make their court best are such as bespatter him most. Lastly, a true critic, in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most when there are the fewest bones.

A Meditation upon a Broomstick.

This single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs; but now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; it is now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make her things clean, and be nasty itself; at length, worn out to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use of kindling a fire. When I beheld this I sighed, and said within myself: Surely man is a broomstick! nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk; he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs (all covered with powder) that never grew on his head; but now should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellences, and other men's defaults!

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray, what is man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be, grovelling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances; rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before, sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away. His last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till, worn to the stumps, like his brother-besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

One of the 'Miscellaneous Essays,' described as being 'according to the style and manner of the Hon. Robert Boyle's *Meditations*.'

Inconveniences likely to attend the Abolition of Christianity

I am very sensible how much the gentlemen of wit and pleasure are apt to murmur and be shocked at the sight of so many daggled-tail parsons, who happen to fall in their way and offend their eyes; but at the same time, those wise reformers do not consider what an advantage and felicity it is for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and improve their talents, and divert their spleen from falling on each other, or on themselves; especially when all this may be done without the least imaginable danger to their persons. And to urge another argument of a parallel nature: if Christianity were once abolished, how could the freethinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning be able to find another subject so calculated in all points whereon to display their abilities? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of from those whose genius, by continual practice, hath been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and would, therefore, be never able to shine or distinguish themselves on any other subject! We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only topic we have left? Who would ever have suspected Asgill for a wit, or Toland for a philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand to provide them with materials? What other subject through all art or nature could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furnished him with readers? It is the wise choice of the subject that alone adorns and distinguishes the writer. For had a hundred such pens as these been employed on the side of religion, they would immediately have sunk into silence and oblivion.

Nor do I think it wholly groundless, or my fears altogether imaginary, that the abolishing of Christianity may perhaps bring the church in danger, or at least put the senate to the trouble of another securing vote. I desire I may not be misunderstood; I am far from presuming to affirm or think that the church is in danger at present, or as things now stand, but we know not how soon it may be so, when the Christian religion is repealed. As plausible as this project seems, there may be a dangerous design lurking under it. Nothing can be more notorious than that the atheists, deists, Socinians, anti-trinitarians, and other subdivisions of freethinkers, are persons of little zeal for the present ecclesiastical establishment. Their declared opinion is for repealing the sacramental test; they are very indifferent with regard to ceremonies; nor do they hold the *jus divinum* of episcopacy. Therefore this may be intended as one politic step towards altering the constitution of the church established, and setting up presbytery in its stead; which I leave to be further considered by those at the helm. . . .

And therefore if, notwithstanding all I have said, it shall still be thought necessary to have a bill brought in for repealing Christianity, I would humbly offer an amendment, that, instead of the word *Christianity*, may be put *religion* in general; which I conceive will much better answer all the good ends proposed by the projectors of it. For as long as we leave in being a God and his Providence, with all the necessary consequences which curious and inquisitive men will be apt to draw from such premises, we do not strike at the root of the evil, although we should ever so effectually annihilate the present scheme of the Gospel. For of what use is freedom of thought, if it will not produce freedom of action? which is the sole end, how remote soever in appearance, of all objections against Christianity. And therefore the freethinkers consider it a sort of edifice, wherein all the parts have such a mutual dependence on each other, that if you happen to pull out one single nail, the whole fabric must fall to the ground.

(From the *Argument against abolishing Christianity in England*.)

The Spider and the Bee.

Things were at this crisis, when a material accident fell out. For, upon the highest corner of a large window there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out, upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person, by swallows from above, or to his palace, by brooms from below; when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went; where expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution; or else that Beelzebub with all his legions was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects, whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events (for they knew each other by sight), A plague split you, said he, for a giddy son of a whore; is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? could not you look before you, and be d—n'd? do you think I have nothing else to do (in the devil's name) but to mend and repair after your arse? Good words, friend, said the bee (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll), I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born. Sirrah, replied the spider, if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners. I pray have patience, said the bee, or you'll spend your substance, and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all, toward the repair of your house. Rogue, rogue, replied the spider, yet methinks you should have more respect to a person, whom all the world allows to be so much your betters. By my troth, said the bee, the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute. At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own reasons without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite, and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

Not to disparage myself, said he, by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance; born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as easily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person.

I am glad, answered the bee, to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect thence enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture, and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but by woeful experience for us both, it is plain the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast indeed of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that in short the question comes all to this; whether is the nobler being of the two, that which by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all but flybane and a cobweb; or that which by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax.

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of books, in arms below, stood silent a while, waiting in suspense what would be the issue; which was not long undetermined: for the bee, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses, without looking for a reply; and left the spider, like an orator, collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

(From *The Battle of the Books.*)

Refinement of Style.

The following letter has laid before me many great and manifest evils in the world of letters, which I had overlooked: but it opens to me a very busy scene, and it will require no small care and application to amend errors, which are become so universal. The affectation of politeness is exposed in this epistle with a great deal of wit and discernment; so that, whatever discourses I may fall into hereafter upon the subject the writer treats of, I shall at present lay the matter before the world without the least alteration from the words of my correspondent.

To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.

SIR,—There are some abuses among us of great consequence, the reformation of which is properly your province; although, as far as I have been conversant in your papers, you have not yet considered them. These are, the deplorable ignorance that for some years had reigned among our English writers, the great depravity of our taste, and the continual corruption of our style. I say nothing here of those who handle particular sciences, divinity, law, physic, and the like; I mean the traders in history and politics and the *belles lettres*, together with those by whom books are not translated, but (as the common expressions are) done out of French, Latin, or other languages, and made English. I cannot but observe to you that until of late years a Grub-street book was always bound in sheepskin, with suitable print and paper, the price never above a shilling, and taken off wholly by common tradesmen or country pedlars; but now they appear in all sizes and shapes and in all places: they are handed about from lapfuls in every coffeehouse to persons of quality, are shown in Westminster hall and the Court of Requests; you may see them gilt, and in royal paper, of five or six hundred pages, and rated accordingly. I would engage to furnish you with a catalogue of English books, published within the compass of seven years past, which at the first hand would cost you a hundred pounds, wherein you shall not be able to find ten lines together of common grammar or common sense.

These two evils, ignorance and want of taste, have produced a third, I mean the continual corruption of our English tongue, which without some timely remedy will suffer more by the false refinements of twenty years past than it has been improved in the foregoing hundred. And this is what I design chiefly to enlarge upon, leaving the former evils to your animadversion.

But instead of giving you a list of the late refinements crept into our language, I here send you a copy of a letter I received some time ago from a most accomplished person in this way of writing, upon which I shall make some remarks. It is in these terms:

'SIR,—I cou'dn't get the things you sent for all about town.—I tho't to ha' come down myself, and then I'd ha' bro't um; but ha'nt don't, and I believe I can't do't, that's pozz.—Tom begins to g'imself airs, because he's going with the plenipo's.—'Tis said the French king will bamboozle us agen, which causes many speculations. The Jacks, and others of that kidney, are verry uppish and alert upon't, as you may see by their phizz's.—Will Hazard has got the hipps, having lost to the tune of five hundr'd pound, tho' he understands play very well, nobody better. He has promis't me upon rep to leave off play; but you know 'tis a weakness he's too apt to give into, tho' he has as much wit as any man, nobody more: he has lain incog ever since.—The mobb's very quiet with us now.—I believe you tho't I banter'd you in my last like a country put.—I shan't leave town this month, &c.'

This letter is, in every point, an admirable pattern of the present polite way of writing, nor is it of less authority for being an epistle: you may gather every flower of it, with a thousand more of equal sweetness, from the books, pamphlets, and single papers offered us every day in the coffee houses. And these are the beauties introduced to supply the want of wit, sense, humour, and learning, which formerly were looked upon as qualifications for a writer. If a man of wit who died forty years ago were to rise from the grave on purpose, how would he be able to read this letter? and after he had gone through that difficulty, how would he be able to understand it? The first thing that strikes your eye is the breaks at the end of almost every sentence; of which I know not the use, only that it is a refinement, and very frequently practised. Then you will observe the abbreviations and elisions, by which consonants of most obdurate sounds are joined together without one softening vowel to intervene: and all this only to make one syllable of two, directly contrary to the example of the Greeks and Romans: altogether of the Gothic strain, and of a natural tendency towards relapsing into barbarity, which delights in monosyllables, and uniting of mute consonants, as it is observable in all the northern languages. And this is still more visible in the next refinement, which consists in pronouncing the first syllable in a word that has many, and dismissing the rest; such as *phizz*, *hipps*, *mobb*, *poss*, *rep*, and many more; when we are already overloaded with monosyllables, which are the disgrace of our language. Thus we cram one syllable, and cut off the rest; as the owl fattened her mice after she had bit off their legs, to prevent them from running away; and if ours be the same reason for maiming words, it will certainly answer the end; for I am sure no other nation will desire to borrow them. Some words are hitherto but fairly split, and therefore only in their way to perfection, as incog and plenipo; but in a short time, it is to be hoped, they will be farther docked to inc and plen. This reflection has made me of late years very impatient for a peace, which I believe would save the lives of many brave words as well as men. The war has introduced abundance of polysyllables, which will never be able to live many more campaigns. *Speculations*, *operations*, *preliminaries*, *ambassadors*, *palisadoes*, *communications*, *circumvallations*, *battalions*, as numerous as they are, if they attack us too frequently in our coffeehouses, we shall certainly put them to flight, and cut off the rear.

The third refinement observable in the letter I send you consists in the choice of certain words invented by some pretty fellows, such as *banter*, *bamboozle*, *country put*, and *kidney*, as it is there applied; some of which are now struggling for the vogue, and others are in possession of it. I have done my utmost for some years past to stop the progress of *mob* and *banter*, but have been plainly borne down by numbers, and betrayed by those who promised to assist me.

In the last place, you are to take notice of certain choice phrases scattered through the letter; some of them tolerable enough, till they were worn to rags by servile imitators. You might easily find them, although they were not in a different print, and therefore I need not disturb them.

These are the false refinements in our style, which you ought to correct: first, by arguments and fair [illegible];

but if those fail, I think you are to make use of your authority as censor, and by an annual *index expurgatorius* expunge all words and phrases that are offensive to good sense, and condemn those barbarous mutilations of vowels and syllables. In this last point the usual pretence is, that they spell as they speak: a noble standard for language! to depend upon the caprice of every coxcomb, who, because words are the clothing of our thoughts, cuts them out, and shapes them as he pleases, and changes them oftener than his dress. I believe all reasonable people would be content that such refiners were more sparing of their words and liberal in their syllables. On this head I should be glad you would bestow some advice upon several young readers in our churches, who, coming up from the university full fraught with admiration of our town politeness, will needs correct the style of our prayerbooks. In reading the absolution, they are very careful to say '*Pardons and absolves*;' and in the prayer for the royal family it must be *endue'um*, *enrich'um*, *prosper'um*, and *bring'um*; then in their sermons they use all the modern terms of art, *sham*, *banter*, *mob*, *bubble*, *bully*, *cutting*, *shuffling*, and *palming*: all which, and many more of the like stamp, as I have heard them often in the pulpit from some young sophisters, so I have read them in some of those sermons that have made a great noise of late. The design, it seems, is to avoid the dreadful imputation of pedantry; to show us that they know the town, understand men and manners, and have not been poring upon old unfashionable books in the university.

I should be glad to see you the instrument of introducing into our style that simplicity which is the best and truest ornament of most things in human life; which the politer ages always aimed at in their building and dress (*simplex munditiis*) as well as their productions of wit. It is manifest that all new affected modes of speech, whether borrowed from the court, the town, or the theatre, are the first perishing parts in any language, and, as I could prove by many hundred instances, have been so in ours. The writings of Hooker, who was a country clergyman, and of Parsons the Jesuit, both in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, are in a style that, with very few allowances, would not offend any present reader; much more clear and intelligible than those of Sir Henry Wotton, Sir Robert Naunton, Osborn, Daniel the historian, and several others who writ later: but being men of the court, and affecting the phrases then in fashion, they are often either not to be understood, or appear perfectly ridiculous.

What remedies are to be applied to these evils I have not room to consider, having, I fear, already taken up most of your paper: besides, I think it is our office only to represent abuses, and yours to redress them. —I am, with great respect, Sir, yours, &c.

(From *The Tatler*, No. 230.)

Diversions of the Court of Lilliput.

The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed with a slender white thread extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those [illegible] who are candidates for great employments and [illegible] favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens), five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to shew their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together upon a trencher fixed on a rope which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to shew their dexterity, for, by contending to excel themselves a[illegible] fellows, they strain so far that there is hardly one of them who has not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that, a y[illegible] two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly [illegible] his neck if one of the king's cushions th[illegible]entally lay on the ground had not weakened th[illegible] of [illegible] fall.

There is likewise another diversion, [illegible] shewn before the emperor and empr[illegible] upon particular occasions. The em[illegible] table three fine silken threads, of six [illegible] is blue, the other red, and the th[illegible] threads are proposed as prizes for th[illegible] whom the emperor has a mind to disting[illegible]iar mark of his favour. The ceremony [illegible] performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country [illegible] the new or old world. The emperor holds a stick [illegible] hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, whi[illegible] advancing one by one, sometimes leap [illegible] sometimes creep under it, backward and f[illegible] times, according as the stick is advan[illegible]. Sometimes the emperor holds one e[illegible] and his first minister the other; someti[illegible] has it entirely to himself. Whoever p[illegible] with most agility, and holds out the lo[illegible] and creeping, is rewarded with the blu[illegible] the red is given to the next, and th[illegible] third, which they all wear girt twice [illegible] middle, and you see few great persons ab[illegible] who are not adorned with one of these gird[illegible]

(From *Gulliver's* [illegible])

The Treasurer was doubtless Sir Robert Walp[illegible] Minister, dismissed in 1717 through the [illegible] Stanhope. The cushion was probably Sir R[illegible] the Duchess of Kendal, the mistress of George I. W[illegible] th the orders of the Garter [illegible] Bath [illegible]

The Projectors in the Academy of Lagado.

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room has in it one or more projectors, and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt in eight years more that he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me 'to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers.' I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them. . . .

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise shewed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof, and working downwards to the foundation; which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

There was an astronomer who had undertaken to place a sun-dial upon the great weather-cock on the town house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings of the wind. . . .

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness, and he flattered himself that a more noble, exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Everyone knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour, may write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, law, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame, and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived that the words shifted into new places as the square bits of wood moved upside down. Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labour; and the professor shewed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences. . . .

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles; because, in reality, all things imaginable are but nouns. The other was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity; for it is plain that every word we speak is in some degree a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express the particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. . . .

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was, that it would serve as a universal language to be understood in all civilised nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school, where the master taught his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition and demonstration were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it. But the success hath not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the quantum or composition, and partly by the perverseness of lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous that they generally steal aside, and discharge it upwards before it can operate: neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence as the prescription requires.

In the school of political projectors I was but ill entertained, the professors appearing in my judgment wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, and eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them; with many other wild impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive, and confirmed in me the old observation, that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational which some philosophers have not maintained for truth.

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the academy as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor, who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions to which the several kinds of public administration are subject, by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance, whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and political body, can there be anything more evident than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured, by the same prescriptions? . . . This doctor therefore proposed that upon the meeting of a senate, certain physicians should attend at the three first days of their sitting, and at the close of each day's debate feel the pulses of every senator; after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies, and the methods of cure, they should on the fourth day return to the senate house, attended by their apothecaries stored with proper medicines, and, before the members sat, administer to each of them lenitives, aperitives, abstersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgics, icterics, apophlegmatics, acoustics, as their several cases required; and, according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them at the next meeting. . . .

He likewise directed that every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion, and argued in the defence of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary; because, if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public.

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this: You take a hundred leaders of each party; you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size; then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such manner that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs thus cut off be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party man. It seems indeed to be a work that requireth some exactness but the professor assured us that if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible. For he argued thus: that the two half brains being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern its motion: and as to the difference of brains in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction, the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, that it was a perfect trifle.

(From *Gulliver's Travels.*)

From 'Journal to Stella.'

Did the bishop of London lie in Wexford? poor gentleman! did he drink the waters? were you at his burial? was it a great funeral? so far from his friends! But he was very old: we shall all follow. And yet it was a pity, if God pleased. He was a good man; not very learned: I believe he died but poor. Did he leave any charity legacies? who held up his pall? was there a great sight of clergy? do they design a tomb for him? are you sure it was the bishop of London? because there is an elderly gentleman here that we give the same title to: or did you fancy all this in your water, as others do strange things in their wine? they say, these waters trouble the head, and make people imagine what never came to pass. Do you make no more of killing a bishop? are these your Whiggish tricks?—Yes, yes, I see you are in a fret. O faith, says you, saucy Presto, I'll break your head; what, can't one report what one hears without being made a jest and a laughing-stock? are these your English tricks, with a murrain? and Sacheverell will be the next bishop? . . .

I was with the secretary this morning, who was in a mighty hurry, and went to Windsor in a chariot with lord keeper; so I was not invited, and am forced to stay at home; but not at all against my will; for I could have gone, and would not. I dined in the city with one of my printers, for whom I got the Gazette, and am come home early; and have nothing to say to you more, but finish this letter, and not send it by the bellman. Days grow short, and the weather grows bad, and the town is splenetic, and things are so oddly contrived that I cannot be absent; otherwise I would go for a few days to Oxford, as I promised. They say, 'tis certain that Prior has been in France; nobody doubts it: I had not time to ask the secretary, he was in such haste. Well, I will take my leave of dearest MD for a while; for I must begin my next letter to-night: consider that, young women; and pray be merry, and good girls, and love Presto. There is now but one business the ministry wants me for; and when that is done, I will take my leave of them. I never got a penny from them, nor expect it. In my opinion, some things stand very ticklish; I dare say nothing at this distance. Farewell, dear sirrahs, dearest lives: there is peace and quiet with MD, and nowhere else. They have not leisure here to think of small things, which may ruin them; and I have been forward enough. Farewell again, dearest rogues: I am never happy but when I write or think of MD. I have enough of courts and ministers, and wish I were at Laracor: and if I could with honour come away this moment, I would. Bernage came to see me to-day; he is just landed from Portugal, and come to raise recruits: he looks very well, and seems pleased with his station and manner of life: he never saw London nor England before; he is ravished with Kent, which was his first prospect when he landed. Farewell again, &c. &c.

(Dated 24th and 25th August 1711.)

From 'Polite Conversation.'

It was in the year 1695, and the sixth of his late majesty King William the Third, of ever glorious and immortal memory, who rescued three kingdoms from popery and slavery, when, being about the age of six-and-thirty, my judgment mature, of good reputation in the world, and well acquainted with the best families in town, I determined to spend five mornings, to dine four times, pass three afternoons and six evenings every week, in the houses of the most polite families, of which I would confine myself to fifty; only changing as the masters or ladies died, or left the town, or grew out of vogue, or sunk in their fortunes, or (which to me was of the highest moment) became disaffected to the government; which practice I have followed ever since to this very day; except when I happened to be sick, or in the spleen upon cloudy weather, and except when I entertained four of each sex at my own lodgings once in a month, by way of retaliation.

I always kept a large table-book in my pocket; and as soon as I left the company I immediately entered the choicest expressions that passed during the visit: which, returning home, I transcribed in a fair hand, but somewhat enlarged; and had made the greatest part of my collection in twelve years, but not digested into any method, for this I found was a work of infinite labour, and what required the nicest judgment, and consequently could not be brought to any degree of perfection in less than sixteen years more.

Herein I resolved to exceed the advice of Horace, a Roman poet, which I have read in Mr Creech's admirable translation, that an author should keep his works nine years in his closet before he ventured to publish them: and, finding that I still received some additional flowers of wit and language, although in a very small number, I determined to defer the publication, to pursue my design, and exhaust (if possible) the whole subject, that I might present a complete system to the world: for I am convinced by long experience that the critics will be as severe as their old envy against me can make them: I foresee they will object that I have inserted many answers and replies which are neither witty, humorous, polite, nor authentic; and have omitted others that would have been highly useful as well as entertaining. But let them come to particulars, and I will boldly engage to confute their malice.

For these last six or seven years I have not been able to add above nine valuable sentences to enrich my collection: from whence I conclude that what remains will amount only to a trifle. However, if after the publication of this work, any lady or gentleman, when they have read it, shall find the least thing of importance omitted, I desire they will please to supply my defects by communicating to me their discoveries; and their letters may be directed to Simon Wagstaff, Esq., at his lodgings next door to the Gloucester-head in St James's street, paying the postage. In return of which favour, I shall make honourable mention of their names in a short preface to the second edition.

In the mean time, I cannot but with some pride, and much pleasure, congratulate with my dear country, which has outdone all the nations of Europe in advancing the whole art of conversation to the greatest height it is capable of reaching; and therefore, being entirely convinced that the collection I now offer to the public is full and complete, I may at the same time boldly affirm, that the whole genius, humour, politeness, and eloquence of England are summed up in it; nor is the treasure small, wherein are to be found at least a thousand shining questions, answers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, fitted to adorn every kind of discourse that an assembly of English ladies and gentlemen, met together for their mutual entertainment, can possibly want: especially when the several flowers shall be set off and improved by the speakers, with every circumstance of preface and circumlocution, in proper terms, and attended with praise, laughter, or admiration.

From 'Thoughts on Various Subjects.'

We have just religion enough to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.

When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our mind runs only on the bad ones.

When a true genius appeareth in the world, you may know him by this infallible sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

I am apt to think that, in the day of judgment, there will be small allowance given to the wise for their want of morals, or to the ignorant for their want of faith, because both are without excuse. This renders the advantages equal of ignorance and knowledge. But some scruples in the wise, and some vices in the ignorant, will perhaps be forgiven upon the strength of temptation to each.

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: 'Future ages shall talk of this; this shall be famous to all posterity:' whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

It is in disputes as in armies, where the weaker side setteth up false lights, and maketh a great noise, that the enemy may believe them to be more numerous and strong than they really are.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbours and passengers, but not the owner within.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, &c. beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last!

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

Censure is the tax a man payeth to the public for being eminent.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

Complaint is the largest tribute Heaven receives and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men and most women is owing to a scarcity of matter and scarcity of words: for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth. So people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like; by which they plainly confess that these honours were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe if they had not been told: whereas a man truly proud thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whoever desires the character of a proud man ought to conceal his vanity.

Every man desireth to live long, but no man would be old.

If books and laws continue to increase as they have done for fifty years past, I am in some concern for future ages, how any man will be learned, or any man a lawyer.

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas.

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time.

Very few men, properly speaking, *live* at present, but are providing to live another time.

Princes in their infancy, childhood, and youth are said to discover prodigious parts and wit, to speak things that surprise and astonish: strange, so many hopeful princes, so many shameful kings! If they happen to die young, they would have been prodigies of wisdom and virtue: if they live, they are often prodigies indeed, but of another sort.

As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.

Sir Walter Scott's edition of Swift's *Works* (19 vols. 1814; 2nd ed. 1824) includes most of what was valuable in the editions of Hawkesworth and Sheridan; a new edition by Temple Scott, with biographical introduction by Mr Lecky, began in 1897 (vol. viii. 1899). Selections are by Traill (1884-85), Lewin (1886), H. Morley (1889-90), and Craik (1892). John Forster published vol. i. of a Life in 1875; and there are Lives by Craik (1882), Leslie Stephen (1882), Moriarty (1893), and Churton Collins (1893). See also *Swift in Ireland*, by R. Ashe King (1896), and Mr Herbert Paul's *Men and Letters* (1901).

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

John Arbuthnot, or ARBUTHNOTT (1667-1735), the friend of Pope, Swift, Gay, and Prior, shared with his brother-wits—mostly keen Tories—in many humorous publications called forth chiefly by political events. His father was Episcopal parish minister of Arbuthnott in Kincardineshire, and was ejected after the Revolution; one of his brothers fought under Dundee at Killiecrankie, another in Mar's rebellion in 1715; and John himself was, according to Chesterfield, 'a Jacobite by prejudice, a republican by reflection and reason-ing.' Having studied at Aberdeen and University College, Oxford, he took a degree in medicine at St Andrews (1696); and, settling in London, where before this he had taught mathematics, he became known as a wit and as author of an *Examination of Dr Woodward's Account of the Deluge*, and an *Essay on the Usefulness of Mathematical Learning* (1700). Happening to be at Epsom when Prince George was taken ill there, Arbuthnot treated the case so successfully that he was made the prince's regular physician. In 1705 he was appointed physician to the queen. In 1715 Pope and he assisted Gay in the unlucky farce, *Three Hours after Marriage*. The satirical *Memoirs of the Extraordinary Life, Works, and Discoveries of Martinus Scriblerus*, published in Pope's works (1741), was chiefly, if not wholly, written by Arbuthnot. The design of this work, as expounded by Pope, was to ridicule all the false tastes in learning, under the character of a man of capacity who had dipped into every art and science, but injudiciously in each. Cervantes was the model; but though the witty authors copied his grave irony with success, the fine humanity and genial imagination of the Spanish novelist are wholly wanting in Scriblerus. It is highly probable that the character of Cornelius Scriblerus suggested to Sterne the idea of Walter Shandy. His oddities and absurdities about the education of his son—in describing which Arbuthnot displays extensive and curious learning—are worthy of Sterne. Useful hints are thrown out amidst the ridicule and pedantry of Scriblerus; and one might almost think the author was poking fun at 'object lessons' when we read that 'the old gentleman so contrived it, to make everything contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very dress. He invented for him a geographical suit of clothes, which might give him some hints of that science, and likewise some knowledge of the commerce of different nations. He had a French hat with an African feather, Holland shirts and Flanders lace, English cloth lined with Indian silk; his gloves were Italian, and his shoes were Spanish. He was made to observe this, and daily catechised thereupon, which his father was wont to call "travelling at home." He never gave him a fig or an orange but he obliged him to give an account from what country it came.'

Another monument of Arbuthnot's wit and humour is his *History of John Bull* (1712), designed to ridicule the Duke of Marlborough and to turn the nation against the French war. The allegory is well sustained, and the satirical allusions wonderfully happy, though the political disputes of that time have largely lost their interest. In the like ironical vein are his *Treatise concerning the Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients* and his *Art of Political Lying*. His wit, always pointed, is seldom acrimonious, and never without strong reasons personally offensive. Of his serious works, the most notable, besides medical treatises, was a series of dissertations on ancient coins, weights, and measures. He was singularly careless of his literary fame, published his best things anonymously, and let his friends edit and alter them at will; accordingly some things quite unworthy of him were falsely attributed to him. After the death of Queen Anne all court functionaries were changed, and Arbuthnot removed from St James's to Dover Street. Swift affirmed he knew his art but not his trade, and declared, 'He has more wit than we all have, and more humanity than wit.' Arbuthnot, though displaced at court, still had a good practice in great houses, and to the end maintained his unaffected cheerfulness and good nature. From 1723 he was in ill-health, and bore with dignity bereavement and suffering. His severest utterance is his epitaph on Colonel Charteris, the most notorious blackguard of the day

JOHN ARBUTHNOT, M.D.

By special permission, from the Portrait by C. Jervas in the Royal College of Physicians, London

Here continueth to rot the body of FRANCIS CHARTRES, who, with an inflexible constancy, and inimitable uniformity of life, persisted, in spite of age and infirmities, in the practice of every human vice, excepting prodigality and hypocrisy; his insatiable avarice exempted him from the first, his matchless impudence from the second. Nor was he more singular in the undeviating pravity of his manners than successful in accumulating wealth; for, without trade or profession, without trust of public money, and without bribe-worthy service, he acquired, or more properly created, a ministerial estate. He was the only person of his time who could cheat without the mask of honesty, retain his primeval meanness when possessed of ten thousand a year, and having daily deserved the gibbet for what he did, was at last condemned to it for what he could not do. Oh, indignant reader! think not his life useless to mankind. Providence connived at his execrable designs, to give to after ages a conspicuous proof and example of how small estimation is exorbitant wealth in the sight of God, by his bestowing it on the most unworthy of all mortals.

John Bull (the English), Nic. Frog (the Dutch), and Hocus (the Duke of Marlborough).

Bull, in the main, was an honest plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconstant temper; he dreaded not old Lewis either at backsword, single falchion, or cudgel-play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him; if you flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather-glass. John was quick, and understood his business very well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accompts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon-companion, loving his bottle and his diversion; for to say truth, no man kept a better house than John, nor spent his money more generously. By plain and fair dealing, John had acquired some plums, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy lawsuit.

Nic. Frog was a cunning sly whoreson, quite the reverse of John in many particulars; covetous, frugal; minded domestic affairs; would pinch his belly to save his pocket; never lost a farthing by careless servants or bad debtors. He did not care much for any sort of diversions, except tricks of high German artists, and legerdemain; no man exceeded Nic. in these; yet it must be owned that Nic. was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immense riches.

Hocus was an old cunning attorney; and though this was the first considerable suit that ever he was engaged in, he showed himself superior in address to most of his profession; he kept always good clerks; he loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper; he was not worse than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family; but he loved himself better than them all: the neighbours reported that he was henpecked, which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman as his wife was.

The Duchess of Marlborough was a termagant. The Tories charged the great duke with peculation as commander in chief and with prolonging the war on that account.

John Bull's Mother (the Church of England).

John had a mother whom he loved and honoured extremely; a discreet, grave, sober, good-conditioned, cleanly old gentlewoman as ever lived; she was none of your cross-grained termagant, scolding jades, that one had as good be hanged as live in the house with, such as are always censuring the conduct and telling scandalous stories of their neighbours, extolling their own good qualities, and undervaluing those of others. On the contrary, she was of a meek spirit, and, as she was strictly virtuous herself, so she always put the best construction upon the words and actions of her neighbours, except where they were irreconcilable to the rules of honesty and decency. She was neither one of your precise prudes, nor one of your fantastical old belles, that dress themselves like girls of fifteen; as she neither wore a ruff, forehead cloth, nor high-crowned hat, so she had laid aside feathers, flowers, and crimpt ribbons in her head-dress, fur-below scarfs, and hooped petticoats. She scorned to patch and paint, yet she loved to keep her hands and her face clean. Though she wore no flaunting laced ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant sweat with greasy flannel; though her hair was not stuck with jewels, she was not ashamed of a diamond cross: she was not, like some ladies, hung about with toys and trinkets, tweezer-cases, pocket glasses and essence-bottles; she used only a gold watch and an almanac, to mark the hours and the holidays.

Her furniture was neat and genteel, well fancied, with a *bon goût*. As she affected not the grandeur of a state with a canopy, she thought there was no offence in an elbow-chair; she had laid aside your carving, gilding, and japan work as being too apt to gather dirt; but she never could be prevailed upon to part with plain wainscot and clean hangings. There are some ladies that affect to smell a stink in everything; they are always highly perfumed, and continually burning frankincense in their rooms; she was above such affectation, yet she never would lay aside the use of brooms and scrubbing brushes, and scrupled not to lay her linen in fresh lavender. She was no less genteel in her behaviour, well-bred, without affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected courtesying pieces of formality, and your romps that have no regard to the common rules of civility. There are some ladies that affect a mighty regard for their relations: we must not eat to-day for my uncle Tom; or my cousin Betty died this time ten years; let's have a ball to-night, it is my neighbour such-a-one's birthday. She looked upon all this as grimace, yet she constantly observed her husband's birthday, her wedding-day, and some few more. Though she was a truly good woman, and had a sincere motherly love for her son John, yet there wanted not those who endeavoured to create a misunderstanding between them, and they had so far prevailed with him once that he turned her out of doors [i.e. in 1643-60], to his great sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his affairs went on at sixes and sevens.

She was no less judicious in the turn of her conversation and choice of her studies, in which she far exceeded all her sex; your rakes that hate the company of all sober grave gentlewomen would bear hers; and she would, by her handsome manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim them than some that were more sour and reserved. She was a zealous preacher up of chastity and conjugal fidelity in wives, and by no means a friend to the newfangled doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom; though she advanced her opinions with a becoming assurance, yet she never ushered them in, as some positive creatures will do, with dogmatical assertions this is infallible, I cannot be mistaken, none but a rogue can deny it. It has been observed that such people are oftener in the wrong than anybody. Though she had a thousand good qualities, she was not without her faults, amongst which one might perhaps reckon too great lenity to her servants, to whom she always gave good counsel, but often too gentle correction.

Bull's Sister Peg (the Scottish Nation and Church).

John had a sister, a poor girl that had been starved at nurse; anybody would have guessed miss to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel stepdame, and John to be the fondling of a tender mother. John looked ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter; miss looked pale and wan, as if she had the green-sickness; and no wonder, for John was the darling; he had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose, and capon, while miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter. John had his golden pippins, peaches, and nectarines; poor miss a crab-apple, sloe, or a blackberry. Master lay in the best apartment, with his bed-chamber towards the south sun; miss lodged in a garret, exposed to the north wind, which shrivelled her countenance. However, this usage, though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution; she had life and spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill used: now and then she would seize upon John's commons, snatch a leg of a pullet, or a bit of good beef, for which they were sure to go to fisticuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her; but miss would not yield in the least point, but even when master had got her down, she would scratch and bite like a tiger; when he gave her a cuff on the ear, she would prick him with her knitting-needle. John brought a great chain one day to tie her to the bed-post, for which affront miss aimed a penknife at his heart. In short, these quarrels grew up to rooted aversions; they gave one another nicknames; she called him Gundy-guts, and he called her Lousy Peg, though the girl was a tight clever wench as any was; and through her pale looks you might discern spirit and vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in parents not to take notice of these early quarrels, and make them live better together, such domestic feuds proving afterwards the occasion of misfortunes to them both. Peg had, indeed, some odd humours and comical antipathy, for which John would jeer her. 'What think you of my sister Peg,' says he, 'that faints at the sound of an organ, and yet will dance and frisk at the noise of a bagpipe?' 'What's that to you, Gundy-guts?' quoth Peg; 'everybody's to choose their own music.' Then Peg had taken a fancy not to say her paternoster, which made people imagine strange things of her. Of the three brothers that have made such a clutter in the world, Lord Peter, Martin, and Jack [the Pope, Luther, and Calvin], Jack had of late been her inclination: Lord Peter she detested; nor did Martin stand much better in her good graces; but Jack had found the way to her heart.

The Celerity and Duration of Lies.

As to the celerity of their motion, the author says it is almost incredible. He gives several instances of lies that have gone faster than a man can ride post. Your terrifying lies travel at a prodigious rate, above ten miles an hour. Your whispers move in a narrow vortex, but very swiftly. The author says it is impossible to explain several phenomena in relation to the celerity of lies, without the supposition of synchronism and combination. As to the duration of lies, he says there are of all sorts, from hours and days to ages; that there are some which, like insects, die and revive again in a different form; that good artists, like people who build upon a short lease, will calculate the duration of a lie surely to answer their purpose; to last just as long, and no longer, than the turn is served. . . .

The properest contradiction to a lie is another lie. For example, if it should be reported that the Pretender was in London, one would not contradict it by saying he never was in England; but you must prove by eye witnesses that he came no further than Greenwich, and then went back again. Thus, if it be spread about that a great person were dying of some disease, you must not say the truth, that they are in health and never had such a disease, but that they are slowly recovering of it. So there was not long ago a gentleman who affirmed that the treaty with France, for bringing popery and slavery into England, was signed the 15th of September; to which another answered very judiciously, not by opposing truth to his lie, that there was no such treaty; but that to his certain knowledge there were many things in that treaty not yet adjusted.

Letter to Pope.

I little doubt of your kind concern for me, nor of that of my Lord Bathurst. I have nothing to repay my friends with at present but prayers and good wishes. I have the satisfaction to find that I am as officiously served by my friends as he that has thousands to leave in legacies, besides the assurance of their sincerity. God Almighty has made my bodily disease as easy as a thing of that nature can be. I have found relief sometimes from the air of this place; my nights are bad, but many poor creatures are worse. As for you, my good friend, I think since our first acquaintance there has not been any of those little suspicions or jealousies which often affect the sincerest friendship, I am sure not on my side. I must be so sincere as to own that though I could not help valuing you for those talents which the world praises, yet they were not the foundation of my friendship: They were quite of another sort; nor will I at present offend you by enumerating them. And I make it my last request, that you will continue that noble disdain and abhorrence of vice which you seem naturally endued with, but still with regard to your own safety, and study more to reform than chastise, though the one cannot be effected without the other.

Lord Bathurst I have always honoured for every good quality that a person of his rank ought to have. Pray give my respects and kindest wishes to the family. My venison stomach is gone, but I have those about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his present. If it is left at my house, it will be transmitted safe to me.

A recovery in my case, and at my age, is impossible: The kindest wishes of my friends is an *Euthanasia*. Living or dying I shall be Yours.

Arbuthnot's *Miscellaneous Works* were, with a Life, published in 1770. There is a good Life of him by G. A. Aitken (1892). *John Bull* and *The Art of Political Lying* are included in the earlier collected editions of Swift.

John Strype (1643-1737), the son of John van Strijp, a religious refugee from Brabant, was born in London, was educated at St Paul's School and Cambridge, and became incumbent of Low Leyton, Essex, but was known to the world as an ecclesiastical historian and biographer. His prolix and ill-arranged, but honest and invaluable, works (27 vols., Clar. Press ed., 1821-43) include *Memorials of Cranmer* (1694); Lives of Sir Thomas Smith (1698), Bishop Aylmer (1701), Sir John Cheke (1705), Archbishop Grindal (1710), Archbishop Parker (1711), and Archbishop Whitgift (1718); *Annals of the Reformation* (1709-31); and the *Ecclesiastical Memorials, 1513-58* (1721)—his best work. He also edited Stow's *Survey of London* (1720). The following letter to his mother from Cambridge sets the life of a university man about that period in a vivid light:

Good Mother,

Yours of the 24th instant I gladly received, expecting indeed one a week before, but I understand both by Waterson and yourself of your indisposednesse then to write. The reason you receive this no sooner is, because I had a mind (knowing of this honest woman's setting out so suddenly for London from hence, and her businesse laying so neer to Petticote Lane) that she should deliver it into your hands, that so you may the better and more fully heare of me, and know how it fareth with me. She is my laundresse; make her welcome, and tell her how you would have my linen washed, as you were saying in your letter. I am very glad to hear that you and my brother Johnson do agree so well, that I believe you account an unusual courtesie that he should have you out to the cake-house. However, pray mother, be careful of yourself and do not over-walke yourself, for that is wont to bring you upon a sick bed. I hear also my brother Sayer is often a visitor: truly I am glad of it. I hope your children may be comforts to you now you are growing old. Remember me back again most kindly to my brother Sayer.

Concerning the taking up of my things, 'tis true I gave one shilling too much in the hundred: but why I gave so much, I thought indeed I had given you an account in that same letter: but it seems I have not. The only reason is, because they were a scholar's goods: it is common to make them pay one shilling more than the town's people. Dr Pearson himself payed so, and several other lads in this college: and my tutor told me they would expect so much of me, being a scholar: and I found it so.

Do not wonder so much at our commons: they are more than many colleges have. Trinity itself (where Herring and Davies are), which is the famousest college in the University, have but three half-pence. We have roast meat, dinner and supper, throughout the weeke: and such meate as you know I not use to care for; and that is veal: but now I have learnt to eat it. Sometimes, neverthelesse, we have boiled meat, with pottage; and beef and mutton, which I am glad of; except Fridays and Saturdays, and sometimes Wednesdays; which days we have fish at dinner, and tansy or pudding for supper. Our parts then are slender enough. But there is this remedy; we may retire unto the butteries, and there take a half-penny loafe and butter or cheese; or else to the kitchen, and take there what the cook hath. But, for my part, I am sure, I never visited the kitchen yet, since I have been here, and the butteries but seldom after meals; unlesse for a ciza, that is for a farthing-worth of small-beer; so that lesse than a peny in beer doth serve me a whole day. Neverthelesse sometimes we have exceedings: then we have two or three dishes (but that is very rare): otherwise never but one: so that a cake and a cheese would be very welcome to me; and a neat's tongue, or some such thing, if it would not require too much money. If you do intend to send me any thing, do not send it yet, until you hear further of me: for I have many things to send for, which may all, I hope, be put into that box you have at home: but what they are, I shall give you an account of hereafter, when I would have them sent: and that is, when I have got me a chamber: for as yet, I am in a chamber that doth not at all please me. I have thoughts of one, which is a very handsome one, and one pair of stairs high, and that looketh into the master's garden. The price is but 20s. per annum, ten whereof a knight's son, and lately admitted into this college, doth pay: though he did not come till about midsummer, so that I shall have but 10s. to pay a year: besides my income, which may be about 40s. or thereabouts. Mother, I kindly thank you for your orange pills you sent me. If you are not too straight of money, send me some such thing by the woman, and a pound or two of almonds and raisons. But first ask her if she will carry them, or if they be not too much trouble to her. I do much approve of your agreeing with the carrier quarterly: he was indeed telling me of it, that you had agreed with him for it: and I think he means both yours and mine. Make your bargain sure with him.

I understand by your letter that you are very inquisitive to know how things stand with me here. I believe you may be well enough satisfied by the woman. My breakings-out are now all gone. Indeed I was afraid at my first coming it would have proved the itch: but I am fairly rid on it: but I fear I shall get it, let me do what I can: for there are many here that have it cruelly. Some of them take strong purges that would kill a horse, weeks together for it, to get it away, and yet are hardly rid of it. At my first coming I laid alone: but since, my tutor desired me to let a very clear lad lay with me, and an alderman's son of Colchester, which I could not deny, being newly come: he hath laid with me now for almost a fortnight, and will do till he can provide himself with a chamber. I have been with all my acquaintance, who have entreated me very courteously, especially Jonathan Houghton. I went to his chamber the Friday night I first came, and there he made me stay and sup with him, and would have had me laid with him that night, and was extraordinary kind to me. Since, we have been together pretty often. He excused himselfe that he did not come to see me before he went, and that he did not write to me since he had been come. He hath now, or is about obtaining, £10 more from the college.

We go twice a day to Chapel; in the morning about 7, and in the evening about 5. After we come from Chapel in the morning, which is towards 8, we go to the butteries for our breakfast, which usually is five farthings; an halfepenny loaf and butter, and a cize of beer. But sometimes I go to an honest house near the college, and have a pint of milk boiled for my breakfast.

Truly I was much troubled to hear that my letter for Ireland is not yet gone. I wish if Mr Jones is not yet gone, that it might be sent some other way. Indeed I wish I could see my cousin James Bonnell here within three or four years: for I believe our University is less strict to observe lads that do not in every point conforme than theirs at Dublin: though ours be bad enough. Pray remember me to my uncle, and all my friends there, when you write. Remember me to my cousin James Knox. I am glad he is recovered from his dangerous sickness, whatsoever it is; for I cannot make any thing of it, as you have written it. And thus, for want of paper, I end, desiring heartily to be remembered to all my friends. Excuse me to my brother and sister that they have not heard from me yet. Next week I hope to write to them both. Excuse my length, I thought I would answer your letter to the full. I remaine your dutiful son,

J. STRIJP.

These for his honoured Mother
Mrs. Hester Stryp widdow,
dwelling in Petticoat Lane, right over against the
Five Ink-Hornes, without Bishops-Gate, in London.

This letter was printed by Sir Henry Ellis for the Camden Society in a series of *Original Letters of Eminent Literary Men* (1843).

Daniel Defoe,

the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, was born towards the close of 1659 in the London parish of St Giles, Cripplegate. His father, James Foe, was a butcher there; his grandfather was a yeoman of Etton near Peterborough; and the change to De Foe or Defoe was made by Daniel about 1697. He was educated for the Nonconformist ministry at a Stoke Newington academy, learning Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, and, above all, English; but by 1683 he was in business as a hose-factor. He was apparently out with Monmouth, joined King William at Henley in 1688, travelled in Scotland, France, and Spain, and went bankrupt in 1692; his debts he scrupulously paid up later. He next became accountant to the glass-duty commissioners and secretary and owner of a Tilbury tile factory. His *Essay upon Projects* appeared in 1698, and he became noted as an able pamphleteer in support of the king's policy—e.g. in his vigorous poem, *The True-born Englishman* (1701). Its success was prodigious; eighty thousand copies sold upon the streets. Defoe was no poet, but he could reason in verse, and had an unlimited command of homely, forcible language. The satire opens with a paraphrase of Burton (see Vol. I. p. 440):

> Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
> The devil always builds a chapel there;
> And 'twill be found upon examination,
> The latter has the larger congregation.

Defoe's restless pen was active throughout the bitter struggle under Anne between the High-Church party and the Dissenters; and his famous treatise, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters* (1703), first deceived and then infuriated his opponents. The House of Commons ordered the pamphlet to be burned; and, when tried at the Old Bailey in July, he was sentenced to pay a fine of 200 marks, to stand thrice in the pillory, to find sureties for his good behaviour during seven years, and to be imprisoned during the queen's pleasure. On the first day he suffered appeared his *Hymn to the Pillory*, and that portion of his penalty was converted into a Whig triumph. During his imprisonment in Newgate he continued an incessant literary activity upon 'occasional conformity' and other controversies, and started his *Review* (February 1704–June 1713), at first a weekly, then a bi-weekly, and finally a tri-weekly newspaper. This was his largest, if not his most important, work, embracing in over five thousand pages essays on almost every branch of human knowledge. During the same nine years he published eighty distinct works, with 4727 pages. His 'Scandal Club' was the forerunner of the *Tatlers* and *Spectators*.

DANIEL DEFOE.
From an Engraving by Hopwood after a Portrait by J. Richardson

In August 1704 Defoe was released from prison through Harley, who further procured him employment. *Giving Alms no Charity* (1704) was a masterly denunciation of indiscriminate charity and national workshops. In 1705 appeared *The Consolidator: or Memoirs of Sundry Transactions from the World in the Moon*, a political satire, which perhaps supplied a hint for *Gulliver's Travels*; and in 1706 *The True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs Veal*, which Mr Aitken has proved to be founded on fact or supposed fact. *Jure Divino* was a tedious political satire in twelve books of poor verse. In 1705 Defoe was sent by Harley on a secret mission to the west of England; in 1706-7 he was in Scotland as a secret agent to promote the Union. His *History of the Union* appeared in 1709. After Harley's fall (1708) he found himself able to be a staunch Whig under Godolphin; but on Harley's return to power (1710) he once more supported a Tory Ministry. In 1713 Defoe again tried his hand at political irony, and issued three pamphlets *Reasons against the Succession of the House of Hanover; What if the Pretender should Come?* and *What if the Queen should Die?* Neither Whig nor Tory could understand Defoe's ironical writings. He was taken into custody, and had to find bail, himself in £800, and two friends in £400 each, to answer for the alleged libels. Through the influence, however, of Harley, now Lord Oxford, Defoe obtained a pardon under the Great Seal, confuting the charges brought against him, and exempting him from any consequences thereafter on account of those publications. In his *Review* he had striven in vain to preserve the semblance of consistency; and, playing a dubious part in the intrigues that preceded and attended the accession of the House of Hanover, he found himself in a general discredit which his *Appeal to Honour and Justice* (1715) did not remove. In 1718 he was in equivocal government service, too ingeniously sub-editing Jacobite and High-Church organs. Defoe was not scrupulous in his point of honour; still, it is certain he never was a Tory, but always at heart devoted to the glorious Revolution and the Protestant succession. None the less, it is amazing to find Mr Thomas Wright thus vindicating his conduct: 'If it is dishonourable to be a spy, Defoe's conduct cannot be defended; if it is not dishonourable, let no stones be cast at him.' In 1715 appeared the first volume of the *Family Instructor*, and on 25th April 1719 the first volume of the immortal *Robinson Crusoe*, founded partly on Dampier's *Voyage* (see page 103 above), but mainly on the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, which were described at length in Woodes Rogers's *Cruising Voyage round the World* and Captain Cooke's *Voyage* (both published in 1712), and were made more accessible in Steele's *Englishman* (see the article on Steele in this volume) in 1713, from Selkirk's own narration. Perhaps no man in the whole history of literature ever devised at fifty-nine a more splendid masterpiece of creative imagination. The same year appeared the second volume, and in 1720 the unreadable *Serious Reflections during the Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, according to which the original story was an allegory of the novelist's own life. In this his most prolific year he also gave to the world the *Life and Adventures of Duncan Campbell;* the famous *Memoirs of a Cavalier;* and *Captain Singleton*, a book of great brilliancy. In 1722 he issued *Moll Flanders*, a marvel of the novelistic art; *The Journal of the Plague Year*, better known by the title in the second edition, *A History of the Plague*, a fresh masterpiece of verisimilitude; and the *History of Colonel Jacque*, which, unequal throughout and actually feeble towards its close, is in parts the most charming of all his books. Later works were *Roxana* (1724), a weaker Moll Flanders; *A Tour through Great Britain* (1724-26); *A New Voyage round the World* (1725); *The Complete English Tradesman* (1725-27), a glorification of money-getting; and *The Political History of the Devil* (1726), which may be grouped with his *System of Magic* (1726) and the *Essay on the Reality of Apparitions* (1727). Other works are his rather ignoble *Religious Courtship* (1722) and *The Use and Abuse of the Marriage Bed* (1727). *Everybody's Business is Nobody's Business* (1725) is an amusing diatribe upon the insolence of domestic servants, in which he recommends for London shoeblacks the drastic discipline proposed by Fletcher of Saltoun (Vol. I. p. 828) for Scots vagabonds: 'Under the notion of cleaning our shoes, above ten thousand wicked, idle, pilfering vagrants are permitted to patrol about the city and suburbs. . . . I therefore humbly propose that these vagabonds should be put immediately under such taskmasters as the government shall appoint, and that they be employed, punished, or rewarded according to their capacities and demerits; that is to say, the industrious and docible to woolcombing, . . . as also to husbandry and other parts of agriculture.'

Meantime Defoe had built himself 'a very handsome house' at Stoke Newington, where he had 'a very genteel way of living' and amused himself with gardening and the company of his three daughters. But about 1729 his affairs seem to have fallen into confusion, one of his sons had behaved undutifully, and he was under apprehensions of trouble. He died in Ropemakers' Alley, Moorfields, 26th April 1731, and was buried in Bunhill Fields. In his last preserved letter, from some place where he was hiding near Greenwich, he writes: 'I am so near my journey's end, and am hastening to the place where the weary are at rest, and where the wicked cease to trouble; be it that the passage is rough, and the day stormy, by what way soever He please to bring me to the end of it, I desire to finish life with this temper of soul in all cases *Te Deum Laudamus.*'

As a novelist Defoe was the father of Richardson, and partly of Fielding: as an essayist he suggested the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. His imagination had no visions of surpassing loveliness, nor any rich combinations of humour and eccentricity; yet he is equally at home in the plain scenes of English life, in the wars of the cavaliers, in the haunts of dissipation and infamy, in the roving adventures of the buccaneers, and in the appalling visitation of the plague. In scenes of diablerie and witchcraft he preserves the same unmoved and truth-like demeanour. Taste or circumstances led him mostly into low life, and his characters often are such as we cannot sympathise with. The whole arcana of roguery and villainy seem to have been open to him; his experiences of Newgate were not without their use. It might be thought that the good taste which led Defoe to write in a style of such pure and unpretending English, instead of the inflated manner of vulgar writers, would have dictated a nicer selection of his subjects, and kept him from wandering so frequently into the low and disgusting purlieus of vice. But he seems to have selected the adventures of pirates, pickpockets, demireps, and the like worthless characters for the simple reason that they would sell best; of course he nowhere holds them up for imitation. He evidently felt most at home where he had to descend, not to rise, to his subject. Robinson Crusoe's experiences, his shipwreck and sojourn in the solitary island, invest that incomparable tale with more romance than any of his other works. 'Pathos,' said Sir Walter Scott, 'is not Defoe's general characteristic; he had too little delicacy of mind. When it comes, it comes uncalled, and is created by the circumstances, not sought for by the author. The excess, for instance, of the natural longing for human society which Crusoe manifests while on board of the stranded Spanish vessel, by falling into a sort of agony as he repeated the words: "Oh, that but one man had been saved!—oh, that there had been but one!" is in the highest degree pathetic. The agonising reflections of the solitary, when he is in danger of being driven to sea, in his rash attempt to circumnavigate his island, are also affecting.' To these may be added Crusoe's sensations on finding the footprint on the sand—an incident conceived in the spirit of poetry. The great success of this novel induced the author to write a continuation to it, in which Crusoe is again brought among the busy haunts of men; the attempt was hazardous, and it proved a failure. The once solitary island, peopled by mariners and traders, is disenchanted, and becomes tame, vulgar, and commonplace.

The relation of adventures, not the delineation of character and passion, was the forte of Defoe. His invention of common incidents and situations seems to have been unbounded; and those minute references and descriptions 'immediately lead us,' as was pointed out by Dunlop in his *History of Fiction*, 'to give credit to the whole narrative, since we think they would hardly have been mentioned unless they had been true. The same circumstantial detail of facts is remarkable in *Gulliver's Travels*, and we are led on by them to a partial belief in the most improbable narrations.' The power of Defoe in feigning reality, or 'forging the handwriting of nature,' as it has been forcibly termed, may be seen in the narrative of Mrs Veal's apparition. It was prefixed to a religious book, *Drelincourt on Death*, and had the effect of drawing attention to an otherwise unsaleable and neglected work. The imposition was a bold one—perhaps the least defensible of all his inventions. Defoe is more natural even than Swift; and his style, though inferior in directness and energy, is more copious. He was strictly an original writer, with strong, clear conceptions ever rising up in his mind, which he was able to embody in language equally perspicuous and forcible. He had both read and seen much, and treasured up an amount of knowledge and observation certainly not equalled by the store of any writer of that day. When we consider Defoe's misfortunes and sufferings, if we remember that his spirit had been broken and his means wasted by prosecutions, that his health was broken by apoplexy, and that he was verging on sixty, his invention of *Robinson Crusoe* and the long train of fiction which succeeded it seems a marvellous triumph of native genius, self-reliance, and energy.

Defoe's irony was often too subtle and obscure for popular apprehension, but the following is as obvious as it is ingenious:

From 'What if the Pretender should Come?'

Give us leave, O people of Great Britain, to lay before you a little sketch of your future felicity, under the auspicious reign of such a glorious prince as we all hope and believe the Pretender to be. First, you are to allow that by such a just and righteous shutting up of the Exchequer in about seven years' time, he may be supposed to have received about forty millions sterling from his people, which not being to be found in specie in the kingdom, will for the benefit of circulation enable him to treasure up infinite funds of wealth in foreign banks, a prodigious mass of foreign bullion, gold, jewels, and plate, to be ready in the Tower or elsewhere, to be issued upon future emergency, as occasion may allow. This prodigious wealth will necessarily have these happy events, to the infinite satisfaction and advantage of the whole nation, and the benefit of which I hope none will be so unjust or ungrateful to deny. 1. It will for ever after deliver this nation from the burden, the expense, the formality, and the tyranny of parliaments. No one can perhaps at the first view be rightly sensible of the many advantages of this article, and from how many mischiefs it will deliver this nation. How the country gentlemen will be no longer harassed to come, at the command of every court occasion, and upon every summons by the prince's proclamation, from their families and other occasions, whether they can be spared from their wives, &c. or no, or whether they can trust their wives behind them or no; nay, whether they can spare money or no for the journey, or whether they must come carriage paid or no; then they will no more be unnecessarily exposed to long and hazardous journeys in the depth of winter, from the remotest corners of the island, to come to London, just to give away the country's money and go home again; all this will be dispensed with by the kind and gracious management of the Pretender, when he, God bless us, shall be our most gracious sovereign. 2. In the happy consequence of the demise of parliaments, the country will be eased of that intolerable burden of travelling to elections, sometimes in the middle of their harvest, whenever the writs of elections arbitrarily summon them. 3. And with them the poor gentlemen will be eased of that abominable grievance of the nation, viz. the expense of elections, by which so many gentlemen of estates have been ruined, so many innocent people, of honest principles before, have been debauched and made mercenary, partial, perjured, and been blinded with bribes to sell their country and liberties to who bids most. It is well known how often, and yet how in vain, this distemper has been the constant concern of parliament for many ages to cure and to provide sufficient remedies for [illegible] Now if ever the effectual remedy for this is found out, to the inexpressible advantage of the whole nation; and this perhaps is the only cure for it that the nature of the disease will admit of; what terrible havoc has this kind of trade made among the estates of the gentry and the morals of the common people! How has it kept alive the factions and divisions of the country people, keeping them in a constant agitation, and in triennial commotions! so that, what with forming new interests and cultivating old, the heats and animosities never cease among the people. But once set the Pretender upon the throne, and let the funds be but happily stopped, and paid into his hands, that he may be in no more need of a parliament, and all these distempers will be cured as effectually as a fever is cured by cutting off the head, or as a halter cures the bleeding at the nose.

From the 'History of the Plague.'

Much about the same time I walked out into the fields towards Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water.

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or sea wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked a while also about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked him how people did thereabouts. 'Alas! sir,' says he, 'almost desolate; all dead or sick. Here are very few families in this part, or in that village' (pointing at Poplar), 'where half of them are dead already, and the rest sick.' Then he, pointing to one house. 'There they are all dead,' said he, 'and the house stands open; nobody dares go into it. A poor thief,' says he, 'ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard to-night.' Then he pointed to several other houses. 'There,' says he, 'they are all dead, the man and his wife and five children. There,' says he, 'they are shut up; you see a watchman at the door; and so of other houses.' 'Why,' says I, 'what do you here all alone?' 'Why,' says he, 'I am a poor desolate man: it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead.' 'How do you mean then,' said I, 'that you are not visited?' 'Why,' says he, 'that is my house' (pointing to a very little low-boarded house), 'and there my poor wife and two children live,' said he, 'if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them.' And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

'But,' said I, 'why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood?' 'O, sir,' says he, 'the Lord forbid. I do not abandon them; I work for them as much as I am able; and blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want.' And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man; and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want. 'Well,' says I, 'honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all?' 'Why, sir,' says he, 'I am a waterman, and there is my boat,' says he; 'and the boat serves me for a house: I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night; and what I get I lay it down upon that stone,' says he, shewing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; 'and then,' says he, 'I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it.'

'Well, friend,' says I, 'but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times?' 'Yes, sir,' says he, 'in the way I am employed, there does. Do you see there,' says he, 'five ships lie at anchor?' (pointing down the river a good way below the town), 'and do you see,' says he, 'eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder?' (pointing above the town). 'All those ships have families on board, their merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection; and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship's boats, and there I sleep by myself; and blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto.'

'Well,' said I, 'friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infected as it is?'

'Why, as to that,' said he, 'I very seldom go up the ship side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side, and they hoist it on board. If I did, I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch anybody, no not of my own family; but I fetch provisions for them.'

'Nay,' says I, 'but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other; and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody; for the village,' said I, 'is, as it were, the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it.'

'That is true,' added he, 'but you do not understand me right. I do not buy provisions for them here; I row up to Greenwich, and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich, and buy there; then I go to single farmhouses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs, and butter, and bring to the ships, as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here; and I came only now to call my wife, and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night.'

'Poor man!' said I, 'and how much hast thou gotten for them?'

'I have gotten four shillings,' said he, 'which is a great sum, as things go now with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish and some flesh; so all helps out.'

'Well,' said I, 'and have you given it them yet?'

'No,' said he, 'but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet; but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman!' says he, 'she is brought sadly down; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die; but it is the Lord'—— Here he stopped, and wept very much.

'Well, honest friend,' said I, 'thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God; He is dealing with us all in judgment.'

'O sir,' says he, 'it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared; and who am I to repine!'

'Say'st thou so,' said I; 'and how much less is my faith than thine!' And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundation was on which he staid in the danger than mine; that he had nowhere to fly; that he had a family to bind him to attendance, which I had not; and mine was mere presumption, his a true dependence and a courage resting on God; and yet that he used all possible caution for his safety.

I turned a little way from the man while these thoughts engaged me; for indeed I could no more refrain from tears than he.

At length, after some further talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called 'Robert, Robert.' He answered, and bid her stay a few moments and he would come; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat, and fetched up a sack in which was the provisions he had brought from the ships; and when he returned, he hallooed again. Then he went to the great stone which he shewed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away; and he called and said such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing; and at the end adds: 'God has sent it all; give thanks to Him.' When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak, she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither; so she left the biscuit, which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

'Well, but,' says I to him, 'did you leave her the four shillings too, which you said was your week's pay?'

'Yes, yes,' says he; 'you shall hear her own it.' So he calls again: 'Rachel, Rachel,' which it seems was her name, 'did you take up the money?' 'Yes,' said she. 'How much was it?' said he. 'Four shillings and a groat,' said she. 'Well, well,' says he, 'the Lord keep you all;' and so he turned to go away.

As I could not refrain contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance; so I called him. 'Hark thee, friend,' said I, 'come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee;' so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before. 'Here,' says I, 'go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me; God will never forsake a family that trust in Him as thou dost:' so I gave him four other shillings, and bid him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

I have not words to express the poor man's thankfulness, neither could he express it himself but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money; and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, [illegible] made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Hea[illegible] to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted wit[illegible] money all that year that I thought better bestowed.

The Troubles of a Young Thief

I have often thought since that, and with some mirth too, how I had really more wealth than I knew what to do with [five pounds, his share of the plunder from a stolen pocket-book]; for lodging I had none, nor any box or drawer to hide my money in, nor had I any pocket, but such as I say was full of holes; I knew nobody in the world that I could go and desire them to lay it up for me; for being a poor, naked, ragged boy, they would presently say I had robbed somebody, and perhaps lay hold of me, and my money would be my crime, as they say it often is in foreign countries. And now, as I was full of wealth, behold I was full of care, for what to do to secure my money I could not tell; and this held me so long, and was so vexatious to me the next day, that I truly sat down and cried.

Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me all that night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was in gold all but 14s.; and that is to say, it was in four guineas, and that 14s. was more difficult to carry than the four guineas. At last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four guineas into that; but after I had gone awhile, my shoe hurt me so I could not go, so I was fain to sit down again, and take it out of my shoe, and carry it in my hand. Then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and I took that up, and wrapped it all together, and carried it in that a good way. I have often since heard people say, when they have been talking of money that they could not get in, 'I wish I had it in a foul clout:' in truth, I had mine in a foul clout; for it was foul, according to the letter of that saying, but it served me till I came to a convenient place, and then I sat down and washed the cloth in the kennel, and so then put my money in again.

Well, I carried it home with me to my lodging in the glass house, and when I went to go to sleep, I knew not what to do with it. If I had let any of the black crew I was with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it; so I knew not what to do, but lay with it in my hand, and my hand in my bosom; but then sleep went from my eyes. Oh, the weight of human care! I, a poor beggar-boy, could not sleep, so soon as I had but a little money to keep, who before that could have slept upon a heap of brickbats, or stones, or cinders, or anywhere, as sound as a rich man does on his down bed, and sounder too.

Every now and then dropping asleep, I should dream that my money was lost, and start like one frighted; then, finding it fast in my hand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for a long while; then drop and start again. At last a fancy came into my head, that if I fell asleep, I should dream of the money, and talk of it in my sleep, and tell that I had money; which if I should do, and one of the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and of my hand too, without waking me; and after that thought I could not sleep a wink more; so I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough, and this, I may safely say, was the first night's rest that I lost by the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches.

As soon as it was day, I got out of the hole we lay in, and rambled abroad in the fields towards Stepney, and there I mused and considered what I should do with this money, and many a time I wished that I had not had it; for after all my ruminating upon it, and what course I should take with it, or where I should put it, I could not hit upon any one thing, or any possible method to secure it; and it perplexed me so that at last, as I said just now, I sat down and cried heartily.

When my crying was over, the case was the same; I had the money still, and what to do w[illegible] I could not tell. At last it came into my he[illegible] I should look out for some hole in a tree, an[illegible] it there till I should have occasion for it [illegible] as I then thought it, I began [illegible] but there were no trees in [illegible] Mile-end that looked fit [illegible] were any that I began [illegible] were so full of people [illegible] hide anything there, [illegible] as it was, and that two [illegible] see what I intended t[illegible]

This drove me fart[illegible] Mile-end, and in the m[illegible] lane that goes away to th[illegible] Green. When I came a little w[illegible] footpath over the fields, and in th[illegible] for my turn, as I thought. At la[illegible] hole in it pretty high out of my reach, [illegible] up the tree to get it, and when I came there, I put my hand in and found (as I thought) a place very fit, so I placed my treasure there, and was mighty well satisfied with it; but, behold, putting my hand in again, to lay it more commodiously, as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me, and I found the tree was hollow, and my little parcel was fallen in out of my reach, and how far it might go in I knew not; so that, in a word, my money was quite gone, irrecoverably lost. There could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again, for it was a vast great tree.

As young as I was, I was now sensible what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my money, but I must come thus far to throw it into a hole where I could not reach it. Well, I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow; but no bottom was to be found, nor any end of the hole or cavity. I got a stick of the tree, and thrust it in a great way, but all was one. Then I cried, nay roared out, I was in such a passion. Then I got down the tree again, then up again, and thrust in my hand again till I scratched my arm and made it bleed, and cried all the while most violently. Then I began to think I had not so much as a halfpenny of it left for a halfpenny roll, and I was hungry, and then I cried again. Then I came away in despair, crying and roaring like a little boy that had been whipped; then I went back again to the tree, and up the tree again, and this I did several times.

The last time I had gotten up the tree, I happened to come down not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the other side of the bank also; and, behold, the tree had a great open place in the side of it close to the ground, as old hollow trees often have; and looking in the open place, to my inexpressible joy there lay my money and my linen rag, all wrapped up just as I had put it into the hole: for the tree being hollow all the way up, there had been some moss or light stuff, which I had not judgment enough to know was not firm, that had given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and so it had slipped quite down at once.

I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, for I holloed quite out loud when I saw it; then I ran to it and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times; then danced and jumped about, ran from one end of the field to the other, and, in short, I knew not what; much less do I know now what I did, though I shall never forget the thing, either what a sinking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I had got it again.

While I was in the first transport of my joy, as I have said, I ran about and knew not what I did; but when that was over, I sat down, opened the foul clout the money was in, looked at it, told it, found it was all there, and then I fell a-crying as violently as I did before, when I thought I had lost it. . . .

[Jacque presently restored the pocket book, with the bills, to its owner;] and the gentleman gave me £25 in good guineas. When he gave it me he bade me hold out my hand, and he told the money into my hand; and when he had done he asked me if it was right. I said I did not know, but I believed it was. 'Why,' says he, 'can't you tell it?' I told him no; I never saw so much money in my life, nor I did not know how to tell money. 'Why,' says he, 'don't you know that they are guineas?' No, I told him, I did not know how much a guinea was.

'Why, then,' says he, 'did you tell me you believed it was right?' I told him, because I believed he would not give it me wrong.

'Poor child,' says he, 'thou knowest little of the world, indeed. What art thou?'

'I am a poor boy,' says I, and cried.

'What is your name?' says he. 'But hold, I forgot,' said he; 'I promised I would not ask your name, so you need not tell me.'

'My name is Jacque,' said I.

'Why, have you no surname?' said he.

'What is that?' said I.

'You have some other name besides Jacque,' says he, 'han't you?'

'Yes,' says I; 'they call me Colonel Jacque.'

'But have you no other name?'

'No,' said I.

'How came you to be Colonel Jacque, pray?'

'They say,' said I, 'my father's name was Colonel.'

'Is your father or mother alive?' said he.

'No,' said I; 'my father is dead.'

'Where is your mother, then?' said he.

'I never had e'er a mother,' said I.

This made him laugh. 'What,' said he, 'had you never a mother? What, then?'

'I had a nurse,' said I; 'but she was not my mother.'

'Well,' says he to the gentleman, 'I dare say this boy was not the thief that stole your bills.'

'Indeed, sir, I did not steal them,' said I, and cried again.

'No, no, child,' said he, 'we don't believe you did. This is a very clever boy,' says he to the other gentleman, 'and yet very ignorant and honest; 'tis pity some care should not be taken of him, and something done for him. Let us talk a little more with him.' So they sat down and drank wine, and gave me some, and then the first gentleman talked to me again.

'Well,' says he, 'what wilt thou do with this money now thou hast it?'

'I don't know,' said I.

'Where will you put it?' said he.

'In my pocket,' said I.

'In your pocket!' said he. 'Is your pocket whole? Shan't you lose it?'

'Yes,' said I, 'my pocket is whole.'

'And where will you put it when you get home?'

'I have no home,' said I, and cried again.

'Poor child!' said he. 'Then what dost thou do for thy living?'

'I go of errands,' said I, 'for the folks in Rosemary Lane.'

'And what dost thou do for a lodging at night?'

'I lie at the glass-house,' said I, 'at night.'

'How, lie at the glass-house! Have they any beds there?' says he.

'I never lay in a bed in my life,' said I, 'as I remember.'

'Why,' says he, 'what do you lie on at the glass-house?'

'The ground,' says I; 'and sometimes a little straw, or upon the warm ashes.'

Here the gentleman that lost the bills said, 'This poor child is enough to make a man weep for the miseries of human nature, and be thankful for himself; he puts tears into my eyes.' 'And into mine too,' says the other.

'Well, but hark ye, Jacque,' says the first gentleman, 'do they give you no money when they send you of errands?'

'They give me victuals,' said I, 'and that's better.'

'But what,' says he, 'do you do for clothes?'

'They give me sometimes old things,' said I, 'such as they have to spare.'

'Why, you have never a shirt on, I believe,' said he, 'have you?'

'No; I never had a shirt,' said I, 'since my nurse died.'

'How long ago is that?' said he.

'Six winters, when this is out,' said I.

'Why, how old are you?' said he.

'I can't tell,' said I.

'Well,' says the gentleman, 'now you have this money, won't you buy some clothes and a shirt with some of it?'

'Yes,' said I, 'I would buy some clothes.'

'And what will you do with the rest?'

'I can't tell,' said I, and cried.

'What dost cry for, Jacque?' said he.

'I am afraid,' said I, and cried still.

'What art afraid of?'

'They will know I have money.'

'Well, and what then?'

'Then I must sleep no more in the warm glass-house, and I shall be starved with cold. They will take away my money.'

'But why must you sleep there no more?'

Here the gentlemen observed to one another how naturally anxiety and perplexity attend those that have money. 'I warrant you,' says the clerk, 'when this poor boy had no money he slept all night in the straw, or on the warm ashes in the glass house, as soundly and as void of care as it would be possible for any creature to do; but now, as soon as he has gotten money, the care of preserving it brings tears into his eyes and fear into his heart.'

They asked me a great many questions more, to which I answered in my childish way as well as I could, but so as pleased them well enough. At last I was going away with a heavy pocket, and I assure you not a light heart, for I was so frighted with having so much money that I knew not what in the earth to do with myself. I went away, however, and walked a little way, but I could not tell what to do; so, after rambling two hours or thereabout, I went back again, and sat down at the gentleman's door, and there I cried as long as I had any moisture in my head to make tears of, but never knocked at the door.

I had not sat long, I suppose, but somebody belonging to the family got knowledge of it, and a maid came and talked to me, but I said little to her, only cried still. At length it came to the gentleman's ears. As for the merchant, he was gone. When the gentleman heard of me he called me in, and began to talk with me again, and asked me what I stayed for.

I told him I had not stayed there all that while, for I had been gone a great while, and was come again.

'Well,' says he, 'but what did you come again for?'

'I can't tell,' says I.

'And what do you cry so for?' said he. 'I hope you have not lost your money, have you?'

No, I told him, I had not lost it yet, but was afraid I should.

'And does that make you cry?' says he.

I told him yes, for I knew I should not be able to keep it, but they would cheat me of it, or they would kill me and take it away from me too.

'They?' says he. 'Who? What sort of gangs of people art thou with?'

I told him they were all boys, but very wicked boys; 'thieves and pickpockets,' said I, 'such as stole this letter case—a sad pack; I can't abide them.'

'Well, Jacque,' said he, 'what shall be done for thee? Will you leave it with me? Shall I keep it for you?'

'Yes,' said I, 'with all my heart, if you please.'

'Come, then,' says he, 'give it me; and that you may be sure that I have it, and you shall have it honestly again, I'll give you a bill for it, and for the interest of it, and that you may keep safe enough. Nay,' added he, 'and if you lose it, or anybody takes it from you, none shall receive the money but yourself, or any part of it.'

I presently pulled out all the money, and gave it to him, only keeping about 15s. for myself to buy some clothes; and thus ended the conference between us on the first occasion, at least for the first time. Having thus secured my money to my full satisfaction, I was then perfectly easy, and accordingly the sad thoughts that afflicted my mind before began to vanish away.

(From the *Life of Colonel Jacque*.)

Crusoe's Wonderful Escape.

And now our case was very dismal indeed; for we all saw plainly that the sea went so high that the boat could not live, and that we should be inevitably drowned. As to making sail, we had none, nor, if we had, could we have done anything with it; so we worked at the oar towards the land, though with heavy hearts, like men going to execution; for we all knew that, when the boat came nearer the shore, she would be dashed in a thousand pieces by the breach of the sea. However, we committed our souls to God in the most earnest manner; and the wind driving us towards the shore, we hastened our destruction with our own hands, pulling as well as we could towards land.

What the shore was, whether rock or sand, whether steep or shoal, we knew not—the only hope that could rationally give us the least shadow of expectation was if we might happen into some bay or gulf, or the mouth of some river, where, by great chance, we might have run our boat in, or got under the lee of the land, and perhaps made smooth water. But there was nothing of this appeared; but, as we made nearer and nearer the shore, the land looked more frightful than the sea.

After we had rowed, or rather driven, about a league and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave, mountain-like, came rolling astern of us, and plainly bade us expect a watery grave. In a word, it took us with such a fury that it overset the boat at once, and, separating us as well from the boat as from one another, gave us not time hardly to say 'Oh God!' for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sank into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that wave having driven me, or rather carried me, a vast way on towards the shore, and, having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in. I had so much presence of mind, as well as breath left, that, seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavoured to make on towards the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again. But I soon found it was impossible to avoid it; for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy, which I had no means or strength to contend with—my business was to hold my breath, and raise myself upon the water, if I could; and so, by swimming, to preserve my breathing, and pilot myself towards the shore, if possible—my greatest concern now being, that the sea, as it would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it when it gave back towards the sea.

The wave that came upon me again, buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body; and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore a very great way; but I held my breath, and assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when, as I felt myself rising up, so, to my immediate relief, I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water; and though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and new courage. I was covered again with water a good while, but not so long but I held it out; and, finding the water had spent itself and began to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, and till the water went from me, and then took to my heels, and ran with what strength I had farther towards the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again; and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forwards as before, the shore being very flat.

The last time of these two had well near been fatal to me; for the sea, having hurried me along as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of a rock, and that with such force as it left me senseless, and indeed helpless, as to my own deliverance; for the blow taking my side and breast, beat the breath, as it were, quite out of my body, and, had it returned again immediately, I must have been strangled in the water; but I recovered a little before the return of the waves, and, seeing I should be covered again with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the rock, and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went back. Now, as the waves were not so high as at first, being near land, I held my hold till the wave abated and then fetched another run, which brought me so near the shore that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not so swallow me up as to carry me away; and the next run I took I got to the mainland, where to my great comfort I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite out of the reach of the water. I was now landed and safe on shore, and began to look up and thank God that my life was saved, in a case wherein there was, some minutes before, scarce any room to hope.

(From *Robinson Crusoe*.)

Friday.

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight strong limbs, not too large, tall and well-shaped, and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face; and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of an European in his countenance too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large; and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The colour of his skin was not quite black, but very tawny; and yet not of an ugly, yellow, nauseous tawny, as the Brazilians and Virginians, and other natives of America are, but of a bright kind of a dun olive colour, that had in it something very agreeable, though not very easy to describe. His face was round and plump; his nose small, not flat like the negroes; a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set, and white as ivory.

After he had slumbered, rather than slept, about half an hour, he waked again, and comes out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the enclosure just by. When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of an humble, thankful disposition, making a many antic gestures to show it. At last he lays his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and sets my other foot upon his head, as he had done before, and after this made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission imaginable, to let me know how he would serve me as long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me; and, first, I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I called him so for the memory of the time. I likewise taught him to say master, and then let him know that was to be my name. I likewise taught him to say Yes and No, and to know the meaning of them. I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him, and sop my bread in it; and I gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him.

I kept there with him all that night; but as soon as it was day, I beckoned to him to come with me, and let him know I would give him some clothes; at which he seemed very glad, for he was stark naked. As we went by the place where he had buried the two men, he pointed exactly to the place, and showed me the marks that he had made to find them again, making signs to me that we should dig them up again, and eat them. At this I appeared very angry, expressed my abhorrence of it, made as if I would vomit at the thoughts of it, and beckoned with my hand to him to come away; which he did immediately, with great submission. I then led him up to the top of the hill, to see if his enemies were gone; and pulling out my glass, I looked, and saw plainly the place where they had been, but no appearance of them or their canoes; so that it was plain that they were gone, and had left their two comrades behind them, without any search after them. . . .

When we had done this we came back to our castle, and there I fell to work for my man Friday; and first of all I gave him a pair of linen drawers, which I had out of the poor gunner's chest I mentioned, and which I found in the wreck; and which with a little alteration fitted him very well. Then I made him a jerkin of goat's-skin, as well as my skill would allow, and I was now grown a tolerable good tailor; and I gave him a cap, which I had made of a hare skin, very convenient and fashionable enough; and thus he was clothed for the present tolerably well, and was mighty well pleased to see himself almost as well clothed as his master. It is true he went awkwardly in these things at first; wearing the drawers was very awkward to him, and the sleeves of the waistcoat galled his shoulders, and the inside of his arms; but a little easing them where he complained they hurt him, and using himself to them at length he took to them very well.

The next day after I came home to my hutch with him, I began to consider where I should lodge him. And that I might do well for him, and yet be perfectly easy myself, I made a little tent for him in the vacant place between my two fortifications, in the inside of the last and in the outside of the first; and as there was a door or entrance there into my cave, I made a formal framed door case, and a door to it of boards and set it up in the passage, a little within the entrance; and causing the door to open on the inside, I barred it up in the night, taking in my ladders too; so that Friday could no way come at me in the inside of my innermost wall without making so much noise in getting over, that it must needs waken me; for my first wall had now complete roof over it of long poles, covering all my tent, and leaning up to the side of the hill, which was again laid cross with smaller sticks instead of laths, and then thatched over a great thickness with the rice straw, which was strong, like reeds; and at the hole or place which was left to go in or out by the ladder, I had placed a kind of trap-door, which, if it had been attempted on the outside, would not have opened at all, but would have fallen down, and made a great noise; and as to weapons, I took them all into my side every night.

But I needed none of all this precaution; for never man had a more faithful, loving, sincere servant than Friday was to me; without passions, sullenness, or designs, perfectly obliged and engaged; his very affections were tied to me, like those of a child to a father; and I dare say he would have sacrificed his life for the saving mine, upon any occasion whatsoever. The many testimonies he gave me of this put it out of doubt, and soon convinced me that I needed to use no precautions as to my safety on his account.

(From *Robinson Crusoe*.)

See the Lives by Chalmers (1786), Walter Wilson ([illegible]), William Chadwick (1859), William Lee (1869), H. Morley (1889), and Thomas Wright (1894); the studies by Scott, Lamb, Hazlitt, Forster, Leslie Stephen, and Minto; and the editions of Defoe's works in Bohn's 'British Classics' (1854-55), and those by Scott (novels, 1810), Hazlitt (1840), and Aitken (16 vols. 1895). Lee edited three volumes of newly discovered writings, mostly short articles, in [illegible].

Francis Atterbury (1662-1732), Bishop of Rochester, was born at Milton Keynes, near Newport-Pagnell, and educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford. In 1687 he answered a pseudonymous attack on Protestantism, and, taking orders, won reputation as a preacher in a succession of charges and a royal chaplaincy. Charles Boyle's *Examination of Bentley's Dissertations on the Epistles of Phalaris* (1698), clever but shallow, was really by Atterbury, who had been Boyle's tutor at Christ Church; his defence (1700) of Convocation won him the archdeaconry of Totnes and a canonry of Exeter. In 1704 he was promoted to the deanery of Carlisle, in 1712 became Dean of Christ Church, and in 1713 was made Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster. His reputation as the best preacher of his day is commemorated in the *Tatler*, where Steele, after reference to the apathetic pulpit manner of most of the London clergy, goes on to praise the 'dean' who 'is an orator.' To Atterbury [illegible]scribed, with great likelihood, Dr Sacheverel's famous defence (1710) before the Lords; and he was author of the scarcely less famous *Representation of the State of Religion* (1711). The death of Queen Anne extinguished his hopes of the [illegible]. His Jacobite leanings secured the [illegible] favour of the new King. In 1715 he refused to [illegible] the bishops' declaration of fidelity, and [illegible] committed to the Tower. A bill of [illegible] deprived him of all his office[illegible] [illegible] for ever. In 1723 he quitted [illegible]and, and after a short stay at Brussels, settled [illegible] he died; he was afterwards laid in [illegible] Westminster Abbey. H[illegible] [illegible] letters to Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, and others of his friends. Macaulay [illegible] [illegible]hed two volumes of Atterbury's *Correspondence*. His farewell letter to Pope from the Tower (10th April 1723) is a specimen of his letters (Pope's reply is given below at page 194):

Dear Sir,—I thank you for all the instances of your friendship, both before and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me; and will please myself with the thought that I still live in your esteem and affection as much as ever I did, and that no accident of life, no distance of time or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me, who have loved and valued you ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so, as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if anything can be said to be to the purpose in a case that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion to triumph, though sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him or anybody but such as are absolutely necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both! and may no part of the ill-fortune that attends me ever pursue either of you. I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider. You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without some degree of concern, apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

'Some natural tears he dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before him where to choose
His place of rest, and Providence his guide.'

William Whiston (1667-1752), an accomplished but eccentric theologian, born at Norton rectory in Leicestershire, became successively a Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge (1693), chaplain to the Bishop of Norwich, and (1698) rector of Lowestoft. He was ere this known as a zealous exponent of Newton's system. His *Theory of the Earth* (1696), meant to supersede Thomas Burnet's, brought him reputation, and in 1703 he was appointed Newton's successor as Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge. But for Arianism (Eusebianism) he frankly professed he was in 1710 deprived of his professorship and expelled from the university. His *Primitive Christianity Revived* (1711-12) included the famous heretical essay on the Apostolic Constitutions, first sketched [illegible] paper in 1708, which maintained that the[illegible] [illegible] most sacred of the canonical book[s] of the New Testament, and that the doctrine of the Trinity was unscriptural. Whiston spent the remainder of his life in London, incessantly employed in writing, controversy, scientific crotchet[s], lectures, and the services of a 'Primitive Christian' congregation. [illegible] supernaturalist, even anointing the sick and touching for the king's evil, and wrote vigorously against the deists, with whom he was in the popular mind associated. He was a transparently honest and sincere man, conscientious and outspoken, but full of scrupulosities, fads, and vagaries, who would unhesitatingly quarrel with his bread and butter for the merest trifles, and cheerfully confute his dearest friend. He was much taken up with the fulfilment of prophecy, the identification of the lost tribes with the Tartars, the approach of the millennium, and the restoration of the Jews. But it should be remembered that he was one of the very first to illustrate his lectures on astronomy, earthquakes, and a great variety of subjects with experiments. Whiston may have been in Goldsmith's mind when he was depicting the simple-minded vagaries of Dr Primrose. Mr Leslie Stephen has recorded fifty-two publications by Whiston. Of his standard though far from impeccable translation of Josephus (1737; there is a good edition by Shilleto, 1890), his Life of Samuel Clarke (1730) was admirable, and the *Primitive New Testament* (1745) is a curiosity. His autobiographical *Memoirs* (1749; new ed. 1753) truly reflect, even in their pragmatical and at times tedious detail, his attractive character as well as his foibles. The following is a fragment:

The Discovery of the Newtonian Philosophy.

After I had taken holy orders, I returned to the college, and went on with my own studies there, particularly the mathematicks and the Cartesian philosophy, which was alone in vogue with us at that time. But it was not long before I, with immense pains but no assistance, set myself with the utmost zeal to the study of Sir Isaac Newton's wonderful discoveries in his *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*, one or two of which lectures I had heard him read in the public schools, though I understood them not at all at that time; being indeed greatly excited thereto by a paper of Dr Gregory's when he was professor in Scotland, wherein he had given the most prodigious commendations to that work, as not only right in all things, but in a manner the effect of a plainly divine genius, and had already caused several of his scholars to keep acts, as we call them, upon several branches of the Newtonian philosophy; while we at Cambridge, poor wretches, were ignominiously studying the fictitious hypotheses of the Cartesian, which Sir Isaac Newton had also himself done formerly, as I have heard him say. What the occasion of Sir Isaac Newton's leaving the Cartesian philosophy, and of discovering his amazing theory of gravity, was, I have heard him long ago, soon after my first acquaintance with him, which was 1694, thus relate, and of which Dr Pemberton gives the like account, and somewhat more fully, in the preface to his explication of his philosophy. It was this. An inclination came into Sir Isaac's mind to try whether the same power did not keep the moon in her orbit, notwithstanding her projectile velocity, which he knew always tended to go along a straight line the tangent of that orbit, which makes stones and all heavy bodies with us fall downward, and which we call gravity; taking this postulatum, which had been thought of before, that such power might decrease in a duplicate proportion of the distances from the earth's centre. Upon Sir Isaac's first trial, when he took a degree of a great circle on the earth's surface, whence a degree at the distance of the moon was to be determined also, to be sixty measured miles only, according to the gross measures then in use, he was in some degree disappointed; and the power that restrained the moon in her orbit, measured by the versed sines of that orbit, appeared not to be quite the same that was to be expected had it been the power of gravity alone by which the moon was there influenced. Upon this disappointment, which made Sir Isaac suspect that this power was partly that of gravity and partly that of Cartesius's vortices, he threw aside the paper of his calculation, and went to other studies. However, some time afterward, when Monsieur Picart had much more exactly measured the earth, and found that a degree of a great circle was sixty-nine and a half such miles, Sir Isaac, in turning over some of his former papers, lighted upon this old imperfect calculation, and, correcting his former error, discovered that this power, at the true correct distance of the moon from the earth, not only tended to the earth's center, as did the common power of gravity with us, but was exactly of the right quantity; and that if a stone was carried up to the moon, or to sixty semidiameters of the earth, and let fall downward by its gravity, and the moon's own menstrual [monthly] motion was stopped, and she was let fall by that power which before retained her in her orbit, they would exactly fall towards the same point, and with the same velocity; which was therefore no other power than that of gravity. And since that power appeared to extend as far as the moon, at the distance of 240,000 miles, it was but natural, or rather necessary, to suppose it might reach twice, thrice, four times, &c., the same distance, with the same diminution, according to the squares of such distances perpetually: which noble discovery proved the happy occasion of the invention of the wonderful Newtonian philosophy.

David Gregory left his chair of mathematics in Edinburgh in 1691 to become Savilian professor of astronomy at Oxford. For the discovery of gravitation, see above at Newton, page 11

Samuel Clarke (1675-1729), born at Norwich, was the son of the M.P. for the town, and at Caius College, Cambridge, studied physics, philosophy, and theology. The Cartesian system then held almost universal sway, but Clarke adopted the views of Newton, and expounded them in his edition of Rohault's *Physics*. He took orders in 1698. Chaplain from 1698 to Bishop Moore of Norwich, in 1706 he became chaplain to Queen Anne, and in 1709 rector of St James's, Westminster. By his work on the Trinity (1712), in which he denied that that doctrine was held by the early Church, he raised the controversy in which Waterland was his chief opponent. His own views seem to have a distinctly Arian character or tendency; and when he was charged with heresy, the form in which he stated his adherence to orthodoxy was held by some to be a conscious evasion. He recanted nothing, but promised not to write more on the subject, and escaped the fate that had befallen Whiston four years earlier. Clarke was a vigorous antagonist of the deists; he wrote against materialism, empiricism, and necessitarianism, and maintained the essential immortality of the soul. He taught that the fundamental truths of morals were as absolutely certain as the truths of mathematics; space and time he held to be attributes of an infinite and immaterial being. His famous *Discourse concerning the Being and Attributes of God*, originally the Boyle Lectures of 1704-5, was in answer to Hobbes, Spinoza, Blount, and the freethinkers, and contained the famous demonstration of the existence of God, often, but inaccurately, called an *a priori* argument. He expressly says of some points in his argument that they are not easily proved *a priori*, and as expressly proves them *a posteriori*, using these terms. The main propositions in this celebrated argument as given in summary by Clarke himself are:

(1) That something has existed from eternity; (2) That there has existed from eternity some one immutable and independent being; (3) That that immutable and independent being, which has existed from eternity, without any external cause of its existence, must be self-existent, that is, necessarily existing; (4) What the substance or essence of that being, which is self-existent or necessarily existing, is we have no idea, neither is it at all possible for us to comprehend it; (5) That though the substance or essence of the self-existent being is itself absolutely incomprehensible to us, yet many of the essential attributes of his nature are strictly demonstrable, as well as his existence, and, in the first place, that he must be of necessity eternal; (6) That the self-existent being must of necessity be infinite and omnipresent, (7) Must be but one, (8) Must be an intelligent being, (9) Must be not a necessary agent, but a being indued with liberty and choice, (10) Must of necessity have infinite power, (11) Must be infinitely wise, and (12) Must of necessity be a being of infinite goodness, justice, and truth, and all other moral perfections, such as become the supreme governor and judge of the world.

Clarke, who was after Locke the most notable English philosopher of the day, was opposed to Locke in the whole attitude of his mind, and might in contrast to Locke be described as an *a priori* philosopher. He was more decidedly a metaphysician, more inclined to speculation, more given to drawing large conclusions from abstract postulates and propositions [illegible] metaphysics and theology. He was rather admirably skilful in the controversial handling of philosophical commonplaces than an original thinker, a keen and powerful dialectician than a profound thinker or philosopher. But though without any gift of style other than the power of making himself as clear as the argument permitted, he is to be reckoned among the most conspicuous English writers in the domain of philosophy and theology, and [illegible] he ranks as founder of the intellectual school of which Wollaston and Price were exponents, affirming that the nature of good and evil, the obligation to virtue, are evident to the principles of reason, and that immorality means a perversity or obtuseness of intelligence. Pope assailed his 'high priori road' in the *Dunciad*; Bolingbroke often attacked his views. Hoadly and other latitudinarian Churchmen were devoted disciples; Butler, Berkeley, Hutcheson, were correspondents. Clarke's keen correspondence with Leibnitz (published in 1717) dealt with space and time and their relations to God, and with moral freedom. He wrote as forcibly on the proportion of force to velocity as on the being of God, translated Newton's *Optics* into Latin for him, and published editions of Cæsar and of the *Iliad*, the latter with a Latin version mainly original, though the notes were compiled from various quarters. The following (from the great *Discourse*, Part II.) is a statement by Clarke on the

Essential Difference between Right and Wrong.

The principal thing that can with any colour of reason seem to countenance the opinion of those who deny the natural and eternal difference of good and evil . . . is the difficulty there may sometimes be to define exactly the bounds of right and wrong; the variety of opinions that have obtained even among understanding and learned men concerning certain questions of just and unjust, especially in political matters; and the many contrary laws that have been made in divers ages and in different countries concerning these matters. But as in painting two very different colours, by diluting each other very slowly and gradually, may, from the highest intenseness in either extreme, terminate in the midst insensibly, and so run one into the other that it shall not be possible even for a skilful eye to determine exactly where the one ends and the other begins, and yet the colours may really differ as much as can be, not in degree only but entirely in kind, as red and blue or white and black: so though it may perhaps be very difficult in some nice and perplexed cases (which yet are very far from occurring frequently) to define exactly the bounds of right and wrong, just and unjust—and there may be some latitude in the judgment of different men, and the laws of divers nations—yet right and wrong are nevertheless in themselves totally and essentially different, even altogether as much as white and black, light and darkness. The Spartan law, perhaps, which permitted their youth to steal, may, as absurd as it was, bear much dispute whether it was absolutely unjust or no, because every man having an absolute right in his own goods, it may seem that the members of any society may agree to transfer or alter their own properties upon what conditions they shall think fit. But if it could be supposed that a law had been made at Sparta, or at Rome, or in India, or in any other part of the world, whereby it had been commanded or allowed that every man might rob by violence and murder whomsoever he met with, or that no faith should be kept with any man, nor any equitable compacts performed, no man with any tolerable use of his reason, whatever diversity of judgment might be among them in other matters, would have thought that such a law could have authorised or excused, much less have justified such actions and have made them become good; because 'tis plainly not in men's power to make falsehood be truth, though they may alter the property of their goods as they please. Now if in flagrant cases the natural and essential difference between good and evil, right and wrong, cannot but be confessed to be plainly and undeniably evident, the difference between them must be also essential and unalterable in all, even the smallest and nicest and most intricate cases, though it be not so easy to be discerned and accurately distinguished. For if, from the difficulty of determining exactly the bounds of right and wrong in many perplexed cases, it could truly be concluded that just and unjust were not essentially different by nature, but only by positive constitution and custom, it would [illegible] equally that they were not really, essentially, [illegible] ably different, even in the most flagrant cases that can be supposed. Which is an assertion so very absurd that Mr Hobbes himself could hardly vent it without blushing, and discovering plainly, by his [illegible] his secret self condemnation. There [illegible] necessary and eternal difference of [illegible] fitnesses or unfitnesses of the application of [illegible] different relations one to another [illegible] positive constitutions, [illegible] nature and reason of things, and [illegible] from the difference of the things them[illegible]

See [illegible] Life [illegible] H[illegible] collected works (4 vols. 17[illegible]), that by Whiston [illegible] and a German one by R. Zimmermann (Vienna, 18[illegible]).

John Toland ([illegible]) was born of Catholic parents near the village of Redcastle in County Londonderry. He entered the University of Glasgow in 1687, but removing to Edinburgh abandoned the Roman Catholic faith and passed M.A. in 1690. At Leyden, where he spent two years, he studied theology under Spanheim, and made the acquaintance of the famous Le Clerc, foremost and most accomplished of the 'advanced' theologians of Europe, and distinctly 'unsound' on the inspiration of the Scriptures. He resided for a time at Oxford, and in the Bodleian collected the materials of more than one of his later publications. In *Christianity not Mysterious* (1696) he expressly claimed to accept all the essentials of Christianity, but maintained that the [illegible] of revelation could not [illegible] any unintelligible element, and that no part of the truth could be contrary to reason. He chose his title with evident reference to Locke's *Reasonableness of Christianity* [illegible] even professed to have at heart the defence of revelation against deists and atheists. But the [illegible] and freethinking tendency [illegible] of the work was obvious; [illegible] perturbed the theological world, began the [illegible] controversy that occupied so much of the century [illegible], and led to several replies (as by Stillingfleet). Locke somewhat anxiously sought to disavow community of thought. Prosecuted in Middlesex, Toland withdrew to Ireland; but when by a vote of the Irish House of Commons his book was burned publicly by the common hangman, and a prosecution decided on, he fled back to London. He annoyed Shaftesbury by surreptitiously publishing his *Inquiry* in 1699. In *Amyntor* (1699) and other works he fairly raised the question as to the comparative evidence for the canonical and apocryphal scriptures, with professed candour but unmistakably mischievous intent. A pamphlet entitled *Anglia Libera*, on the succession of the House of Brunswick, led to his being received with favour by the Princess Sophia when he accompanied the English ambassador to the court of Hanover; and from 1707 to 1710 he lived in Berlin and various Continental towns. His after-life was that of a literary adventurer, and fills a painf[illegible] chapter in D'Israeli's *Calamities of Authors*. He was apparently employed as an agent by Harley and he did some political pamphleteering latter[illegible] against Jacobitism and High-Church views. [illegible] *Nazarenus* (1720) he insisted, somewhat on lines developed by Semler and the Tübin[illegible] school, that there were two distinctly opp[illegible] parties in the early Christian Church, one [illegible]istic, which he identified with the Ebionites, [illegible] one Pauline or liberal. His *Pantheisticon*, a [illegible]theistic liturgy for a hypothetical society of new light philosophers, was regarded as an offensive parody of the Anglican Prayer-book. He resided from the year 1718 at Putney, and there he died.

Besides the works named, and various defences, apologies, and pamphlets, he wrote a Life of Milton, prefixed to an edition of the prose works (1698), which gave room for criticisms of Church polity and implicit commendation of unorthodoxy; an *Account of Prussia and Hanover* (1705); *Adeisidaemon* (1709); *Origines Judaicae* (1709); and a *History of the Druids*. *Hodegus* explains that the pillar of cloud and fire was not meant by the author of the Pentateuch to be taken as miraculous, but was a portable fire or ambulatory beacon carried on a proper machine on a pole, such as we know were used by the ancient Persians; and in the twenty-two short chapters of *Hypatia*, written when Whiston was suffering for his heresies, he finds plenty of room for assailing the pride, malice, cruelty, and unscrupulousness of the Churchmen of all ages.

He was an acute and audacious pioneer of freethought, versatile but vain, unseasonably aggressive in diffusing his new light, and widely read rather than really learned; and he wrote with point and vigour. His grasp of some of the problems of early Christian history was really remarkable, and seems to have had some influence on German rationalism. His precarious life cut him off from the chance of scholarly research, but he was quite unjustly despised by the orthodox. Defoe, not himself a model character, reflects the general attitude towards deists. Reporting the death of 'the late eminent or rather notorious Mr Toland,' he was sadly scandalised at Toland's character and history, 'how he has for many years employed the best parts and a great stock of reading to the worst purposes, namely, to shock the faith of Christians in the glorious person and divinity of their Redeemer, and to sap and undermine the principles of the orthodox faith.' And he held that the premature death of one 'who has been so great an enemy of revealed religion, so open an opposer of orthodox principles, and had so often blasphemed the divinity of our blessed Redeemer,' confirms his own observation that 'he never knew an open blasphemer pf God live to be an old man.'

From the Life of Milton.

He was never very healthy, nor too sickly; and the distemper that troubled him most of any other was the gout, of which he dyed without much pain in the year from the birth of Christ 1674, and in the six-and-sixtieth of his age. All his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar, accompanied his body to the church of St Giles near Cripplegate, where he lies buried in the chancel; and where the piety of his admirers will shortly erect a monument becoming his worth, and the incouragement of letters in king William's reign.

Thus lived and died John Milton, a person of the best accomplishments, the happiest genius, and the vastest learning which this nation, so renowned for producing excellent writers, could ever yet shew: esteemed indeed at home, but much more honoured abroad, where almost in his childhood he made a considerable figure, and continues to be still reputed one of the brightest luminaries of the sciences. He was middle-sized and well proportioned, his deportment erect and manly, his hair of a light brown, his features exactly regular, his complexion wonderfully fair when a youth, and ruddy to the very last. He was affable in conversation, of an equal and cheerful temper, and highly delighted with all sorts of music, in which he was himself not meanly skilled. He was extraordinary temperat in his diet, which was any thing most in season or the easiest procured, and was no friend to sharp or strong liquors. His recreations, before his sight was gone, consisted much in feats of activity, particularly in the exercise of his arms, which he could handle with dexterity; but when blindness and age confined him, he played much upon an organ he kept in the house, and had a pully to swing and keep him in motion. But the love of books exceeded all his other passions. In summer he would be stirring at four in the morning, and in winter at five; but at night he used to go to bed by nine, partly attributing the loss of his eyes to his late watching when he was a student, and looking on this custom as very pernicious to health at any time; but when he was not disposed to rise at his usual hours, he always had one to read to him by his bedside. As he looked upon true and absolute freedom to be the greatest happiness of this life, whether to societies or single persons; so he thought constraint of any sort to be the utmost misery; for which reason he used to tell those about him the intire satisfaction of his mind, that he had constantly imployed his strength and faculties in the defence of liberty, and in a direct opposition to slavery. He ever expressed the profoundest reverence to the Deity as well in deeds as words; and would say to his friends that the divine properties of goodness, justice, and mercy were the adequate rule of human actions, nor less the object of imitation for privat advantages, than of admiration or respect for their own excellence and perfection. In his early days he was a favorer of those Protestants then opprobriously called by the name of Puritans: In his middle years he was best pleased with the Independents and Anabaptists, as allowing of more liberty than others, and coming nearest in his opinion to the primitive practice: but in the latter part of his life, he was not a profest member of any particular sect among Christians, he frequented none of their assemblies, nor made use of their particular rites in his family. Whether this proceeded from a dislike of their uncharitable and endless disputes, and that love of dominion, or inclination to persecution, which, he said, was a piece of Popery inseparable from all churches; or whether he thought one might be a good man without subscribing to any party, and that they had all in some things corrupted the institutions of Jesus Christ, I will by no means adventure to determine: for conjectures on such occasions are very uncertain, and I never met with any of his acquaintance who could be positive in assigning the true reasons of his conduct.

I shall now conclude this discourse with a character given of him by a man of unparalleled diligence and industry, who has disobliged all sides merely for telling the truth either intirely or without disguise, and who, since most men have the frailty of ingaging in factions, cannot be suspected of partiality in favor of Milton. He was a person, says Anthony Wood in the first volume of his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, of wonderful parts, of a very sharp, biting, and satyrical wit; he was a good philosopher and historian; an excellent poet, Latinist, Grecian, and Hebrician; a good mathematician and musician; and so rarely endowed by nature, that had he bin but honestly principled, he might have bin highly useful to that party against which he all along appeared with much malice and bitterness.

There is a Life by Des Maizeaux prefixed to two vols. of Toland's posthumous works (1747), and a monograph by Berthold, *John Toland und der Monismus der Gegenwart* (Heidelb. 1876). For Toland's partial anticipation of Semler and Baur, see an article in the *Theological Review*, 1877.

Matthew Tindal (1656-1733), deistical writer, born at Beerferris rectory, South Devon, was elected a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. A Roman Catholic under James II., he reverted to Protestantism of a freethinking type, and wrote *An Essay of Obedience to the Supreme Powers* (1693) and *Rights of the Christian Church asserted against the Romish and all other Priests* (1706). The latter raised a storm of opposition; but even a prosecution failed to prevent a fourth edition in 1709. In 1730 Tindal published his *Christianity as old as the Creation*, which was soon known as 'The Deist's Bible;' its aim is not merely to state the case in favour of natural religion, but, less directly, to infer the superfluousness of any other. He seems to admit an actual revelation confirming natural religion, but, seeing that in this case there was nothing new revealed, the result is to eliminate the supernatural element from Christianity, and to prove that its morality is its only claim to the reverence of mankind. 'Answers' were innumerable, and the deistical controversy was an outstanding topic of interest to all educated men, to laymen as much as to those theologically educated. The note of the deistical writers was their reliance on common-sense argument rather than on theological learning, though they freely availed themselves of all arguments they had access to. And they addressed not theologians but the general public. The form of the argument is a dialogue between A and B; it is plainly a very one-sided discussion.

From 'The Deist's Bible.'

A. I desire no more than to be allowed, that there's a religion of nature and reason written in the hearts of every one of us from the first creation; by which all mankind must judge of the truth of any instituted religion whatever; and if it varies from the religion of nature and reason in any one particular, nay, in the minutest circumstance, that alone is an argument which makes all things else that can be said for its support totally ineffectual. If so, must not natural religion and external revelation, like two tallies, exactly answer one another; without any other difference between them but as to the manner of their being delivered? And how can it be otherwise? Can laws be imperfect, where a legislator is absolutely perfect? Can time discover any thing to him which he did not foresee from eternity? And as his wisdom is always the same, so is his goodness; and consequently from the consideration of both these, his laws must always be the same.—Is it not from the infinite wisdom and goodness of God, that you suppose the gospel a most perfect law, incapable of being repealed, or altered, or of having additions; and must not you own the law of nature as perfect a law, except you will say, that God did not arrive to the perfection of wisdom and goodness till about seventeen hundred years since?

To plead that the gospel is incapable of any additions, because the will of God is immutable, and his law too perfect to need them, is an argument, was Christianity a new religion which destroys itself, since from the time it commenced, you must own God is mutable, and that such additions have been made to the imperfect laws of infinite wisdom as constitute a new religion. The reason why the law of nature is immutable is because it is founded on the unalterable reason of things; but if God is an arbitrary Being, and can command things meerly from will and pleasure; some things to day, and others to morrow; there is nothing either in the nature of God or in the things themselves to hinder him from perpetually changing his mind. If he once commanded things without reason, there can be no reason why he may not endlessly change such commands.

Anthony Collins (1676-1729), deist, born near Hounslow, passed from Eton to King's College, Cambridge, and became the disciple and friend of John Locke. In 1707 he published his *Essay concerning the Use of Reason*; in 1709 *Priestcraft in Perfection*. In Holland he made the friendship of Le Clerc; in 1713 his *Discourse on Free-thinking*, that to which Bentley replied in his famous *Remarks*, attracted much attention, and explicitly insisted on the value and necessity of unprejudiced inquiry in religious matters. One great argument for it is the mutually destructive dogmas of priests throughout the world, in all faiths and Churches. While there is no direct polemic against the truths of revealed religion the way the 'ever blessed Trinity' is referred to manifestly does not suggest faith in it; and there is an obvious aim to shake confidence in the canon of Scripture and its infallibility. In his *Grounds and Reasons of the Christian Religion*, published in 1724, Collins argues that Christianity is founded on Judaism, and that its main support is the argument for the fulfilment of the prophecies. And yet no interpretation of them will stand a strict and non-allegorical fulfilment in the New Testament. The inference is not directly drawn, but is patent enough. In the course of the book he gives most of the arguments now held to prove that Daniel deals with past or contemporaneous events and dates from the Maccabean period.

From the 'Discourse on Free-thinking.'

The priests throughout the world differ about Scriptures, and the authority of Scriptures. The Bramins have a book of Scripture called the Shasters. The Persees have their Zundavastaw [Zend-avesta]. The Bonzes of China have books written by the disciples of Fo he [Buddha], whom they call the God and Saviour of the world, who was born to teach the way of salvation, and to give satisfaction for all mens sins. The Talapoins of Siam have a book of Scripture written by Sommonocodom [Sakya muni, Buddha], who, the Siamese say, was born of a virgin, and was the God expected by the universe. Dervizes have their Alchoran. The rabbis among the Samaritans, who now live at Sichem in Palestine, receive the five books of Moses (the copy whereof is very different from ours) as their Scripture; together with a Chronicon, or history of themselves from Moses's time, quite different from that contained in the historical books of the Old Testament. This Chronicon is lodged in the publick library of Leyden, and has never been published in print. The rabbis among the common herd of Jews received for Scripture the four and twenty books of the Old Testament. The priests of the Roman Church, of the English and other Protestant Churches, receive for Scripture the four and twenty books of the Old Testament, and all the books of the New Testament: but the Roman receives several other books, called Apocrypha, as canonical, which all the Protestant churches utterly reject, except the Church of England, which differently from all other Christian churches, receives them as half canonical, reading some parts of them in their churches, and thereby excluding some chapters of canonical Scripture from being read. . . . The priests of all Christian churches differ among themselves in each church about the copies of the same books of Scripture; some reading them according to one manuscript, and others according to another. But the great dispute of all is concerning the Hebrew and Septuagint, between which two there is a great difference; (the latter making the world 1500 years older than the former) to name no other differences of greater or less importance.

[illegible] Many of the ancient Christian churches and priests received several gospels and books of Scripture which are now lost, as the Gospel according to the Hebrews, the Gospel according to the Egyptians, the Traditions of Matthias, &c., and as not only the fathers of the two first centuries (whose works now remain) but several books of Scripture which are either lost to us, or that w reject as Apocryphal; so the several sects of Christians in the East and in Africa receive at this day some books of Scripture, which are so far lost to us, that we know only their names, and others which we have and reject. As for instance, the Reverend Dr Grabe tells us of a book received by the Copticks, called the Secrets of Peter, of which we have no copy; and Ludolphus tells us that the Abyssinian Christians receive the Apostolick Constitutions; and Postellus brought from the East, where it was in use, the Gospel of James; both which we reject as Apocryphal.

The same books of Scripture have, among those priests who receive them, a very different degree of authority; some attributing more, and others less authority to them. The Popish priests contend that the text of Scripture is so corrupted, precarious, and unintelligible, that we are to depend on the authority of their church for the true particulars of the Christian religion. Others, who contend for a greater perfection in the text of Scripture, differ about the inspiration of those books; some contending that every thought and word are inspired; some that the thoughts are inspired, and not the words; some that those thoughts only are inspired which relate to fundamentals; and others that the books were written by honest men with great care and faithfulness, without any inspiration either with respect to the thoughts or words. In like manner, the Bramins, Persees, Bonzes, Talapoins, Dervizes, Rabbis, and all other priests who build their religion on books, must from the nature of things vary about books in the same religion, about the inspiration, and copies of those books.

The priests differ about the sense and meaning of those books they receive as sacred. This is evident from the great number of sects in each religion, founded on the diversity of senses put on their several Scriptures. And tho the books of the Old and New Testament are the immediate dictates of God himself, and all other Scriptures are the books of impostors; yet are the priests of the Christian church (like the priests of all other churches) not only divided into numberless sects, on account of their different interpretations of them, but even the priests of the same sect differ endlessly in opinion about their sense and meaning.

To set this matter before you in the clearest manner, and to possess you with the justest idea of the differences of the priests about the sense and meaning of their Scriptures, and to make my argument the stronger for the duty and necessity of free thinking: I will confine myself to the most divine of all books, and by consequence the best adapted of any to prevent diversity of opinion; and will take the following method. *First*, I will give you an idea of the nature of our holy books; whereby you'll see the foundation therein laid for a diversity of opinions among the priests of the Christian church. And, *Secondly*, I will give you a specimen of the diversity of opinions among the priests of the Church of England, pretended to be deduced from them: for all their differences are too great to be enumerated. From whence you'll easily infer, that there must be an infinite number of opinions among all other sorts of priests as to the meaning of their Scriptures, since the most divine of all books lays such a foundation for diversity of opinions, and since the priests of the same sect are so divided, where neither art, nor force, nor interest are wanting to compel them to an agreement of opinion.

Thomas Woolston (1669–1731), the son of a Northampton currier, became a Fellow of Sidney Sussex, Cambridge, took orders, and was in 1697 elected ecclesiastical lecturer in the university. An enthusiastic student of Origen, in 1705 he published the *Old Apology for the Truth of the Christian Religion*, affirming that the Mosaic story was allegorical, a prophetic parable of Christ. But from being a sound and dignified scholar and a popular preacher, he became gradually so aggressive in his criticism on the clergy and those who abode by the literal interpretation of Scripture that his friends thought him a little crazed. The *Moderator between the Infidel and the Apostate* (developed in a second series, 1721–23) was to show that the gospel miracles could not prove Christ to be the Messiah; he disputed the reality of the incarnation in a virgin and of the resurrection, and developed a facetious vein that was as offensive as his thesis; and in 1721 his college deprived him of his fellowship. In his famous six *Discourses on the Miracles of Christ* (1727–29, with two *Defences*) he maintained that the gospel narratives taken literally were a tissue of absurdities. Sixty answers were made to the *Discourses*; and an indictment for blasphemy was brought against Woolston. He was sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a fine of £100; and unable to pay so considerable a sum, this partial anticipator of the mythical theory of Strauss died, a martyr to his convictions, within the rules of King's Bench. His works were collected in 1733 with a Life.

From the 'Defence.'

I have promised the world, what, by the assistance of God, and the leave of the Government, shall be published, a *Discourse* on the mischiefs and inconveniencies of an hired and established priesthood: in which it shall be shewn (I.) That the preachers of Christianity in the first ages of the church (when the gospel was far and near spread, and triumphed over all opposition of Jews and Gentiles) neither received nor insisted on any wages for their pains, but were against preaching for hire; and, as if they had been endewed with the spirit of prophecy, before an hireling priesthood was established, predicted their abolition and ejection out of Christ's church; (II.) That since the establishment of an hire for the priesthood, the progress of Christianity has not only been stopt, but lost ground; the avarice, ambition, and power of the clergy having been of such unspeakable mischief to the world, as is enough to make a man's heart ake to think, read, or write of; (III.) That upon an abolition of our present established priesthood, and on God's call of his own ministers, the profession of the gospel will again spread; and virtue, religion, and learning will more than ever flourish and abound. The clergy are forewarned of my design to publish such a *Discourse*, and this is the secret reason, whatever they may pretend, of their accusations against me for blasphemy and infidelity. Their zeal and industry will be never wanting to prevent the publication of this *Discourse*; neither need I doubt of persecution, if they can excite the Government to it, to that end.

In my first Discourse on Miracles, I happened to treat on that of Jesus's driving the buyers and sellers out of the Temple; which, upon the authority of the Fathers, I shewed to be a figure of his future ejection of bishops, priests, and deacons out of his church for making merchandise of the gospel. The Bishop has taken me and that miracle to task; and if ever any man smiled at another's impertinence, I then heartily laughed when I read him. I begged of the Bishop before-hand not to meddle with that miracle, because it was a hot one, and would burn his fingers. But for all my caution, he has been so fool-hardy as to venture upon it, but has really touched and handled it as if it was a burning coal. He takes it up, and as soon drops it again to blow his fingers; then endeavours to throw a little water on this and that part of it to cool it, but all would not do. The most fiery part of it, viz. that of its being a type of Jesus's future ejection of mercenary preachers out of the church, he has not, I may say it, at all touched, except by calling it *my allegorical invective against the Maintenance of the Clergy;* which is such a piece of Corinthian effrontery in the Bishop, that was he not resolved to lye and defame at all rates, for the support of their interests, he could never have had the face to have uttered. If the Bishop had proved that that miracle (which literally was such a [illegible], as I dare not now call it) neither was nor could be a shadow and resemblance of Jesus's ejection of hired priests out of the church at his second Advent, and that the Fathers were not of this opinion, he had knocked me down at once. As he has done nothing of this, so he might have spared his pains in support of the letter of this story. But I shall have a great deal of diversion with the Bishop when I come, in a proper place, to defend my exposition of that miracle. In the mean time, as the Bishop has published one of the Articles of my Christian Faith, thinking to render me odious for it; so here I will insert another, viz. 'I believe upon the authority of the Fathers, that the spirit and power of Jesus will soon enter the church, and expel hireling priests, who make merchandise of the gospel, out of her, after the manner he is supposed to have driven the buyers and sellers out of the Temple.'

Thomas Chubb (1679-1747), deist, was born at East-Harnham near Salisbury. His father, a maltster, died early, so that the children were poorly educated and early sent to work. Thomas was first apprenticed to a glover in Salisbury, but his eyesight failing, in 1705 he became a tallow chandler. He had already contrived to do a good deal of reading, when a perusal of the 'historical preface' to Whiston's *Primitive Christianity Revived* impelled him to write his own tract, *The Supremacy of the Father Asserted*, which Whiston helped him to publish in 1715. Encouraged by several patrons, one of whom sent him suits of clothes which had been little worn, while another gave him a money subsidy, the 'wonderful phenomenon of Wiltshire,' as Pope called him, continued to write; and a quarto volume of his tracts, published in 1730, made his name widely known. *Enquiries* concerning sin, justification, prayer, the justice of God; *A Discourse concerning Reason;* and *The True Gospel of Jesus Christ Asserted*, were among his principal publications. His opinions drifted from Arianism of Clarke's type nearer and nearer to deism, yet he went regularly to church, and regarded the mission of Jesus as divine, though he did not regard Christ as God. Most of his views were common to him and the other deists. He attacks the common theory of inspiration, though his own view, quoted below, does not go far beyond what is held consistent with modern orthodoxy—as is the case with many of the contentions once accounted alarmingly deistical. He denounces such Old Testament stories as the proposed human sacrifice by Abraham, insists on the sufficiency of reason and the needlessness of miracles, and argues that the true gospel of Christ consisted mainly in the necessity of morality and repentance for sin to secure the mercy of God here and hereafter. He was a modest and estimable man.

From 'Remarks on the Scriptures.'

Amongst the many complaints made against me, occasioned by the publication of my dissertations, this I apprehend to be the principal; namely, that I have fallen foul of the Bible, and have not paid it the deference which I ought; and that, in consequence thereof, I have dug up foundations, and greatly unsettled the minds of men. So that the present questions are, how, or in what respect, have I fallen foul of the Bible? What foundations have I dug up? And what minds have I unsettled thereby? And first, how, or in what respect, have I fallen foul of the Bible? And wherein have I fallen short of paying it the deference it has a right to claim? Why, truly, I have taken the liberty to enquire into the conduct and behaviour of some of our Old-Testament saints, which stand upon record in it. I have also withheld my assent from such facts therein related, and from such propositions therein contained, as have the marks of incredibility upon them, when having no other evidence to support them than the bare authority of the writer. And is this all? To which it may, perhaps, be thought sufficient to answer, that this ministers just ground for complaint. Upon which I observe, that the Bible is held forth, and recommended to us, as a proper guide, by way of example, doctrine, and precept, to our understandings, our affections and actions; and therefore, most assuredly, the Bible of all other books ought strictly to be examined, and most carefully to be enquired into; and we ought to lend each other all the assistance we can in making the inquisition, because otherwise we are in great danger of being misled. As I am required to follow the examples of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises, and as the characters of those I am required to imitate are compounded of good actions and bad; so the very nature of the thing calls upon me and obliges me diligently to examine, and carefully to distinguish and separate those men's virtues from their vices; because otherwise I am in danger of following them, as well in their bad deeds as in their good; which must render the case, without such inquisition, most hazardous to me, and to all others who have the Bible put into their hands. The Bible is a collection of books, wrote at different, and, some parts of it, at very distant times, by a variety of persons, upon many subjects; whose authors, as they plainly appear to have had very different sentiments, and sometimes, perhaps, to have differed from themselves, so it is not unlikely but they may have had very different views, as that has been pretty much the case of writers at all times; and therefore, I think, it is not doing justice to the Deity to call it, in the gross, the revealed will and word of God, whatever some parts of it may be conceived to be. The Bible is such a composition as that the most opposite tenets are extracted from it, as the many controversies that now, and at all times past, have subsisted in the Christian church do plainly demonstrate; and by this means it has been the groundwork of most of the heresies and schisms that have taken place in Christendom, and has occasioned great confusion, each one appealing to the Bible as the standard which their pretensions are to be tryed by. And tho' the various denominations of Christians have racked their inventions or conceiving powers in order to reconcile its most disagreeing parts, yet, alas! it is as easy to make the two pole stars meet in a point as fairly to make all the parts of this composition center in any one of the many systems that have been grounded upon it. This collection of writings has been the parent of doctrines most dishonourable to God and most injurious to men, such as the doctrines of absolute unconditional election and reprobation, of religious persecution, and the like. This being the case, it furnishes out a reason, more than sufficient, to engage every considerate man, who would see with his own eyes, would follow the guidance of his own understanding, and thereby would act consonant to his intelligent nature, carefully to read, and attentively to consider what he reads in the Bible thereby to prevent his being misled; and this, I presume, is a sufficient apology for my doing as I have done with relation thereto.

Besides, this book, called the holy Bible, contains many things that are greatly below and unworthy of the Supreme Deity. That God should specially interpose to acquaint men with, and to transmit to posterity, such trifling observations as that two are better than one, that which is crooked cannot be made streight, that which is wanting cannot be numbered, and the like; or that he should print men with, approve of, or countenance such malevolent desires as these: Let his children be fatherless and his wife a widow; let his children be continually vagabonds, and beg; let them also seek their bread out of desolate places; let the extortioner catch all that he hath, and let the stranger spoil his labour; let there be none to extend mercy to him, neither let there be any to favour his fatherless children; let his posterity be cut off, and in the generation following let their name be blotted out. I say that such trifling observations, and such malevolent desires as these, should be considered as the offering of God is playing at hazard indeed. That the travels and adventures of Naomy and her two sons, Mahlon and Chilion, into the country of Moab (as in the book of Ruth) is true, perhaps, may not be disputed; but that God should specially interpose to transmit such an insignificant relation to posterity, when we have nothing to ground the supposition upon, seems to me to be taking too great a liberty with the character and conduct of the Deity. There are many things contained in that collection of writings commonly called the Bible that are much below and unworthy of the most perfect intelligence and boundless goodness; that these should be made the act of the Supreme Deity, should be declared to be a revelation from and the very word of God, without so much as a seeming reason or ground for so doing, any otherwise than to support the religious systems men have imbibed, or, perhaps, the schemes of worldly policy they are engaged in; this, surely, is not acting properly, nor even justly, by the common and kind parent of the universe. For men thus to father upon God whatever they please is taking such a liberty with the character and conduct of the supreme Deity as no honest upright man would take with that of his neighbour: and if such practising should not come under the denomination of blasphemy, which it scarcely falls short of; yet it must, at least, be a very strange kind of piety. Yea, such is the extraordinary piety of this age (like that of doing honour and service to God by killing his servants), that if a man, in conscience of that duty he owes to his maker, takes upon him to vindicate the moral character of the Deity in opposition to the religious system in vogue, or what passes for current orthodoxy, he may be sure to fall under the imputation of being a free thinker, a Deist (those terms being used in a bad sense), or, perhaps, an Atheist.

And as to the preceptive parts of the Bible, there is a difficulty attends them that is unsurmountable to me; viz. what is required to be done at one time, and under one dispensation, is forbid to be done under another, whilst human nature continues the same, and men's relations, and dependencies, and the obligations that arise from them, continue the same also. The Deity cannot but perceive things as they really are, at all times, whatever colouring or shading men may draw over them, and therefore, to suppose that he commands and forbids the same thing, whilst the natures, the relations, and the circumstances of men and things continue the same; this, I say, is to me an unsurmountable difficulty. Matthew v. 38: Ye have heard that it hath been said; or ye have read, Exodus xxi. 23, 24, 25, Life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe. Upon which I observe, if such a retaliation of injuries as this is, in its own nature, proper to restrain men's vitiated appetites and passions, and therefore was appointed under the dispensation of Moses; then, for the same reason, it ought to be appointed and executed under all dispensations, because mankind are the same, they have the same appetites and passions, and are liable to indulge them to excess at all times and under all dispensations. Whereas, Jesus Christ reversed the aforesaid law of retaliation, ver 39: But I say unto ye, that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. Here, we see, Christ hath not only forbid all resistance of evil, but he also requires the patient, when he has sustained a first injury, to be a volunteer with regard to a second, and to meet it half way.

William Nicolson (1655-1727), successively Bishop of Carlyle and Londonderry, and Archbishop of Cashel, was a learned antiquary and historical writer; his *Historical Libraries of England, Scotland, and Ireland* (1696-1724) being detailed catalogues or lists of books and manuscripts referring to the history of each nation. He also wrote *An Essay on the Border Laws*, *A Treatise on the Laws of the Anglo-Saxons*, *A Description of Poland and Denmark*, a preface to Chamberlayne's Polyglot of the Lord's Prayer, and some able pamphlets on the Bangorian Controversy, and left many interesting letters.

Earl of Shaftesbury.

Anthony Ashley Cooper (1671–1713), third Earl of Shaftesbury, was born in London, son of the second Earl satirised by Dryden as a 'shapeless lump,' and grandson of the brilliant, eloquent, unconscionable first Earl, the Ashley of the Cabal. Locke superintended his early education at Clapham; and he spent three years at Winchester and three more in travel. On his three visits to Holland he formed friendships with Bayle and Le Clerc. A zealous Whig, he sat for Poole in 1695–98, but ill-health drove him from politics to literature. He succeeded to the earldom in 1699, and spoke frequently and well in the House of Lords. Toland published, without leave, in 1699 his boyish *Inquiry Concerning Merit and Virtue*, which contained many of the views expounded in his later works. His anonymous *Letter on Enthusiasm* (1708) was prompted by the extravagance of the 'French prophets,' the Huguenot refugees who revived in England the visionary claims to the gift of prophecy asserted by the persecuted Camisards. What he meant by 'enthusiasm' was fanaticism or extravagance; he would have professed himself an enthusiast in our sense for truth, beauty, and goodness. Disapproving equally the fanatic and the persecutor, he pled for 'good humour' in religious controversy.

In 1709 appeared his *Moralists, a Philosophical Rhapsody*, which is inaptly described as a dialogue, since it contains long disquisitions by a third interlocutor; only towards the end does it become a rhapsody and an impassioned hymn to nature, which reads like a prose version of a poem. The treatise has less to do with the principles of morals than with the method and order of the universe as an argument for a God, the origin of evil, a future life, and the nature of human society. In the survey of nature in the third part there is an outpouring—surely remarkable in the early eighteenth century—on the beauty and terror, the majesty and mystery, of lofty mountain scenery. And there is an amusing passage levelled against what is now called psychical research; against 'the sort of people who are always on the hot scent of some new prodigy or apparition, some upstart revelation or prophecy,' against 'rambling in blind corners of the world in ghostly company of spirit-hunters, witch-finders, and layers-out for hellish stories and diabolical transactions. There is no need of such intelligence from hell to prove the power of heaven and being of a God.' *Sensus Communis* (1709), an essay upon the freedom of wit and humour, vindicates the use of ridicule as a test of truth, a doctrine already set forth in the *Letter on Enthusiasm*; but Shaftesbury is quite misunderstood if he is supposed to mean that facetious or frivolous raillery should supersede serious argument. His argument was that irrational folly and superstition could better be met by a humorous *reductio ad absurdum* than by angry polemic, violence, or persecution. No sane person would ridicule the truth; but if truth is ridiculed, it suffers nothing, whereas hallucinations and impostures can be laughed out of court. In 1710 appeared his *Soliloquy, or Advice to an Author*. In 1711 he issued a collection of his works in three volumes, under the general title of *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times*. Here appeared again his revised *Inquiry Concerning Virtue*; and the third volume contained *Miscellaneous Reflections*. The *Characteristics* were reissued in ten other editions before the end of the century, and were translated into French and German. Ill-health having compelled him to seek a warmer climate, this independent thinker died in Naples at the age of forty-two.

The style of Shaftesbury is studied and rhythmical, sometimes even artificial and affected; he too obviously bestowed great pains on the construction of his sentences. It was of purpose that he exchanged continuity, precision, and simplicity for artistic discursiveness; and in order to display the nobleman in the author, he assumes at times an air which suggests the superfineness and superficiality of the virtuoso, deliberately proposing 'to regulate his language by the standard of good company.' He was hostile to Locke's philosophy, was an ardent admirer of the ancients, imitated Plato, and preached Stoicism; his *Askemata*, published in 1901, are mainly texts, with comments, from Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius.

He was fiercely attacked as a deist; and his very vagueness on religious problems allies him with the deists, even if his sceptical or free and easy attitude towards Scripture, especially towards the Old Testament, were not plainly apparent. In his style and method of discussion he was unlike the bulk of the deists; he protested against those 'who pay handsome compliments to the Deity,' but 'explode devotion' and leave but little of zeal, affection, or warmth in what they call rational religion. He has more in common with those who later in Germany broke the power of self-complacent rationalism than with the rationalists properly so called. But by his effective, attractive style he influenced thousands untouched by such writers as Collins or Tindal, and greatly promoted the cause the deists had at heart. Like most of the deists, he was a theist, and denounced atheism, though his theism at times seems closely akin to pantheism. His work was, on the whole, a powerful plea for freedom in the search for truth, for frank speech, and for toleration.

Shaftesbury, though he borrowed much from the Greeks, from Cumberland, and from others, may rank as founder of the school of English moralists who, holding virtue and vice as naturally and fundamentally distinct, believe man to be endowed with a 'moral sense' by which these are discriminated and at once approved of or condemned, without reference to the self-interest of him who judges. In opposition to Hobbes,

he maintains that the very nature of man leads to the exercise of benevolent and disinterested affections in the social state. Conscience he defines as the 'moral sense,' a phrase of which he is the author, and makes this sense akin to feeling, taste, and sentiment rather than to reason.

This doctrine, left by its founder in a somewhat unsystematic shape, was taken up and developed by Hutcheson, and influenced Hume and Adam Smith. Shaftesbury was attacked in his own time both by the followers of Clarke's 'intellectual system' and by the more thorough utilitarians. The gentle Berkeley railed at him, and the rugged Warburton dissented from his opinions, while warmly praising his character. Butler heartily admired Shaftesbury's support of the 'natural obligation of virtue;' and there is in all his work evidence of sincere, warm, earnest feeling, the outcome of a generous mind. Sidgwick regards the appearance of the *Characteristics* as a turning-point in English ethical speculation, and treats its author as 'the first to make psychological experience the basis of ethics;' and Hettner sees in him a power in European thought. A pronounced optimist, Shaftesbury insisted that God should be loved without fear of reward or punishment, and argued that 'religion is still a discipline and the progress of the soul towards perfection,' a thought which, contemplating not merely the individual but the race, contains the germ of Lessing's famous *Erziehung des Menschengeschlechtes*, and may have suggested this theme to Lessing, who was a diligent student of the *Characteristics*. Moses Mendelssohn, Herder, and even Kant were influenced by the English peer: Leibnitz and Diderot admired him; and so did Voltaire, though he caricatured his optimism in *Candide*. Gray, on the other hand, speaks scornfully of Shaftesbury's philosophy; and, oddly enough, Pope, who paraphrased Bolingbroke and was Shaftesbury's friend, told Warburton that 'the *Characteristics* had done more harm to revealed religion in England than all the works of infidelity put together.' Yet it is impossible not to see that Shaftesbury's philosophy was the foundation of Bolingbroke's. Mackintosh, who rightly thought Shaftesbury's ethical work had at first been admired beyond its literary or philosophical merits, and had next been too unsparingly condemned or still more unjustly neglected, somewhat extravagantly said of the first passage quoted below from *The Moralists*, 'that there is scarcely any composition in our language more lofty in its moral and religious sentiments, or more exquisitely elegant and musical in its diction.'

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.
From an Engraving by Rivers, after Closterman.

From 'Advice to an Author.'

One who aspires to the character of a man of breeding and politeness is careful to form his judgment of arts and sciences upon right models of perfection. If he travels to Rome, he inquires which are the truest pieces of architecture, the best remains of statues, the best paintings of a Raphael or a Carache [Caracci]. However antiquated, rough, or dismal they may appear to him at first sight, he resolves to view them over and over, till he has brought himself to relish them, and finds their hidden graces and perfections. He takes particular care to turn his eye from every thing which is gaudy, luscious, and of a false taste. Nor is he less careful to turn his ear from every sort of musick besides that which is of the best manner and truest harmony.

'Twere to be wished we had the same regard to a right taste in life and manners. What mortal being once convinced of a difference in inward character, and of a preference due to one kind above another, would not be concerned to make his own the best? If civility and humanity be a taste; if brutality, insolence, riot, be in the same manner a taste, who, if he could reflect, would not chuse to form himself on the amiable and agreeable rather than the odious and perverse model? Who would not endeavour to force nature as well in this respect as in what relates to a taste or judgment in other arts and sciences? For in each place the force on nature is used only for its redress. If a natural good taste be not already formed in us, why should not we endeavour to form it, and become natural?

'I like! I fancy! I admire! How? By accident: or as I please. No. But I learn to fancy, to admire, to please, as the subjects themselves are deserving and can bear me out. Otherwise, I like at this hour, but dislike the next. I shall be weary of my pursuit, and, upon experience, find little pleasure in the main, if my choice and judgment in it be from no other rule than that single one, because I please. Grotesque and monstrous figures often please. Cruel spectacles and barbarities are also found to please, and, in some tempers, to please beyond all other subjects. But is this pleasure right? And shall I follow it if it presents? Not strive with it, or endeavour to prevent its growth or prevalency in my temper?—How stands the case in a more soft and flattering kind of pleasure?—Effeminacy pleases me. The Indian figures, the Japan-work, the enamel strikes my eye. The luscious colours and glossy paint gain upon my fancy. A French or Flemish style is highly liked by me, at first sight; and I pursue my liking. But what ensues?—Do I not for ever forfeit my good relish? How is it possible I should thus come to taste the beauties of an Italian master, or of a hand happily formed on nature and the antients? 'Tis not by wantonness and humour that I shall attain my end, and arrive at the enjoyment I propose. The art itself is severe: the rules rigid. And if I expect the knowledge should come to me by accident, or in play, I shall be grossly deluded, and prove myself, at best, a mock-virtuoso, or mere pedant of the kind.'

Here therefore we have once again exhibited our moral science in the same method and manner of soliloquy as above. To this correction of humour and formation of a taste, our reading, if it be of the right sort, must principally contribute. Whatever company we keep, or however polite and agreeable their characters may be with whom we converse or correspond, if the authors we read are of another kind, we shall find our palate strangely turned their way. We are the unhappier in this respect for being scholars if our studies be ill chosen. Nor can I, for this reason, think it proper to call a man well-read who reads many authors, since he must of necessity have more ill models than good, and be more stuffed with bombast, ill fancy, and wry thought, than filled with solid sense and just imagination.

But notwithstanding this hazard of our taste from a multiplicity of reading, we are not, it seems, the least scrupulous in our choice of subject. We read whatever comes next us. What was first put into our hand when we were young, serves us afterwards for serious study and wise research, when we are old. We are many of us, indeed, so grave as to continue this exercise of youth through our remaining life. The exercising authors of this kind have been above described, in the beginning of this treatise. The manner of exercise is called meditation, and is of a sort so solemn and profound, that we dare not so much as thorowly examine the subject on which we are bid to meditate. This is a sort of task-reading, in which a taste is not permitted. How little soever we take of this diet, 'tis sufficient to give full exercise to our grave humour, and allay the appetite towards further research and solid contemplation. The rest is holiday, diversion, play, and fancy. We reject all rule: as thinking it an injury to our diversions to have regard to truth or nature: without which, however, nothing can be truly agreeable or entertaining, much less instructive or improving. Through a certain surfeit taken in a wrong kind of serious reading, we apply ourselves, with full content, to the most ridiculous. The more remote our pattern is from any thing moral or profitable, the more freedom and satisfaction we find in it. We care not how Gothick or barbarous our models are; what ill-designed or monstrous figures we view; or what false proportions we trace, or see described in history, romance, or fiction. And thus our eye and ear is lost. Our relish or taste must of necessity grow barbarous whilst barbarian customs, savage manners, Indian wars, and wonders of the *terra incognita* employ our leisure hours, and are the chief materials to furnish out a library.

These are in our present days what books of chivalry were in those of our forefathers. I know not what faith our valiant ancestors may have had in the stories of their giants, their dragons, and St Georges. But for our faith indeed, as well as our taste, in this other way of reading, I must confess I can't consider it without astonishment.

It must certainly be something else than incredulity which fashions the taste and judgment of many gentlemen, whom we hear censured as atheists for attempting to philosophize after a newer manner than any known of late. For my own part, I have ever thought this sort of men to be in general more credulous, though after another manner, than the mere vulgar. Besides what I have observed in conversation with the men of this character, I can produce many anathematized authors who, if they want a true Israelitish faith, can make amends by a Chinese or Indian one. If they are short in Syria or the Palestine, they have their full measure in America or Japan. Histories of Incas or Iroquois written by friars and missionaries, pirates and renegades, sea captains and trusty travellers, pass for authentick records, and are canonical, with the virtuosos of this sort. Though Christian miracles may not so well satisfy them, they dwell with the highest contentment on the prodigies of Moorish and pagan countries. They have far more pleasure in hearing the monstrous accounts of monstrous men and manners, than the politest and best narrations of the affairs, the governments, and lives of the wisest and most polished people.

'Tis the same taste which makes us prefer a Turkish history to a Grecian or a Roman, an Ariosto to a Virgil, and a romance or novel to an Iliad. We have no regard to the character or genius of our author: nor are so far curious as to observe how able he is in the judgment of facts, or how ingenious in the texture of his lies. For facts unably related, though with the greatest sincerity and good faith, may prove the worst sort of deceit: and mere lies, judiciously composed, can teach us the truth of things beyond any other manner. But to amuse ourselves with such authors as neither know how to lie nor tell truth, discovers a taste which methinks one should not be apt to envy. Yet so enchanted we are with the travelling memoirs of any casual adventurer, that, be his character or genius what it will, we have no sooner turned over a page or two than we begin to interest ourselves highly in his affairs. No sooner has he taken shipping at the mouth of the Thames, or sent his baggage before him to Gravesend or buoy in the Nore, than strait our attention is earnestly taken up. If in order to his more distant travels he takes some part of Europe in his way, we can with patience hear of inns and ordinaries, passage-boats and ferries, foul and fair weather; with all the particulars of the author's diet, habit of body, his personal dangers and mischances on land and sea. And thus full of desire and hope we accompany him till he enters on his great scene of action, and begins by the description of some enormous fish or beast. From monstrous brutes he proceeds to yet more monstrous men. For in this race of authors he is ever completest and of the first rank who is able to speak of things the most unnatural and monstrous.

This humour our old tragick poet seems to have discovered. He hit our taste in giving us a Moorish hero, full fraught with prodigy: a wondrous story-teller! But for the attentive part, the poet chose to give it to womankind. What passionate reader of travels or student in the prodigious sciences can refuse to pity that fair lady who fell in love with the miraculous Moor; especially considering with what suitable grace such a lover could relate the most monstrous adventures and satisfy the wondering appetite with the most wondrous tales; wherein (says the hero-traveller):

> 'Of antres vast and deserts idle . . .
> It was my hint to speak . . .
> And of the cannibals that each other eat.
> The anthropophagi and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
> Would Desdemona seriously incline.'

Seriously, 'twas a woful tale! unfit, one would think, to win a tender fair-one. It 's true, the poet sufficiently condemns her fancy, and makes her (poor lady!) pay dearly for it in the end. But why, amongst his Greek names, he should have chosen one which denoted the lady superstitious [*desidaimonia* in Greek means superstition] I can't imagine: unless, as poets are sometimes prophets too, he should figuratively, under this dark type, have represented to us that about a hundred years after his time, the fair sex of this island should, by other monstrous tales, be seduced as to turn their favour chiefly on the persons of the tale-tellers, and change their natural inclination for fair, candid, and courteous knights into a passion for a mysterious race of black enchanters, such as of old were said to creep into houses and lead captive silly women.

'Tis certain there is a very great affinity between the passion of superstition and that of tales. The love of strange narrations and the ardent appetite towards unnatural objects has a near alliance with the like appetite towards the supernatural kind, such as are called prodigious and of dire omen. For so the mind forebodes on every such unusual sight or hearing. Fate, destiny, or the anger of Heaven seems denoted and as it were delineated by the monstrous birth, the horrid fact, or dire event. For this reason the very persons of such relators or tale-tellers, with a small help of dismal habit, suitable countenance and tone, become sacred and tremendous in the eyes of mortals who are thus addicted from their youth. The tender virgins, losing their natural softness, assume this tragick passion, of which they are highly susceptible, especially when a suitable kind of eloquence and action attends the character of the narrator. A thousand Desdemona's are then ready to present themselves, and would frankly resign fathers, relations, countrymen, and country itself to follow the fortunes of a hero of the black tribe.

But whatever monstrous zeal or superstitious passion the poet might foretell, either in the gentlemen, ladies, or common people of an after age, 'tis certain that as to books the same Moorish fancy in its plain and literal sense prevails strongly at this present time. Monsters and monsterlands were never more in request: And we may often see a philosopher or a wit run a tale-gathering in those idle deserts, as familiarly as the silliest woman or merest boy.

The Nobler Love.

'You shall find then, said I (taking a grave air), that it is possible for me to be serious, and that 'tis probable I am growing so, for good and all. Your over-seriousness awhile since, at such an unseasonable time, may have driven me perhaps into a contrary extreme, by opposition to your melancholy humour. But I have now a better idea of that melancholy you discovered; and notwithstanding the humorous turn you were pleased to give it, I am persuaded it has a different foundation from any of those fantastical causes I then assigned to it. Love, doubtless, is at the bottom: but a nobler love than such as common beauties inspire.'

Here in my turn I began to raise my voice, and imitate the solemn way you had been teaching me. 'Knowing as you are, continued I, well-knowing and experienced in all the degrees and orders of beauty, in all the mysterious charms of the particular forms, you rise to what is more general; and with a larger heart, and mind more comprehensive, you generously seek that which is highest in the kind. Not captivated by the lineaments of a fair face, or the well-drawn proportions of a human body, you view the life itself, and embrace rather the mind which adds the lustre, and renders chiefly amiable.

'Nor is the enjoyment of such a single beauty sufficient to satisfy such an aspiring soul. It seeks how to combine more beauties, and by what coalition of these to form a beautiful society. It views communities, friendships, relations, duties, and considers by what harmony of particular minds the general harmony is composed and commonweal established.

'Nor satisfied even with publick good in one community of men, it frames itself a nobler object, and with enlarged affection seeks the good of mankind. It dwells with pleasure amidst that reason and those orders on which this fair correspondence and goodly interest is established. Laws, constitutions, civil and religious rites; whatever civilizes or polishes rude mankind; the sciences and arts, philosophy, morals, virtue; the flourishing state of human affairs, and the perfection of human nature; these are its delightful prospects, and this the charm of beauty which attracts it.

'Still ardent in this pursuit (such is its love of order and perfection), it rests not here, nor satisfies itself with the beauty of a part; but extending further its communicative bounty, seeks the good of all, and affects the interest and prosperity of the whole. True to its native world and higher country, 'tis here it seeks order and perfection, wishing the best, and hoping still to find a just and wise administration.

'And since all hope of this were vain and idle if no universal mind presided, since without such a supreme intelligence and providential care the distracted universe must be condemned to suffer infinite calamities, 'tis here the generous mind labours to discover that healing cause by which the interest of the whole is securely established, the beauty of things, and the universal order happily sustained.

'This, Palemon, is the labour of your soul, and this its melancholy, when, unsuccessfully pursuing the supreme beauty, it meets with darkning clouds which intercept its sight. Monsters arise—not those from Lybian deserts, but from the heart of man more fertile—and with their horrid aspect cast an unseemly reflection upon nature. She, helpless (as she is thought) and working thus absurdly, is contemned, the government of the world arraigned, and Deity made void.

'Much is alledged in answer to shew why nature errs, and how she came thus impotent and erring from an unerring hand. But I deny she errs; and when she seems most ignorant or perverse in her productions, I assert her even then as wise and provident as in her goodliest works. For 'tis not then that men complain of the world's order, or abhor the face of things, when they see various interests mixed and interfering; natures subordinate, of different kinds, opposed one to another, and in their different operations submitted, the higher to the lower. 'Tis, on the contrary, from this order of inferior and superior things that we admire the world's beauty, founded thus on contrarieties: whilst from such various and disagreeing principles a universal concord is established.

'Thus in the several orders of terrestrial forms a resignation is required, a sacrifice and mutual yielding of natures one to another. The vegetables by their death sustain the animals: and animal bodies dissolved enrich the earth and raise again the vegetable world. The numerous insects are reduced by the superior kinds of birds and beasts: and these again are checked by man, who in his turn submits to other natures, and resigns his form a sacrifice in common to the rest of things. And if in natures so little exalted or pre-eminent above each other the sacrifice of interests can appear so just, how much more reasonably may all inferior natures be subjected to the superior nature of the world! That world, Palemon, which even now transported you when the sun's fainting light gave way to these bright constellations, and left you this wide system to contemplate.

'Here are those laws which ought not, nor can submit to any thing below. The central powers, which hold the lasting orbs in their just poize and movement, must not be controuled to save a fleeting form, and rescue from the precipice a puny animal, whose brittle frame, however protected, must of itself so soon dissolve. The ambient air, the inward vapours, the impending meteors, or whatever else is nutrimental or preservative of this earth, must operate in a natural course: and other constitutions must submit to the good habit and constitution of the all-sustaining globe.

'Let us not therefore wonder if by earthquakes, storms, pestilential blasts, nether or upper fires, or floods, the animal kinds are oft afflicted, and whole species perhaps involved at once in common ruin: but much less let us account it strange if, either by outward shock or some interior wound from hostile matter, particular animals are deformed even in their first conception, when the disease invades the seats of generation, and seminal parts are injured and obstructed in their accurate labours. 'Tis then alone that monstrous shapes are seen: nature still working as before, and not perversely or erroneously; not faintly, or with feeble endeavours; but o'erpower'd by a superior rival, and by another nature's justly conquering force.

'Nor need we wonder if the interior form, the soul and temper, partakes of this occasional deformity, and sympathizes often with its close partner. Who is there can wonder either at the sicknesses of sense, or the depravity of minds inclosed in such frail bodies, and dependent on such pervertible organs?

'Here then is that solution you require, and hence those seeming blemishes cast upon nature. Nor is there ought in this beside what is natural and good. 'Tis good which is predominant: and every corruptible and mortal nature by its mortality and corruption yields only to some better, and all in common to that best and highest nature, which is incorruptible and immortal.'

(From Part I. of *The Moralists.*)

Of Dialogue.

This brings to my mind a reason I have often sought for, why we moderns, who abound so much in treatises and essays, are so sparing in the way of dialogue, which heretofore was found the politest and best way of managing even the graver subjects. The truth is, 'twould be an abominable falshood and belying of the age to put so much good sense together in any one conversation as might make it hold out steadily and with plain coherence for an hour's time, till any one subject had been rationally examined.

(From *The Moralists.*)

Of Temperance.

I own (said I) I am far from thinking temperance so disagreeable a character. As for this part of virtue, I think there is no need of taking it on any other terms to recommend it than the mere advantage of being sav'd from intemperance, and from the desire of things unnecessary.

How! said Theocles, are you thus far advanc'd? And can you carry this temperance so far as to estates and honours, by opposing it to avarice and ambition?—Nay, then truly, you may be said to have fairly embark'd yourself in this cause. You have pass'd the channel, and are more than half-seas over.

(From *The Moralists.*)

Religion a Discipline and Progress of the Soul.

Now whether our friend [illegible] unfeignedly and sincerely of this latter sort of real theologists, you will learn best from the consequences of his hypothesis. You will observe whether, instead of ending in mere speculation, it leads to practice: and you will then surely be satisfied, when you see such a structure raised as with the generality of the world must pass at least for high religion, and with some, in all likelihood, for no less than enthusiasm.

For I appeal to you, Philocles, whether there be any thing in divinity which you think has more the air of enthusiasm than that notion of divine love, such as separates from everything worldly, sensual, or meanly-interested? A love which is simple, pure, and unmixed; which has no other object than merely the excellency of that Being itself, nor admits of any other thought of happiness than in its single fruition. Now I dare presume you will take it as a substantial proof of my friend's being far enough from irreligion if it be shewn that he has espoused this notion, and thinks of making out this high point of divinity, from arguments familiar even to those who oppose religion.

According therefore to his hypothesis, he would in the first place, by way of prevention, declare to you, that though the disinterested love of God were the most excellent principle, yet he knew very well that by the indiscreet zeal of some devout well-meaning people it had been stretched too far, perhaps even to extravagance and enthusiasm; as formerly among the mysticks of the antient church, whom these of latter days have followed. On the other hand, that there were those who in opposition to this devout mystick way, and as professed enemies to what they call enthusiasm, had so far exploded everything of this ecstatick kind as in a manner to have given up devotion, and in reality had left so little of zeal, affection, or warmth in what they call their rational religion as to make them much suspected of their sincerity in any. For though it be natural enough (he would tell you) for a mere political writer to ground his great argument for religion on the necessity of such a belief as that of a future reward and punishment; yet, if you will take his opinion, 'tis a very ill token of sincerity in religion, and in the Christian religion more especially, to reduce it to such a philosophy as will allow no room to that other principle of love, but treats all of that kind as enthusiasm, for so much as aiming at what is called disinterestedness, or teaching the love of God or virtue for God or virtue's sake.

Here then we have two sorts of people (according to my friend's account) who in these opposite extremes expose religion to the insults of its adversaries. For as on one hand 'twill be found difficult to defend the notion of that high-raised love espoused with so much warmth by those devout mysticks; so, on the other hand, 'twill be found as hard a task, upon the principles of these cooler men, to guard religion from the imputation of mercenariness and a slavish spirit. For how shall one deny that to serve God by compulsion, or for interest merely, is servile and mercenary? Is it not evident that the only true and liberal service paid either to that supreme Being, or to any other superior, is that 'which proceeds from an esteem or love of the person served, a sense of duty or gratitude, and a love of the dutiful and grateful part, as good and amiable in itself'? And where is the injury to religion from such a concession as this? Or what detraction is it from the belief of an after-reward or punishment to own 'that the service caused by it is not equal to that which is voluntary and with inclination, but is rather disingenuous and of the slavish kind'? Is it not still for the good of mankind and of the world that obedience to the rule of right should some way or other be paid; if not in the better way, yet at least in this imperfect one? And is it not to be shewn, 'that although this service of fear be allowed ever so low or base, yet religion still being a discipline and progress of the soul towards perfection, the motive of reward and punishment is primary and of the highest moment with us; till, being capable of more sublime instruction, we are led from this servile state to the generous service of affection and love'?

To this it is that in our friend's opinion we ought all of us to aspire, so as to endeavour 'that the excellence of the object, not the reward or punishment, should be our motive: but that where, through the corruption of our nature, the former of these motives is found insufficient to excite to virtue, there the latter should be brought in aid, and on no account be undervalued or neglected.'

(From Part II. of *The Moralists.*)

See German books on Shaftesbury's philosophy by Spicker (1872) and Gizycki (1876); Leslie Stephen's *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* (1876); Professor Fowler's *Shaftesbury and Hutcheson* ('Philosophers' series, 1882); the *Life and Unpublished Letters*, by Bertrand Rand (1900); and the new edition of the *Characteristics*, by J. M. Robertson (1900).

John Gay.

Italian opera and English pastorals were driven out of the field at this time by easy, indolent, good-humoured John Gay (1685-1732), most artless and best beloved of all the Pope and Swift circle of wits and poets. Gay was born at Barnstaple, younger son of an impoverished house. Both parents dying when he was about ten years old, he was, after receiving his education in the free grammar-school of his native town, put apprentice to a silk-mercer in London; but disliking this employment, he at length obtained his discharge from his master. In 1708 he published a poem in blank verse entitled *Wine;* in 1712 he became domestic secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth; and in 1713 appeared his *Rural Sports*, dedicated to Pope, in which we may trace his joy at emancipation from shopkeeping:

> But I, who ne'er was blessed by Fortune's hand,
> Nor brightened ploughshares in paternal land;
> Long in the noisy town have been immured,
> Respired its smoke, and all its cares endured. . . .
> Fatigued at last, a calm retreat I chose,
> And soothed my harassed mind with sweet repose,
> Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime
> Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.

A comedy, *The Wife of Bath* (1713), was not successful. Then came a trivial poem in three books entitled *The Fan. The Shepherd's Week, in Six Pastorals* (1714), was written to throw ridicule on those of Ambrose Philips, but contains so much genuine comic humour and such entertaining pictures of country-life that it became popular, not as satire, but as affording 'a prospect of his own country.' In an address to the 'courteous reader' Gay says: 'Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves, or if the hogs are astray, driving them to their sties. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields; he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge; nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, because there are none.' This 'historical' view of rural life was imitated by Allan Ramsay, and was followed by Crabbe with a moral aim to which Gay never aspired. In February 1715 appeared *The What d'ye Call It?* a tragi-comi-pastoral farce, which the audience had 'not wit enough to take;' and next year, assisted by hints from Swift, Gay produced his mock-heroic *Trivia; or, the Art of Walking the Streets of London*, in which he gives a graphic account of the dangers and impediments then encountered in traversing the narrow, crowded, ill-lighted, and vice-infested thoroughfares of the metropolis. His pictures of City-life are in the Dutch style, familiar but forcibly drawn. Here is

The Bookstall.

> Volumes on sheltered stalls expanded lie,
> And various science lures the learned eye;
> The bending shelves with ponderous scholiasts groan,
> And deep divines, to modern shops unknown;
> Here, like the bee that on industrious wing
> Collects the various odours of the spring,
> Walkers at leisure learning's flowers may spoil,
> Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil;
> May morals snatch from Plutarch's tattered page,
> A mildewed Bacon, or Stagyra's sage:
> Here sauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
> O'er Congreve smile, or over D'Urfey sleep;

Pleased sempstresses the Lock's famed Rape unfold;
And Squirts read Garth till apozems grow cold.

Squirt is the name of an apothecary's boy in Garth's *Dispensary*; *apozem* is a deco[illegible] infusion.

During the great frost in London in 1716 a fair was held on the river Thames:

O roving Muse! recall that wondrous year
When winter reigned in bleak Britannia's air;
When hoary Thames, with frosted osiers crowned,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
The waterman, forlorn, along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar:
See harnessed steeds desert the stony town,
And wander roads unstable, not their own,
Wheels o'er the hardened waters smoothly glide,
And raze with whitened tracks the slippery tide;
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire;
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair.
So, when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain,
Thick-rising tents a canvas city build,
And the loud dice resound through all the field.

Gay was always sighing for public employment, for which he was eminently unfit, and in 1714 he had a glimpse of fancied happiness. He wrote with joy to Pope: 'Since you went out of the town, my Lord Clarendon was appointed envoy-extraordinary to Hanover, in the room of Lord Paget; and by making use of those friends which I entirely owe to you, he has accepted me for his secretary.' Quitting his situation with the Duchess of Monmouth, he accompanied Lord Clarendon on his embassy, but seems to have held the new post only for about two months; in the same year Pope welcomed him to his native soil, and counselled him, now that the queen was dead, to 'write something on the king, or prince, or princess.' The anxious expectant of court favour complied with Pope's request, and wrote a poem entitled *An Epistle to a Lady* [probably Mrs Howard]: *Occasioned by the Arrival of Her Royal Highness* [the Princess of Wales, whom he had seen at Hanover]; and, as a consequence, the Princess and her husband went to see his play of *The What d' ye Call It?* Gay was stimulated to another dramatic attempt (1717), and produced *Three Hours After Marriage*, but some personal satire and indecent dialogue, together with the improbability of the plot, sealed its fate. It soon fell into disgrace; and its author, afraid that Pope and Arbuthnot would suffer from their connection with it, took all the blame on himself. Nevertheless the trio of friendly wits were attacked in two pamphlets, and Pope's quarrel with Cibber originated in this unlucky drama. Gay was silent and dejected for some time; but in 1720 he published his poems by subscription, and realised £1000. He also received a present of South Sea stock, and was supposed to be worth £20,000, all of which he lost by the collapse of that famous delusion. This serious calamity almost overwhelmed a wit fond of finery and of luxurious living, but his friends were zealous, and he was prompted to further literary exertion. In 1724 he brought out another drama, *The Captives*, which was acted with moderate success; and in 1727 he wrote a volume of *Fables*, designed for the edification of the Duke of Cumberland (then a boy of six), who does not seem to have learnt mercy or humanity from them. The accession of the prince and princess to the throne seemed to augur well for Gay's fortunes; but he was only offered the situation of gentleman-usher to the little Princess Louisa, a child under three, and considering this an insult, he rejected it. In 1726 Swift had come to England, and lived two months with Pope at Twickenham. At this or some earlier date, the Dean had suggested to Gay the idea of a Newgate pastoral, in which the characters should be thieves and highwaymen; and *The Beggar's Opera* was the result. The two friends were doubtful of the success of the piece, but it was received with unbounded applause. The songs and music aided greatly its popularity, and there was also the recommendation of political satire; for the quarrel between Peachum and Lockit was accepted as an allusion to a personal collision between Walpole and his colleague, Lord Townshend. The spirit and variety of the piece, in which song and sentiment are cheerfully intermixed with vice and roguery, still render the *Beggar's Opera* a favourite with the public; but as Gay succeeded in making highwaymen agreeable and even attractive, it can hardly be commended for its moral tendency—a matter of little account with

JOHN GAY.

(From a Sketch by Sir G. Kneller in the National Portrait Gallery.)

the epicurean playwright, who was, in Pope's words

> Of manners gentle, of affections mild ;
> In wit a man, simplicity a child.

The opera had a run of sixty-two nights, became the rage of town and country, and had also the effect of giving rise to the English opera, a species of light comedy enlivened by songs and music, which for a time supplanted the Italian opera, with all its exotic and elaborate graces. By this successful opera Gay, as appears from the manager's account-book, cleared £693, 13s. 6d. besides what he derived from its publication. He tried a sequel to the *Beggar's Opera*, under the title of *Polly;* but as it was supposed to contain sarcasms on the court, the Lord Chamberlain prohibited its representation. The author had recourse to publication ; and such was the zeal of his friends and the effect of party-spirit that *Polly* produced a profit of £1100 or £1200. Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, gave £100 as her subscription for a copy. Gay had now amassed £3000 by his writings, which he resolved to keep 'entire and sacred.' He was at the same time received into the house of his kind patrons the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, with whom he spent the remainder of his life. His only literary occupation was composing additional fables, and corresponding occasionally with Pope and Swift. A sudden attack of inflammatory fever carried him off in three days. Pope's letter to Swift announcing the event was endorsed: 'On my dear friend Mr Gay's death. Received, December 15th, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune.' And nothing in Swift's life is more touching or honourable to his memory than those passages in his letters where the recollection of his friend melted his haughty stoicism. Gay was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a costly monument erected by the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry bears his own lines :

> Life is a jest, and all things show it :
> I thought so once, and now I know it.

The works of this genial son of the Muses, which have lost much of their popularity, show the licentiousness without the elegance of Prior. His *Fables* are still the best we possess ; and if they have not the rich humour and archness of La Fontaine's, they are light and pleasing, and are always smooth in versification. *The Hare with Many Friends* is doubtless drawn from the fabulist's own experience. In the *Court of Death* he tries a higher flight, and marshals his 'diseases dire' with strong and gloomy power. His song of *Black-eyed Susan* and the 'ballad' beginning '"Twas when the seas were roaring' are full of characteristic tenderness and lyrical melody. This ballad (in the then usual sense of the word) was said by Cowper to have been the joint production of Arbuthnot, Swift, and Gay, but the tradition is not supported by evidence.

The Country Ballad-singer.

Sublimer strains, O rustic Muse ! prepare ;
Forget awhile the barn and dairy's care ;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays ;
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.
'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil ;
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gathered sheaves about ;
The lads with sharpened hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plough. . . .
When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spied,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside ;
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosined bow torment the string ;
That Bowzybeus who, with finger's speed,
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed ;
That Bowzybeus who, with jocund tongue,
Ballads, and roundelays, and catches sung :
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight.
Ah, Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong !
Thou shouldst have left the fair before 'twas night,
But thou sat'st toping till the morning light. . . .
No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song
But lads and lasses round about him throng.
Not ballad-singer placed above the crowd
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud ;
Nor parish-clerk, who calls the psalm so clear,
Like Bowzybeus soothes the attentive ear.
Of Nature's laws his carols first begun—
Why the grave owl can never face the sun.
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their swelling heads below,
And how the closing coleworts upwards grow ;
How Will-a-Wisp misleads night faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
Of stars he told that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glowworm's light that gilds his tail.
He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed—
Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend—
Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep ;
How Nature does the puppy's eyelid close
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose
(For huntsmen by their long experience find
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind).
Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
How pedlers' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country maid.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine ;
How the tight lass knives, combs, and scissors spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold.
T[illegible], and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song.
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells

His pills, his balsams, and his ague spells ;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the venturous maiden swings ;
Jack Pudding, in his parti coloured jacket,
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet.
Of raree shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets picked in crowds, and various cheats.

(From *The Shepherd's Week—Saturday ; or, the Flights.*)

On the Streets of London.

Through winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night ;
How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing : Thou, Trivia, Goddess, aid my song,
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along ;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way ;
The silent court and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways.
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays :
For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his labouring lungs resound ;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name ;
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown :
But more, my country's love demands the lays ;
My country's be the profit, mine the praise !
  When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And 'Clean your shoes' resounds from every voice ;
When late their miry sides stage-coaches shew,
And their stiff horses through the town move slow :
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster-cries,
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide :
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scalloped top his step be crowned :
Let firm, well hammered soles protect thy feet
Through freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench the unwary step aside ;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain ;
And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.
  Nor should it prove thy less important care
To choose a proper coat for winter wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
Thy silken drugget ill can fence the cold ;
The frieze's spongy nap is soaked with rain,
And showers soon drench the camblet's cockled grain ;
True Witney broadcloth, with its shag unshorn,
Unpierced is in the lasting tempest worn :
Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear
Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear?
Within the Roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
Hands that, stretched forth, invading harms prevent.
Let the looped Bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloak bespattered o'er with lace.
That garment best the winter's rage defends
Whose shapeless form in ample plaits depends ;
By various names in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true Surtout alone ;
Be thine of Kersey firm, though small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchilled the frost.
  If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command ;
Even sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop to make thee way :
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaux their canes, with amber tipt, produce ;
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
And lazily insure a life's disease ;
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
To Court, to White's, Assemblies, or the Play :
Rosy complexioned Health thy steps attends,
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.

(From *Trivia*, Book i)

D'Oily or D'oyley, who gave name to a kind of woollen stuff 'at once cheap and genteel,' and to ornamental napkins, was a linen-draper who had a shop in the Strand. White's was a chocolate-house in St James's Street.

Song.

Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre,
  Which in the garden enamels the ground ;
Near it the bees, in play, flutter and cluster,
  And gaudy butterflies frolic around.

But when once plucked, 'tis no longer alluring,
  To Covent Garden 'tis sent (as yet sweet),
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
  Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

(From *The Beggar's Opera.*)

There is a close parallel to this in the words of Effie Deans in the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*. 'I thought o' the bonny bit thorn that our father rooted out o' the yard last May, when it had a' the flush o' blossoms on it ; and then it lay in the court till the beasts had trod them a' to pieces wi' their feet. I little thought when I was wae for the bit silly green bush and its flowers, that I was to gang the same gate mysell.'

The Court of Death.

Death, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sate :
The attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train !
Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thundered from the throne :
'This night our minister we name ;
Let every servant speak his claim ;
Merit shall bear this ebon wand.'
All, at the word, stretched forth their hand.
  Fever, with burning heat possessed,
Advanced, and for the wand addressed :
'I to the weekly bills appeal ;
Let those express my fervent zeal ;
On every slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere.'
  Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place ;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And every joint and sinew plies ;
Still working when he seems suppress,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.
  A haggard spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due :

‘’Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of Love destroy.
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place.’
Stone urged his evergrowing force;
And, next, Consumption’s meagre corse,
With feeble voice that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferred:
‘Let none object my lingering way;
I gain, like Fabius, by delay;
Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack, secure, though slow.’
Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinned a nation in an hour.
All spoke their claim, and hoped the wand.
Now expectation hushed the band,
When thus the monarch from the throne:
‘Merit was ever modest known.
What! no physician speak his right?
None here! but fees their toils requite.
Let, then, Intemperance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest
Whom wary men as foes detest —
Forego your claim. No more pretend;
Intemperance is esteemed a friend;
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And as a courted guest destroys.
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.’

(From *The Fables.*)

The Hare with Many Friends.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father’s care.
’Tis thus in friendship; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood or graze the plain.
Her care was never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter’s cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies:
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay;
What transport in her bosom grew
When first the Horse appeared in view!
‘Let me,’ says she ‘your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship every burden ’s light.’
The Horse replied: ‘Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus;
Be comforted; relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear.’
She next the stately Bull implored,
And thus replied the mighty lord:
‘Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady ’s in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind.’
The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
‘My back,’ says he, ‘may do you harm:
The Sheep’s at hand, and wool is warm.’
The Sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained:
Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.
She now the trotting Calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.
‘Shall I,’ says he, ‘of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler passed you by;
How strong are those, how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu!
For, see, the hounds are just in view!’

(From *The Fables.*)

Song Black-eyed Susan.

All in the downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When Black-eyed Susan came aboard,
‘Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew?’

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands.
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast —
If chance his mate’s shrill call he hear —
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William’s lips those kisses sweet.

‘O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

‘Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They’ll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe’er I go.

'If to fair India's coast we sail,
  Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
  Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

'Though battle call me from thy arms,
  Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
  William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.'

The boatswain gave the dreadful word;
  The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
  They kissed—she sighed—he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
'Adieu!' she cries, and waved her lily hand.

Ballad

'Twas when the seas were roaring
  With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
  All on a rock reclined.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
  She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crowned with willows,
  That trembled o'er the brook.

'Twelve months are gone and over,
  And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
  Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
  And let my lover rest:
Ah! what 's thy troubled motion
  To that within my breast?

'The merchant, robbed of pleasure,
  Sees tempests in despair;
But what 's the loss of treasure,
  To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on
  Where gold and diamonds grow,
You 'd find a richer maiden,
  But none that loves you so.

'How can they say that nature
  Has nothing made in vain;
Why, then, beneath the water,
  Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover
  That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
  And leave the maid to weep.'

All melancholy lying,
  Thus wailed she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
  Each billow with a tear.
When o'er the white wave stooping
  His floating corpse she spied,
Then, like a lily drooping,
  She bowed her head, and died.

(From *The What d'ye Call It?*)

To Mr Pope, on his having finished his Translation of the Iliad: A Welcome from Greece

Long hast thou, friend! been absent from my soil,
  Like patient Ithacus at siege of Troy;
I have been witness of thy six years toil,
  Thy daily labours, and thy night's annoy,
Lost to thy native land, with great turmoil,
  On the wide sea, oft threatening to destroy:
Methinks with thee I've trod Sigæan ground,
And heard the shores of Hellespont resound.

Did I not see thee when thou first sett'st sail
  To seek adventures fair in Homer's land?
Did I not see thy sinking spirits fail,
  And wish thy bark had never left the strand?
Ev'n in mid ocean often didst thou quail,
  And oft lift up thy holy eye and hand,
Praying the Virgin dear, and saintly choir,
Back to the port to bring thy bark entire.

Cheer up, my friend! thy dangers now are o'er;
  Methinks—nay, sure the rising coasts appear;
Hark! how the guns salute from either shore,
  As thy trim vessel cuts the Thames so fair:
Shouts answering shouts from Kent and Essex roar,
  And bells break loud through every gust of air:
Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,
As at the coming of some mighty king.

Now pass we Gravesend with a friendly wind,
  And Tilbury's white fort, and long Blackwall;
Greenwich, where dwells the friend of human kind,
  More visited than or her park or hall,
Withers the good, and (with him ever join'd)
  Facetious Disney, greet thee first of all:
I see his chimney smoke, and hear him say,
Duke! that's the room for Pope, and that for Gay.

Come in, my friends! here shall ye dine and lie,
  And here shall breakfast, and here dine again;
And sup and breakfast on (if ye comply),
  For I have still some dozens of champaign:
His voice still lessens as the ship sails by;
  He waves his hand to bring us back in vain:
For now I see, I see proud London's spires;
Greenwich is lost, and Deptford dock retires.

Oh, what a concourse swarms on yonder quay!
  The sky re-ech[illegible] with new [illegible] of joy;
By all this show [illegible] Mayor's day;
  I hear the voice of trump[illegible] hautboy
No, now I see them near. [illegible]ese are they
  Who come in crowds [illegible] thee from [illegible]
Hail to the bard, wh[illegible] we mourn
From siege, from battle, an[illegible], retu[illegible]

Of goodly dames, and [illegible]
  The silken petticoat, [illegible]
Yea peers, and mighty [illegible] blue
  (True blue, fair emble[illegible]).
Others I see, as noble, and [illegible]
  By no court badge disting[illegible] the [illegible]st:
First see I Methuen, of sincer[illegible]
As Arthur grave, as soft as [illegible]

What lady 's that, to whom [illegible]
  Who knows not her? ah! [illegible]
How art thou honour'd, numbe[illegible]
  For she distinguishes the good an[illegible]

The sweet-tongu'd Murray near her side attends;
  Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies;
Now Harvey, fair of face, I mark full well,
  With thee, youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell.

. . . .

Arbuthnot there I see, in physic's art,
  As Galen learn'd, or famed Hippocrate;
Whose company drives sorrow from the heart,
  As all disease his medicines dissipate:
Kneller amid the triumph bears his part,
  Who could (were mankind lost) anew create:
What can th' extent of his vast soul confine?
A painter, critic, engineer, divine!

. . . .

How lov'd! how honour'd thou! yet be not vain:
  And sure thou art not, for I hear thee say,
All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's strain,
  On whose strong pinions I exalt my lay.
What from contending cities did he gain?
  And what rewards his grateful country pay?
None, none were paid—why then all this for me?
These honours, Homer, had been just to thee.

Pope's sojourn in Greece was, of course, in spirit only. Major-General Withers and Colonel Disney (familiarly 'Duke Disney') are buried side by side in Westminster Abbey. Sir Paul Methuen was Secretary of State in 1716-17; 'Arthur' may have been Arthur Moore, Commissioner of Plantations and father of James Moore Smythe, playwright, with whom a few years later Pope had a bitter quarrel; Harvey is John, Lord Hervey; Lady Wortley Montagu and Lady Murray are named along with the Misses Howard and Lepell, maids of honour to Queen Caroline. For Arbuthnot, the famous wit, see page 145. The best edition of Gay's Works, with Life and Notes, is by John Underhill (2 vols. 1893).

Alexander Pope,

born in London 22nd May 1688, claimed to be of gentle blood; his father, he said, was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe; his mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq., of York. To this a relative of Pope's added that his grandfather was a clergyman in Hampshire, who had two sons, of whom the younger, also Alexander, the poet's father, was sent to Lisbon to be placed in a mercantile house, and there became a Roman Catholic. It has been ascertained that from 1631 to 1645 an Alexander Pope was rector of Thruxton, and held two other livings in the same county of Hampshire; but as there is no memorial of him in the church, and no entry in the register of his having had children, there is some doubt whether this rector of Thruxton was the poet's grandfather. Pope's maternal descent has been clearly traced. His grandfather, William Turner, held property in Yorkshire, including the manor of Towthorpe, which he inherited from his uncle. He was wealthy, but did not rank with the gentry. Of the reputed kinship with the Earls of Downe there is no proof; Pope's story was apparently a fiction. In 1677 the poet's father is found carrying on business as a linen-merchant in London; and having acquired a respectable competency by trade, and additional property by his marriage with Edith Turner, he retired from business before 1700 to a property he had purchased at Binfield near Windsor. The boy was partly educated by the family priest. He was afterwards sent to a Catholic seminary at Twyford near Winchester, where he lampooned his teacher, was severely whipped, and then removed to a small school in London, at which he learned little or nothing. Returning home to Binfield in his thirteenth year, he devoted himself to a course of self-instruction and to the enthusiastic study of literature. He delighted to remember that he had seen Dryden; and as Dryden died on the 1st of May 1700, his youthful admirer could not have been quite twelve years of age. But Pope was already a poet.

> As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
> I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

At the age of sixteen he had commenced his *Pastorals*, translated part of Statius, and written imitations of Waller and other English poets. He soon became acquainted with some of the most eminent persons of the age—with Walsh, Wycherley, Congreve, Lansdowne, and Garth; and from this time his life was that of a popular poet enjoying high social distinction. His *Pastorals* were published in Tonson's *Miscellany* in 1709. In 1711 appeared his *Essay on Criticism*, which is said to have been composed two years before publication, when he was only twenty-one. Addison commended the *Essay* warmly in the *Spectator*, and it soon attained great popularity. Pope's style was now completely formed. His versification was that of his master, Dryden, but he gave the heroic couplet a peculiar terseness, correctness, and melody. The *Essay* was shortly afterwards followed by the *Rape of the Lock* (1712). The stealing of a lock of hair from a beauty of the day, Miss Arabella Fermor, by her lover, Lord Petre, was taken seriously, causing an estrangement between the families; and Pope wrote his poem to make a jest of the affair, 'and laugh them together again.' Though in this he did not succeed, he added greatly to his reputation by the effort. The machinery of the poem, founded upon the Rosicrucian theory that the elements are inhabited by spirits—sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders—was added in 1713, and published in the spring of 1714. The addition forms the most perfect work of Pope's genius and art. Sylphs had been previously mentioned as invisible attendants on the fair; the idea is shadowed forth in Shakespeare's Ariel, and the amusements of the fairies in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. But Pope has blended the most delicate satire with the most lively fancy, and produced the finest and most brilliant mock-heroic poem in the world. 'It is,' said Johnson, 'the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful of all Pope's compositions.' In 1713 appeared his *Windsor Forest*, evidently founded on Denham's *Cooper's Hill*.

Pope now commenced his translation of the *Iliad*, for which he issued proposals in 1713; it was published at intervals between 1715 and 1720. At first the gigantic task oppressed him with its difficulty. He was but an indifferent Greek scholar; but [illegible] grew more familiar with Homer's phrases, erelong he was able to despatch fifty verses a day. Great part of the manuscript was written upon the backs and covers of letters; it was not without reason Swift called him 'paper-sparing Pope.' The translation brought its author a clear £5320. But

> And thanks to Homer, since I live and thrive,
> Indebted to no prince or peer alive

was hardly a fair statement, if we consider that this large sum was in part a 'benevolence' from the upper classes of society, designed to reward his literary merit. The *Odyssey* was not published until 1725, and here Pope called in the assistance of his poetical friends Broome and Fenton. These two coadjutors translated twelve books, and the notes were compiled by Broome, who received from Pope £500, besides being allowed the subscriptions collected from personal friends, amounting to £70, 4s. Fenton's share was only £200. Deducting the sums paid to his co-translators, Pope realised by the *Odyssey* upwards of £3500: together the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* had brought the poet a fortune of from eight to nine thousand pounds so princely was the patronage then extended to literature.

While engaged on the *Iliad* Pope removed from Binfield, his father having sold his estate there, and from April 1716 till the beginning of 1718 lived at Chiswick. Here he collected and published his works; and in this volume first appeared the most picturesque, melodious, and passionate of all his poems, the *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*, and the *Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard*. At Chiswick Pope's father died (1717), and soon after the poet removed with his aged mother to Twickenham, where he had taken a lease of a house and grounds; and there he lived for the rest of his life. The villa was not large, but sufficiently commodious for the wants of an English gentleman whose friends visited himself rather than his dwelling. The taste with which Pope laid out his grounds (five acres in all) had a marked effect on English landscape gardening. The Prince of Wales took the design of his garden from the poet's; and Kent, the improver and embellisher of pleasure-grounds, received his best lessons from Pope, who thus aided materially in banishing the stiff formal Dutch style. The classic spot where Pope was visited by Ministers of State, wits, poets, and beauties has long since been transformed—his house pulled down, and his pleasure grounds rearranged.

After the *Iliad* the next great undertaking was an edition of Shakespeare, published in 1725, [illegible] quarto volumes. The preface to this [illegible] is the best of his prose writings, but Pope failed as an editor, he lacked the necessary knowledge of Elizabethan literature, and the diligence required for collating copies and fixing and illustrating the text. Fenton gave assistance for this edition of Shakespeare, for which he received £30, 14s. Pope's remuneration as editor was £217, 12s. In 1727 and 1728 Pope published, in conjunction with his friend Swift, three volumes of *Miscellanies*, which drew down upon the authors a torrent of invective, lampoons, and libels, and led to the *Dunciad*. This elaborate and splendid satire was first printed in an imperfect form in May 1728, then enlarged with notes, the *Prolegomena* of Scriblerus, and other additions, and published in April 1729. The work displays the fertile invention of the poet, the variety of illustration at his command, and the unrivalled force and facility of his diction; but it is often indecorous, and still oftener unjust towards the miserable poets and critics against whom he waged war. 'I have often wondered,' says Cowper, 'that the same poet who wrote the *Dunciad* should have written these lines:

> That mercy I to others shew,
> That mercy shew to me.

Alas for Pope if the mercy he shewed to others was the measure of the mercy he received!' Sir Walter Scott was right in thinking Pope must himself have suffered most from these wretched contentions. But his propensity to satire was irresistible; he was eminently sensitive, vain, and irritable, and implacable in his resentment towards all who had questioned or slighted his poetical supremacy. Between 1731 and 1735 he had published his Epistles to Burlington, Bathurst, Cobham, and Arbuthnot the latter, also known as the *Prologue to the Satires*, containing that famous 'Character of Atticus' which is the melancholy memorial of the quarrel with Addison, provoked partly by political diversities and partly by jealousy. See the article below on Tickell. To the same period belongs the *Essay on Man*, in four Epistles, the first of which was published anonymously in February 1733, and the second about three months afterwards. The third and fourth appeared in the winter of 1733-34. The *Essay* is now read not for its philosophy but for its poetry; its ethical distinctions are neglected for those splendid passages and striking incidents which irradiate the poem.

Pope's later labours were chiefly confined to satire. Misfortunes were now gathering round him. Swift was fast verging on imbecility, and was lost to the world; Atterbury and Gay died in 1732; and next year he lost his mother, whose declining years he had watched with affectionate solicitude. Between 1733 and 1739 he published his inimitable *Imitations of Horace*, satirical, moral, and critical, containing the most noble and generous sentiments mixed up with withering invective and fierce denunciations. In 1742 he added a fourth book to the *Dunciad*, displaying the final advent of the goddess to destroy order and science, and to substitute the kingdom of the dull upon earth. Political events contributed to agitate Pope's last days. Constant excitement, added to a life of ceaseless study, telling on a frame naturally delicate and deformed from birth, had completely worn him out. He complained of his inability to think; yet shortly before his death he affirmed: 'I am so certain of the soul's being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me as it were by intuition.' Pope died at Twickenham on the 30th of May 1744.

Most of the property within his disposal he left, for her life, to Martha Blount—'the fair-haired Martha'—a daughter of an old Roman Catholic family at Mapledurham in Oxfordshire, who was a little younger than himself, whose acquaintance he had made in the Binfield days, and to whom he remained devoted for more than thirty years. The scandal of one of the most scandalous times in the world's history questioned whether Martha's character was as fair as her hair, and even threw doubts on her beauty, her manners, and her gratitude to Pope. But there is tolerable rebutting testimony as to her good looks: and as for the rest literary history disdains to inquire. She was certainly one of those Egerias of the greater poets whom they have at least fancied to be goddess-like, and who have inspired them to give us what is of itself not undivine. The rest may very well be silence.

[The above biographical notice of Pope is that written for the old edition by Dr R. Carruthers, revised and corrected; the critical essay that follows is by Professor Saintsbury. —Ed.]

There is no English poet—and perhaps there is hardly any English writer—whose position it is more difficult, for a critic with the sense of criticism, to lay down without some misgivings than it is to lay down Pope's. The all-important historical preliminaries, so often neglected—so certain to be neglected at the neglecter's peril—are indeed here quite certain and clear. From almost his first appearance there was no doubt about Pope in the minds of his contemporaries. The very rage of his numerous foes was pretty certainly exasperated by the fact that it was rage against their own convictions. They felt that he was the poet they tried to make him out not to be. The discontent and surfeit with the obscure and 'metaphysical' style, which had first found expression at the Restoration, had not in the least exhausted itself; though little clouds—the recurrence to ballad poetry, the turn to exact description of nature, &c.—were rising on the far distance to threaten some change of weather in taste. But the first generation of 'prose and sense' had not succeeded in hitting a style of poetry that would please the general surely. The steeds of Dryden's car (to borrow the image from one of Pope's half-rebels) needed Dryden to guide them; and, moreover, their pace was admittedly unequal. There had been no real second to Dryden, except the belated and singular genius of Butler, during the forty years of Dryden's reign. Towards the end of that reign especially, though Dryden himself wrote ever better and better, there had been unpleasant stumbles into vulgarity and slipshodness, unpleasant backslidings into Cowleian frigidity. Even before Pope, indeed, one or two writers—notably Garth—had made not quite unsuccessful attempts to conventionalise the choice of subject and treatment yet further, and to adjust the couplet so that it might be even smoother, even more pointed, and might make up for a loss of strength by an added refinement and correctness. They attempted this; Pope did it: and the age frankly accepted what he did as what it wanted. Nor—a most unusual experience—did the ages or generations immediately succeeding attempt any serious revolt. There were, throughout the eighteenth century, constant movements which, looking back upon them, we now see to have been movements of a revolutionary character; but they seldom consciously menaced the sovereign. Warton himself, the first to hint reasoned doubts, put Pope above Dryden and next to Milton. Oddly enough, even when, at the close of the age, the Romantic movement came, it was at first less unjust to Pope than to Dryden; and Wordsworth, while most falsely deciding that whenever Virgil has his eye on the object Dryden spoils the passage, could find praise for such a tissue of bookish conventionalities as *Windsor Forest*. When Bowles accentuated Warton's doubts and lessened his praises, he was sharply opposed by men from Campbell and Byron downwards. It was only in the *second* Romantic generation—from 1820 or thereabouts onwards—that Pope's reputation came into serious jeopardy. Of late it has been recovering; but it is difficult to say that there is even yet more than a general agreement, which is not itself universal, and which, even where it prevails, had best not be disturbed by too inquisitive investigation of its articles. We must, however, see what positive estimate we can ourselves extract from actual survey.

The exact precociousness of Pope is, owing to his unlucky and now not denied untruthfulness, difficult to determine; but the dates of publication are not questionable. He *may* have written the *Pastorals* at sixteen—he certainly printed them at one-and-twenty; the *Messiah* and part of *Windsor Forest may* have been written as early, but the latter certainly was published by 1713, by which time *The Rape of the Lock* was also in existence; and the *Essay on Criticism*, while it *may* have been written in 1709, was certainly advertised for publication in 1711. The poetical characteristics of this not inconsiderable body of work are perfectly well marked, and, with slight differences and immaturities, identical from the first with each other and those of the later poems. The poet has, so far as he understands it and so far as his own great powers will let him, adopted that theory of 'correctness' which the sixteenth and seventeenth century critics of Italy first, and of France later, had built up, as they pretended, and perhaps honestly thought, out of Aristotle, Horace, Quintilian, and even Longinus, but really to a large extent out of their own heads. In this they carried a good deal farther the mistake a very old one, but one of which Aristotle is not himself guilty of confusing the *Mimesis* or *representation* of nature with a more or less slavish *imitation* of previous works of art. According to this theory it was always tacitly assumed, and sometimes expressly asserted, that the kinds, the methods, and all but the minutest proceedings of literature had been settled once for all by the practice of the ancients. The parts of a tragedy or an oration; the construction of the 'fable' or story; the 'figures' of speech and thought; the rules for the selection of imagery; even to some extent the lines of character, and to a great extent the details of style, were imagined to exist somewhat as a set of sealed patterns, which might be worked out by the poet in different material and with a certain reasonable allowance for individual taste, but from which he was to depart always at his peril, and if he neglected them in any great degree, to his certain damnation. That 'correctness' did go so far as this has of course been denied; but the description can be supported by an unbroken chain of justifying passages from those of Aristotle, which started the error, to Boileau and Pope himself.

ALEXANDER POPE.

(From the Portrait by Wm Hoare in the National Portrait Gallery)

Attempts have been made, sometimes with great knowledge and ability, to rebut the assertion that Pope and his school turned away from nature. Campbell very ingeniously argued, in a passage quoted at length in former editions of this work, that art is not less 'sublime' than nature; and Mr Courthope with equal ingenuity has laid stress on the non-naturalness of the metaphysical school, and on the fact that Pope himself 'returned to nature' in comparison with it. Both pleas are in themselves perfectly true and sound; but they will not quite stretch to the extent required. It is undoubtedly much easier to follow rules of art in reference to artificial than to natural objects. A table, even a brocaded dress, looks very much the same to Dick and to Tom and to Harry; there is no real difficulty, if fair ability be present, in getting a description of it that all three can endorse. But a sunset and a wave only look alike to those who have no eyes to see them at all. In the same way the manners of the town, the common weaknesses and ways of humanity, are *communia* which it may be difficult, but which it is possible, to describe with just that 'propriety,' that individual touch, which gives literary distinction; the obscurer and more singular passions and thoughts elude such treatment. Furthermore, continual reference to the standards of plot, of character, of expression, necessarily leads to convention, whether it be in the acceptance of the stock part or incident, or in the admission of the *gradus* epithet.

It is almost necessary to premise these generalities, because without them not merely is an estimate of Pope himself impossible, but even an understanding of the differences in the opinions about him is not easy. For instance, that most able defender of his who has been mentioned above urges that while *The Ancient Mariner* 'has neither beginning, middle, nor end,' *The Rape of the Lock* is above all things remarkable for the 'nature and propriety of its construction.' To others the starting-point of contrast between the wedding guest and the Ancient Mariner, the central sin of the shooting of the albatross, and the finale of purgation not yet complete, seem, in their supernatural order, perfectly natural and proper; while the ordered arrangement of the *Rape* seems to them, for all its happy brilliancy, perfectly artificial and conventional, possessing no real sequence of action whatever, and dependent for such as it appears to have upon burlesque of previous conventions and upon episodes and digressive beauties. So difficult is it to secure common ground in this matter.

In the *Essay on Criticism* and the *Rape of the Lock*, however, poems all but contemporaneous, there is no doubt that we see a writer, and even with certain limitations a poet, of the most remarkable kind. Up to this time no poets save Horace and Dante (for though Ben Jonson was a greater, and Dryden a very much greater, critic than Pope, neither had so fully co-ordinated his gifts) had so thoroughly adjusted practice to principle and principle to practice. The *Essay on Criticism* is very far from original; it is not exactly consistent with itself; it betrays almost schoolboy ignorance of literary and other history. But the idea of poetry which animates it is exactly the idea which would suggest work of the kind of the *Rape of the Lock;* and this poem carries that idea out so consummately that further perfection is almost impossible. It may be matter of some surprise that Pope's extremest admirers have not seen how damaging a fact it is that this unquestioned masterpiece of his is a *mock*-heroic poem: just as Boileau's *Lutrin* is the one unquestionably poetical thing that Boileau has done. Not, indeed, that comedy (as some of their own prophets would hold) is necessarily a low or 'non-serious' kind. But burlesque certainly is, from the mere fact that it is parasitic and second-hand. If the stock epic did not exist, the mock-epic would lose more than half its attractions. But this may pass. On Pope's principles you probably cannot have a better poem than the *Rape of the Lock;* and the only charge valid against it on these principles is the excessive prominence of the *gradus* epithet. This, it is true, might pass to some extent as parody, but it is resorted to on a scale and in contexts which more than suggest its employment as a genuine, not a mock, ornament. *Windsor Forest*, on the other hand, though it is not much less in accordance with the principles of the *Essay on Criticism*, brings out the defects of those principles by showing, not the limited excellence which at the best they can produce, but the defects which they are likely to allow. The composition, though rhetorically correct, is flat and unnatural; the descriptions (in such a poem of the very first importance) show no direct impression on the poet's mind, give no characteristic features of the scenery, and produce on the mind of the reader a picture of but the vaguest decorative effect.

But even in this, which is a failure, as in the *Essay*, which is a partial, and the *Rape*, which is a brilliant and dazzling, success of its kind, Pope's true gifts and merits—the gifts and merits which give him a secure, though not a supreme, position among English poets—already appear. Though he has still to polish it a little, he has already rearranged the Drydenian couplet, so as to deprive it of much of its stateliness and of a very great deal of the irresistible *momentum* which is its great characteristic, but to substitute for these a much greater polish, a constant glitter instead of the intermittent blaze, a variety contained within dangerously narrow limits, but astonishingly great within those limits, and a sort of castanet accompaniment of rhyme which, till the ear wearies utterly of it, is singularly attractive. It is not surprising that this should have produced an extraordinary effect on the public when presented to them within the short space of three or four years only, conveying such different matter as the artificial but agreeable conventionalities of the *Pastorals*, the declamation of the *Messiah*, the argument (thoroughly in the popular taste) of the *Essay on Criticism*, the description of *Windsor Forest*, and the glittering badinage of the *Rape of the Lock*.

The translation of Homer, though pleasant and perhaps even useful to the time, adds nothing to Pope's proper position as a poet; indeed, it may be said to weaken that position by showing how easy it was for understrappers, like Broome and Fenton, not so much to imitate as to reproduce his style. It is, of course, 'not Homer' in any single point except that of giving the story completely in sense and with indifferent fidelity in words. But though it is no constituent of his poetical claims, it helped him to establish those claims in two ways first, by supplying him with an independence which enabled him ever afterwards to write just as he liked; and secondly, because it exercised him in his own couplet, and so did him something like the same service which Dryden's practice in heroic plays had rendered to his master.

But two poems which appeared early in the progress of the translation itself (in 1717), and long before the bulk of Pope's satirical and didactic work, are of much more importance. The *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady* (a much embellished and 'poetised' version of the story of a certain Mrs Weston) and the *Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard* are not only pretty, original, and very ambitious productions, but have been relied upon by the poet's admirers to support his claims as not merely a brilliant satirist and expert in other applied departments of poetry, but a serious poet. The first, which is by far the better, is almost Pope's only effort in pathos; the second is his most important effort in passion. No one can deny that the *Elegy* at least comes very near to success, if it does not actually achieve it, in the way of exciting in the reader the feelings designed by the writer. The only question is, whether the success is not attained rather by the rhetorical than by the poetic road. It is also very noticeable that some of the most effective passages (for instance, ii. 17-22) are still very strongly Drydenian.

When the translation of Homer was completed, and its 'ten long years' were passed; when the edition of Shakespeare which Pope then undertook, and for which he was singularly ill-fitted, was also out of the way, it might have been a question what task the poet should next attempt. But, as it happened, his aptitudes, his weaknesses, and the curious tendency (fostered in him by his theory of poetry) to adopt suggestions rather than strike out an entirely new line, combined to supply him with most appropriate, if not in every respect praiseworthy, occupation for the nearly twenty remaining years of his life. He had from the first been involved, partly without, but much more by, his own fault, in acrimonious quarrels with 'Grub Street' critics, with estranged friends, and with those of 'the great' who, he thought, did not take him at his proper value. He had also, though not himself a very accurate or profound thinker, shared the rationalising, and in the lower sense philosophising, tendencies of the age. Suggestions of Swift—the one great genius—and of Bolingbroke—the most active and specious talent—among his friends put him between 1726 and 1732 on three great works or collections of works—the *Dunciad;* the *Moral Essays* (some of them written earlier), with the *Essay on Man* at their head; and the *Satires* and *Epistles*, partly imitated from Horace, partly original. According to a thrifty habit of his, he by degrees inserted in these, or added to them, fragments of verse composed at various times and with various purposes. Some of these, though among the most brilliant evidences of his powers, are among the most unpleasant blots on his memory. For the 'Character of Atticus' (in the *Prologue to the Satires*, quoted below at page 189) was a libel on a dead friend who had certainly done him much good, and had at least possibly never done him any wrong at all; and the 'Character of Atossa' was prepared for publication perhaps after he had received a great sum of money not to publish it, and certainly after he had for years been flattering and begging from the subject with whom (whether it was wholly drawn from her or not) it was sure to be identified. But Pope's moral character on some sides (not on all, for he was an admirable son, a faithful lover, sometimes a generous benefactor, and in regard to younger men of letters curiously devoid of the jealousy which he showed in other cases) is in that desperately happy condition of raggedness and blackness which cannot suffer from a fresh rent or an added stain. His intellectual and poetical position gained enormously from the work of these last years, in which (for the *Rape*, exquisite as it is, is only an exquisite trifle in *rococo*, and the *Elegy* a fine piece of verse-rhetoric on a small scale) he really showed what he could add to English poetry. They are, of course, abundantly open to criticism; but after criticism has done her worst, there is very much more than enough left.

The *Dunciad*, which appeared in its first form in 1728, but was not completed or set in its final condition till just before Pope's death, appears to have been directly suggested by Swift as a satire on 'Dulness' (the name by which he himself refers to it), and connects itself very well with the old diversions of the 'Scriblerus Club,' in which, as far back as the palmy days of Queen Anne, the two friends, with Arbuthnot, Gay, Oxford, Bolingbroke, and others, had amused themselves by laughing at dunces. In some touches, and especially in the magnificent conclusion (another of the highest points reached by Pope's genius), it is worthy of the suggestion. But for the most part, according to Pope's habit, it resolves itself into a string of personal attacks on his literary and other enemies, connected, as far as they are connected at all, by mock-epic 'machinery' not distantly related to that of the *Rape*, and by a borrowing from Dryden of the idea of a monarchy of Dulness. But the occupants (for there was a succession) of the throne were far from happily selected. The first was Theobald, the Shakespearian critic, who had aroused Pope's ire by detecting faults in his edition, and who, though no genius at original composition, was always an invaluably careful and sometimes a singularly acute hand at comment and emendation. The substitution for him, in the later form, of the actor, dramatist, and poet-laureate, Colley Cibber, was a worse blunder still; for Cibber, though he too had offended Pope, was neither dunce nor dullard in any sense, accepted or conceivable. The *Moral Essays* are open to different but equally damaging exception. They were suggested by Bolingbroke, whose flimsy, anti-Christian optimism Pope in the first place did not fully understand, and in the second place was not in the least competent to expound and set in order philosophically. Only the *Satires* and *Epistles*, whether imitated or not, escape these initial and general drawbacks.

All, however, alike display the maturest and most polished state of their author's talents. His couplet has had every one of its possible virtues developed to the very uttermost, and is absolutely at his command for the purposes to which he chooses to apply it. Furthermore, he has likewise acquired a knowledge of the world which is of the very first importance for those purposes. This man-of-the-worldliness, indeed, keeps him on all but the very rarest occasions from the heights of poetry, but it makes him perfectly at home on the middle slopes, and does not at all prevent his plunging into some of the depths, though they are mud-holes rather than abysses. Everywhere, in the literary and social lampoons of the *Dunciad*, in the sometimes almost unbelievable excesses of personal spite there and elsewhere, in the superficial but admirably put philosophising about ruling passions and so forth, in the sharp but not exaggerated etchings of society and its foibles, in the satire on crazes and tastes and whims—nay, in the travesties of literary history and literary criticism which we find here and there—there is always the same absolute supremacy of expression. The composition may be rambling (it is only a lover's delusion that Pope is a careful plotter), the facts may be wrong, the temper may be detestable; or all these things may be presented in various degrees of excellence. But always the poet says just what he wants to say, just in the manner in which he wishes to say it. Pope's lyrical and miscellaneous pieces must not be passed over, but are of minor total as well as individual importance. His *Ode on St Cecilia's Day* is a manifest following of Dryden's, and far inferior; the translation and the imitation of Hadrian's *Animula Vagula* are both very ingenious and pretty (see Vol. I. p. 783); the epitaph on Gay is touching, and that on Newton rhetorically, if flashily, effective; the *Song by a Person of Quality* is one of the most delightful rallyings of poetical rubbish in the language; and the complimentary verses to Mrs Howard are charming. The rest (of which *The Universal Prayer*, unkindly called by some *The Devil's Prayer*, is the chief) are no great things. Pope wrote prose very well, but almost entirely confined his exercises in it to annotations on his poems, and to an abundance of letters, which at their best are somewhat artificial, and in refashioning and publishing which he allowed himself the most astonishing and almost incredible devices of tortuous policy.

One curious work of his, generally omitted in accounts of him, remains to be noticed. There are frequent mentions in Spence's *Anecdotes* of his fondness for the modern Italian-Latin poets, Politian, Molza, and others. But few of his biographers have said anything of the form which this fancy took, in a book issued late in his life *Selecta Poemata Italorum, Accurante A. Pope* (2 vols. London, 1740). This, which was founded on an anonymous collection issued in 1684, has no introduction or notes, but is still one of the best anthologies of the matter on a moderate scale. And perhaps Pope's study of these writers may have had more to do with his poetical peculiarities than has been generally recognised.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

The Messiah: A Sacred Eclogue.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire,
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
  Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower.
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring!
See lofty Lebanon his head advance!
See nodding forests on the mountains dance!
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo! earth receives him from the bending skies;
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys, rise;
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more:
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise:
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead:

The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn!
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabæan springs;
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

From 'The Rape of the Lock.'

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams,
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-drest youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those.
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends,
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide,
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you 'll forget 'em all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck,
With shining ringlets, the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
The advent'rous baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious heaven, and every power adored;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize;
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer,
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides,
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph, with careful thoughts oppressed,
The impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipped in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head was Ariel placed;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:
'Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear!
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons, hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assigned
By laws eternal to the aerial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky.
Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide;
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.
'Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.'

From 'Eloisa to Abelard.'

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.
Dear, fatal name! rest ever unrevealed,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence sealed:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mixed with God's, his loved idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagged with horrid thorn!
Shrines, where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I enclose,
That well known name awakens all my woes.
Oh, name for ever sad, for ever dear!
Still breathed in sighs, still ushered with a tear.
I tremble, too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern religion quenched the unwilling flame,
There died the best of passions, love and fame.
Yet write, oh, write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine!
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare;
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer:
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banished lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires.
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole. . . .
Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer;
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led,
You raised these hallowed walls; the desert smiled,
And Paradise was opened in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here bribed the rage of ill-requited heaven:
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their day's eternal bound),
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crowned,
Where awful arches make a noonday night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffused a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brightened all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness or continual tears.
See how the force of others' prayers I try,
O pious fraud of amorous charity!
But why should I on others' prayers depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclined,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind;
The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A deathlike silence and a dead repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods. . . .
What scenes appear where'er I turn my view!
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin-lamp in sighs for thee;
Thy image steals between my God and me;
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight;
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drowned,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.
While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind virtuous drops just gathering in my eye;
While praying, trembling in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to heaven; dispute my heart:
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;
Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me! far as pole from pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.

Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long loved, adored ideas, all adieu!
O grace serene! O virtue heavenly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh-blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest:
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!

Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.

What beck'ning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like Eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.
From these perhaps, ere nature bade her die,
Fate snatched her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warmed the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates:
There passengers shall stand, and, pointing, say
(While the long funerals blacken all the way),
Lo! these were they whose souls the Furies steeled,
And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all whose breast ne'er learned to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.
What can atone, oh, ever-injured shade!
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show;
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polished marble emulate thy face;
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the Morn her earliest tears bestow;
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.
So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Even he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more!

Happiness not in Riches but in Virtue.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health consists with temperance alone;
And Peace, O virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
O blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blessed.
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When nature sickened, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me? . . .
Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
'What differ more,' you cry, 'than crown and cowl?'
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunella. . . .
But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies:
'Where, but among the heroes and the wise?'
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind! . . .
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame!
If all united thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honoured, famed, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy! those to ruin, these betray:
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that raised the hero, sunk the man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stained with blood, or ill exchanged for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plundered provinces.
O wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion or imperious wife
The trophied arches, storied halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!
Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
'Virtue alone is happiness below.'
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequalled if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety though e'er so blessed,
And but more relished as the more distressed:
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good from each object, from each place acquired,
For ever exercised, yet never tired;
Never elated, while one man's oppressed;
Never dejected, while another's blessed;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

(From the *Essay on Man*, Epistle iv.)

Digby was the Hon. Robert Digby, third son of Lord Digby, who died in 1724. M. de Belsance, Bishop of Marseilles, distinguished himself by his activity during the plague in Marseilles in 1720. *Prunella* was a species of woollen stuff, of which clergymen's gowns were often made. The allusion in the passage about the 'tale, that blends their glory with their shame,' is to the great Duke of Marlborough and his 'imperious' duchess. The oft-quoted line, 'An honest man's the noblest work of God,' occurs in this *Essay*.

Hope.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

(From the *Essay on Man*, Epistle i.)

The Poor Indian.

Lo the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud-topped hill an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

(From the *Essay on Man*, Epistle i.)

Happiness.

O Happiness! our being's end and aim,
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content, whate'er thy name;
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlooked, seen double by the fool and wise!
Plant of celestial seed! if dropped below,
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows! - where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fixed to no spot is Happiness sincere;
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And, fled from monarchs, St John, dwells with thee.
Ask of the learned the way! The learned are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some, swelled to gods, confess e'en virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in everything, or doubt of all.

(From the *Essay on Man*, Epistle iv.)

From the 'Essay on Criticism.'

Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad abandoned critics too.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always listening to himself appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.
With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
Nay showed his faults—but when would poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barred,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard:
Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead:
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
And never shocked, and never turned aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.
But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiassed or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully prepossessed, nor blindly right;
Tho' learned, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, sincere,
Modestly bold, and humanly severe:
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe.
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfined;
A knowledge both of books and human kind:
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side.
Such once were critics; such the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore:
He steered securely, and discovered far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
Poets, a race long unconfined, and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Received his laws; and stood convinced 'twas fit,
Who conquered nature, should preside o'er wit.
Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He who, supreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly censure as he boldly writ,
Yet judged with coolness, tho' he sung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with fle'me:
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

Aristotle was born in Stagira; and Homer was called Mæonides either because he was supposed to have been born at Smyrna in Mæonia (or Lydia), or because he was the son of Mæon. In the last line *by* is to be understood before 'critics.'

From 'The Prologue to the Satires.'

P. Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued I said;
Tie up the knocker; say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide.
By land, by water they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner-time.
Is there a parson much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?
Is there who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain. .
Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobw[illegible]rough,
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib or sophistry: in vain!
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Throned in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines. . . .
One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grub Street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud: 'Subscribe, subscribe!'
There are who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and though lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, 'Sir! you have an eye!'
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgraced my betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed:
'Just so immortal Maro held his head;'
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.
Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipped me in ink; my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed:
The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me through this long disease, my life;
To second, Arbuthnot, thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved, to bear. . . .
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfered Pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year;
He who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And he who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these my modest satire bade translate,
And owned that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.
Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;

Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend;
Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise.
Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he? . . .
Let Sporus tremble—— *A.* What! that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way:
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies;
His wit all seesaw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expressed:
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
Not fortune's worshipper nor fashion's fool;
Not lucre's madman nor ambition's tool;
Not proud nor servile: be one poet's praise,
That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways;
That flattery even to kings he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
But stooped to truth, and moralised his song;
That not for fame but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head;
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
The imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
The morals blackened when the writings 'scape,
The libelled person, and the pictured shape;
Abuse on all he loved, or loved him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear.
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue, all the past;
For thee, fair Virtue, welcome even the last!

The *Prologue to the Satires* was also called an *Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot*, though couched in the form of a dialogue between the two friends, respectively indicated by the prefixed P. and A. John Searl was Pope's servant. The Mint in Southwark was a sanctuary for insolvent debtors. Twit'nam or Twitenham is a slurred form of Twickenham. Alexander the Great professed to be the son of Jupiter Ammon. The barren poet was Ambrose Philips, who translated the *Persian Tales*; and his *Pastorals* were over-praised by Gildon. The famous line, 'It is not poetry, but prose run mad,' is a quotation from Abel Evans (1679-1737). For Nahum Tate, see above, p. 48 Then as now many of the barristers of the Temple were critics. *Raise* here means applaud, cry up. *Atticus* was, of course, Addison, and the unkind 'Character of Atticus' is one of the best-known passages in all Pope's works. *Sporus* was Lord Hervey, credited with bathing in ass's milk for his complexion's sake; what was the origin of the quarrel with him—here extravagantly maligned—is not known.

From the 'Dunciad.'

O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have short memories, and dunces none),
Relate, who first, who last resigned to rest;
Whose heads she partly, whose completely, blest;
What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
The venal quiet, and entrance the dull;
'Till drowned was sense, and shame, and right, and wrong
O sing, and hush the nations with thy song!

. . . .

In vain, in vain—the all-composing hour
Resistless falls: the muse obeys the power.
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primæval and of Chaos old.
Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rain-bows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sickening stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand opprest,
Closed one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is night.
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head.
Philosophy, that leaned on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense.
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
For public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine.
Lo thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word;
Thy hand, great anarch, lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all.

(From Book iv.)

Song by a Person of Quality.

Fluttering spread thy purple pinions,
  Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions;
  Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
  Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming,
  All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
  Mourned Adonis, darling youth
Him the boar in silence creeping,
  Gored with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
  Fair Discretion, string the lyre;
Soothe my ever-waking slumbers:
  Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
  Armed in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors
  Watering soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
  Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hovering o'er my pillow,
  Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy smooth Mæander,
  Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
  With thy flowery chaplets crowned.

Thus when [illegible] 'a drooping,
  Softly sees [illegible] lent mate,
See the bird o[illegible] o stooping;
  Melody resigns to fate.

On a Certain Lady at Court.

I know the thing that 's most uncommon;
  (Envy, be silent, and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
  Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warped by passion, awed by rumour,
  Not grave thro' pride, or gay through folly,
An equal mixture of good humour
  And sensible soft melancholy.

'Has she no faults then (Envy says), sir?'
  Yes, she has one, I must aver;
When all the world conspires to praise her,
  The woman 's deaf, and does not hear.

Death of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

For Buckingham's story, see Vol. I p 788

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
'Sister spirit, come away!'
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

This imitation of the *Animula vagula blandula*, verses attributed to the dying (heathen) Emperor Hadrian, was obviously in part moulded by Thomas Flatman's ode, quoted at Vol I, p 78

From Pope's 'Iliad.'

The troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumined all the ground,
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's pure azure spreads her sacred light;
When n[illegible]ath disturbs the deep serene,
And n[illegible]asts the solemn scene;
Around h[illegible]vid planets roll,
And stars unn[illegible]ld the glowing pole;
O'er the dark tre[illegible]lower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their [illegible],
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umbered arms by fits thick flashes send:
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

(Book viii)

Umbered is darkened, as if by rubbing over with umber or other earth

On Sickness and Death.

To Sir Richard Steele.—*July* 15, 1712.

You formerly observed to me that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life than the disparity we often find in him sick and well; thus, one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind and of his body in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views and, I hope, have received some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

'The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made.'

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth at the very best is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age; it is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who, being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer: 'What care I for the house? I am only a lodger.' I fancy it is the best time to die when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they were used to do. The memory of man as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. 'For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul,' &c.—I am, your, &c.

Pope was at this time only twenty-four—that is, if we assume the letter to have been actually sent to Steele; but it seems to be merely a literary essay—part of the fabricated correspondence.

Pope in Oxford.

To Mrs Martha Blount—1716

Nothing could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me than my last day's journey; for, after having passed through my favourite woods in the forest, with a thousand reveries of past pleasures, I rid over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet watered with winding rivers, listening to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above; the gloomy verdure of Stonor succeeded to these, and then the shades of the evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells tolled in different notes; the clocks of every college answered one another, and sounded forth—some in a deeper, some a softer tone—that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticos, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the university. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary, to be as mere a book-worm as any there. I conformed myself to the college-hours, was rolled up in books, lay in one of the most ancient, dusky parts of the university, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desert. If anything was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, such as even those good men used to entertain, when the monks *of their own order* extolled their piety and abstraction. For I found myself received with a sort of respect, which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own species; who are as considerable here as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world.

This is a genuine letter slightly altered. Martha Blount was the Stella of Pope, who took the warmest interest in [illegible] affairs, and left her the bulk of his fortune. Her elder sister Teresa was his first favourite, but Martha gained the ascendency, and retained it till the death of the poet. 'The fair-haired Martha, and Teresa brown,' as Gay called them, were of an old Catholic family, the Blounts of Mapledurham, near Reading. Martha (two years younger than her illustrious friend) survived till 1763.

Death of Two Lovers by Lightning.

To Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. *September* 1 [1717].

I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt, which he lent me. It overlooks a common field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one—let it sound as it will—was John Hewet; of the other, Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man about five-and-twenty; Sarah, a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding-clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed—it was on the last of July—a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, and drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frighted and out of breath, sunk on a haycock, and John—who never separated from her—sat by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair—John with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, in the parish of Stanton Harcourt in Oxfordshire, where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them. Of the following epitaphs which I made, the critics have chosen the godly one: I like neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better: I think it was what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion.

When Eastern lovers feed their funeral fire,
On the same pile their faithful fair expire;
Here pitying Heaven that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere the Almighty saw well pleased,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seized.

Think not, by rigorous judgment seized,
  A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heaven saw well pleased,
  And snatched them in celestial fire.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate:
  When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
  Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmoved can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

Upon the whole, I cannot think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have, was to be remembered on a little monument; unless you will give them another—that of being honoured with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness: you must have it; it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue: the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest.

An Ancient English Country-seat.

To Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

Dear Madam—'Tis not possible to express the least part of the joy your return gives me; time only and experience will convince you how very sincere it is. I excessively long to meet you, to say so much, so very much to you, that I believe I shall say nothing. I have given orders to be sent for the first minute of your arrival—which I beg you will let them know at Mr Jervas's. I am fourscore miles from London, a short journey compared to that I so often thought at least of undertaking, rather than die without seeing you again. Though the place I am in is such as I would not quit for the town, if I did not value you more than any, nay everybody else there; and you will be convinced how little the town has engaged my affections in your absence from it, when you know what a place this is which I prefer to it; I shall therefore describe it to you at large, as the true picture of a genuine ancient country seat.

You must expect nothing regular in my description of a house that seems to be built before rules were in fashion: the whole is so disjointed, and the parts so detached from each other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that in a poetical fit you would imagine it had been a village in Amphion's time, where twenty cottages had taken a dance together, were all out, and stood still in amazement ever since. A stranger would be grievously disappointed who should ever think to get into this house the right way. One would expect, after entering through the porch, to be let into the hall; alas! nothing less, you find yourself in a brewhouse. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing room; but, upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced, by a flight of birds about your ears and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon house. On each side our porch are two chimneys, that wear their greens on the outside, which would do as well within, for whenever we make a fire, we let the smoke out of the windows. Over the parlour window hangs a sloping balcony, which time has turned to a very convenient penthouse. The top is crowned with a very venerable tower, so like that of the church just by, that the jackdaws build in it as if it were the true steeple.

The great hall is high and spacious, flanked with long tables, images of ancient hospitality; ornamented with monstrous horns, about twenty broken pikes, and a matchlock musket or two, which they say were used in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass. There seems to be great propriety in this old manner of blazoning upon glass, ancient families being like ancient windows, in the course of generations seldom free from cracks. One shining pane bears date 1286. The youthful face of Dame Elinor owes more to this single piece than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. Who can say after this that glass is frail, when it is not half so perishable as human beauty or glory? For in another pane you see the memory of a knight preserved whose marble nose is mouldered from his monument in the church adjoining. And yet, must not one sigh to reflect that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every boy that throws a stone? In this hall, in former days, have dined gartered knights and courtly dames, with ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but the other night that an owl flew in hither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you up (and down) over a very high threshold, into the parlour. It is furnished with historical tapestry, whose marginal fringes do confess the moisture of the air. The other contents of this room are a broken bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell with all their brimstone about 'em. These are carefully set at the further corner: for the windows, being everywhere broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard seed in, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour lies, as I said before, the pigeon-house, by the side of which runs an entry that leads, on one hand and t'other, into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study. Then follow a brew-house, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy. A little further on the right, the servants' hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet, which has a lattice into the said hall, that, while she said her prayers, she might cast an eye on the men and maids. There are upon this ground floor in all twenty-four apartments, hard to be distinguished by particular names; among which I must not forget a chamber that has in it a large antiquity of timber, which seems to have been either a bedstead or a cider-press.

Our best room above is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a bandbox; it has hangings of the finest work in the world; those, I mean, which Arachne spins out of her own bowels: indeed, the roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower of rain, we may, with God's blessing, expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of the floors.

All this upper story has for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this venerable mansion, for the very rats of this ancient seat are gray. Since these have not quitted it, we hope at least this house may stand during the small remainder of days these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another: they have still a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

I had never seen half what I have described but for an old starched gray-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in the place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He failed not, as we passed from room to room, to relate several memoirs of the family; but his observations were particularly curious in the cellar: he shewed where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent for toasts in the morning: he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogsheads of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragments of an unframed picture: 'This,' says he, with tears in his eyes, 'was poor Sir Thomas, once master of all the drink I told you of: he had two sons (poor young masters!) that never arrived to the age of his beer; they both fell ill in this very cellar, and never went out upon their own legs.' He could not pass by a broken bottle without taking it up to shew us the arms of the family on it. He then led me up the tower, by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms, one above another; one of these was nailed up, and my guide whispered to me the occasion of it. It seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago by a freak of the Lady Frances, who was here taken with a neighbouring prior; ever since which the room has been made up, and branded with the name of the adultery chamber. The ghost of Lady Frances is supposed to walk here: some prying maids of the family formerly reported that they saw a lady in a fardingale through the keyhole; but this matter was hushed up, and the servants forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you with this long letter; but what engaged me in the description was a generous principle to preserve the memory of a thing that must itself soon fall to ruin; nay, perhaps, some part of it before this reaches your hands: indeed, I owe this old house the same sort of gratitude that we do to an old friend that harbours us in his declining condition, nay, even in his last extremities. I have found this an excellent place for retirement and study, where no one who passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even anybody that would visit me dares not venture under my roof. You will not wonder I have translated a great deal of Homer in this retreat; any one that sees it will own I could not have chosen a fitter or more likely place to converse with the dead. As soon as I return to the living, it shall be to converse with the best of them. I hope, therefore, very speedily to tell you in person how sincerely and unalterably I am, madam, your most faithful, obliged, and obedient servant. I beg Mr Wortley to believe me his most humble servant.

The house from which Pope dated this and the preceding letter was the mansion of Stanton Harcourt, here described with fantastic additions and alterations; here Pope did translate part of the *Iliad*

To Bishop Atterbury, in the Tower.

May 17, 1723.

Once more I write to you, as I promised, and this once, I fear, will be the last! The curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good-night. May you enjoy a state of repose in this life not unlike that sleep of the soul which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But, upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future, as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your studies; they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you can have no complaint; I mean of all posterity: and, perhaps, at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life but a censure or critic on the past? Those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it; the boy despises the infant; the man, the boy; the philosopher, both; and the Christian, all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility, and you will never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you than those toys of our riper and our declining years, the drums and rattles of ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents, not to serve a party or a few, but all mankind. Your genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it; to shine abroad, and to heaven, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember it was at such a time that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death. But why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light and that they became guides to mankind.

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment, indeed, may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished in the noblest minds; but revenge never will harbour there. Higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

Believe me, my lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life, as one just upon the edge of immortality, where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views and all mean retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and, therefore, look forward, and make, as you can, the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration

I am, with the greatest sincerity and passion for your fame as well as happiness, your, &c.

Atterbury went into exile a month or two after this, and never returned to England. His farewell letter to Pope from the Tower is given above at page 158.

Pope was one of the authors of the *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, and in them lavished much wit on subjects which are now mostly of little interest. He ridiculed Burnet's *History of my Own Times* with infinite humour in *Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of this Parish;* and he contributed several papers to the *Guardian.* His prose works contain also a collection of *Thoughts on Various Subjects*, such as these:

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead-weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.

Get your enemies to read your works in order to mend them: for your friend is so much your second self, that he will judge too like you.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion but that they should talk together every day.

A short and certain way to obtain the character of a reasonable and wise man is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with him.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness or ill grace in little and inconsiderable things than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.

Recipe for an Epic Poem - from the 'Guardian.'

It is no small pleasure to me, who am zealous in the interests of learning, to think I may have the honour of leading the town into a very new and uncommon road of criticism. As that kind of literature is at present carried on, it consists only in a knowledge of mechanic rules which contribute to the structure of different sorts of poetry; as the receipts of good housewives do to the making puddings of flour, oranges, plums, or any other ingredients. It would, methinks, make these my instructions more easily intelligible to ordinary readers, if I discoursed of these matters in the style in which ladies learned in economics dictate to their pupils for the improvement of the kitchen and larder. I shall begin with Epic Poetry, because the critics agree it is the greatest work human nature is capable of. . . .

For the Fable.—Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend—for instance, Geoffrey of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece—those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions: put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures: there let him work for twelve books; at the end of which, you may take him out ready prepared to conquer or to marry; it being necessary that the conclusion of an Epic Poem be fortunate.

To make an Episode.—Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any other person who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

For the Moral and Allegory.—These you may extract out of the Fable afterwards at your leisure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently.

For the Manners.—For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in all the best celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all in a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man.—For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.

For the Machines.—Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use; separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's *Paradise*, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident; for since no Epic Poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wits, seek relief from Heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his *Art of Poetry:*

> 'Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
> Inciderit.'

> 'Never presume to make a god appear,
> But for a business worthy of a god.'—ROSCOMMON.

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance but when he is in great perplexity.

For the Descriptions.—For a Tempest.—Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse: add to these, of rain, lightning, and of thunder (the loudest you can), *quantum sufficit.* Mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head before you set it a-blowing.

For a Battle.—Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's *Iliads*, with a spice or two of Virgil; and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.

For a Burning Town.—If such a description be necessary, because it is certain there is one in Virgil, Old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the *Theory of the Conflagration*, well circumstanced, and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.

As for Similes and Metaphors, they may be found all over the creation; the most ignorant may gather them; but the danger is in applying them. For this, advise with your bookseller.

For the Language.—(I mean the diction.) Here it will do well to be an imitator of Milton, for you will find it easier to imitate him in this than anything else. Hebraisms and Grecisms are to be found in him, without the trouble of learning the languages. I knew a painter, who, like our poet, had no genius, make his daubings be thought originals by setting them in the smoke. You may, in the same manner, give the venerable air of antiquity to your piece, by darkening it up and down with Old English. With this you may be easily furnished upon any occasion by the dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer.

I must not conclude without cautioning all writers without genius in one material point; which is, never to be afraid of having too much fire in their works. I should advise rather to take their warmest thoughts, and spread them abroad upon paper, for they are observed to cool before they are read.

The first edition of Pope (1751), by his friend Bishop Warburton, was an answer to Bolingbroke's attack on Pope's memory. Warton's (1797) was virtually a reply to Warburton's; Bowles and Roscoe each published an edition of his works; but all other editions have been superseded by that of Elwin and Courthope, with a Life of the poet by Courthope in the last volume (10 vols. 1871-89).

John Dennis (1657-1734) was known as 'the critic,' and some of his critical disquisitions show an acute but narrow and coarse mind. The son of a prosperous London saddler, he had received a learned education at Harrow and Cambridge, and was well read in ancient and modern literature. He took his place among the men of wit and fashion, and brought a rancorous pen to the assistance of the Whigs. But his intolerable vanity, irritable temper, intemperance, and failure to attain literary success led him into feuds which rendered his whole life a scene of warfare. His critiques on Addison's *Cato* and Pope's Homer are well known. He wrote nine plays, for one of which, a tragedy called *Appius and Virginia* (1708), he invented a new species of thunder, which was approved of in the theatres. The play was not successful; and being afterwards present at a representation of *Macbeth*, and hearing his own thunder made use of, he growled, 'See how these rascals use me; they will not let my play run, and yet they steal my thunder!' Many ludicrous stories are told of his self-importance, which amounted to a disease. Southey has praised his critical powers, and Mr Gosse, who speaks highly of his earlier work, has noted his 'fervent and judicious eulogy of Milton;' but Dennis is remembered mainly for his bitter attacks on the new school of poetry in his time, and for his quarrels with Pope, whom he assailed as a 'stupid and impudent hunch-backed toad.' Pope took ample vengeance.

Charles Gildon (1665-1724), born at Gillingham in Dorsetshire, was a Catholic bred at Douay who became a deist, and was converted back to Protestant orthodoxy. He was an industrious hack-writer, wrote unsuccessful plays, occasional poems, a Life of Defoe, and some critical books, including one on *The Laws of Poetry*. As he preferred Tickell as a translator, and Ambrose Philips as a pastoral poet, to Pope, he was severely handled in the *Dunciad* and *Moral Essays*.

Edmund Smith (1672-1710) was, according to Dr Johnson, 'one of those lucky writers who have without much labour attained high reputation, and who are mentioned with reverence rather for the possession than the exertion of uncommon abilities;' but the reputation and the reverence have vanished, and little is remembered but his name and the fact that he wrote an artificial play, *Phædra and Hippolytus*, on Racine's model, which had the honour of a prologue by Addison and an epilogue by Prior, but was 'hardly heard the third night.' Johnson sympathised with the public rather than with Addison, but highly praised Smith's Latin ode on the death of the orientalist, Dr Pococke, and his (English) elegy on John Philips. Handsome, slovenly 'Rag' Smith (for so he was known to his contemporaries) was the son of a London merchant called Neale, but assumed the name of a relative by whom he was brought up; he was expelled from Christ Church, Oxford, for his irregular life, and died of a dose of physic taken in defiance of the doctor.

John Hughes (1677-1720), born at Marlborough, and educated at the same Dissenting academy as Dr Isaac Watts, is best known as author of a successful tragedy, *The Siege of Damascus*, and as a contributor to the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, the *Guardian*, and other serials. Pope and Swift thought more highly of his character than of his poetry. But he is one of Johnson's poets, having written a number of *Poems on Several Occasions*, odes, &c., as well as the libretto for an English opera, *Calypso and Telemachus*, a masque, and several cantatas set to music by Handel and other eminent musicians.

He wrote two volumes of a *History of England*, completed by another hand, and translated from French and Italian.

William King (1663-1712) was admitted among Johnson's poets on the strength of *Mully of Mountown*, in honour of a cow at a friend's house near Dublin; *The Art of Cookery*, in imitation of Horace's 'Art of Poetry;' *The Art of Love*, after Ovid; and one or two other poems, mostly humorous. But he was better known as a miscellaneous and controversial writer, an indolent and inefficient place-holder, and a 'starving wit.' The son of a well-connected London family, he studied at Westminster and Christ Church, became D.C.L. and advocate at Doctors' Commons, and was for a time Judge of the Admiralty Court in Ireland. He succeeded Steele as Gazetteer, but could keep the post only a year and a half. He took part in the controversy with Bayle against Bentley, supported the Tory and High Church interest in the Sacheverell and other cases, and wrote against Marlborough. His best-known works are *Dialogues of the Dead* (against Bentley), and a travesty, *A Journey to London*, in the character of a Frenchman, in which the vein of jocularity is very thin. Thus he tediously enumerates trifling facts:

> I found the houses some of them stone entire, some of brick with free-stone; as the Crown-Tavern upon Ludgate Hill and the corner house of Birchen lane and several others. Divers of the citizens houses have *port-cochers* to drive in a coach or a cart either, and consequently have courts within and mostly *remises* to set them up; such persons as have no *port-cochers*, and consequently no courts or *remises*, set up their coaches at other places and let their horses stand at livery. The cellar windows of most houses are grated with strong bars of iron to keep thieves out, and Newgate is grated up to the top to keep them in. Which must be a vast expence. . . . There are beggars in London and people whose necessities force them to ask relief from such as they think able to afford it. . . . There is a great deal of noise in this city, of public cries of things to be sold, and great disturbance from pamphlets and hawkers. . . .

Orpheus and Euridice is a burlesque overflowing with 'modernity,' and runs on in this fashion:

> This Orpheus was a jolly boy,
> Born long before the siege of Troy;
> His parents found the lad was sharp,
> And taught him on the Irish harp;
> And when grown fit for marriage life,
> Gave him Euridice for wife,
> And they, as soon as match was made,
> Set up the ballad-singing trade.
> The cunning varlet cou'd devise,
> For country folks ten thousand lies;
> Affirming all those monstrous things
> Were done by force of harp and strings;
> Cou'd make a tyger in a trice
> Tame as a cat, and catch your mice;
> Cou'd make a lyon's courage flag,
> And straight cou'd animate a stag,
> And by the help of pleasing ditties,
> Make mill-stones run, and build up cities;
> Each had the use of fluent tongue,
> If Dice scolded, Orpheus sung,
> And so by discord without strife,
> Compos'd one harmony of life;
> And thus, as all their matters stood,
> They got an honest livelihood.
>
> Happy were mortals could they be
> From any sudden danger free;
> Happy were poets could their song,
> The feeble thread of life prolong.
> But as these two went strouling on,
> Poor Dice's scene of life was done;
> Away her fleeting breath must fly,
> Yet no one knows wherefore, or why.
> This caus'd the general lamentation,
> To all that knew her in her station;
> How brisk she was still to advance
> The harper's gain, and lead the dance,
> In every tune observe her trill,
> Sing on, yet change the money still.

Another contemporary **William King** (1650-1729) was—though born in Aberdeenshire—Archbishop of Dublin, and a writer on divinity; a third (1685-1763), born at Stepney, and Principal of St Mary Hall, Oxford, was author of *The Toast*, a mock-heroic satire levelled against his opponents in a troublesome lawsuit about a property in Galway.

Aaron Hill (1685-1750), the son of a Wiltshire squire, was bred at Barnstaple and Westminster, and travelled with a tutor to Constantinople and the Levant. He wrote numerous poems and a dozen plays, and cut a considerable figure among the literary men of the first half of the eighteenth century, not a few of whom were his debtors for encouragement and help; but he is best remembered for his controversy with Pope, the allusion to him in the *Dunciad*, for the spirit with which he met Pope's attack, and the victory he obtained in the ensuing correspondence. Only one of Hill's dramas, the tragedy of *Zara*, after Voltaire, can be said to have been popular. He was an ingenious, speculative man, projected a new way of making potash, extracted oil from beech-mast, manufactured wine from a vineyard in Essex, and tried to develop the rafting of timber down the Spey for the navy, but was seldom successful in any of his schemes.

Hill is not the contemptible poetaster he is often taken for, though in the eighty-two closely printed, double-columned pages occupied by his poetical works in Anderson's *British Poets* there is much wearisome commonplace, as well as some felicity of diction and real poetry, and much of no little interest, in a form old-fashioned enough to seem ungraceful, yet not archaic enough to be quaint. He praised Pope, encouraged Thomson with sound advice excellently versified, and enthusiastically greeted 'the unknown author of the beautiful new piece called Pamela.' He intervened warmly in prose and verse on behalf of Savage. He wrote the famous translation of Crashaw's lines on the miracle of Cana. In a panegyric of Peter the Great he laments British suspicion of Russia, foresees the Black Sea covered by the Russian navy, the East and West united and under Russian sway, Siberia occupied, and China and the Porte humiliated. And before Ossian Macpherson was born we find Hill translating from (non-extant?) Gaelic poems and praising the Scuirs of Skye.

Ronald and Dorna—By a Highlander, to his Mistress.

From a Literal Translation of the Original.

Come, let us climb Skorr-urran's snowy top ;
  Cold as it seems, it is less cold than you :
Thin through its snow these lambs its heath-twigs crop ;
  Your snow, more hostile, starves and freezes too.

What though I loved of late in Skie's fair isle ;
  And blushed, and bowed, and shrunk from Kenza's eye ?
All she had power to hurt with was her smile ;
  But 'tis a frown of your's for which I die.

Ask why these herds beneath us rush so fast
  On the brown sea-ware's stranded heaps to feed ?
Winter, like you, withholds their wished repast,
  And, robbed of genial grass, they browse on weed.

Mark with what tuneful haste Sheleila flows,
  To mix its widening stream in Donnan's lake ;
Yet should some dam the current's course oppose
  It must perforce a less loved passage take.

Born like your body for a spirit's claim,
  Trembling I wait, unsouled till you inspire :
God has prepared the lamp, and bids it flame ;
  But you, fair Dorna, have withheld the fire.

High as yon pine, when you begin to speak,
  My lightening heart leaps hopeful at the sound ;
But fainting at the sense, falls, void and weak,
  And sinks and saddens like yon mossy ground.

All that I taste, or touch, or see, or hear,
  Nature's whole breadth reminds me but of you ;
Ev'n heaven itself would your sweet likeness wear,
  If with its power you had its mercy too.

To Mrs L——r, playing on a Bass Viol.

While o'er the dancing chords your fingers fly,
And bid them live, till they have made us die ;
Trembling in transport at your touch they spring,
As if there dwelt a heart in every string
  Your voice soft rising through the lengthened notes,
The married harmony united floats ;
Two charms so join'd that they compose but one :
Like heat and brightness from the self-same sun.
  The wishful viol would its wealth retain,
And, sweetly conscious, hugs the pleasing pain,
Envious forbids the warbling joys to roll,
And, murmuring inward, swells its sounding soul.
  Proud of its charming power, your tuneful bow
Floats o'er the chords majestically slow
Careless and soft, calls out a tide of art,
And in a storm of music drowns the heart
  So when that god, who gave you all your skill,
To angel forms like yours intrusts his will,
Calm they descend some new-meant world to found,
And smiling see creation rising round !

A Song.

Oh forbear to bid me slight her,
  Soul and senses take her part ;
Could my death itself delight her,
  Life should leap to leave my heart.
Strong though soft a lover's chain,
Charm'd with woe and pleas'd with pain.

Though the tender flame were dying,
  Love would light it at her eyes ;
Or, her tuneful voice applying,
  Through my ear my soul surprise.
Deaf, I see the fate I shun ;
Blind, I hear I am undone.

The Messenger.

Go, happy paper, gently steal,
  And soft beneath her pillow lie :
There in a dream my love reveal,
A love that awe must else conceal,
  In silent doubt to die.

Should she to flames thy hope consign,
  Thy suffering moment soon expires,
A longer pain, alas, is mine,
Condemned in endless woe to pine,
  And feel unslackening fires.

But if inclined to hear and bless,
  While in her heart soft pity stirs ;
Tell her her beauties might compel
A hermit to forsake his cell,
  And change his heaven for her's.

Oh tell her were her treasures mine,
  Nature and art would court my aid ;
The painter's colours want her shine ;
The rainbow's brow not half so fine
  As her sweet eyelids shade !

By day the sun might spare his rays ;
  No star make evening bright ;
Her opening eyes, with sweeter blaze,
Should measure all my smiling days,
  And if she slept, 'twere night.

Verses Written on Windows in Scotland.

Scotland, thy weather 's like a modish wife.
Thy winds and rains forever are at strife ;
So termagant a-while her thunder tries,
And, when she can no longer scold —she cries.

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
  And it stings you for your pains ;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
  And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with common natures —
  Use 'em kindly, they rebel
But be rough as nutmeg graters,
  And the rogues obey you well.

On Peter the Great.

Perish the pride, in poor distinction show
That makes man blind to blessings not his own
Briton and Russian differ but in name :
In nature's sense all nations are the same
One world, divided, distant brothers share,
And man is reason's subject every where.

Not so of old when, stern in horrid arms,
The needy north poured forth her Gothic swarms ;
Roughly they warred, on arts they could not taste,
And blindly laid the tracks of learning waste.
This heaven remembered, and with kind command,
Called for atonement from the barbarous land.
The prince, disdainful of his country's crime,
Guiltless springs forward to uncurse the clime :
And, nobly just, has taught the nations more,
Than the world's empire ruined lost before !

. . . .

Thy catching lustre fires the north's wide soul,
And thaws the icy influence of the pole.
The shaggy Samoid, shaking off the snow,
Warms his cold breast with new desire to know.
The ragged Tartar, from whose swarthy bands
A gloom of horror used to shade thy lands,
Charmed by thy generous daring, checks his own,
Assumes new nature, and adorns thy throne.
Beams of young learning, active as the wind,
Radiant flame out, and light up half mankind :
Stern superstition's misty cloud dispelled,
Quits her chief throne, through long dark ages held :
And Russian arms a glittering terror cast,
O'er realms where scarce the Russian name had past !

. . . .

From nameless outlets, endless naval hosts,
Blackening still more the sable Euxine's coasts,
Shall teach the Porte's imperial walls to shake,
And the fell sultan's iron sceptre break.
Grecia's lost soul shall be restored by thee,
Great saver ! setting empire's genius free.
Then Hellespont, whose stream indignant glides,
And a subjected world's two bounds divides,
Shall feel, while reaching both thy thunder roars,
Europe and Asia trembling to her shores. . . .
So spring the seeds of pow'r, when wisely sown !
So pregnant genius plans the future throne !
Meanwhile, great founder ! gathering strength from blows,
They spread thy glory who thy arms oppose.
The self prized lords of China's boastful land
Feel their pride shrink beneath thy bordering band :
The trackless wilds, which both vast states disjoin,
Are, even when arm'd with shivering winter, thine.
O'er realms of snow thy furry squadrons fly,
And bring at ease the dreadful distance nigh,
In vain opposed, the enormous wall they see ;
Proclaimed defiance can but quicken thee.
Zembla's white cliffs, eternal hoards of frost,
Where proud discov'ry has so oft been lost,
Through every period of the world till now,
Have checked all keels that would those oceans plow.
Nature's last barrier, they all search withstood,
And bound ambition up in freezing blood ;
Reserv'd by heav'n and for thy reign designed,
Thy piercing eye shall that dark passage find,
Or, east's and west's embracing confines shown,
Join two emerging worlds ; and both thy own.

. . . .

Shall then at last, beneath propitious skies,
The cross triumphant o'er the crescent rise ?
Shall we behold the long sustained disgrace
Revenged in arms on Osman's haughty race ?
Shall Christian Greece shake off a [illegible] :
And look unblushing at her Pagan fame ?
'Twill be. Prophetic Delphos claims her own :
Hails her new Cæsars on a Russian throne.

Athens shall teach once more, once more aspire,
And Spartan breasts reglow with martial fire :
Still, still Byzantium's brightening domes shall shine,
And rear the ruined name of Constantine.

. . . .

So when young time its first great birth-day kept,
And huddled nature yet in chaos slept ;
The eternal Word, to set distinction free,
But spoke the almighty fiat—Let there be.
Millions of ways the starting atoms flew ;
Like clung to like, and sudden order grew :
Struggling in clouds a while confusion lay,
Then died at once and lost itself in day.

Leonard Welsted (1688–1747), born at Abington in Northamptonshire, and bred at Westminster and Cambridge, became clerk in ordinary to the Ordnance and a commissioner of State lotteries. He was an accomplished scholar and a fashionable poet, author of a play and a number of epistles, odes, and other poems, as well as of a translation of Longinus.

Elijah Fenton (1683–1730), reckoned by Johnson 'an excellent versifier and a good poet,' may still be held entitled to the first characterisation, inasmuch as it would hardly be possible to distinguish his share from Pope's in the translation of the *Odyssey* did we not know that Pope had assigned him the first, fourth, nineteenth, and twentieth books in the joint enterprise. Fenton was the son of an attorney at Shelton near Newcastle-under-Lyne, and studied at Jesus College, Cambridge. A very estimable man, he was for a time headmaster of the grammar-school at Sevenoaks in Kent, and from 1714 till his death was usually a tutor or secretary in wealthy houses. His odes to the Sun and to Life, his epistles, complimentary odes, elegies, and tales, are rather verse than poetry. But his tragedy of *Mariamne* was acted with great success. He translated and 'imitated' from Isaiah, Horace, Ovid, Catullus, Propertius, and Chaucer (the latter exercitation in bogus-antique English).

William Broome (1689–1745), born at Haslington, Cheshire, from Eton passed to St John's College, Cambridge, held four livings in Suffolk and Norfolk, and wrote six books of Pope's *Odyssey* (the eighth, eleventh, twelfth, sixteenth, eighteenth, and twenty-third) in a style of verse even less distinguishable from Pope's own than Fenton's. Broome was a much better Greek scholar than Pope, who was greatly annoyed when he found that popular rumour exaggerated his debt to his collaborator ; and the master-spirit was not above taking revenge on society by pillorying Broome in a line of the *Dunciad*. Broome's own verses have no merits save those of sound sense, appropriate illustration, and correct rhythm and rhyme. He [illegible] the 'pompous misery of being great' [illegible] with tedious [illegible] the sentiment that '[illegible] are completely wretched [illegible] the great.'

Lewis Theobald (1688–1744) was one of the many contemporaries whom the satire of Pope invested with literary interest; but for their sorrows at Pope's hand some of their names would have long since passed into oblivion. The bad poets outwitted him, as Swift predicted, and provoked him to transmit their names to posterity. Theobald, the first hero of the *Dunciad*, procured the enmity of Pope by criticising his edition of Shakespeare, and editing a better edition himself (1733). Well versed in the Elizabethan writers, and in dramatic literature generally, he decidedly excelled Pope as a commentator. He is acknowledged to have made many most brilliant emendations of the folio text of Shakespeare—notably the famous 'and a babbled of green fields' in the Hostess's account of Falstaff's death in *Henry V*. He also wrote some poetical and dramatic pieces, but they are feeble performances. He was born at Sittingbourne, and bred an attorney.

Thomas Yalden (1670–1736) was a poet commended by Johnson, whose verses fill over thirty closely printed, double-columned pages in Anderson's *British Poets*. His father was a groom of the chamber to Prince Charles, and after the Restoration an exciseman at Oxford. The son, admitted as a demy to Magdalen College, took orders; held cures in Warwickshire, Wiltshire, Devonshire, and Hampshire successively or together; and in 1713 was appointed chaplain to Bridewell Hospital. He was imprisoned for a short time on suspicion of being concerned in Atterbury's schemes. He wrote translations, imitations, paraphrases or pieces 'in allusion to' Homer, Horace, Ovid, Isaiah, and others, 'Pindaric' odes on a variety of subjects, a collection of neatly turned fables with political reference, odes and hymns. How the High Churchman of that day judged Milton may be seen from the verses, quoted below, which he wrote in his copy of *Paradise Lost*:

These sacred lines with wonder we peruse,
And praise the flights of a seraphic muse,
Till thy seditious prose provokes our rage,
And soils the beauties of thy brightest page.
Thus here we see transporting scenes arise,
Heaven's radiant host, and opening paradise;
Then trembling view the dread abyss beneath,
Hell's horrid mansions, and the realms of death.
Whilst here thy bold majestic numbers rise,
And range th' embattled legions of the skies,
With armies fill the azure plains of light,
And paint the lively terrors of the fight,
We own the poet worthy to rehearse
Heaven's lasting triumphs in immortal verse:
But when thy impious mercenary pen
Insults the best of princes, best of men,
Our admiration turns to just disdain,
And we revoke the fond applause again.
Like the fall'n angels in their happy state,
Thou shar'dst their nature, insolence, and fate:
To harps divine, immortal hymns they sung,
As sweet thy voice, as sweet thy lyre was strung.
As they did rebels to th' Almighty grow,
So thou profan'st his image here below.
Apostate bard! may not thy guilty ghost,
Discover to its own eternal cost,
That as they heaven, thou paradise hast lost!

His 'Hymn to Darkness,' obviously written in rivalry of Cowley's 'Hymn to Light,' begins thus:

Darkness, thou first great parent of us all,
Thou art our great original:
Since from thy universal womb
Does all thou shad'st below, thy numerous offspring come.

Thy wondrous birth is ev'n to time unknown,
Or, like eternity, thou'dst none;
Whilst light did its first being owe
Unto that awful shade it dares to rival now.

Say, in what distant region dost thou dwell,
To reason inaccessible?
From form and duller matter free,
Thou soar'st above the reach of man's philosophy.

Involv'd in thee, we first receive our breath,
Thou art our refuge too in death:
Great monarch of the grave and womb,
Where'er our souls shall go, to thee our bodies come.

Johnson says the first seven verses are good, but the third, fourth, and seventh are the best of them; the tenth he pronounces 'exquisitely beautiful'—a judgment more significant for Johnson than for Yalden! The seventh and tenth are:

Though solid bodies do exclude the light,
Nor will the brightest ray admit:
No substance can thy force repel,
Thou reign'st in depths below, dost in the centre dwell. . . .

Thou dost thy smiles impartially bestow,
And know'st no difference here below:
All things appear the same by thee,
Though light distinction makes, thou giv'st equality.

Johnson evidently valued the sense more than the manner: modern critics would find it difficult to see wherein the verses selected by Johnson for special commendation are less commonplace and antipoetic than the rest of the eighteen.

Bernard de Mandeville (1670–1733), a vigorous and graphic writer, who squandered exceptional powers largely on paradoxical and antimoral speculations, was born at Dort in Holland, and, having studied at Leyden, came over to England, and settled in London as a medical practitioner. His first publications were in rhyme. In 1705 he published a string of sarcastic verses entitled *The Grumbling Hive, or Knaves Turned Honest*, which he reprinted in 1714 with the addition of long explanatory notes, and an *Inquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue*, giving to the whole the title afterwards so well known, *The Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices Public Benefits*. To a later edition were added *An Essay on Charity Schools* and *A Search into the Origin of Society*. The *Grumbling Hive* is the only part where there is semblance of a fable; and from its first paragraph the fable is a mere obvious pretext for a caustic impeachment of human and social shortcomings. He had also published, in 1704, *Æsop Dressed*, *Typhon in Verse*, and *The Planter's Charity*. He enlarged his principal work, the *Fable of the Bees;* and in 1723 it was rendered more conspicuous by being presented to the grand jury of Middlesex on account of its immoral and pernicious tendency. His arguments were controverted by John Dennis, William Law, Bishop Berkeley, and others; and Mandeville replied to Berkeley in *Letters to Dion*. He also published *Free Thoughts on Religion*, and *An Inquiry into the Origin of Honour, and the Usefulness of Christianity in War* (1732), both of which, like his *Fable*, were explicitly subversive of the foundations of all ethical systems; *The Virgin Unmasked* (a story) and some disquisitions on the social evil are even more unpleasant in tone.

The satire of Mandeville is rather general, but his examples are strong and lively pictures. He describes the faults and corruptions of different professions and forms of society, and then attempts to show that they are subservient to the grandeur and worldly happiness of the whole. If mankind, he says, could be cured of the failings they are naturally guilty of, they would cease to be capable of forming vast, potent, and polite societies. But he confounds innocent pleasures and luxuries, which benefit society, with their vicious excesses, which are destructive of order and government. The *Search into the Origin of Society* was expressly designed to confute the optimism of Lord Shaftesbury's *Characteristics*. Another of the paradoxes of Mandeville is, that charity schools, and all sorts of education, are injurious to the humbler ranks of the people. The view which he takes of human nature is low and degrading; many of his satires are not unworthy of Swift in his least amiable humour. Professor Minto, without good grounds, regarded his cynical argumentation as ironical and not meant to be taken seriously. He no doubt had a humorous desire to shock his contemporaries by cynicism and paradox, as well as to divert them with clever satire. But there is no reason to doubt that he seriously meant that the 'moral virtues are the political offspring which flattery begot upon pride.' Man has been cajoled by designing politicians and moralists to believe that self-indulgence is inconsistent with his dignity and worthy only of the brutes. And in teaching that men who restrain their selfish appetites and sacrifice their own interests for the public good are fools and dupes, the Dutch doctor anticipated a good part of the teaching of Nietzsche. Some of his opinions on economic questions are sound and wonderfully well put. 'Let the value of gold and silver,' he says, 'either rise or fall, the enjoyment of all societies will ever depend upon the fruits of the earth and the labour of the people; both which joined together are a more certain, a more inexhaustible, and a more real treasure than the gold of Brazil or the silver of Potosi.' His gift as an English writer was remarkable in a foreigner. Benjamin Franklin found him the soul of a tavern club, 'a most entertaining, facetious companion.'

The extracts given below are from the *Grumbling Hive*, from the 'Remarks' O. and P. appended thereto, and from *A Search into the Nature of Society*.

Vast Numbers throng'd the fruitful hive;
Yet those vast numbers made 'em thrive;
Millions endeavouring to supply
Each other's lust and vanity;
Whilst other millions were employ'd,
To see their handy works destroy'd,
They furnish'd half the universe,
Yet had more work than labourers.
Some with vast stocks and little pains
Jump'd into business of great gains,
And some were damn'd to scythes and spades,
And all those hard laborious trades,
Where willing wretches daily sweat,
And wear out strength and limbs to eat,
Whilst others follow'd mysteries,
To which few folks bind 'prentices,
That want no stock but that of brass,
And may set up without a cross;
As sharpers, parasites, pimps, players,
Pick-pockets, coiners, quacks, soothsayers,
And all those that in enmity
With downright working, cunningly
Convert to their own use the labour
Of their good-natur'd heedless neighbour.
These were call'd knaves, but bar the name,
The grave industrious were the same.
All trades and places knew some cheat,
No calling was without deceit.

On Division of Labour

[illegible]

[illegible]

to it, as the millwright, the pewterer, and the chymist, which yet are all necessary, as well as a great number of other handicrafts, to have the tools, utensils, and other implements belonging to the trades already named. But all these things are done at home, and may be performed without extraordinary fatigue or danger; the most frightful prospect is left behind, when we reflect on the toil and hazard that are to be undergone abroad, the vast seas we are to go over, the different climates we are to endure, and the several nations we must be obliged to for their assistance. Spain alone, it is true, might furnish us with wool to make the finest cloth; but what skill and pains, what experience and ingenuity, are required to dye it of those beautiful colours! How widely are the drugs and other ingredients dispersed through the universe that are to meet in one kettle! Alum, indeed, we have of our own; argol we might have from the Rhine, and vitriol from Hungary: all this is in Europe. But then for saltpetre in quantity we are forced to go as far as the East Indies. Cocheneal, unknown to the ancients, is not much nearer to us, though in a quite different part of the earth: we buy it, 'tis true, from the Spaniards; but, not being their product, they are forced to fetch it for us from the remotest corner of the new world in the West Indies. Whilst so many sailors are broiling in the sun and sweltered with heat in the east and west of us, another set of them are freezing in the north to fetch potashes from Russia.

Virtues of the Great.

This contradiction in the frame of man [between professed principles and actual practice] is the reason that the theory of virtue is so well understood and the practice of it so rarely to be met with. If you ask me where to look for those beautiful shining qualities of prime-ministers, and the great favourites of princes, that are so finely painted in dedications, addresses, epitaphs, funeral-sermons, and inscriptions, I answer, *There*, and nowhere else. Where would you look for the excellency of a statue but in that part which you see of it? 'Tis the polished outside only that has the skill and labour of the sculptor to boast of; what is out of sight is untouched. Would you break the head or cut open the breast to look for the brains or the heart, you would only show your ignorance, and destroy the workmanship. This has often made me compare the virtues of great men to your large china jars: they make a fine show, and are ornamental even to a chimney. One would, by the bulk they appear in and the value that is set upon them, think they might be very useful; but look into a thousand of them, and you will find nothing in them but dust and cobwebs.

Pomp and Superfluity.

If the great ones of the clergy, as well as the laity, of any country whatever, had no value for earthly pleasures, and did not endeavour to gratify their appetites, why are envy and revenge so raging among them, and all the other passions improved and refined upon in courts of princes more than anywhere else; and why are their repasts, their recreations, and whole manner of living, always such as are approved of, coveted, and imitated by the most sensual people of the same country? If, despising all visible decorations, they were only in love with the embellishments of the mind, why should they borrow so many of the implements, and make use of the most darling toys, of the luxurious? Why should a lord treasurer, or a bishop, or even the Grand Signior, or the Pope of Rome, to be good and virtuous and endeavour the conquest of his passions, have occasion for greater revenues, richer furniture, or a more numerous attendance as to personal service than a private man? What virtue is it the exercise of which requires so much pomp and superfluity as are to be seen by all men in power? A man has as much opportunity to practise temperance that has but one dish at a meal, as he that is constantly served with three courses and a dozen dishes in each. One may exercise as much patience and be as full of self-denial on a few flocks, without curtains or tester, as in a velvet bed that is sixteen foot high. The virtuous possessions of the mind are neither charge nor burden: a man may bear misfortunes with fortitude in a garret, forgive injuries afoot, and be chaste, though he has not a shirt to his back; and therefore I shall never believe but that an indifferent sculler, if he was entrusted with it, might carry all the learning and religion that one man can contain, as well as a barge with six oars, especially if it was but to cross from Lambeth to Westminster; or that humility is so ponderous a virtue, that it requires six horses to draw it.

Lord Bolingbroke.—Henry St John, Viscount Bolingbroke, was in his own day the most conspicuous and illustrious of that friendly band of Tory wits who adorned the reigns of Anne and George I. St John was descended from an ancient family, and was born at Battersea in 1678. He was educated at Eton (not at Oxford). After travelling on the Continent, he entered Parliament, was successively Secretary for War and Foreign Secretary of State, shared the Tory leadership with Harley, but estranged his followers by his mania for secret scheming. Made a peer in 1712, he negotiated the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. After intriguing successfully for Harley's downfall, he was plotting a Jacobite restoration when Queen Anne died and George I. succeeded. Retiring to France, he was attainted, and served the Pretender as secretary. Here also he became unpopular, and was accused of neglect or incapacity. Losing thus a second secretaryship, he had recourse to literature, and produced his *Reflections upon Exile*, and a letter to Sir William Wyndham, an *apologia* for his conduct containing some of his very best writing. In 1723 he obtained permission to return to England; his family inheritance was restored to him, but he was excluded from the House of Lords. He commenced an active opposition to Walpole, and wrote a number of political tracts against the Whig Ministry. Disappointed in his hope of re-entering political life, he retired again to France in 1735, and resided there seven years, writing now his most important contributions to literature—his *Letters on the Study of History* and a *Letter on the True Use of Retirement*. In 1738, on a visit to England, he entrusted to Pope the MS. of his *Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism* and his *Idea of a Patriot King*. Chesterfield said of the latter, Bolingbroke's most elaborate piece, that till he read it he did not know the extent and power of the English language. After the death of Pope, it was found that an impression of 1500 of the *Patriot King* had been printed, and this Bolingbroke affected to consider a heinous breach of trust. After he settled at Battersea in 1744, he prepared a 'correct' edition of the *Patriot King*. The preface, believed to be by David Mallet, attacked Pope with coarse invective; and this began a bitter and acrimonious war of pamphlets, in which Warburton and others were involved. Bolingbroke died in 1751, and Mallet—to whom he left all his manuscripts—published a complete edition of his works in five volumes. A series of essays on religion and philosophy, first published in this collection, showed the attitude to the Scriptures and the Christian faith which led to Dr Johnson's characteristic denunciation of Bolingbroke: 'Sir, he was a scoundrel and a coward: a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left half-a-crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death.'

'The Alcibiades of his time' (in Bagehot's phrase), he was idolised for the grace of his person, the charm of his manner, and the splendour of his talents. An admirable speaker and writer, he was not a great statesman. Even his enemies admitted the extraordinary power and charm of his oratory: Chesterfield said his style was better than that of any other, and Chatham counselled his nephew to get Bolingbroke's works by heart. But he was the arch-intriguer of his time, profligate, selfish, and insincere. Macaulay denounced him as a brilliant knave; Hallam was not less uncomplimentary, and the Tory Stanhope took the same view. In Walpole's eyes he was a perjured villain, and in Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's words, a vile man. His patriotism has of late found strenuous defenders. A pronounced freethinker, he considered Christianity a fable, but held that a statesman ought to profess the doctrines of the Church of England. Though he borrowed many thoughts from Shaftesbury, his philosophy is sensational on its psychological side, commonplace and far from profound as an ethical theory of life. It is largely reflected in Pope's *Essay on Man*: admittedly Pope was on this side the peer's pupil. The master hardly thought his pupil fully comprehended the system (if system it may be called) expounded, as Bolingbroke complacently says to Pope, 'when we saunter alone or, as we have often done, with good Arbuthnot and the jocose Dean of St Patrick's, among the multiplied scenes of your little garden.' Voltaire was much influenced by Bolingbroke, whose works, philosophical and political, are models of polished, pointed, declamatory prose, often vivid, lively, and felicitous, but at times somewhat rambling and resembling rather spoken than written eloquence. In one of his letters to Swift we find him thus moralising:

The Decline of Life.

We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us; let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. We may, nay—if we will follow nature and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates—we shall, of course, grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy, for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. *Passions*—says Pope, our divine, as you will see one time or other—are the *gales* of life; let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning; I recall the time—and am glad it is over—when about this hour I used to be going to bed surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business; my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour refreshed, serene, and calm; that the past and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable, so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions, in their force, would bring all these, nay even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle.

VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

(From the Portrait by Hyacinthe Rigaud in the National Portrait Gallery.)

The Mind's Independence of Circumstances.

Believe me, the providence of God has established such an order in the world, that of all which belongs to us, the least valuable parts can alone fall under the will of others. Whatever is best is safest, lies most out of the reach of human power, can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature—the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world, where it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours; and as long as we remain in one, we shall enjoy the other. Let us march, therefore, intrepidly, wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature. We shall see the same virtues and vices flowing from the same general principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end—the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolutions of seasons; and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be everywhere spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets, which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun; from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe, innumerable suns, whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them; and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.

(From *Reflections upon Exile*.)

National Partiality and Prejudice.

There is scarce any folly or vice more epidemical among the sons of men than that ridiculous and hurtful vanity by which the people of each country are apt to prefer themselves to those of every other; and to make their own customs, and manners, and opinions the standards of right and wrong, of true and false. The Chinese mandarins were strangely surprised and almost incredulous when the Jesuits shewed them how small a figure their empire made in the general map of the world . . . Now, nothing can contribute more to prevent us from being tainted with this vanity than to accustom ourselves early to contemplate the different nations of the earth in that vast map which history spreads before us, in their rise and their fall, in their barbarous and civilised states, in the likeness and unlikeness of them all to one another, and of each to itself. By frequently renewing this prospect to the mind, the Mexican with his cap and coat of feathers, sacrificing a human victim to his god, will not appear more savage to our eyes than the Spaniard with an hat on his head, and a gonilla round his neck, sacrificing whole nations to his ambition, his avarice, and even the wantonness of his cruelty. I might shew by a multitude of other examples how history prepares us for experience, and guides us in it; and many of these would be both curious and important. I might likewise bring several other instances wherein history serves to purge the mind of those national partialities and prejudices that we are apt to contract in our education, and that experience for the most part rather confirms than removes; because it is for the most part confined, like our education. But I apprehend growing too prolix, and shall therefore conclude this head by observing, that though an early and proper application to the study of history will contribute extremely to keep our minds free from a ridiculous partiality in favour of our own country, and a vicious prejudice against others, yet the same study will create in us a preference of affection to our own country. There is a story told of Abgarus. He brought several beasts taken in different places to Rome, they say, and let them loose before Augustus; every beast ran immediately to that part of the circus where a parcel of earth taken from his native soil had been laid. *Credat Judæus Apella.* This tale might pass on Josephus; for in him, I believe, I read it; but surely the love of our country is a lesson of reason, not an institution of nature. Education and habit, obligation and interest, attach us to it, not instinct. It is, however, so necessary to be cultivated, and the prosperity of all societies, as well as the grandeur of some, depends upon it so much, that orators by their eloquence, and poets by their enthusiasm, have endeavoured to work up this precept of morality into a principle of passion. But the examples which we find in history, improved by the lively descriptions and the just applauses or censures of historians, will have a much better and more permanent effect than declamation, or song, or the dry ethics of mere philosophy.

(From *On the Study of History*.)

Complaints about the Shortness of Life Unreasonable.

I think very differently from most men of the time we have to pass, and the business we have to do, in this world. I think we have more of one, and less of the other, than is commonly supposed. Our want of time, and the shortness of human life, are some of the principal common-place complaints which we prefer against the established order of things; they are the grumblings of the vulgar, and the pathetic lamentations of the philosopher; but they are impertinent and impious in both. The man of business despises the man of pleasure for squandering his time away; the man of pleasure pities or laughs at the man of business for the same thing; and yet both concur superciliously and absurdly to find fault with the Supreme Being for having given them so little time. The philosopher, who misspends it very often as much as the others, joins in the same cry, and authorises this impiety. Theophrastus thought it extremely hard to die at ninety, and to go out of the world when he had just learned how to live in it. His master Aristotle found fault with nature for treating man in this respect worse than several other animals: both very unphilosophically! and I love Seneca the better for his quarrel with the Stagirite on this head. We see, in so many instances, a just proportion of things, according to their several relations to one another, that philosophy should lead us to conclude this proportion preserved, even where we do not discern it: instead of leading us to conclude that it is not preserved where we do not discern it, or where we think that we see the contrary. To conclude otherwise is shocking presumption. It is to presume that the system of the universe would have been more wisely contrived if creatures of our low rank among intellectual natures had been called to the councils of the Most High; or that the Creator ought to amend his work by the advice of the creature. That life which seems to our self-love so short, when we compare it with the ideas we frame of eternity, or even with the duration of some other beings, will appear sufficient, upon a less partial view, to all the ends of our creation, and of a just proportion in the successive course of generations. The term itself is long; we render it short; and the want we complain of flows from our profusion, not from our poverty. . . .

Let us leave the men of pleasure and of business, who are often candid enough to own that they throw away their time, and thereby to confess that they complain of the Supreme Being for no other reason than this, that he has not proportioned his bounty to their extravagance. Let us consider the scholar and the philosopher, who, far from owning that he throws any time away, reproves others for doing it; that solemn mortal who abstains from the pleasures, and declines the business of the world, that he may dedicate his whole time to the search of truth and the improvement of knowledge. When such an one complains of the shortness of human life in general, or of his remaining share in particular, might not a man more reasonable, though less solemn, expostulate thus with him: 'Your complaint is indeed consistent with your practice; but you would not possibly renew your complaint if you reviewed your practice. Though reading makes a scholar, yet every scholar is not a philosopher, nor every philosopher a wise man. It costs you twenty years to devour all the volumes on one side of your library; you came out a great critic in Latin and Greek, in the oriental tongues, in history and chronology; but you was not satisfied. You confessed that these were the *literæ nihil sanantes*, and you wanted more time to acquire other knowledge. You have had this time; you have passed twenty years more on the other side of your liberty, among philosophers, rabbis, commentators, schoolmen, and whole legions of modern doctors. You are extremely well versed in all that has been written concerning the nature of God, and of the soul of man, about matter and form, body and spirit, and space and eternal essences, and incorporeal substances, and the rest of those profound speculations. You are a master of the controversies that have arisen about nature and grace, about predestination and freewill, and all the other abstruse questions that have made so much noise in the schools, and done so much hurt in the world. You are going on, as fast as the infirmities you have contracted will permit, in the same course of study; but you begin to foresee that you shall want time, and you make grievous complaints of the shortness of human life. Give me leave now to ask you, how many thousand years God must prolong your life in order to reconcile you to his wisdom and goodness? It is plain, at least highly probable, that a life as long as that of the most aged of the patriarchs would be too short to answer your purposes; since the researches and disputes in which you are engaged have been already for a much longer time the objects of learned inquiries, and remain still as imperfect and undetermined as they were at first. But let me ask you again, and deceive neither yourself nor me, have you, in the course of these forty years, once examined the first principles and the fundamental facts on which all those questions depend, with an absolute indifference of judgment, and with a scrupulous exactness? with the same care that you have employed in examining the various consequences drawn from them, and the heterodox opinions about them. Have you not taken them for granted in the whole course of your studies? Or, if you have looked now and then on the state of the proofs brought to maintain them, have you not done it as a mathematician looks over a demonstration formerly made to refresh his memory, not to satisfy any doubt? If you have thus examined, it may appear marvellous to some that you have spent so much time in many parts of those studies, which have reduced you to this hectic condition of so much heat and weakness. But if you have not thus examined, it must be evident to all, nay to yourself on the least cool reflection, that you are still, notwithstanding all your learning, in a state of ignorance. For knowledge can alone produce knowledge; and without such an examination of axioms and facts, you can have none about inferences.'

In this manner one might expostulate very reasonably with many a great scholar, many a profound philosopher, many a dogmatical casuist. And it serves to set the complaints about want of time and the shortness of human life in a very ridiculous but a true light.

(From *On the True Use of Retirement and Study.*)

Pleasures of a Patriot.

Neither Montaigne in writing his essays, nor Descartes in building new worlds, nor Burnet in framing an antediluvian earth, no, nor Newton in discovering and establishing the true laws of nature on experiment and a sublimer geometry, felt more intellectual joys than he feels who is a real patriot, who bends all the force of his understanding, and directs all his thoughts and actions, to the good of his country. When such a man forms a political scheme and adjusts various and seemingly independent parts in it to one great and good design, he is transported by imagination, or absorbed in meditation, as much and as agreeably as they; and the satisfaction that arises from the different importance of these objects, in every step of the work, is vastly in his favour. It is here that the speculative philosopher's labour and pleasure end. But he who speculates in order to act, goes on and carries his scheme into execution. His labour continues, it varies, it increases; but so does his pleasure too. The execution, indeed, is often traversed, by unforeseen and untoward circumstances, by the perverseness or treachery of friends, and by the power or malice of enemies; but the first and the last of these animate, and the docility and fidelity of some men make amends for the perverseness and treachery of others. Whilst a great event is in suspense, the action warms, and the very suspense, made up of hope and fear, maintains no unpleasing agitation in the mind. If the event is decided successfully, such a man enjoys pleasure proportionable to the good he has done; a pleasure like to that which is attributed to the Supreme Being on a survey of his works. If the event is decided otherwise, and usurping courts or overbearing parties prevail, such a man has still the testimony of his conscience, and a sense of the honour he has acquired, to soothe his mind and support his courage. For although the course of state affairs be to those who meddle in them like a lottery, yet it is a lottery wherein no good man can be a loser; he may be reviled, it is true, instead of being applauded, and may suffer violence of many kinds. I will not say, like Seneca, that the noblest spectacle which God can behold is a virtuous man suffering and struggling with afflictions; but this I will say, that the second Cato, driven out of the forum and dragged to prison, enjoyed more inward pleasure and maintained more outward dignity than they who insulted him, and who triumphed in the ruin of their country.

(From *On the Spirit of Patriotism.*)

Wise, not Cunning Ministers.

We may observe much the same difference between wisdom and cunning, both as to the objects they propose and to the means they employ, as we observe between the visual powers of different men. One sees distinctly the objects that are near to him, their immediate relations, and their direct tendencies and a sight like this serves well enough the purpose of those who concern themselves no further. The cunning minister is one of those: he neither sees nor is concerned to see any further than his personal interests and the support of his administration require. If such a man overcomes any actual difficulty, avoids any immediate distress, or, without doing either of these effectually, gains a little time by all the low artifice which cunning is ready to suggest and baseness of mind to employ, he triumphs, and is flattered by his mercenary train on the great event; which amounts often to no more than this, that he got into distress by one series of faults, and out of it by another. The wise minister sees and is concerned to see further, because government has a further concern: he sees the objects that are distant as well as those that are near, and all their remote relations, and even their indirect tendencies. He thinks of fame as well as of applause, and prefers that which to be enjoyed must be given, to that which may be bought. He considers his administration as a single day in the great year of government; but as a day that is affected by those which went before, and that must affect those which are to follow. He combines, therefore, and compares all these objects, relations, and tendencies; and the judgment he makes on an entire, not a partial survey of them, is the rule of his conduct. That scheme of the reason of state, which lies open before a wise minister, contains all the great principles of government, and all the great interests of his country: so that, as he prepares some events, he prepares against others, whether they be likely to happen during his administration, or in some future time.

(From *The Idea of a Patriot King.*)

Bolingbroke's collected works were published by Mallet in 1753-54. See works by Macknight (1863), Harrop (1884), Churton Collins (1886), and Hassall (1887), and the defence of his character for patriotism by W. Sichel (vol. i. 1901). Charles de Rémusat's character-sketch (in *L'Angleterre au XVIIIème siècle*) is eminently judicial; and there are German works on him by Von Noorden (1882) and Brosch (18[illegible].)

Isaac Watts (1674-1748) was born at Southampton, where his father kept a boarding-school and was in a small way a poet. The child of pious parents, he was trained for the ministry at an Independent academy in London; and he was for six years tutor in the family of Sir John Hartopp at Stoke-Newington. Here he was chosen (1699) assistant-minister by the Independent congregation in Mark Lane, where three years after he succeeded to the full charge; but infirm health soon rendered him unequal to the performance of the full ministerial labours. His health continuing to decline, he went for change of air in 1712 into the house of Sir Thomas Abney (Lord Mayor in 1700) at Theobalds; and as an inmate of that kindly household he spent the remainder of his life—thirty-six years. While in this pleasant retreat he preached occasionally, and, in spite of his small stature and feeble health, he was accounted an admirable and effective preacher. But he gave the most of his time to literary labour. He produced a series of catechisms and educational manuals, as well as theological works and volumes of sermons. His treatises on *Logic* and on the *Improvement of the Mind* were long in constant use as handbooks. His poetry consists mainly but not wholly of devotional hymns, which by their simplicity and unaffected ardour secured the interest of many generations, and were never forgotten in mature life by those who committed them to memory as children. The *Horæ Lyricæ* (1705) and *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (1707) were followed by *Divine and Moral Songs for Children* (1715), *Psalms of David Imitated* (1719), and *Reliquiæ Juveniles* (1734, in prose and verse).

Watts's theology was marked by a charity and catholicity then unusual amongst the orthodox, and even exposed him to the charge of heresy at the hands of the stricter brethren. A Calvinist, he yet shrank from the high doctrine of reprobation. He held the doctrine of the Trinity not essential to salvation, and was willing to admit Arians to communion; and it was even affirmed—on insufficient evidence—that in the end he had become a Unitarian. His hymns provided a vehicle for the religious emotions of the English world till then (from theological prejudice or otherwise) unknown. Among his five hundred hymns and versions there is many a metrical defect, and not a few verses of mere rhymed theology; yet a select number remain amongst the most cherished treasures of English devotion. It is enough to name 'There is a land of pure delight,' 'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,' 'When I survey the wondrous cross,' and 'Our God, our help in ages past.' The second of these is the first great missionary hymn; the third has been pronounced 'the most majestic hymn in English speech.' Those who think of Watts as the author mainly of 'How doth the little busy bee,' 'Let dogs delight,' and a few similar edifying verses in the common measure rhyme do him a great injustice. Even in the *Divine and Moral Songs for Children* there is frequently something of the sweet simplicity of Blake, if the fervour is usually ethical rather than lyrical; Watts's blank verse comes very near Cowper's in feeling and rhythm, and there is at times a line or a touch that suggests even Wordsworth. And the rhythms of the irregular ode, of the Sapphic, of the heroic measure, are handled with no inconsiderable skill. The poems quoted below are all from the *Horæ Lyricæ*.

From 'The Law given at Sinai.'

Forbear, young muse, forbear;
The flowery things that poets say,
The little arts of simile
  Are vain and useless here;
Nor shall the burning hills of old
  With Sinai be compared,
Nor all that lying Greece has told,
  Or learned Rome has heard;

Ætna shall be named no more,
Ætna the torch of Sicily ;
Not half so high
Her lightnings fly ;
Not half so loud her thunders roar
Cross the Sicanian sea, to fright the Italian shore.
Behold the sacred hill : Its trembling spire
Quakes at the terrors of the fire,
While all below its verdant feet
Stagger and reel under the Almighty weight :
Pressed with a greater than feigned Atlas' load.
Deep groaned the mount ; it never bore
Infinity before,
It bowed, and shook beneath the burden of a God

From 'The Day of Judgment' An Ode.

Attempted in English Sapphick

When the fierce north wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury ;
And the red lightning with a storm of hail comes
Rushing amain down,

How the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble !
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,
Quick to devour them

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like these earthly,)
Such the dire terror when the great Archangel
Shakes the creation ;

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven.
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes
See the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around them.

From 'To Sarissa' - An Epistle

Farewell, ye waxing and ye waning moons,
That we have watched behind the flying clouds
On night's dark hill, or setting or ascending,
Or in meridian height : Then silence reigned
O'er half the world ; then ye beheld our tears,
Ye witnessed our complaints, our kindred groans,
(Sad harmony !) while with your beamy horns
Or richer orb ye silvered o'er the green
Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light
To mourners. Now ye have fulfilled your round,
Those hours are fled, farewell. Months that are gone
Are gone for ever, and have borne away
Each his own load. Our woes and sorrows past,
Mountainous woes, still lessen as they fly
Far off. So billows in a stormy sea,
Wave after wave (a long succession) roll
Beyond the ken of sight : The sailors safe
Look far a stern till they have lost the storm,
And shout their boisterous joys.

From 'True Monarchy.'

We are a little kingdom ; but the man
That chains his rebel will to reason's throne.
Forms it a large one, while his royal mind
Makes heaven its council, from the rolls above
Draws its own statutes, and with joy obeys.
'Tis not a troop of well appointed guards
Create a monarch, not a purple robe
Dyed in the people's blood, not all the crowns
Or dazzling tiars that bend about the head,
Though gilt with sun beams and set round with stars,
A monarch he that conquers all his fears,
And treads upon them ; when he stands alone,
Makes his own camp ; four guardian virtues wait
His nightly slumbers, and secure his dreams.
Now dawns the light ; he ranges all his thoughts
In square battalions, bold to meet the attack
Of time and chance, himself a numerous host,
All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
Firm as a rock, and moveless as the centre.

From 'True Courage'

This is the man whom storms could never make
Meanly complain ; nor can a flattering gale
Make him talk proudly : he hath no desire
To read his secret fate ; yet unconcerned
And calm could meet his unborn destiny,
In all its charming, or its frightful shapes.
He that unshrinking, and without a groan
Bears the first wound, may finish all the war
With mere courageous silence, and come off
Conqueror : for the man that well conceals
The heavy strokes of fate, he bears them well.
He, though the Atlantic and the Midland seas
With adverse surges meet, and rise on high
Suspended 'twixt the winds, then rush amain
Mingled with flames, upon his single head,
And clouds, and stars, and thunder, firm he stands,
Secure of his best life ; unhurt, unmoved ;
And drops his lower nature, born for death.
Then from the lofty castle of his mind
Sublime looks down exulting, and surveys
The ruins of creation (souls alone
Are heirs of dying worlds) ; a piercing glance
Shoots upwards from between his closing lids,
To reach his birth-place, and without a sigh

DR ISAAC WATTS.
From the Portrait by Sir G. Kneller in the National Portrait Gallery.)

He bids his battered flesh lie gently down
Amongst his native rubbish; whilst the spirit
Breathes and flies upward, an undoubted guest
Of the third heaven, the unruinable sky.
Thither, when fate has brought our willing souls,
No matter whether 'twas a sharp disease,
Or a sharp sword that help'd the travellers on,
And pushed us to our home. Bear up, my friend,
Serenely, and break through the stormy brine
With steady prow; know, we shall once arrive
At the fair haven of eternal bliss,
To which we ever steer; whether as kings
Of wide command we've spread the spacious sea
With a broad painted fleet, or rowed along
In a thin cock-boat with a little oar.

Dr Watts breathing forth threatenings and slaughter against the enemies of his king and country is a pleasing spectacle. In an 'answer to an infamous satyr called "Advice to a Painter" against King William III. of glorious memory,' the good doctor thus blazes forth:

Why smoke the skies not? Why no thunders roll?
Nor kindling lightnings blast his guilty soul?
Audacious wretch! to stab a monarch's fame,
And fire his subjects with a rebel-flame;
To call the painter to his black designs,
To draw our guardian's face in hellish lines:
Painter, beware! the monarch can be shown
Under no shape but angel's, or his own,
Gabriel or William, on the British throne.

O could my thought but grasp the vast design,
And words with infinite ideas join,
I'd rouse Apelles from his iron sleep,
And bid him trace the warrior o'er the deep:
Trace him, Apelles, o'er the Belgian plain;
Fierce, how he climbs the mountains of the slain,
Scattering just vengeance through the red campaign.
Then dash the canvas with a flying stroke,
Till it be lost in clouds of fire and smoke,
And say, 'Twas thus the conqueror through the squadrons broke.

Mark him again emerging from the cloud,
Far from his troops; there like a rock he stood
His country's single barrier in a sea of blood.
Whilst alone
He wards the fate of nations, and provokes his own:
But heaven secures its champion; o'er the field
Paint hovering angels; though they fly conceal'd,
Each intercepts a death, and wears it on his shield.

Watts in defence of his own choice of subjects, and in exhortation of other poets in the preface to the *Horæ*, shows a command of swinging rhythmical prose:

Besides, we may fetch a further answer to Monsieur Boileau [illegible] from other poets of his own country. What a noble use have Racine and Corneille made of Christian subjects in some of their best tragedies! What a variety of divine scenes are displayed, and pious passions awakened, in those poems! The martyrdom of Polyeucte how [illegible] reign over our love and pity, and at the same time animate our zeal and devotion! May I here be permitted the liberty to return my thanks to that fair and ingenious hand that directed me to such entertainments in a foreign language, which I had long wished for, and sought in vain in our own. Yet I must confess, that the Davideis, and the two Arthurs, have so far answered Boileau's objection, in English, as that the obstacles of attempting Christian poesy are broken down, and the vain pretence of its being impracticable is experimentally confuted.

It is true indeed, the Christian mysteries have not such need of gay trappings as beautified, or rather composed, the heathen superstition. But this still makes for the greater ease and surer success of the poet. The wonders of our religion, in a plain narration and a simple dress, have a native grandeur, a dignity, and a beauty in them, though they do not utterly refuse all methods of ornament. The book of the Revelation seems to be a prophecy in the form of an opera or a dramatic poem, where divine art illustrates the subject with many charming glories; but still it must be acknowledged that the naked themes of Christianity have something brighter and bolder in them, something more surprising and celestial, than all the adventures of gods and heroes, all the dazzling images of false lustre that form and garnish a heathen song: here the very argument would give wonderful aids to the muse, and the heavenly theme would so relieve a dull hour and a languishing genius, that when the muse nods, the sense would burn and sparkle upon the reader, and keep him feelingly awake.

With how much less toil and expense might a Dryden, an Otway, a Congreve, or a Dennis furnish out a Christian poem than a modern play! There is nothing among all the ancient fables or later romances that have two such extremes united in them as the eternal God becoming an infant of days; the possessor of the palace of Heaven laid to sleep in a manger; the holy Jesus, who knew no sin, bearing the sins of men in his body on the tree; agonies of sorrow loading the soul of him who was God over all, blessed for ever: and the sovereign of life stretching his arms on a cross, bleeding and expiring: The heaven and the hell in our divinity are infinitely more delightful and dreadful than the childish figments of a dog with three heads, the buckets of the Belides, the Furies with snaky hairs, or all the flowery stories of Elysium. And if we survey the one as themes divinely true, and the other as a medley of fooleries which we can never believe, the advantage for touching the springs of passion will fall infinitely on the side of the Christian poet; our wonder and our love, our pity, delight, and sorrow, with the long train of hopes and fears, must needs be under the command of an harmonious poet, whose every line makes a part of the reader's faith, and is the very life or death of his soul.

If the trifling and incredible tales that furnish out a tragedy are so armed by wit and fancy as to become sovereign of the rational powers, to triumph over all the affections, and manage our smiles and our tears at pleasure: how wondrous a conquest might be obtained over a wild world, and reduce it, at least, to sobriety, if the same happy talent were employed in dressing the scenes of religion in their proper figures of majesty, sweetness, and terror! The wonders of creating power, of redeeming love, and renewing grace, ought not to be thus impiously neglected by those whom Heaven has endued with a gift so proper to adorn and cultivate them; an art whose sweet insinuations might almost convey piety in resisting nature, and melt the hardest souls to the love of virtue. The affairs of this life, with their reference to a life to come, would shine bright in a dramatic description; nor is there any need of any reason why we should always borrow the plan or history from the ancient Jews or primitive martyrs, though several of these would furnish out noble materials for this sort of poesy: but modern scenes would be better understood by most readers, and the application would be much more easy. The anguish of inward guilt; the secret stings and racks and scourges of conscience; the sweet retiring hours and seraphical joys of devotion; the victory of a resolved soul over a thousand temptations; the inimitable love and passion of a dying God; the awful glories of the last tribunal; the grand decisive sentence, from which there is no appeal; and the consequent transports or horrors of the two eternal worlds: these things may be variously disposed, and form many poems. How might such performances, under a divine blessing, call back the dying piety of the nation to life and beauty? This would make religion appear like itself, and confound the blasphemies of a profligate world, ignorant of pious pleasures.

But we have reason to fear that the tuneful men of our day have not raised their ambition to so divine a pitch; I should rejoice to see more of this celestial fire kindling within them; for the flashes that break out in some present and past writings betray an infernal source. This the incomparable Mr Cowley, in the latter end of his preface, and the ingenious Sir Richard Blackmore, in the beginning of his, have so pathetically described and lamented, that I rather refer the reader to mourn with them, than detain and tire him here. These gentlemen in their large and laboured works of poesy have given the world happy examples of what they wish and encourage in prose; the one in a rich variety of thought and fancy, the other in all the shining colours of profuse and florid diction.

If shorter sonnets were composed on sublime subjects, such as the Psalms of David and the holy transports interspersed in the other sacred writings, or such as the moral odes of Horace and the ancient lyricks, I persuade myself that the Christian preacher would find abundant aid from the poet in his design to diffuse virtue and allure souls to God. If the heart were first inflamed from Heaven, and the muse were not left alone to form the devotion and pursue a cold scent, but only called-in as an assistant to the worship, then the song would end where the inspiration ceases; the whole composure would be of a piece, all meridian light and meridian fervour; and the same pious flame would be propagated and kept glowing in the heart of him that reads. Some of the shorter odes of the two poets now mentioned, and a few of the Rev. Mr Norris's Essays in verse, are convincing instances of the success of this proposal.

It is my opinion also, that the free and unconfined numbers of Pindar or the noble measures of Milton without rhyme would best maintain the dignity of the theme as well as give a loose to the devout soul, nor check the raptures of her faith and love. Though in my feeble attempts of this kind I have too often fettered my thoughts in the narrow metre of our Psalm-translators; I have contracted and cramped the sense, or rendered it obscure and feeble, by the too speedy and regular returns of rhyme.

The 'large and laboured works of poesy' above described are Cowley's *Davideis* (see Vol. I. p. 643) and Blackmore's two poems on Arthur (see Vol. II p. 107). For Mr Norris, see below at page 259. There are Lives of Watts by Dr Gibbons, Dr Johnson, Southey, Milner, and E. Paxton Hood (1875). Since 1753 there have been more than half-a-dozen collective editions of his works; that of 1824 was in 6 vols. 4to.

Charles Leslie (1650–1722), author in 1698 of the famous *Short and Easy Method with the Deists*, was born in Dublin, the sixth son of John Leslie (1571–1671), the centenarian Bishop of Raphoe and Clogher, who was of Aberdeenshire family. Educated at Enniskillen and Trinity College, Dublin, Charles Leslie studied law in London, but in 1680 took orders. As chancellor of the cathedral of Connor, he distinguished himself by several disputations with Catholic divines, and by the boldness with which he opposed the pro-papal designs of King James. Nevertheless at the Revolution he adopted a decisive tone of Jacobitism, from which he never swerved through life. Removing to London, he was chiefly engaged for several years in writing controversial works against Quakers, Socinians, and deists, of which, however, none are now remembered except the little treatise above named, and his *Gallienus Redivivus* (1695), a chief authority for the Massacre of Glencoe. He also wrote many occasional tracts in behalf of the House of Stuart. In 1711 he repaired to St Germains, and in 1713 to Bar-le-Duc. The Chevalier allowed him to have a chapel fitted up for the English service, and was even expected to lend a favourable ear to his arguments against popery; but in 1721 Leslie returned to Ireland in disgust, and soon after died at his house of Glaslough in County Monaghan. His works (7 vols. 1832) place their author high amongst controversial writers.

John Potter (c. 1674–1747) contributed little to English literature, but as a very eminent English classical scholar deserves a brief record. Born at Wakefield, and educated at University College, Oxford, he became professor of divinity at Oxford in 1708, Bishop of Oxford in 1715, and in 1737 Archbishop of Canterbury. He published, besides notes on Plutarch and St Basil, the *Archæologia Græca, or Antiquities of Greece* ([illegible] which was practically the standard work [illegible] the middle of the nineteenth century; als [illegible] ions of Lycophron (1697) and Clemens Alexandrinus (1715); and in English, a *Discourse on Church Government*, and other theological treatises, several of them against Hoadly, who complimented Potter as being his most formidable antagonist.

James Bramston (c. 1694–1744) wrote two satirical poems, much admired in their day and included in Dodsley's *Collection*: *The Art of Politics*, described as 'in imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry' (1729), and *The Man of Taste* (1733), 'occasioned by Pope's Epistle on that Subject.' He also produced an imitation of Philips's *Splendid Shilling*, called *The Crooked Sixpence*. In 1708

Bramston was admitted at Westminster School; in 1713 he was elected to a studentship at Christ Church, Oxford; and in 1723 25 he became vicar of Lurgashall and Harting in Sussex. His two principal poems are good essays in the style of Pope's and Young's satires. The following is the conclusion of his *Art of Politics:*

Parliamenteering is a sort of itch,
That will too oft unwary knights bewitch.
Two good estates Sir Harry Clodpole spent;
Sate thrice, but spoke not once, in Parliament.
Two good estates are gone—who'll take his word?
Oh, should his uncle die, he'll spend a third;
He'd buy a house his happiness to crown,
Within a mile of some good borough-town;
Tag rag and bobtail to Sir Harry's run,
Men that have votes, and women that have none:
Sons, daughters, grandsons with his Honour dine;
He keeps a publick-house without a sign.
Cobblers and smiths extol th' ensuing choice,
And drunken tailors boast their right of voice.
Dearly the free-born neighbourhood is bought,
They never leave him while he's worth a groat;
So leeches stick, nor quit the bleeding wound,
Till off they drop with skinfuls to the ground

His *Man of Taste* is ironically made thus to expatiate on his likes and dislikes

Swift's whims and jokes for my resentment call,
For he displeases me that pleases all.
Verse without rhyme I never could endure,
Uncouth in numbers, and in sense obscure.
To him as nature when he ceased to see,
Milton's an universal blank to me.
Confirmed and settled by the nation's voice,
Rhyme is the poet's pride and people's choice.
Always upheld by national support,
Of market, university, and court:
Thomson, write blank; but know that for that reason,
These lines shall live when thine are out of season.
Rhyme binds and beautifies the poet's lays,
As London ladies owe their shape to stays.

In the same poem he parodies

Musick has charms to soothe a savage beast,
And therefore proper at a sheriff's feast.

And many of the couplets are sprightly

To give is wrong, but it is wronger still,
On any terms to pay a tradesman's bill.

I'll please the maids of honour if I can:
Without black velvet britches, what is man?

Oxford and Cambridge are not worth one farthing,
Compared to Haymarket and Convent-garden

This is true taste, and whoso likes it not
Is blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool, and sot

Laurence Echard (c. 1670-1730), born at Barsham rectory in Suffolk, and bred at Christ's, Cambridge, held a succession of Lincolnshire and Suffolk livings, and died Archdeacon of Stow. Of nearly a score of publications, educational, classical, geographical, and historical, the most important was his *History of England* (1707 20) from the Romans to William and Mary, which was the standard work thenceforward till it was superseded by Rapin's. The 'historic method' has long since banished some of the elements which in Echard's day were available for enlivening the records of the past. After the battle of Worcester 'Cromwell in his letter to the Parliament tells them,' says Echard, 'that the dimensions of this Mercy were above his thoughts, and that it was a Crowning Mercy.' There was, however, another side to the story, Echard thought, and adds accordingly this tale of

Cromwell and the Devil.

But others accounted it an infernal judgment; concerning which we have a strange story in the last part of the *History of Independency*, which the author says he received from a person of quality, viz. 'It was believ'd, and that not without some good cause, that Cromwell the same morning that he defeated the King's army at Worcester, had conference personally with the devil, with whom he made a contract, that to have his will then, and in all things else for seven years from that day, he should, at the expiration of the said years, have him at his command, to do at his pleasure, both with his soul and body.' This is also related in other printed books; but we have receiv'd a more full account never yet publish'd, which is here inserted as a thing more wonderful than probable, and therefore more for the diversion than satisfaction of the reader. It is a relation or narrative of a valiant officer call'd Lindsey, an intimate friend of Cromwell's, the first captain of his regiment, and therefore commonly called Colonel Lindsey; which is to this effect. 'On the third of September in the morning, Cromwell took this officer to a wood side not far from the army, and bid him alight, and follow him into that wood, and to take particular notice of what he saw and heard. After they had both alighted, and secur'd their horses, and walk'd some small way into the wood, Landsey began to turn pale, and to be seiz'd with horror from some unknown cause; upon which Cromwell ask'd him how he did, or how he felt himself. He answer'd, that he was in such a trembling and consternation, that he never felt the like in all the conflicts and battels he had been engag'd in; but whether it proceeded from the gloominess of the place, or the temperament of his body, he knew not. How now, said Cromwell, what, troubled with vapours? come forwards, man! They had not gone above twenty yards, before Landsey on a sudden stood still, and cry'd out, by all that's good, he was seiz'd with such unaccountable terror and astonishment, that it was impossible for him to stir one step further. Upon which Cromwell call'd him faint hearted fool, and bid him stand there and observe, or be witness; and then advancing to some distance from him, he met with a grave elderly man with a roll of parchment in his hand, who deliver'd it to Cromwell, who eagerly perus'd it. Lindsey, a little recover'd from his fear, heard several loud words between them: particularly Cromwell said, this is but for seven years: I was to have had it for one and twenty, and it must and shall be so. The other told him positively, it could not be for above seven: upon which Cromwell cry'd with great fierceness, it should however be for fourteen years. But the other peremptorily declar'd it could not possibly be for any longer time; and if he would not take it so, there were others who would accept of it. Upon which Cromwell at last took the parchment, and returning to Lindsey with great joy in his countenance, he cry'd, now, Lindsey, the battel is our own! I long to be engag'd. Returning out of the wood, they rode to the army, Cromwell with a resolution to engage as soon as possible, and the other with a design of leaving the army as soon. After the first charge Lindsey deserted his post, and rode away with all possible speed, day and night, till he came into the county of Norfolk, to the house of an intimate friend, one Mr Thorowgood, minister of the parish of . Cromwell as soon as he miss'd him, sent all ways after him, with a promise of a great reward to any that should bring him alive or dead.' Thus far the narrative of Lindsey himself; but something further is to be remember'd, to compleat and confirm the story.

When Mr Thorowgood saw his friend Lindsey come into his yard, his horse and himself just tired, in a sort of a maze, said, How now, Colonel! we hear there is like to be a battel shortly; what, fled from your colours? A battel! said the other; yes there has been a battel, and I am sure the King is beaten; but if ever I strike a stroak for Cromwell again, may I perish eternally: For I am sure he has made a league with the devil, and the devil will have him in due time. Then desiring his protection from Cromwell's inquisitors, he went in and related to him the whole story, and all the circumstances, concluding with these remarkable words, that Cromwell would certainly dye that day seven years that the battel was fought. The strangeness of the relation caus'd Mr Thorowgood to order his son John, then about twelve years of age, to write it in full length in his common-place book, and to take it from Lindsey's own mouth. This common-place book, and likewise the same story written in other books, I am assured is still preserv'd in the family of the Thorowgoods. But how far Lindsey is to be believ'd, and how far the story is to be accounted incredible, is left to the reader's faith and judgment, and not to any determination of our own.

Simon Ockley (1678-1720), orientalist and historian, was born at Exeter of good Norfolk stock, studied at Queen's College, Cambridge, and as vicar of the small living of Swavesey in the county of Cambridge earned repute as the most eminent Arabist in England insomuch that in 1711 he was made professor of Arabic at Cambridge. Most of his short life was spent in dire poverty; and in the debtors' prison of Cambridge he actually found a leisure for finishing his *opus magnum* denied him amidst the worries of his vicarage. He translated a number of Arabic books and Italian and other treatises about the East. But the one work for which he is remembered is his *Conquest of Syria, Persia, and Egypt by the Saracens* (3 vols. 1708-57), commonly called 'The History of the Saracens.' It was mainly based on an Arabic manuscript now not regarded as quite a sound authority. But unlike his predecessor Pocock, Ockley wrote in English, and made his subject interesting to educated men generally. Gibbon obviously had Ockley's history constantly at hand, and speaks of the author as 'a learned and spirited interpreter of Arabic authorities,' and as 'an original in every sense, who had opened his eyes.' The Life of Mohammed usually prefixed was not from his own pen, but was added by Dr Long, Master of Pembroke College, to the third volume, published long after Ockley's death. In Ockley's work nothing is more relevant to the history of literature than the traditional story of the burning of the Alexandrian Library at the conquest of Egypt in 641 by Amrou ('Amr ibn el-Asi), General of the Caliph Omar; Egypt having till then been held for the Eastern Emperor Heraclius by the Coptic governor Mokaukas (Mukowkis). Some have denied that any such destruction as Ockley records took place; the general opinion is, that in the seventh century the library was in a very dilapidated condition, and that the Arabs only completed what neglect and Christian fanaticism had already well-nigh accomplished. No doubt Ockley's authorities absurdly exaggerated the extent of the destruction in the account they give and he repeats of

The Burning of the Alexandrian Library.

The inhabitants of Alexandria were then polled, and upon this the whole of Egypt followed the fortune and example of its metropolis, and the inhabitants compounded for their lives, fortunes, and free exercise of their religion, at the price of two ducats a head yearly. This head-money was to be paid by all without distinction, except in the case of a man holding land, farms, or vineyards, for in such cases he paid proportionably to the yearly value of what he held. This tax brought in a most prodigious revenue to the caliph. After the Saracens were once arrived to this pitch, it is no wonder if they went further, for what would not such a revenue do in such hands? For they knew very well how to husband their money, being at that time sumptuous in nothing but their places of public worship. Their diet was plain and simple. Upon their tables appeared neither wine nor any of those dainties, the products of modern luxury, which pall the stomach and enfeeble the constitution. Their chief drink was water; their food principally milk, rice, or the fruits of the earth.

The Arabians had as yet applied themselves to no manner of learning, nor the study of anything but their vernacular poetry, which, long before Mohammed's time, they understood very well after their way, and prided themselves upon. They were altogether ignorant of the sciences, and of every language but their own. Amrou, however, though no scholar, was a man of quick parts and of good capacity, and one who in the intervals of business was more delighted with the conversation of the learned, and with rational and philosophical discourses, than it is usual for men of his education to be. There was at that time in Alexandria one John, sirnamed 'The grammarian,' an Alexandrian by birth, of the sect of the Jacobites, and was the same that afterwards denied the Trinity, and being admonished by the bishops of Egypt to renounce his erroneous opinions, he was, upon his refusal, excommunicated. He was, however, a man eminent for learning, and Amrou was greatly pleased with his conversation; not only taking delight in frequently hearing him discourse on several sciences, but also occasionally asking him questions. This person, perceiving the great respect shown him by Amrou, ventured one day to petition him for the books in the Alexandrian Library, telling him 'That he perceived he had taken an account of all things which he thought valuable in the city, and sealed up all the repositories and treasuries, but had taken no notice of the books; that, if they would have been any way useful to him, he would [illegible] been so bold as to ask for them, but since th[illegible], he desired he might have them.' Amrou to[illegible]m, 'That he had asked a thing which was altogether out of his power to grant, and that he could by no means dispose of the books without first asking the caliph's leave. However,' he said, 'he would write, and see what might be done in the matter.' Accordingly he performed his promise, and having given a due character of the abilities of this learned man, and acquainted Omar with his petition, the caliph returned this answer, 'What is contained in these books you mention is either agreeable to what is written in the book of God (meaning the Koran) or it is not: if it be, then the Koran is sufficient without them; if otherwise, it is fit they should be destroyed.' Amrou, in obedience to the caliph's command, distributed the books throughout all the city, amongst those that kept warm baths (of which there was at that time no fewer than four thousand in Alexandria), to heat the baths with. And notwithstanding the great havoc that must needs be made of them at this rate, yet the number of books which the diligence of former princes had collected was so great, that it was six months before they were consumed. A loss never to be made up to the learned world!

Joseph Addison

was born on 1st May 1672 at Milston, Amesbury (Wilts), where his father, the Rev. Lancelot Addison (1632-1703), afterwards Dean of Lichfield, was rector. His mother was Jane, daughter of Dr Nathaniel Gulston and sister of William Gulston, Bishop of Bristol. He passed from Amesbury School to Salisbury School; thereafter, in 1683, to the Grammar-School of Lichfield, whither the family had removed on his father's appointment to the Deanery; and, later, to Charterhouse, where his future friend, Richard Steele, was a pupil. In 1687 he was admitted a commoner of Queen's College, Oxford; but in 1689 his success with some Latin verses (*Inauguratio Regis Gulielmi*) procured his election to a demyship at Magdalen College. He took his Master's degree in 1693, and five years later obtained a Fellowship at his college.

In his undergraduate efforts Addison confined himself to Latin: in verse, in the *Inauguratio*, already referred to, and the *Gratulatio pro exoptato serenissimi Regis Gulielmi ex Hibernia reditu* (1690); and in prose, in a short dissertation, *De Insignioribus Romanorum Poetis* (1692), which was frequently reprinted together with a continuation translated by one of Curll's hacks from the English of an ingenious Major Pack. These pieces, and his contributions of occasional verse to the two volumes of *Musæ Anglicanæ* (1691, 1699), are interesting solely as formative evidence of Addison's political bias and literary method. We cannot share the enthusiasm of his contemporaries for the *Pax Gulielmi* (1697), which the judicial 'Rag' Smith held to be 'the best poem since the *Æneid*,' but we can admit its elegance, as we may [illegible]ncede the humour of the *Machinæ Gesticulantes* [illegible]*propos* of Powell's famous puppet-show) or the devotional spirit of the *Resurrectio*. In this Latin miscellany we have a forecast, as complete as juvenile wit will allow, of the later faculty and graces of Mr Spectator.

> Mox fundamenta futurae
> Substravit pictor tabulae.
>
> —*Resurrectio*, ll. 9 10.

Addison's first English poem was a short piece *To Mr Dryden* (2nd June 1693), which secured the favour of the poet, and through him, or Congreve, or both, an introduction to the Whig leaders Somers and Montagu, and to the bookseller Jacob Tonson. Dryden thought so highly of Addison's translation of the *Fourth Georgic* that he referred to it in his critical *Postscript to the Reader* ('after his Bees, my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving'), and he honoured his young friend by printing his *Essay on the Georgics* (1693) as an introduction to his own translation of Virgil. Addison continued to reside at Oxford, and appears to have been preparing to take holy orders; but he was dissuaded from this intention by his political friends, who had discovered in him a useful literary ally in the conflict of parties. He commended himself further to Somers and Montagu by his praise of the latter in a verse *Account of the Greatest English Poets* (1694), and by his dedication to the former of *A Poem to His Majesty* (1695); and by their united influence he obtained, in 1699, a pension of three hundred pounds a year for purposes of travel and general preparation in public affairs.

His Grand Tour—which included France, Italy, Austria, Germany, and Holland, and extended over four years—was not the conventional escapade of the 'gentlemen that were just come wild out of their country' (*Letter to Stanyan*, Blois, February 1700). In Dr Johnson's phrase, 'he proceeded in his journey to Italy, which he surveyed with the eyes of a poet.' And the good Abbé Philippeaux at Blois admitted, with implied astonishment, that during his year at Blois his friend had had no amour, and added, 'I think I should have known it if he had had any.' Incidental references in his Letters show that he was making some historical inquiries about treaties and other matters, but his stronger likings lay in scholarly associations with the places which he visited, or in the æsthetic problems which their variety suggested. From Geneva he addressed his *Letter from Italy* (February 1702) to Montagu, now Lord Halifax—a prelude, in his happiest verse, to the more elaborate prose *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy*, which he prepared in 1705 from notes made during his tour. In these, as well as in the *Dialogues on Medals*, which he wrote during his visit to Vienna (1702), he shows his predisposition to that amiable reflection which characterises the more perfect work of the *Spectator.* The *Letter from Italy,* in which his technique is perhaps at its best, was much admired by Pope, and frequently quoted and imitated by him. The undated *Discourse on Ancient and Modern Learning,* which has been reasonably ascribed to him, may have been written about this time.

The death of William III. and his patrons' loss of office deprived Addison of his travelling pension. Shortly after his return (September 1703) he was elected a member of the Kit-Cat Club, by means of which he extended his acquaintance with the leading Whigs. Halifax still stood by him, and had an opportunity of recommending him to Godolphin and of securing a Commissionership of Appeals for him, as a reward for a panegyric on the victory of Blenheim (August 1704). In this poem, *The Campaign,* which describes the progress of Marlborough's plan, his marches and sieges, we are reminded of the literary manner of the *Letter from Italy.* Addison wisely refrained from the 'flute and trumpet' style of his *Ode for St Cecilia's Day* (1699), and although he laid himself open to the gibe that he had produced a 'gazette in rhyme,' he won by the very calmness and plainness of his verse the political and personal success which was desired. From the publication of the *Campaign* till the fall of the Whigs in 1710 Addison was absorbed in politics, in the duties of an Under Secretary of State (1706), of Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (1709), of Keeper of Records, of a member of Parliament, or of a party-writer in such ventures as the short tract on *The Present State of the War* (1707) or *The Whig Examiner* (Nos. I.-V., 14th September to 12th October 1710). His only literary work was the unfortunate attempt to write an English opera on the subject of *Rosamond* (March 1707), and some friendly collaboration with Steele in his *Tender Husband.* He had already, from May 1709, contributed some papers to his friend's *Tatler,* but it was not till the following year that his political leisure gave him the opportunity of writing the essays upon which his reputation now chiefly rests. On the death of Queen Anne public affairs again engrossed his attention.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

(From an Old Copy from Sir Godfrey Kneller in the National Portrait Gallery.)

All the work of this short period (1710-1714) is, with the exception of the tragedy *Cato,* in prose, and in the form of short essays; and *Cato* is hardly an exception, for though finished and produced at Drury Lane in 1713, it had been planned and almost entirely written during his Continental tour. He contributed over sixty papers to the *Tatler* between 26th May 1709 and 2nd January 1711, when Steele brought the successful sheet to a sudden close, not because he, or his friend, had become to the public, as to Swift, 'cruel, dull, and dry,' but probably because Steele felt his Whiggism somewhat ungracious to Harley, who had generously allowed him to remain in his post at the Stamp Office. Swift really sneered at its politics, for there was no falling off in the paper, especially in the character-sketches of the Political Upholsterer Tom Folio, 'the broker in learning,' or Ned Softly, 'the very pretty poet,' which Addison contributed. Steele readily acknowledged Addison's assistance. 'I fared like a distressed Prince who calls in a powerful Neighbour to his aid; I was undone by my Auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without Dependance on him.' It is probable that the stoppage of the *Tatler* was hastened because the two friends had already made their plans for the *daily* sheet of *The Spectator,* which they issued within two months (1st March 1711). The new enterprise must be considered, as its promoters intended it to be, a continuation of the *Tatler.*

Many of its apparently original characteristics, such as The Club, with its types of quidnuncs, or the topics of social satire, had been elaborated in the *Tatler*—a continuity of literary purpose which will be best appreciated by the reader who makes the most careful study of the allusions and personalia of the two publications. The success of these social and critical studies doubtless prompted the editor and his 'auxiliary' to avoid politics, but they made no serious promise to confine their 'Censorship of Great Britain' to the doings of the coffee-house, the tea-table, and the theatre; and, indeed, towards the end of the journal, they occasionally deviated into ingenious speculations which must have pleased their Whig subscribers. The *Spectator* was continued till 6th December 1712, and ran to five hundred and fifty-five numbers, of which Addison and Steele wrote over five hundred, in about equal proportions. A supplementary set (Nos. 556-635) appeared between 18th June and 20th December 1714. In this the majority of the contributions is by Addison, who edited them when they were reissued as the eighth volume of the Octavo, or First Collected, Edition of the *Spectator*.

Between 28th May and 22nd September 1713 Addison wrote over fifty papers for *The Guardian*, which Steele had started within three months of his sudden stoppage of the *Spectator* proper. Addison fully maintained the intention of Mr Nestor Ironside to 'have nothing to manage with any person or party,' and, even after his editor had 'blazed into faction' in the famous Dunkirk letter (No. 128), continued his Oriental allegories and his discourses on Female Dress, Pride, and the Wisdom of the Ant. And when Steele, after his disastrous adventure with *The Englishman*—a rabid political sequel to the *Guardian*, which he, *more suo*, had suddenly suppressed—returned to the manner of Mr Spectator in the short-lived *Lover*, Addison obliged him with two papers, Nos. 10 and 39 (March, May 1714). He also contributed about this time two papers to *The Reader* (Nos. 3 and 4), another of Steele's literary sheets. The last year of his literary period (1713) was occupied in preparing a first portion of a treatise *Of the Christian Religion*, which remains unfinished, and in the less congenial task of combating the libels of Pope, who, prompted by jealousy, had made a series of unscrupulous attacks. Into the circumstances of this famous quarrel, which involved Dennis, Ambrose Philips, and Tickell, if not all the habitués of Button's, it is unnecessary to enter here (see the articles on Pope and Tickell in this volume; and Mr Courthope's *Addison* in 'English Men of Letters,' Chap. vii).

On the death of Queen Anne, Addison was appointed Secretary to the Lords-Justices who managed public affairs till the coming of George I. After the king's arrival, he was nominated for the second time as Chief Secretary for Ireland. He found his duties light, and composed and produced his comedy of *The Drummer*, which had but indifferent success (March 1716). The serious crisis in Whig politics caused by the Rising of the Fifteen forced Addison to undertake a special party defence in *The Freeholder*, for which he was rewarded (December 1716) with a Commissionership of Trade and Plantations. Yet even in the fifty-five papers of this partisan journal (23rd December 1715 to 29th June 1716) he pled the Whig cause with his wonted good-humour, and found opportunities to discuss the vagaries of the Female Sex, French Anglophobia, the Treatment of Authors, or his old topic of Wit and Humour. His methods of political persuasion, as illustrated in the case of the Tory Foxhunter (No. 47), were perhaps more successful than those of the most ardent members of his party, such as Steele, who preferred to drub the Jacobites into allegiance.

The *Freeholder* was Addison's last literary undertaking, if we except two minor political essays—the ascribed *Arguments about the Alteration of Triennial Elections of Parliament* (contributed to Boyer's *Political State*, April 1716) and two numbers of the *Old Whig* (19th March and 2nd April 1719) in reply to Steele's attack in *The Plebeian* on Sunderland's Peerage Bill. On 3rd August 1716 he married Sarah, Countess of Warwick, by whom he had one daughter. Pope's spiteful reference to his 'marrying discord' (*Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot*, 393) has been too readily accepted by posterity, without proof, and in the face of indirect contrary evidence. He was appointed a Secretary of State on 16th April 1717, but was compelled to resign, on 14th March of the next year, on account of broken health. In his political quarrel with Steele's *Plebeian* he shows a diminished vigour, to which his impetuous friend, in ignorance of his physical condition, referred in no kindly manner, in his fourth paper (6th April 1719): 'The *Plebeian* has been obliged to object to the *Old Whig* one of the *infirmities* of *age*, viz. *slowness*; and he must now take notice of another, though he does it with great reluctance, that is, *want of memory*; for the *old gentleman* seems to have forgot,' &c. Addison was already threatened with dropsy, as a sequel to an incurable asthma, and, two months later (17th June 1719), succumbed to the disease at Holland House, Kensington.

Addison's literary reputation, unlike that of other English classics, rests less upon the merit of individual pieces or of his work taken as a whole than upon its historical importance as an influence on letters and manners. There is nothing more fatal to his deservedly high position than to judge him by a few, even the best, of his verses and essays; and any selection of typical passages, such as are here printed, though it may show certain salient qualities of style, must fail to justify the opinion of later criticism. The same is true of the cumulative effect obtained by the perusal of his entire work. Consideration merely of such things as his industry or the agreeable uniformity of his craftsmanship will not explain his positive value in the history of English literature.

Addison's importance is in a sense extra-literary, for, though he takes up a definite attitude to the æsthetic principles of his time, he is interested not so much in their discussion as academic theory as in their adjustment to life. He realises in a fuller as well as in a more practical way than his contemporaries did the two fundamental ideas of the classical doctrine of taste—the one of restraint, 'temperance,' selection in the literary purpose; the other of arrangement, propriety, harmony of all the parts of the literary scheme. He expresses these in the 'correctness' of his prose, in his conception of the short essay, in his bracing of the couplet as it had been left by Dryden, in the unity of plan in the miscellaneous papers of the *Spectator*, in the conscious effort to avoid the over-elaboration of the characters of the Club or the too ready indulgence of his public in one particular vein of fun or homily. Thus far he is at one with the critical purpose of the Augustans, who, from Pope downwards, confined it to literature, and there almost exclusively as a discipline in technique. But he extended the application to manners, on the one hand exposing the improprieties of society, party-politics, mere scholarship, or popular religion, which arise from the enthusiasm of disorderly emotions; and on the other hand showing the relationship of each and all of these special questions of reform—literary, social, and moral—to the broader issues of Classicism. This range of criticism, which gives him a unique place among his contemporaries, was not understood by them. Steele came to resent his persistent dislike of the official Whig as of the official Tory, and Swift was irritated by the *Spectator's* gossip about fans and patches. Both failed to see the logic of Addison's position, or to foresee the immediate effect in bringing a better philosophy of life 'to dwell at clubs and assemblies, at tea tables and in coffee-houses.' After all, this difference between Addison and them was only one of method, or rather of degree: he was in more direct opposition to the tone of his age in his refusal to share its pessimism, or to find delight in those gargantuan coarsenesses of art and conduct which sort so uncouthly with the elegances and punctilios of the time. It is easy to explain this divergence by a constitutional amiability and delicacy, but its cause is perhaps more truly to be found in the logical necessity to his balanced mind of completing the expression of a theory which had already commended itself in purely literary matters. Contemporary writers, including Pope, never tire of speaking of Good Sense, True Wit, Good Breeding, The Ingenious Gentleman; but none of them has realised so fully as Addison has done the complex meaning of these terms, and given soul to that later 'Euphues' whom the eighteenth century would fain have made a mere literary prig.

Addison expounded his doctrine and convinced his readers by methods which that doctrine implied—by observing a studied moderation in his attacks and by never losing sight of the general principle involved. Like Swift and Pope he had his mission against Dulness, but he did not anathematise her votaries as yahoos and dunces. He laid claim in his 'spectatorial' office to be 'something of a humorist, and he had abundance of gentle irony and wit; but it was his tolerance rather which coaxed public opinion to accept his censorship. He discovered literary possibilities in subjects hitherto untouched; and by his condescension to the intelligence of the middle class he not only stimulated its efforts at self-advancement, but obtained the privilege of imposing at one and the same time his canons of taste and rules of conduct. In this unity of æsthetic and moral ideas Addison is in close kinship with the Platonic and Aristotelian conception of critical method. Its general terms offended many, who hinted that he prostituted literature when he brought down philosophy from its academic heaven to inhabit among quidnuncs and lady's-men; and later criticism, under the influence of the doctrine of art for art's sake, has too readily forgotten that while the Addisonian method may or may not be the true concern of the nineteenth century, it was in its own place and time a more just, complete, and effectual aid to the appreciation of æsthetic principles even in their most formal aspects. A like bad critical perspective has condemned Addison as unoriginal and trite. The same has been said of Pope, and indeed of eighteenth-century letters generally; but we forget that what appears to us to be commonplaces was then either new-found wisdom, or, if known, was 'ne'er so well expressed.' Addison insinuated himself so delicately into the literary purpose of his successors, that they, and their successors, oblivious of the facts and in their desire for a stronger expression, were inclined to consider him a master of platitude. Had he had more fire and some of the gall of his friends, he might have had more persistent admiration. Didactic as he was, he never dared to preach; and, though he thereby gained the confidence of his own age, the very ease of his method of convincing made it easy for posterity to be ungrateful.

It is somewhat remarkable that in many estimates of Addison the most generous allowance is made for his strictly critical reflections on such subjects as Wit or the Sublime, or his appreciations of *Paradise Lost* and *Chevy Chase*. It is almost a tradition to say that we are indebted to him for Milton and the romantic ballads; and it is sometimes an argument with those writers who are never happy in their judgment of the eighteenth century that Addison's attitude to such things as *The Children in the Wood* shows a critical insight greatly superior to that of his time. It would be more correct to say that it is our partisan interest in these romantic matters which tempts us to read into these 'occasional' observations what Addison would not have said or cared to say. In his critical papers, if anywhere, he is open to the charge of being commonplace and unoriginal. He retails the axioms of the French critics, and seldom adds anything illuminative of their application to English literature. He borrows, and often without acknowledgment, from Le Bossu, the Daciers, Bouhours, and Boileau, more amply than Sidney did from the Renascence critics, or Dryden had already done from the same French writers. These passages stand apart from the rest of his work, not merely by the fact that most of them had been written in an early period and were interpolated in the *Spectator* when editorial copy ran short, but because they lack the spontaneity and appropriateness of the social essays. They were accepted in England and in Germany as a critical standard, since they had the *primâ facie* recommendation of being embedded in Addison's most popular work; and such topics were new, and therefore attractive, to that larger reading public which had begun, under his guidance, to discuss the miscellaneous problems of taste. To the modern student, however, they are of least consideration in an estimate of Addison's literary position—less important than his fastidious interest in the preparation of a prose style, or in his treatment of the short essay. If some credit be due to him for giving a certain practical value to subjects which had been hitherto exclusively academic, it is but part of that wider acknowledgment of his general intellectual purpose, which was more catholic than exhaustive, and was concerned more in teaching what to avoid than what to take for dogma.

Italy's Misfortune.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show the immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight;
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravisht soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my muse.
How has kind Heaven adorned the happy land,
And scattered blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud Oppression in her valleys reigns,
And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the swelling grain;
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

(From *A Letter from Italy*.)

A Battle-Piece.

But, O my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle joined!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
But see the haughty household troops advance!
The dread of Europe and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a general's love of conquest glows;
Proudly he marches on, and, void of fear,
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns,
Each fights, as in his arm the important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
Confused in clouds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguished die.
O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war and lie unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, filled with England's glory, smiles in death.
The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compelled in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfixed
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mixt,
Midst heaps of spears and standards driven around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drowned,
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Saône,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhone,
Or where the Seine her flowery fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards glides;
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey
From Blenheim's towers the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havoc of the fight;
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.
Unfortunate Tallard! Oh, who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,

That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swelled!
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repelled,
Thine only son pierced with a deadly wound,
Choked in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive wept.
An English muse is touched with generous woe,
And in the unhappy man forgets the foe
Greatly distrest! thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won,
The field whence famed Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day.
With floods of gore that from the vanquisht fell,
The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lie heaped upon the ground,
Or 'midst the roarings of the Danube drowned;
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage and inglorious chains;
Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging King dishonours, to complete
Marlborough's great work, and finish the defeat
From Memminghen's high domes, and Augsburg's walls,
The distant battle drives the insulting Gauls;
Freed by the terror of the victor's name,
The rescued states his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulm the approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.
(From *The Campaign.*)

Lieutenant-Colonel Philip Dormer, of the 1st Footguards, was killed at Blenheim. Marshal Tallard was taken prisoner at Blenheim, and was kept in England till 1712. Prince Eugene often signed his name Eugenio. Two of the lines given above in the form Tickell made the standard, ran in the original:

Midst heaps of broken spears and standards lie,
And in the Danube's bloody whirlpools die

Cato.

Cato. It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? -This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures This must end 'em.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature, oppressed and harassed out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awakened soul may take her flight
Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of 'em,
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die. [*Enter* PORTIUS.
But, hah! how's this, my son? why this intrusion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobeyed?
Portius. Alas! my father!
What means this sword? this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence!
Cato. Rash youth, forbear!
Por. Oh let the prayers, the entreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you
Cato. Wouldst thou betray me? wouldst thou give me up
A slave, a captive, into Cæsar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!
Por. Look not thus sternly on me;
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.
Cato. 'Tis well! again I'm master of myself
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue, thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes
Por. Oh, sir! forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him! Oh my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so! Be not displeased,
Oh be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!
Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful. [*Embracing him.*
Weep not, my son. All will be well again.
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.
Por. Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.
Cato. Portius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct.
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embarked;
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weighed down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep. [*Exit.*
Por. My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.
Enter MARCIA.
O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope!
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retired to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has despatched me hence
With orders that bespeak a mind composed,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers.
Marcia. O ye immortal powers that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,

Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues!
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

Enter LUCIA.

Lucia. Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?
Marcia. Lucia, speak low, he is retired to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gently dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.
Luc. Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato,
In every view, in every thought I tremble!
Cato is stern, and awful as a god,
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.
Mar. Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,
Compassionate, and gentle to his friends.
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father! I have ever found him
Easy, and good, and bounteous to my wishes.
Luc. 'Tis his consent alone can make us blest.
Marcia, we both are equally involved
In the same intricate, perplext distress.
The cruel hand of fate, that has destroyed
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—
Mar. And ever shall lament, unhappy youth!
Luc. Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determined of thyself?
Mar. Let him but live! commit the rest to heaven.
Lucius [*entering*]. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father:
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fall'n upon him:
I saw him stretched at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He smiled, and cried, Cæsar, thou canst not hurt me.
Mar. His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.
Luc. Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow?
Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe
While Cato lives—his presence will protect us.
Juba [*entering*]. Lucius, the horsemen are returned from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march.
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar, the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnished helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.
Luc. Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father.
Cæsar is still disposed to give us terms,
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato.

Enter PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance,
What tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.
Por. As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the lingering winds, a sail arrived
From Pompey's son, who through the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But, hark! what means that groan! Oh give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence.
Luc. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And in the wild disorder of his soul
Mourns o'er his country.—Hah! a second groan!—
Heaven guard us all!
Mar.   Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing pain—
'Tis death is in that sound!
Portius [*re-entering*].   Oh sight of woe!
O Marcia, what we feared is come to pass!
Cato is fall'n upon his sword—
Luc.   O Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.
Por.   I've raised him up,
And placed him in his chair, where, pale and faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,
Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither. [*Scene opens.*
Mar. O heaven, assist me in this dreadful hour
To pay the last sad duties to my father.
Juba. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæsar!
Luc. Now is Rome fall'n indeed!
Cato [*brought forward in his chair*]. Here set me down—
Portius, come near me—are my friends embarked?
Can anything be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.
O Lucius, art thou here? thou art too good!—
Let this our friendship live between our children;
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.
Alas! poor man, he weeps!—Marcia, my daughter—
—Oh bend me forward!—Juba loves thee, Marcia.
A senator of Rome, while Rome survived,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king.
But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction;
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous is a Roman.
—I'm sick to death—Oh when shall I get loose
From this vain world, the abode of guilt and sorrow!
And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas! I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye powers, that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!
The best may err, but you are good, and—oh! [*Dies.*
Luc. There fled the greatest soul that ever warmed
A Roman breast. O Cato! O my friend!
Thy will shall be religiously observed.
But let us bear this awful corpse to Cæsar,
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.
From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.
(From Act v.)

Cowley

Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press;
He more had pleased us, had he pleased us less.
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.

As in the milky way a shining white
O'er-flows the heavens with one continued light ;
That not a single star can show his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great Poet, that I dare to name
The unnumbered beauties of thy verse with blame ;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess,
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouthed Pindar to thy lyre ;
Pindar, whom others in a laboured strain
And forced expression, imitate in vain
Well pleased in thee he soars with new delight,   [flight
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler
  Blest man ! whose spotless life and charming lays
Employed the tuneful prelate in thy praise
Blest man ! who now shalt be for ever known
In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.

(From *An Account of the Greatest English Poets.*)

An Ode.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim :
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is Divine.'

(From *The Spectator*, No. 465.)

Italian Poetry.

The Italian poets, besides the celebrated smoothness of their tongue, have a particular advantage above the writers of other nations in the difference of their poetical and prose language. There are, indeed, sets of phrases that in all countries are peculiar to the poets, but among the Italians there are not only sentences but a multitude of particular words that never enter into common discourse. They have such a different turn and polishing for poetical use, that they drop several of their letters, and appear in another form, when they come to be ranged in verse. For this reason the Italian opera seldom sinks into a poorness of language, but, amidst all the meanness and familiarity of the thoughts, has something beautiful and sonorous in the expression. Without this natural advantage of the tongue, their present poetry would appear wretchedly low and vulgar, notwithstanding the many strained allegories that are so much in use among the writers of this nation. The English and French, who always use the same words in verse as in ordinary conversation, are forced to raise their language with metaphors and figures, or, by the pompousness of the whole phrase, to wear off any littleness that appears in the particular parts that compose it. This makes our blank verse, where there is no rhyme to support the expression, extremely difficult to such as are not masters in the tongue, especially when they write on low subjects ; and 'tis probably for this reason that Milton has made use of such frequent transpositions, Latinisms, antiquated words and phrases, that he might the better deviate from vulgar and ordinary expressions.

The comedies that I saw at Venice, or indeed in any other part of Italy, are very indifferent, and more lewd than those of other countries. Their poets have no notion of genteel comedy, and fall into the most filthy double meanings imaginable, when they have a mind to make their audience merry. There is no part generally so wretched as that of the fine gentleman, especially when he converses with his mistress ; for then the whole dialogue is an insipid mixture of pedantry and romance. But 'tis no wonder that the poets of so jealous and reserved a nation fail in such conversations on the stage, as they have no patterns of in nature. There are four standing characters which enter into every piece that comes on the stage, the Doctor, Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Coviello. The Doctor's character comprehends the whole extent of a pedant, that with a deep voice and a magisterial air breaks in upon conversation, and drives down all before him : everything he says is backed with quotations out of Galen, Hippocrates, Plato, Virgil, or any author that rises uppermost, and all answers from his companion are looked upon as impertinencies or interruptions. Harlequin's part is made up of blunders and absurdities ; he is to mistake one name for another, to forget his errands, to stumble over queens, and to run his head against every post that stands in his way. This is all attended with something so comical in the voice and gestures, that a man who is sensible of the folly of the part can hardly forbear being pleased with it. Pantaloon is generally an old cully, and Coviello a sharper.

I have seen a translation of the *Cid* acted at Bolonia [Bologna], which would never have taken, had they not found a place in it for these buffoons. All four of them appear in masks that are made like the old Roman *personæ*, as I shall have occasion to observe in another place. The French and Italians have probably derived this custom of showing some of their characters in masks from the Greek and Roman theatre. The old Vatican Terence has at the head of every scene the figures of all the persons that are concerned in it, with the particular disguises in which they acted ; and I remember to have seen in the Villa Mattheio an antic statue masked, which was perhaps designed for Gnatho in the *Eunuch*, for it agrees exactly with the figure he makes in the Vatican manuscript. One would wonder, indeed, how so polite a people as the Romans and Athenians should not look on these borrowed faces as unnatural. They might do very well for a Cyclops, or a satyr, that can have no resemblance in human features ; but for a flatterer, a miser, or the like characters, which abound in our own species, nothing is more ridiculous than to represent their looks by a painted vizard. In persons of this nature the turns and motions of the face are often as agreeable as any part of the action. Could we suppose that a mask represented never so naturally the general humour of a character, it can never suit with the variety of passions that are incident to every single person in the whole course of a play. The grimace may be proper on some occasions, but is too steady to agree with all. The rabble, indeed, are generally pleased at the first entry of a disguise, but the jest grows cold even with them too when it comes on the stage in a second scene.

(From *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy*.)

On Quack Doctors.

I do not remember that in any of my lucubrations I have touched upon that useful science of physic, notwithstanding I have declared myself more than once a professor of it. I have indeed joined the study of astrology with it, because I never knew a physician recommend himself to the public who had not a sister art to embellish his knowledge in medicine. It has been commonly observed in compliment to the ingenious of our profession, that Apollo was god of verse as well as physic; and in all ages the most celebrated practitioners of our country were the particular favourites of the Muses. Poetry to physic is indeed like the gilding to a pill; it makes the art shine, and covers the severity of the doctor with the agreeableness of the companion. The very foundation of poetry is good sense, if we may allow Horace to be a judge of the art.

'Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.'

And if so, we have reason to believe that the same man who writes well can prescribe well, if he has applied himself to the study of both. Besides, when we see a man making profession of two different sciences, it is natural for us to believe he is no pretender in that which we are not judges of, when we find him skilful in that which we understand. Ordinary quacks and charlatans are thoroughly sensible how necessary it is to support themselves by these collateral assistances, and therefore always lay their claim to some supernumerary accomplishments which are wholly foreign to their profession. About twenty years ago it was impossible to walk the streets without having an advertisement thrust into your hand, of a doctor 'who was arrived at the knowledge of the green and red dragon, and had discovered the female fern seed.' Nobody ever knew what this meant; but the green and red dragon so amused the people that the doctor lived very comfortably upon them. About the same time there was pasted a very hard word upon every corner of the streets. This, to the best of my remembrance, was TETRACHYMAGOGON; which drew great shoals of spectators about it, who read the bill that it introduced with unspeakable curiosity; and when they were sick, would have nobody but this learned man for their physician.

I once received an advertisement of one 'who had studied thirty years by candle light for the good of his countrymen.' He might have studied twice as long by daylight, and never have been taken notice of: but elucubrations cannot be over valued. There are some who have gained themselves great reputation for physic by their birth, as the 'seventh son of a seventh son'; and others by not being born at all, as the 'unborn doctor,' who, I hear, is lately gone the way of his patients, having died worth five hundred pounds *per annum*, though he was not 'born' to a halfpenny.

My ingenious friend Dr Saffold succeeded my old contemporary Dr Lilly in the studies both of physic and astrology, to which he added that of poetry, as was to be seen both upon the sign where he lived, and in the bills which he distributed. He was succeeded by Doctor Case, who erased the verses of his predecessor out of the sign post, and substituted in their stead two of his own, which were as follow:

'Within this Place
Lives Doctor Case.'

He is said to have got more by this distich than Mr Dryden did by all his works. There would be no end of enumerating the several imaginary perfections and unaccountable artifices by which this tribe of men ensnare the minds of the vulgar, and gain crowds of admirers. I have seen the whole front of a mountebank's stage from one end to the other faced with patents, certificates, medals, and great seals, by which the several princes of Europe have testified their particular respect and esteem for the doctor. Every great man with a sounding title has been his patient. I believe I have seen twenty mountebanks that have given physic to the Czar of Muscovy. The Great Duke of Tuscany escapes no better. The Elector of Brandenburg was likewise a very good patient.

This great condescension of the doctor draws upon him much good-will from his audience; and it is ten to one, but if any of them be troubled with an aching tooth, his ambition will prompt him to get it drawn by a person who has had so many princes, kings, and emperors under his hands.

I must not leave this subject without observing that, as physicians are apt to deal in poetry, apothecaries endeavour to recommend themselves by oratory, and are therefore without controversy the most eloquent persons in the whole British nation. I would not willingly discourage any of the arts, especially that of which I am an humble professor; but I must confess, for the good of my native country, I could wish there might be a suspension of physic for some years, that our kingdom, which has been so much exhausted by the wars, might have leave to recruit itself.

As for myself, the only physic which has brought me safe to almost the age of man, and which I prescribe to all my friends, is abstinence. This is certainly the best physic for prevention, and very often the most effectual against a present distemper. In short, my recipe is, 'Take nothing.'

Were the body politic to be physicked like particular persons, I should venture to prescribe to it after the same manner. I remember when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills, which (as he told the country people) were very good against an earthquake. It may perhaps be thought as absurd to prescribe a diet for the allaying popular commotions and national ferments. But I am verily persuaded that if in such a case a whole people were to enter into a course of abstinence, and eat nothing but water-gruel for a fortnight, it would abate the rage and animosity of parties, and not a little contribute to the cure of a distracted nation. Such a fast would have a natural tendency to the procuring of those ends for which a fast is usually proclaimed. If any man has a mind to enter on such a voluntary abstinence, it might not be improper to give him the caution of Pythagoras in particular: *Abstine a fabis*, 'Abstain from beans': that is, say the interpreters, meddle not with elections; beans having been made use of by the voters among the Athenians in the choice of magistrates.

(*The Tatler*, No. 240.)

Lilly the astrologer died in 1681; Thomas Saffold, who left off weaving to become a quack doctor, died in 1691, refusing all [illegible] from 1680 to about 1700.

On 'The Spectator'

It is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My publisher tells me that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day: so that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about threescore thousand disciples in London and Westminster, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and unattentive brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short transient intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates that he brought Philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought Philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular manner recommend these my speculations to all well-regulated families, that set apart an hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter; and would earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea-equipage.

Sir Francis Bacon observes that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Moses's serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the Egyptians. I shall not be so vain as to think that where the Spectator appears the other public prints will vanish; but shall leave it to my reader's consideration whether is it not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's self than to hear what passes in Muscovy or Poland; and to amuse ourselves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds and make enmities irreconcilable?

In the next place, I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of those gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies, I mean the fraternity of Spectators, who live in the world without having anything to do in it; and, either by the affluence of their fortunes or laziness of their dispositions, have no other business with the rest of mankind but to look upon them. Under this class of men are comprehended all contemplative tradesmen, titular physicians, fellows of the Royal Society, Templars that are not given to be contentious, and statesmen that are out of business; in short, every one that considers the world as a theatre, and desires to form a right judgment of those who are the actors on it.

There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the blanks of society, as being altogether unfurnished with ideas, till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with, whether there was any news stirring? and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of, till about twelve o'clock in the morning; for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind sits, and whether the Dutch mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have read this paper, and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome sentiments as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this paper will be more useful than to the female world. I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diversions for the fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them, rather as they are women than as they are reasonable creatures; and are more adapted to the sex than to the species. The toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of ribbons is reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an excursion to a mercer's or a toy-shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for anything else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation of jellies and sweetmeats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in an exalted sphere of knowledge and virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect, as well as love, into their male beholders. I hope to increase the number of these by publishing this daily paper, which I shall always endeavour to make an innocent if not an improving entertainment, and by that means at least divert the minds of my female readers from greater trifles. At the same time, as I would fain give some finishing touches to those which are already the most beautiful pieces in human nature, I shall endeavour to point out all those imperfections that are the blemishes, as well as those virtues which are the embellishments, of the sex. In the meanwhile I hope these my gentle readers, who have so much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this paper, since they may do it without any hindrance to business.

I know several of my friends and well-wishers are in great pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a paper which I oblige myself to furnish every day: but to make them easy in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great raillery to the small wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my promise, desire me to keep my word, assure me that it is high time to give over, with many other pleasantries of the like nature, which men of a little smart genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best friends, when they have such a handle given them of being witty. But let them remember that I do hereby enter my caveat against this piece of raillery.

(*The Spectator*, No. 10.)

Of Mixed Wit.

Mr Locke has an admirable reflection upon the difference of wit and judgment, whereby he endeavours to show the reason why they are not always the talents of the same person. His words are as follow: 'And hence, perhaps, may be given some reason of that common observation, that men who have a great deal of wit and prompt memories, have not always the clearest judgment or deepest reason. For wit lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy; judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully one from another ideas wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude, and by affinity to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to metaphor and allusion; wherein for the most part lies that entertainment and pleasantry of wit which strikes so lively on the fancy, and is therefore so acceptable to all people.'

This is, I think, the best and most philosophical account that I have ever met with of wit, which generally, though not always, consists in such a resemblance and congruity of ideas as this author mentions. I shall only add to it, by way of explanation, that every resemblance of ideas is not that which we call wit, unless it be such an one that gives delight and surprise to the reader; these two properties seem essential to wit, more particularly the last of them. In order, therefore, that the resemblance in the ideas be wit, it is necessary that the ideas should not be too near one another in the nature of things; for where the likeness is obvious, it gives no surprise. To compare one man's singing to that of another, or to represent the whiteness of any object by that of milk and snow, or the variety of its colours by those of the rainbow, cannot be called wit, unless besides this obvious resemblance there be some further congruity discovered in the two ideas, that is capable of giving the reader some surprise. Thus when a poet tells us the bosom of his mistress is as white as snow, there is no wit in the comparison; but when he adds, with a sigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows into wit. Every reader's memory may supply him with innumerable instances of the same nature. For this reason, the similitudes in heroic poets, who endeavour rather to fill the mind with great conceptions than to divert it with such as are new and surprising, have seldom anything in them that can be called wit. Mr Locke's account of wit, with this short explanation, comprehends most of the species of wit, as metaphors, similitudes, allegories, enigmas, mottos, parables, fables, dreams, visions, dramatic writings, burlesque, and all the methods of allusion: as there are many other pieces of wit (how remote soever they may appear at first sight from the foregoing description) which upon examination will be found to agree with it.

As true wit generally consists in this resemblance and congruity of ideas, false wit chiefly consists in the resemblance and congruity sometimes of single letters, as in anagrams, chronograms, lipograms, and acrostics; sometimes of syllables, as in echoes and doggerel rhymes; sometimes of words, as in puns and quibbles; and sometimes of whole sentences or poems, cast into the figures of eggs, axes, or altars: nay, some carry the notion of wit so far, as to ascribe it even to external mimicry, and to look upon a man as an ingenious person that can resemble the tone, posture, or face of another.

As true wit consists in the resemblance of ideas, and false wit in the resemblance of words, according to the foregoing instances, there is another kind of wit which consists partly in the resemblance of ideas, and partly in the resemblance of words; which, for distinction' sake, I shall call mixt wit. This kind of wit is that which abounds in Cowley more than in any author that ever wrote. Mr Waller has likewise a great deal of it. Mr Dryden is very sparing in it. Milton had a genius much above it. Spenser is in the same class with Milton. The Italians, even in their epic poetry, are full of it. Monsieur Boileau, who formed himself upon the ancient poets, has everywhere rejected it with scorn. If we look after mixt wit among the Greek writers, we shall find it nowhere but in the epigrammatists. There are, indeed, some strokes of it in the little poem ascribed to Musaeus, which by that, as well as many other marks, betrays itself to be a modern composition. If we look into the Latin writers, we find none of this mixt wit in Virgil, Lucretius, or Catullus; very little in Horace; but a great deal of it in Ovid; and scarce anything else in Martial.

Out of the innumerable branches of mixt wit I shall choose one instance which may be met with in all the writers of this class. The passion of love in its nature has been thought to resemble fire; for which reason the words fire and flame are made use of to signify love. The witty poets, therefore, have taken an advantage from the doubtful meaning of the word fire, to make an infinite number of witticisms. Cowley observing the cold regard of his mistress's eyes, and at the same time their power of producing love in him, considers them as burning-glasses made of ice; and, finding himself able to live in the greatest extremities of love, concludes the torrid zone to be habitable. When his mistress has read his letter written in juice of lemon by holding it to the fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by love's flames. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward heat that distilled those drops from the limbec. When she is absent, he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty degrees nearer the pole than when she is with him. His ambitious love is a fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy love is the beams of heaven, and his unhappy love flames of hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a flame that sends up no smoke; when it is opposed by counsel and advice, it is a fire that rages the more by the wind's blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a tree in which he had cut his loves, he observes that his written flames had burnt up and withered the tree. When he resolves to give over his passion, he tells us that one burnt like him for ever dreads the fire. His heart is an Ætna that, instead of Vulcan's shop, encloses Cupid's forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his love in wine is throwing oil upon the fire. He would insinuate to his mistress, that the fire of love, like that of the sun (which produces so many living creatures), should not only warm but beget. Love in another place cooks pleasure at his fire. Sometimes the poet's heart is frozen in every breast, and sometimes scorched in every eye. Sometimes he is drowned in tears, and burnt in love, like a ship set on fire in the middle of the sea.

The reader may observe in every one of these instances that the poet mixes the qualities of fire with those of love; and in the same sentence, speaking of it both as a passion and as real fire, surprises the reader with those seeming resemblances or contradictions that make up all the wit in this kind of writing. Mixt wit, therefore, is a composition of pun and true wit, and is more or less perfect as the resemblance lies in the ideas or in the words; its foundations are laid partly in falsehood and partly in truth; reason puts in her claim for one half of it, and extravagance for the other. The only province, therefore, for this kind of wit is epigram, or those little occasional poems that in their own nature are nothing else but a tissue of epigrams. I cannot conclude this head of mixt wit without owning that the admirable poet out of whom I have taken the examples of it, had as much true wit as any author that ever writ; and, indeed, all other talents of an extraordinary genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this subject, that I should take notice of Mr Dryden's definition of wit; which, with all the deference that is due to the judgment of so great a man, is not so properly a definition of wit as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is 'a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject.' If this be a true definition of wit, I am apt to think that Euclid was the greatest wit that ever set pen to paper: it is certain there never was a greater propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject than what that author has made use of in his Elements. I shall only appeal to my reader if this definition agrees with any notion he has of wit. If it be a true one, I am sure Mr Dryden was not only a better poet, but a greater wit, than Mr Cowley; and Virgil a much more facetious man than either Ovid or Martial.

Bouhours, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the French critics, has taken pains to show that it is impossible for any thought to be beautiful which is not just and has not its foundation in the nature of things; that the basis of all wit is truth; and that no thought can be valuable of which good sense is not the ground-work. Boileau has endeavoured to inculcate the same notion in several parts of his writings, both in prose and verse. This is that natural way of writing, that beautiful simplicity, which we so much admire in the compositions of the ancients, and which nobody deviates from but those who want strength of genius to make a thought shine in its own natural beauties. Poets who want this strength of genius to give that majestic simplicity to nature, which we so much admire in the works of the ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign ornaments, and not to let any piece of wit, of what kind soever, escape them. I look upon these writers as Goths in poetry, who, like those in architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful simplicity of the old Greeks and Romans, have endeavoured to supply its place with all the extravagances of an irregular fancy. Mr Dryden makes a very handsome observation on Ovid's writing a letter from Dido to Æneas, in the following words: 'Ovid (says he, speaking of Virgil's fiction of Dido and Æneas) takes it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new-created Dido; dictates a letter for her, just before her death, to the ungrateful fugitive; and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a sword with a man so much superior in force to him on the same subject. I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own; he borrows all from a greater master in his own profession, and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds: nature fails him, and being forced to his old shift, he has recourse to witticism. This passes, indeed, with his soft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil in their esteem.'

Were not I supported by so great an authority as that of Mr Dryden, I should not venture to observe, that the taste of most of our English poets, as well as readers, is extremely Gothic. He quotes Monsieur Segrais for a threefold distinction of the readers of poetry: in the first of which he comprehends the rabble of readers, whom he does not treat as such with regard to their quality, but to their numbers and the coarseness of their taste. His words are as follow: 'Segrais has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes. (He might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased.) In the lowest form he places those whom he calls *Les Petits Esprits*; such things as are our upper gallery audience in a play house; who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit, prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense and elegant expression; these are mob readers. If Virgil and Martial stood for Parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. But though they make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best on't is, they are but a sort of French Huguenots or Dutch boors, brought over in herds but not naturalized; who have not lands of two pounds per annum in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the same level, fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden: yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their readers improve their stock of sense (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment) they soon forsake them.

I must not dismiss this subject without observing, that as Mr Locke, in the passage above-mentioned, has discovered the most fruitful source of wit, so there is another of a quite contrary nature to it, which does likewise branch itself out into several kinds. For not only the resemblance, but the opposition of ideas, does very often produce wit; as I could show in several little points, turns, antitheses, that I may possibly enlarge upon in some future speculation.

(*The Spectator*, No. 62.)

The allusions are to Locke's *Essay* (ed. 1690), Chap. xi. p. 68; Cowley's *Mistress*; Dryden's *Apology for Heroic Poetry*. Père Bouhours, Jesuit critic and biographer, lived till 1702; his *Manière de bien penser dans les ouvrages de l'esprit*, indirectly referred to by Addison, appeared in 1687; it was translated into English in 1705. The poet Segrais, secretary to the novelist Mme de la Fayette, died a year earlier; he translated the *Æneid* and *Georgics* into French verse. See Dryden's *Dedication to the Æneis*.

Sir Roger at the Play.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time that he had not been at a play these twenty years. 'The last I saw,' says Sir Roger, 'was the Committee, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told before-hand that it was a good Church of England comedy.' He then proceeded to inquire of me who this Distressed Mother was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. 'I assure you,' says he, 'I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to go away from them. You must know (continued the knight with a smile) I fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before.' Sir Roger added, that if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; 'for I threw them out (says he) at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However (says the knight), if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended.'

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he had made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the play-house; where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was, indeed, very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him at the conclusion of almost every scene telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, 'You cannot imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow.' Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, 'Ay, do if you can.' This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, 'These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray (says he), you that are a critic, is this play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of.'

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer; 'Well,' says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, 'I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost.' He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom, at his first entering, he took for Astyanax; but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, 'who,' says he, 'must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him.' Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap; to which Sir Roger added, 'On my word, a notable young baggage!'

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man. As they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time, 'And let me tell you (says he), though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them.' Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke [make fun of] the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and at the conclusion of it told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that 'Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.'

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the play-house; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man.

(*The Spectator*, No. 315.)

The Committee, one of Sir Robert Howard's plays (see Vol. I. p. 787), was very popular after the Restoration, on account of its political bias. See Pepys's *Diary*, 12th June 1663. *The Distressed Mother* (a version of Racine's *Andromaque*), by Ambrose Philips, was acted on 17th March 1712 and printed in 1713. Steele wrote the Prologue, and Addison and Budgell the Epilogue. It was burlesqued by Fielding in his *Covent Garden Tragedy* (1732).

Nature and Art.

If we consider the works of nature and art, as they are qualified to entertain the imagination, we shall find the last very defective in comparison of the former; for though they may sometimes appear as beautiful or strange, they can have nothing in them of that vastness and immensity, which afford so great an entertainment to the mind of the beholder. The one may be as polite and delicate as the other, but can never show herself so august and magnificent in the design. There is something more bold and masterly in the rough careless strokes of nature than in the nice touches and embellishments of art. The beauties of the most stately garden or palace lie in a narrow compass, the imagination immediately runs them over, and requires something else to gratify her; but in the wide fields of nature, the sight wanders up and down without confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of images, without any certain stint or number. For this reason we always find the poet in love with a country life, where nature appears in the greatest perfection, and furnishes out all those scenes that are most apt to delight the imagination.

'Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit urbes.'
HORACE.

'Hic secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum, hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncae, vivique lacus, hic frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni.'
—VIRGIL.

But though there are several of these wild scenes that are more delightful than any artificial shows; yet we find the works of nature still more pleasant the more they resemble those of art: for in this case our pleasure rises from a double principle; from the agreeableness of the objects to the eye, and from their similitude to other objects: we are pleased as well with comparing their beauties as with surveying them, and can represent them to our minds either as copies or originals. Hence it is that we take delight in a prospect which is well laid out, and diversified with fields and meadows, woods and rivers; in those accidental landscapes of trees, clouds, and cities, that are sometimes found in the veins of marble; in the curious fret work of rocks and grottos; and, in a word, in anything that hath such a variety or regularity as may seem the effect of design, in what we call the works of chance.

If the products of nature rise in value, according as they more or less resemble those of art, we may be sure that artificial works receive a greater advantage from their resemblance of such as are natural; because here the similitude is not only pleasant, but the pattern more perfect. The prettiest landscape I ever saw was one drawn on the walls of a dark room, which stood opposite on one side to a navigable river, and on the other to a park. The experiment is very common in optics. Here you might discover the waves and fluctuations of the water in strong and proper colours, with the picture of a ship entering at one end, and sailing by degrees through the whole piece. On another there appeared the green shadows of trees, waving to and fro with the wind, and herds of deer among them in miniature, leaping about upon the wall. I must confess, the novelty of such a sight may be one occasion of its pleasantness to the imagination, but certainly the chief reason is its near resemblance to nature, as it does not only, like other pictures, give the colour and figure, but the motion of the things it represents.

We have before observed that there is generally in nature something more grand and august than what we meet with in the curiosities of art. When therefore we see this imitated in any measure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of pleasure than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate productions of art. On this account our English gardens are not so entertaining to the fancy as those in France and Italy, where we see a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden and forest, which represent everywhere an artificial rudeness, much more charming than that neatness and elegancy which we meet with in those of our own country. It might, indeed, be of ill consequence to the public, as well as unprofitable to private persons, to alienate so much ground from pasturage and the plough in many parts of a country that is so well peopled and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole estate be thrown into a kind of garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit as the pleasure of the owner? A marsh overgrown with willows, or a mountain shaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful but more beneficial than when they lay bare and unadorned. Fields of corn make a pleasant prospect, and if the walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helped and improved by some small additions of art, and the several rows of hedges set off by trees and flowers that the soil was capable of receiving, a man might make a pretty landscape of his own possessions.

Writers who have given us an account of China tell us the inhabitants of that country laugh at the plantations of our Europeans, which are laid out by the rule and line; because, they say, any one may place trees in equal rows and uniform figures. They choose rather to show a genius in works of this nature, and therefore always conceal the art by which they direct themselves. They have a word, it seems, in their language, by which they express the particular beauty of a plantation that thus strikes the imagination at first sight, without discovering what it is that has so agreeable an effect. Our British gardeners, on the contrary, instead of humouring nature, love to deviate from it as much as possible. Our trees rise in cones, globes, and pyramids. We see the marks of the scissors upon every plant and bush. I do not know whether I am singular in my opinion, but for my own part I would rather look upon a tree in all its luxuriancy and diffusion of boughs and branches, than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a mathematical figure; and cannot but fancy that an orchard in flower looks infinitely more delightful than all the little labyrinths of the most finished parterre. But as our great modellers of gardens have their magazines of plants to dispose of, it is very natural for them to tear up all the beautiful plantations of fruit trees, and contrive a plan that may most turn to their own profit, in taking off their evergreens and the like moveable plants with which their shops are plentifully stocked.

(*The Spectator*, No. 414.)

For similar treatment of this topic, see Pope's *Moral Essays*, Epist iv. The earlier or formal (or 'Dutch') style, made fashionable by the gardeners London & Wise (*Spectator* No 5), was succeeded by a freer style, which was popularised by the gardeners Bridgeman & Kent, and was praised by Walpole and by Pope, who 'twisted and twirled' his garden at Twickenham. This later type became known on the Continent, through the Duc de Nivernois' translation of Walpole's *Essay on Modern Gardening*, as the *jardin à l'anglaise.*

On Naked Bosoms.

There are many little enormities in the world, which our preachers would be very glad to see removed, but at the same time dare not meddle with them, for fear of betraying the dignity of the pulpit. Should they recommend the tucker in a pathetic discourse, their audiences would be apt to laugh out. I knew a parish where the top woman of it used always to appear with a patch upon some part of her forehead: the good man of the place preached at it with great zeal for almost a twelvemonth; but instead of fetching out the spot which he perpetually aimed at, he only got the name of Parson Patch for his pains. Another is to this day called by the name of Doctor Topknot for reasons of the same nature. I remember the clergy, during the time of Cromwell's usurpation, were very much taken up in reforming the female world, and showing the vanity of those outward ornaments in which the sex so much delights. I have heard a whole sermon against a white wash, and have known a coloured ribbon made the mark of the unconverted. The clergy of the present age are not transported with these indiscreet fervours, as knowing that it is hard for a reformer to avoid ridicule, when he is severe upon subjects which are rather apt to produce mirth than seriousness. For this reason, I look upon myself to be of great use to these good men; while they are employed in extirpating mortal sins and crimes of a higher nature, I should be glad to rally the world out of indecencies and venial transgressions. While the Doctor is curing distempers that have the appearance of danger or death in them, the Merry Andrew has his separate packet for the meagrims and the tooth ache

Thus much I thought fit to premise before I resume the subject which I have already handled, I mean the naked bosoms of our British ladies. I hope they will not take it ill of me, if I still beg that they will be covered. I shall here present them with a letter on that particular, as it was yesterday conveyed to me through the lion's mouth. It comes from a Quaker, and is as follows:

'NESTOR IRONSIDE,

'Our friends like thee. We rejoice to find thou beginnest to have a glimmering of the light in thee: we shall pray for thee, that thou mayest be more and more enlightened. Thou givest good advice to the women of this world to clothe themselves like unto our friends, and not to expose their fleshly temptations, for it is against the Record. Thy lion is a good lion; he roareth loud, and is heard a great way, even unto the sink of Babylon; for the scarlet whore is governed by the voice of thy lion. Look on his order.

'Rome, July 8, 1713. "A placard is published here, forbidding women, of whatsoever quality, to go with naked breasts; and the priests are ordered not to admit the transgressors of this law to confession, nor to communion; neither are they to enter the cathedrals under severe penalties."

'These lines are faithfully copied from the nightly paper, with this title written over it, The Evening Post, from Saturday, July the 18th, to Tuesday, July the 21st.

'Seeing thy lion is obeyed at this distance, we hope the foolish women in thy own country will listen to thy admonitions. Otherwise thou art desired to make him still roar, till all the beasts of the forests shall tremble. I must again repeat unto thee, friend Nestor, the whole brotherhood have great hopes of thee, and expect to see thee so inspired with the light, as thou mayest speedily become a great preacher of the word. I wish it heartily. Thine, in everything that is praiseworthy,

TOM TREMBLE.'

Tom's Coffee-house in Birchin Lane, the
23rd day of the month called July.

It happens very oddly that the Pope and I should have the same thought much about the same time. My enemies will be apt to say that we hold a correspondence together, and act by concert in this matter. Let that be as it will, I shall not be ashamed to join with his Holiness in those particulars which are indifferent between us, especially when it is for the reformation of the finer half of mankind. We are both of us about the same age, and consider this fashion in the same view. I hope that it will not be able to resist his bull and my lion. I am only afraid that our ladies will take occasion from hence to show their zeal for the Protestant religion, and pretend to expose their naked bosoms only in opposition to Popery.

(*The Guardian*, No 116.)

Thy lion is obeyed. The Venetian Lion's Head Letter-Box at Button's Coffee House for receiving contributions to the *Guardian* There is a sketch of it in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, September 1884. It is now preserved at Woburn Abbey.

English Fickleness.

If we may believe the observation which is made of us by foreigners, there is no nation in Europe so much given to change as the English. There are some who ascribe this to the fickleness of our climate, and others to the freedom of our government. From one or both of these causes their writers derive that variety of humours which appears among the people in general, and that inconsistency of character which is to be found in almost every particular person. But as a man should always be upon his guard against the vices to which he is most exposed, so we should take more than ordinary care not to lie at the mercy of the weather in our moral conduct, nor to make a capricious use of that liberty which we enjoy by the happiness of our civil constitution.

This instability of temper ought in a particular manner to be checked, when it shows itself in political affairs, and disposes men to wander from one scheme of government to another; since such a fickleness of behaviour in public measures cannot but be attended with very fatal effects to our country.

In the first place, it hinders any great undertaking, which requires length of time for its accomplishment, from being brought to its due perfection. There is not any instance in history which better confirms this observation, than that which is still fresh in every one's memory. We engaged in the late war with a design to reduce an exorbitant growth of power in the most dangerous enemy to Great Britain. We gained a long and wonderful series of victories, and had scarce anything left to do but to reap the fruits of them: when on a sudden our patience failed us; we grew tired of our undertaking, and received terms from those who were upon the point of giving us whatever we could have demanded of them.

This mutability of mind in the English makes the ancient friends of our nation very backward to engage with us in such alliances as are necessary for our mutual defence and security. It is a common notion among foreigners that the English are good confederates in an enterprise which may be despatched within a short compass of time, but that they are not to be depended upon in a work which cannot be finished without constancy and perseverance. Our late measures have so blemished our national credit in this particular, that those potentates who are entered into treaties with his present Majesty have been solely encouraged to it by their confidence in his personal firmness and integrity.

I need not, after this, suggest to my reader the ignominy and reproach that falls upon a nation which distinguishes itself among its neighbours by such a wavering and unsettled conduct.

This our inconsistency in the pursuit of schemes which have been thoroughly digested, has as bad an influence on our domestic as on our foreign affairs. We are told that the famous Prince of Condé used to ask the English ambassador, upon the arrival of a mail, 'Who was Secretary of State in England *by that post?*' as a piece of raillery upon the fickleness of our politics. But what has rendered this a misfortune to our country is that public ministers have no sooner made themselves masters of their business than they have been dismissed from their employments; and that this disgrace has befallen very many of them, not because they have deserved it, but because the people love to see new faces in high posts of honour.

It is a double misfortune to a nation which is thus given to change, when they have a sovereign at the head of them that is prone to fall in with all the turns and veerings of the people. Sallust, the gravest of all the Roman historians, who had formed his notions of regal authority from the manner in which he saw it exerted among the barbarous nations, makes the following remark: *Plerumque regiae voluntates, ut vehementes, sic mobiles, saepe ipsae sibi adversae.* 'The wills of kings, as they are generally vehement, are likewise very fickle, and at different times opposite to themselves.' Were there any colour for this general observation, how much does it redound to the honour of such princes who are exceptions to it!

The natural consequence of an unsteady government is the perpetuating of strife and faction among a divided people. Whereas a king who persists in those schemes which he has laid, and has no other view in them but the good of his subjects, extinguishes all hopes of advancement in those who would grow great by an opposition to his measures, and insensibly unites the contending parties in their common interest.

Queen Elizabeth, who makes the greatest figure among our English sovereigns, was most eminently remarkable for that steadiness and uniformity which ran through all her actions, during that long and glorious reign. She kept up to her chosen motto in every part of her life, and never lost sight of those great ends, which she proposed to herself on her accession to the throne, the happiness of her people and the strengthening of the Protestant interest. She often interposed her royal authority to break the cabals which were forming against her first ministers, who grew old and died in those stations which they filled with so great abilities. By this means she baffled the many attempts of her foreign and domestic enemies, and entirely broke the whole force and spirit of that party among her subjects which was popishly affected, and which was not a little formidable in the beginning of her reign.

The frequent changes and alterations in public proceedings, the multiplicity of schemes introduced one upon another, with the variety of short-lived favourites that prevailed in their several turns under the government of her successors, have by degrees broken us into those unhappy distinctions and parties, which have given so much uneasiness to our kings, and so often endangered the safety of their people.

I question not but every impartial reader hath been beforehand with me in considering on this occasion the happiness of our country under the government of his present Majesty, who is so deservedly famous for an inflexible adherence to those counsels which have a visible tendency to the public good, and to those persons who heartily concur with him in promoting these his generous designs.

A prince of this character will be dreaded by his enemies, and served with courage and zeal by his friends; and will either instruct us by his example to fix the unsteadiness of our politics, or by his conduct hinder it from doing us any prejudice.

Upon the whole, as there is no temper of mind more unmanly in a private person, nor more pernicious to the public in a member of a community, than that changeableness with which we are too justly branded by all our neighbours, it is to be hoped that the sound part of the nation will give no further occasion for this reproach, but continue steady to that happy establishment which has now taken place among us. And as obstinacy in prejudices which are detrimental to our country, ought not to be mistaken for that virtuous resolution and firmness of mind which is necessary to our preservation, it is to be wished that the enemies to our constitution would so far indulge themselves in this national humour, as to come into one change more, by falling in with that plan of government which at present they think fit to oppose. At least we may expect they will be so wise as to show a legal obedience to the best of kings, who profess the duty of passive obedience to the worst.

(*The Freeholder*, No. 25.)

The dates of the first appearance of the individual works are given in the biographical notice. *Collected editions*: *Works*, ed. Tickell, 4 vols. 4to (1721); *Miscellaneous Works*, ed. Tickell (1726); *Works*, Baskerville edition, 4 vols. (1761); *Works*, ed. Hurd, 6 vols. (1800–11); *Works*, based on Hurd's edition (Bohn's Library), 1st ed. (1853–56). *The Spectator*: many eighteenth century editions; the chief during the nineteenth century are Chalmers's (1806); Tegg's [illegible]; Morley's, *n.d.*; Aitken's (1897); Gregory Smith's (the original text with critical notes, and an introduction by Austin Dobson), 8 vols. (1897–98).

G. GREGORY SMITH.

Sir Richard Steele.

Steele (1672-1729) has described himself as 'an Englishman born in Dublin,' and his biographers, after some balancing of contradictory authorities, have established the date of his birth in the month of March 1672. Of his parentage little is known. His mother is said to have been Irish, of a Wexford family; his father appears to have been a lawyer, probably an attorney, in Dublin. What is essential in the facts of his origin is that, like Swift, Goldsmith, Sterne, Burke, and Sheridan, he was one of that brilliant band of Anglo-Irish writers to whom English literature in the eighteenth century owed so much.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

(From the Portrait by Jonathan Richardson in the National Portrait Gallery.)

The elder Steele died while his son was yet a child, and the memory of the grief-stricken household inspired the editor of the *Tatler* long afterwards to a description which is one of his most admired pathetic passages. An uncle of the name of Gascoigne, secretary to the Duke of Ormonde, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, took an interest in the fatherless boy, and sent him to school and college in England. In 1684, through the Duke's nomination, Steele was admitted to the Charterhouse, where, as he himself tells us, he 'suffered very much for two or three false concords,' after the Spartan manner of the place and time. A more notable and profitable experience was the beginning of his almost lifelong friendship with Addison, which may probably be fixed in the years when the two were schoolboys together in cloisters which Thackeray has glorified as 'Greyfriars.' After five years at the Charterhouse, Steele went up to Oxford as an exhibitioner, matriculating there at Christ Church in the beginning of 1690, but removing from that college to Merton in the following year. The sole noteworthy incident of his Oxford days was the composition of a comedy, which, on the advice of a critical fellow-student, was (no doubt wisely) committed to the flames.

In 1694 the martial atmosphere of the times, charged with glory and gunpowder from the Boyne and Steinkirk and Landen, seems to have fired Steele's brain, for, like Coleridge a century afterwards, he disappeared from college and enlisted as a private soldier in the Life Guards. It was as 'a gentleman of the army' that he next year published a set of verses on the death of Queen Mary, entitled *The Procession*—a frigid effusion of fervid loyalty, but notable in the way of biography and bibliography as his first volume, and also as the first utterance of that sturdy Whiggism which was his lifelong political creed. Good fortune followed the dedication of the poem to Lord Cutts, the 'Salamander' of Namur fame, who almost immediately took the author into his service as secretary, and ere long got him a pair of colours in the Coldstream Guards. There is no evidence that Steele ever saw active military service, in Flanders or elsewhere; but some time before the end of the century he had risen from the rank of ensign to that of captain in Lord Lucas's regiment of Fusiliers. He must have become also one of the recognised wits of Will's Coffee-house, for in 1700 we find him, along with Vanbrugh, Garth, and others, replying to a ponderous satire of Sir Richard Blackmore's, and addressing himself particularly to the defence of his friend Addison.

In the year 1701 appeared his *Christian Hero*, a tract of some eighty or ninety pages, essaying to prove that 'no principles but those of religion are sufficient to make a great man.' It was written, he tells us, at first for his own private use, 'to fix upon his own mind a strong impression of virtue and religion in opposition to a stronger propensity towards unwarrantable pleasures,' encouraged by the temptations incident to his position as 'an Ensign of the Guards,' a way of life exposed to much irregularity. Practically, it is a somewhat crude rehearsal of the moralisings of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, illustrated by 'a view of some eminent heathen, by a distant admiration of the life of our Saviour, and a near examination of that of His Apostle St Paul,' and concluding with a kind of topical parallel, or rather contrast, between Louis XIV. and William III. Naturally there was much satirical criticism of the discrepancy between this preaching and the preacher's own conduct—a conduct of which the imperfection was habitually only too frankly owned by Steele himself. 'Everybody,' he says, speaking of himself in the third person, 'measured the least levity in his words and actions with the character of a Christian Hero, while one or two of his acquaintance thought fit to misuse him and try their valour upon him.' Perhaps it was this 'misuse' that brought about his only recorded duel—an occurrence of rather uncertain date, but apparently belonging, by a most awkward coincidence, to this very time. In justice to the fallible 'Christian Hero,' however, it must be remembered that the only version of this rather vague story represents him as drawn into the quarrel with great reluctance, as accepting his adversary's challenge most unwillingly, and running him through in a well-meant effort to disarm him. It has to be added that in after-years, in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, Steele was incessant in his ridicule and denunciation of the duel.

The same year which saw the publication of the *Christian Hero* witnessed the appearance—on the stage at all events—of Steele's first play, *The Funeral; or, Grief à la Mode*. This was followed in 1703 by *The Lying Lover*, in 1705 by *The Tender Husband*, and in 1722 by *The Conscious Lovers*. These four comedies, though they do not give Steele a high place among our dramatic authors, render him an important figure in the history of the English stage. In 1697 Jeremy Collier's famous diatribe had given utterance to the general disgust at the indecencies of Wycherley and Congreve; and in the first year of the new century a very salutary reaction—salutary at least so far as concerned the morals of the drama—began to set in. In this reaction Steele was a principal agent, and he became, indeed, the founder of that 'Sentimental Comedy' which, in the early Georgian times, supplanted the Restoration comedy of wit and intrigue. It is true that from the modern standpoint of manners and morals his plays seem anything but faultless, containing, as they do, not only frequent examples of coarseness in language, but also some dubious situations and scenes. These, however, are but superficial defects, which no way impair the essential soundness of the morality inculcated by the author or diminish the force of the contrast which his comedies present to their immediate predecessors. With Steele the patient or deluded husband is no longer the butt of ridicule, nor do breaches of the marriage tie furnish the material of his plots. On the contrary, his theme is the honourable and faithful love of youths and maidens: his heroines, whether sentimental or worldly, are never immodest; his heroes at the worst are only foolish and reckless young sparks, while at the best they tend to be priggish.

It is noteworthy that in every one of the four plays the dénouement involves the foiling of some mercenary matrimonial design and the substitution of a true-love match in its stead, and that in two of them the evils of the duel are exposed. The moral purpose is, indeed, only too apparent, and it is not surprising that the *Lying Lover* was 'damned,' as Steele himself confesses, 'for its piety.' The comic vein is seen mainly in such minor characters as Humphrey Gubbin, a kind of earlier Tony Lumpkin, and Biddy Tipkin, in whom there is a clear suggestion of Sheridan's Lydia Languish.

There are but scanty notices of Steele's life during the time when the first three of his plays were written. He himself asserted that his name in 1702 was down in King William's last 'table-book' for promotion; but the king's death deferred any such advancement for some years. Chemical experiments in search of the philosopher's stone seemed to have consumed some of his time and money, and he is believed to have been one of the earliest members of the Kit-Cat Club. In 1705 he married a Mrs Margaret Stretch, a widow with some West Indian property, who, however, died not long after the marriage. In 1706 the office of Gentleman Waiter to Prince George of Denmark, the consort of Queen Anne, was bestowed upon him; and in May of the next year he obtained the then important post of Gazetteer, or editor of the *London Gazette*. In September 1707 he was married again, this time to a Welsh lady of some fortune, named Mary Scurlock, who plays rather an important part in his biography thenceforth. She was evidently a somewhat peevish and capricious beauty, who delighted in finding fault with her not irascible husband; and Steele seems to have led very much the same kind of life with his 'dear Prue,' as he called her, as his hero, the great Duke of Marlborough, had with the termagant Duchess. A collection of his letters, written to her both before and after marriage, which was published by Nichols the antiquary in 1787, gives a very intimate revelation of his character. It shows him the most affectionate and generous of men, guilty of too frequent convivial excesses, after the manner of the time, 'hopelessly sanguine, restless, and impulsive,' and well-nigh as great a spendthrift as Sheridan or Goldsmith. In spite of what must have been a fairly good income, he was always in debt, and sometimes in the hands of the bailiffs; but it would seem that Macaulay's picture of him 'dicing himself into a spunging-house and drinking himself into a fever' is somewhat of an exaggeration.

It was doubtless partly the journalistic opportunities possessed by Steele in his character of

Gazetteer that suggested to him the project of *The Tatler*, with which the periodical literature of England takes its rise. English journalism, of course, is older than the *Tatler* by more than half-a-century, beginning, as it practically does (for one need hardly go back to Nathaniel Butters), with the 'Mercuries'—*Mercurius Aulicus*, *Politicus Britannicus*, *Anti-Britannicus*, *Pragmaticus*, and so on—that came forth in shoals at the outbreak of the great Civil War. In the reign of Queen Anne there were in London plenty of newspapers, or rather meagre news-sheets, in addition to the official *Gazetteer*, which endeavoured to report the politics—and especially the foreign politics—of the day. The crazed upholsterer, for example, whom Addison sketched in some of the later issues of the *Tatler* had his poor brain turned by much speculation on the movements of Marlborough and Prince Eugene and the King of Sweden, as reported in the *Postman*, the *Post-Boy*, the *Daily Courant*, the *Supplement*, and the *English Post*. Besides these there was Defoe's *Review*, started in 1704, which may be described as the first of our organs of opinion on politics, giving, as it did, political criticism in addition to bare news. And, lastly, the obliging sheets which undertook, after the example of John Dunton's *Athenian Mercury* (1690-97), to resolve 'all the most nice and curious questions proposed by the ingenious of either sex,' had started that line of journalistic development which is still continued in the 'answers to correspondents' in provincial weekly newspapers.

The *Tatler*, however, was altogether different from these, and represented a departure which in the end was to issue, not in the modern newspaper, but in the magazine. Its descent from the news-sheets is shown by the scraps of political tidings which Steele borrowed from the *Gazette* for its earlier numbers; but its essential purpose from the first was the description and criticism of polite society in London. In the notice prefixed to the opening numbers, Steele describes himself as writing 'for the use of politic persons, who are so publick spirited as to neglect their own affairs to look into transactions of state.' Something is to be offered whereby 'such worthy and well-affected members of the commonwealth may be instructed, after their reading, what to *think;*' and there is to be something also 'which may be of entertainment to the fair sex,' in honour of whom the title of the paper is declared to be invented. The contents of the numbers are dated, according to their subjects, from the various social resorts about town. 'All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment,' for example, are 'under the article of White's Chocolate-House; Poetry under that of Will's Coffee-House; Learning under the title of Grecian; Foreign and Domestick News from St James's Coffee-House.' This last kind of intelligence was inserted to give sober ballast and actuality to the paper; but, being evidently found superfluous, it was gradually excluded, and the *Tatler* became entirely a description and criticism of the manners and morals of the day.

The first number—a double-columned folio sheet—appeared on the 12th of April 1709, and its successors came out regularly three times a week, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at the price of a penny, until the 2nd of January 1711. They were written in the character of an imaginary Isaac Bickerstaff, a benevolent old bachelor, whose name, in the preceding year, had been made famous by Swift's employment of it in his mystification of the astrologer Partridge. Steele was now on terms of friendship with Swift, who for about eighteen months had been in London on ecclesiastical business, and a few of the papers in the *Tatler* are from the Vicar's caustic pen. A far more important contributor was Addison, whose assistance was acknowledged by Steele with characteristic and exaggerated generosity. The forty-two papers known or believed to have been written by him contain, doubtless, some of the finest thoughts and most finished writing in the *Tatler;* yet Steele spoke rather as a friend than a critic when he said, 'I fared like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid: I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in I could not subsist without dependence on him.' Other contributors—but only to a very trifling extent—were Congreve, Hughes, Ambrose Philips, and Harrison. Of the two hundred and seventy-one numbers, Steele wrote about one hundred and eighty-eight himself, and twenty-five in co-operation with Addison; and he was editorially responsible, as we should now say, for the whole.

The contents of the *Tatler*, which were immediately republished in successive volumes as *The Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.*, are as various as the aspects of the life it professed to describe and criticise. In its numbers a dramatic criticism is followed by an imaginary character-sketch of a pair of beauties; a pathetic love-story or scene of domestic life is found alongside a gentle satire on fopperies in dress and conversation; a serious discourse on the evils of gaming and duelling is relieved by a picture of some odd frequenter of the coffee-houses or the Mall. In his self-imposed rôle of observer and censor of polite society, Mr Bickerstaff takes note of every social foible and vice and humour from the 'nice conduct of a clouded cane' or the exorbitant circumference of a hooped petticoat to the evils of loveless marriages for an establishment, and from the insipid affectations of the visiting-day and the noisy utterance of responses in church to the arts of the well-bred cheat and the brutality of the bully. The treatment of these subjects is, as a rule, much less formal and elaborate than in the *Spectator*, where every paper is a substantive essay, usually on a set theme. In its later days, indeed, the *Tatler* assumed this form; but its earlier numbers each dealt with three or four subjects, which of course were lightly and never exhaustively handled. As a consequence, while the *Spectator* has a more solid literary value, the *Tatler* gives us perhaps the more lively picture of the varied life of the period. Turning over its pages, one can see Betterton in *Love for Love*, and Wilkes as Sir Harry Wildair, and watch Tom Modely and Will Courtly tapping their snuff-boxes at White's or ogling Chloe and Clarinda in Pall Mall. The ladies, patched and powdered, trip to and from their sedan-chairs and coaches; the preacher at St Paul's or St Clement Dane's holds forth for or against Dr Sacheverell; at the Grecian the Templars discuss tragedy and epic according to the rules of Aristotle and Bossu; the Mohocks scour the ill-lit streets at night. The bluff country squire amuses the coffee-house by calling for a morning draught of ale and Dyer's newsletter; at the rich man's table the poor parson rises ruefully before the dessert, and in the long stage-coach journey to Bristol or Exeter the travellers are bored and jolted into a state of sullen ennui mitigated only by dread of the highwayman's pistol. Through it all, too, there comes an echo of the great events of the time the tramp of the armies of Marlborough and Vendôme, and the distant thunder of the cannon of Malplaquet and Pultowa.

Steele's share in the *Tatler* is so marked and preponderant as to have caused the general association of the paper with his name, and without any disparagement of the invaluable aid given by Addison, it must be owned that the scope and main features of the venture were determined by Steele. To him, for one thing, its strong moral purpose was due. Steele was essentially a preacher, ever bent on the reformation of society, and in the *Tatler* he set himself not only with energy, but also with much tactical skill, to make assault on the many flagrant corruptions of the age. Conspicuous among his attacks were those on gaming and duelling, of which he says himself, with justifiable complaisance, 'that in spight of all the force of fashion and prejudice, in the face of all the world, I alone bewailed the condition of an English gentleman, whose fortune and life are at this day precarious, while his estate is liable to the demands of gamesters through a false sense of justice, and his life to the demands of duellists through a false sense of honour.'

But his best service to morality was rendered in his persistent efforts to raise the general estimate of women and the level of feminine culture and self-respect. Steele's chivalrous regard for women was one of the finest points in his character, and prompted perhaps his best and most famous sentence in eulogy of Aspasia (Lady Elizabeth Hastings), of whom he said in the 49th *Tatler* that to love her was 'a liberal education.' In striving to rectify the position of what he called 'the fair sex,' he struck deep and straight at the worst evils of the day, for undoubtedly the frivolity of fashionable women in the late Stuart period was both cause and effect of the profligacy and brutality of the Rochesters and Sedleys and Mohuns. From the first, Steele made his appeal to women equally with men, and throughout he was never weary of urging on them the duty of acquiring mental culture, of taking a sensible view of life, and acquiring a proper conception of the seriousness and sanctity of marriage. His 'message' on this head is well summarised in a few sentences of the admirable 248th *Tatler*:

> 'It is with great indignation that I see such crowds of the female world lost to human society, and condemned to a laziness which makes life pass away with less relish than in the hardest labour. . . . Those who are in the quality of gentlewomen should propose to themselves some suitable method of passing away their time. This would furnish them with reflections and sentiments proper for the companions of reasonable men, and prevent the unnatural marriages which happen every day between the most accomplish'd women and the veriest oafs, the worthiest men and the most insignificant females. Were the general turn of women's education of another kind than it is at present, we should want one another for more reasons than we do as the world now goes.'

It was natural that a man who wrote thus should glorify all cleanly and kindly sentiments, as they are glorified in the *Tatler*. Sometimes indeed, in pathetic pictures of true lovers' woes like the stories of Philander and Chloe (No. 94), the sentiment is a trifle maudlin; but in the charming domestic pictures as a rule—in such masterpieces as the account of his father's death (No. 181), the description of the family where Mr Bickerstaff visits as an old friend (Nos. 95 and 114), and the relation of the little matrimonial jars of Tranquillus and Jenny (No. 85)—the pathos and tenderness of Steele are unerring. No man has written more simply and beautifully of the love of husband and wife and parents and children, and of the innocent joys of home.

Of the other features of Steele's work in the *Tatler* one need only notice the uniform kindliness of satire (it was Steele's creed that every satirist should be a good-natured man); the humour, broader and less refined than Addison's; the negligently easy style so free from sententiousness despite the moral burden of the content; and the justice of the literary and dramatic criticism. Steele, it is true, seldom or never analyses his judgments, and shows nothing that can be called a critical theory; but his judgments themselves are sound; his taste is good. He frankly admires what is admirable, and transcribes it generously for the reader's benefit. Hardly any one of our writers quotes Shakespeare so often.

Two months after the *Tatler*, to the great regret of the town, had been discontinued, there appeared (1st March 1711) the more famous *Spectator*, which ran until the 6th of December in the next year. It came out every week-day, and, like its predecessor, cost a penny until the Stamp Act passed by Harley's Government caused its price to be doubled. It was a signal proof of the paper's popularity that it continued to exist, though with a diminished circulation, in spite of a tax which killed most of the journals of the day. Its highest circulation seems to have been 14,000 copies, and even after the half-penny tax had been laid on, 10,000 copies of it were sold on an average every day. The honours of the *Spectator* have fallen mainly to Addison; yet Steele's part in it was far from unimportant. Of the 555 numbers, 236 (signed with the letter R. or T.) were written by him, as against Addison's 274. Among the other contributors were Ambrose Philips (who signs X.), Pope (whose *Messiah* appeared in No. 378), Hughes, Tickell, Parnell, and Eusden. Steele, it should be added, had no hand in Addison's brief revival of the *Spectator* in June 1714.

The idea of the Spectator's Club, which is described in the second number, was Steele's invention, and from him consequently came not only the pictures of Sir Andrew Freeport, Will Honeycomb, and Captain Sentry, but also the first sketch of Sir Roger de Coverley, which was afterwards developed in the immortal series of papers forming Addison's masterpiece. To Steele also belong one or two of the most pleasing papers ordinarily reckoned in that series, containing (Nos. 113 and 118) the account of Sir Roger's hopeless passion for the widow; and to him, according to the best critical opinion, must *not* be attributed the degradation of the knight's character by showing him in an adventure with a woman of the town. The well-known tale of Inkle and Yarico, one of the oftenest-quoted examples of Steele's pathos, is to be found in the *Spectator* (No. 11); and there also, as first-rate specimens of his humour, criticism, and satire, we may instance the amusing narrative of the stage-coach journey with the Quaker and the brisk captain (No. 132), the account of Raphael's cartoons (Nos. 226 and 244), and the peculiarly vigorous and plain-spoken attack (No. 51) on the grossness of the stage. The steady moral purpose which had guided the *Tatler* is maintained in numerous papers on the evils of profaneness, profligacy, female frivolity, and even the blessedness of keeping out of debt. Poor Steele always preached much better than he practised, and it can well be believed that there was some truth in the ingenuous confession with which he closed the *Tatler*, that as 'severity of manners was absolutely necessary for him who would censure others,' the purpose of the paper was 'wholly lost' by his 'being so long understood as the author.'

To the *Spectator*, on the 12th of March 1713, succeeded the comparatively short-lived *Guardian*, the last of the three great periodicals of Queen Anne's reign. It also appeared daily at the price of a penny, running till the 1st of October in the same year. Nearly half the papers were by Steele, rather less than a third by Addison, and most of the rest by Dr George (afterwards Bishop) Berkeley. The place of Isaac Bickerstaff and Mr Spectator is here taken by an equally imaginary Nestor Ironside, and the reader at the outset is informed that his chief entertainment will arise from what passes at the tea-table of My Lady Lizard, to whose family Mr Ironside stands *in loco parentis*. Briefly, the *Guardian* may be described as showing, with an inevitable lack of freshness, the same kind of contents and qualities as had made the fortune of its predecessor. The introduction of party politics spoiled it for its own day and for posterity. Always a very militant Whig, Steele had allowed hits at the Tories even in the *Tatler*; and Swift, when ratting to the side of Harley and St John in 1712, grumbled that he had been 'mighty impertinent of late in his *Spectators*.' The greatly intensified rage of faction in the last years of Queen Anne had its effect on the *Guardian*, which was often little better than a party pamphlet.

In politics, indeed, Steele had become ever more and more deeply engaged during those stormy years which saw the downfall of Godolphin and Marlborough, the administration of Oxford and Bolingbroke, and the ending of the great war by the Peace of Utrecht. The dismissal of the Whigs had deprived him of his post of Gazetteer, but not of the commissionership of stamps which had been bestowed on him in 1710, and which he retained till 1713. His gradual breach with Swift, who in the former of these years had turned pamphleteer on the Tory side, is traceable in the *Journal to Stella*, which contains some graphic and caustic notices of his character and habits. 'He is governed by his wife,' we read, 'most abominably. I never saw her since I came, nor has he ever made me an invitation; either he does not, or is such a thoughtless *Tisdall* fellow that he never minds it. So what care I for his wit? for he is the worst company in the world till he has a bottle of wine in his head.' 'Once, when he was to have made one of a tavern party,' we are told that he 'came not, nor never did twice, since I knew him, to any appointment.' In 1713 the *Guardian* brought the two into open paper-warfare, Swift attacking Steele in the *Examiner* and also in a tract called *The Importance of the Guardian considered*. When the *Guardian* came to an end, Steele carried on his campaign against the Government in its successor, *The Englishman* (October 1713 February 1714), memorable only because its twenty-sixth number contains the account of Alexander Selkirk which is supposed to have given Defoe the hint for *Robinson Crusoe*. In January 1714 Steele published the pamphlet entitled *The Crisis*, and followed it up with *The Lover* and *The Reader*, two polemical periodicals which had the very shortest life. The climax was reached in his election to the Parliament of 1714, and his almost instant expulsion by a vote of the House of Commons on the 12th of March for 'seditious' paragraphs in the *Crisis* and the *Englishman*. Addison prompted him in the three hours' speech of 'great temper, modesty, and unconcern' which he made in his defence, and Stanhope and Walpole were among his supporters; but the Tory majority were resolved, after the fashion of the day, to have their revenge on the leading Whig pamphleteer. The persecution had one good result in the publication of the *Apology for Himself and his Writings* (October 1714), which contains many interesting biographical details.

In a very few months, however, came a turn of the wheel of political fortune. The accession of George I. brought the Whigs again to the top, and with them, of course, rose Steele. By the goodwill of the actors, who gratefully remembered his *Tatler* criticisms, he became a patentee and manager of Drury Lane Theatre, with a substantial share of the profits. In the beginning of 1715 he entered Parliament again, and in April of the same year he was knighted. Soon afterwards a place was found for him on the commission for inquiring into the estates forfeited by the rebels of 1715; and this appointment necessitated a journey to Edinburgh in 1718, when he was welcomed in verse by Allan Ramsay and Alexander Pennecuik. His literary activity was maintained in a new volume of the *Englishman* (1715) and one or two other ephemeral periodicals—*Town Talk*, *Tea-Table*, *Chit-Chat*—in that and the next year.

Yet withal, prosperity was not secured. Steele's thriftless habits and his proneness to speculation, manifested conspicuously in a luckless project for the carriage of live fish by sea, kept him in his normal state of impecuniosity and debt. But there were worse misfortunes still. 'Dear Prue' died in 1718, and next year came the end of that friendship with Addison of which he had boasted so often with a touching humility and generosity that are among the best proofs of his real excellence of character. Addison's decorous instincts must often have been shocked by Steele's prodigality, and there seems no reason to doubt the well-known story which represents him reclaiming a loan by means of an execution on his friend, to teach him a lesson in frugality—a lesson which is said to have been accepted with perfect good humour, but of course without any good result. The quarrel, however, was not about money, but politics, for the two friends differed, and proceeded to a paper-war on the question of Stanhope's Peerage Bill. Steele attacked the bill in the *Plebeian*, Addison replied with acrimony in the *Old Whig*, and the two were still unreconciled when Addison died in June 1719. Steele lived ten years longer, publishing *The Theatre*, another short-lived periodical, in 1720, and, after one or two pamphlets, his fourth play, *The Conscious Lovers*, in 1722. Another play was announced but never completed, although a few fragments of it have been preserved.

Steele's debts seem to have so accumulated as to make it prudent for him to leave London, whether for fear of duns or desire of retrenchment and repayment; and apparently he did not return to the capital after 1723. His last years were spent partly at Hereford, where his friend Hoadly was bishop, and partly at Carmarthen, where 'Prue's' property lay. Stricken by paralysis, he suffered partial loss of mind; and at Carmarthen, on 1st September 1729, he died. It is said that 'he retained his cheerful sweetness of temper to the last, and would often be carried out in a summer's evening, where the country lads and lasses were assembled at their rural sports, and with his pencil write an order for a new gown to the best dancer'—surely no unfitting final glimpse of the kindliest sentimentalist in our literature.

Love, Grief, and Death.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledoor in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling 'Papa,' for I know not how I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace, and told me, in a flood of tears, papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again. She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which methought struck me with an instinct of sorrow, which, before I was sensible what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo, and receives impressions so forcible that they are as hard to be removed by reason as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application.

(From *The Tatler*, No. 181.)

Agreeable Companions and Flatterers.

An old acquaintance who met me this morning seemed overjoyed to see me, and told me I looked as well as he had known me do these forty years; but, continued he, not quite the man you were when we visited together at Lady Brightly's. Oh! Isaac, those days are over. Do you think there are any such fine creatures now living as we then conversed with? He went on with a thousand incoherent circumstances, which, in his imagination, must needs please me; but they had the quite contrary effect. The flattery with which he began, in telling me how well I wore, was not disagreeable; but his indiscreet mention of a set of acquaintance we had outlived, recalled ten thousand things to my memory, which made me reflect upon my present condition with regret. Had he indeed been so kind as, after a long absence, to felicitate me upon an indolent and easy old age, and mentioned how much he and I had to thank for, who at our time of day could walk firmly, eat heartily, and converse cheerfully, he had kept up my pleasure in myself. But of all mankind, there are none so shocking as these injudicious civil people. They ordinarily begin upon something that they know must be a satisfaction; but then, for fear of the imputation of flattery, they follow it with the last thing in the world of which you would be reminded. It is this that perplexes civil persons. The reason that there is such a general outcry among us against flatterers is, that there are so very few good ones. It is the nicest art in this life, and is a part of eloquence which does not want the preparation that is necessary to all other parts of it, that your audience should be your well wishers; for praise from an enemy is the most pleasing of all commendations.

It is generally to be observed, that the person most agreeable to a man for a constancy, is he that has no shining qualities, but is a certain degree above great imperfections, whom he can live with as his inferior, and who will either overlook or not observe his little defects. Such an easy companion as this, either now and then throws out a little flattery, or lets a man silently flatter himself in his superiority to him. If you take notice, there is hardly a rich man in the world who has not such a led friend of small consideration, who is a darling for his insignificancy. It is a great ease to have one in our own shape a species below us, and who, without being listed in our service, is by nature of our retinue. These dependents are of excellent use on a rainy day, or when a man has not a mind to dress; or to exclude solitude, when one has neither a mind to that nor to company. There are of this good natured order who are so kind as to divide themselves, and do these good offices to many. Five or six of them visit a whole quarter of the town, and exclude the spleen, without fees, from the families they frequent. If they do not prescribe physic, they can be company when you take it. Very great benefactors to the rich, or those whom they call friends for their ease, are your persons of no consequence. I have known some of them, by the help of a little cunning, make delicious flatterers. They know the course of the town, and the general characters of persons; by this means they will sometimes tell the most agreeable falsehoods imaginable. They will acquaint you that such an one of a quite contrary party said, that though you [illegible] engaged in different interests, yet he had the greatest [illegible] for your good sense and address. When one of [illegible] a little cunning, he passes his time in the utmost satisfaction to himself and his friends; for his position is never to report or speak a displeasing thing to his friend. As for letting him go on in an error, he knows advice against them is the office of persons of greater talents and less discretion.

The Latin word for a flatterer (*assentator*) implies no more than a person that barely consents; and indeed such an one, if a man were able to purchase or maintain him, cannot be bought too dear. Such a one never contradicts you, but gains upon you, not by a fulsome way of commending you in broad terms, but liking whatever you propose or utter; at the same time is ready to beg your pardon, and gainsay you if you chance to speak ill of yourself. An old lady is very seldom without such a companion as this, who can recite the names of all her lovers, and the matches refused by her in the days when she minded such vanities—as she is pleased to call them, though she so much approves the mention of them. It is to be noted, that a woman's flatterer is generally elder than herself, her years serving at once to recommend her patroness's age, and to add weight to her complaisance in all other particulars.

We gentlemen of small fortunes are extremely necessitous in this particular. I have indeed one who smokes with me often; but his parts are so low, that all the incense he does me is to fill his pipe with me, and to be out at just as many whiffs as I take. This is all the praise or assent that he is capable of, yet there are more hours when I would rather be in his company than that of the brightest man I know. It would be an hard matter to give an account of this inclination to be flattered; but if we go to the bottom of it, we shall find that the pleasure in it is something like that of receiving money which lay out. Every man thinks he has an estate of reputation, and is glad to see one that will bring any of it home to him; it is no matter how dirty a bag it is conveyed to him in, or by how clownish a messenger, so the money is good. All that we want to be pleased with flattery, is to believe that the man is sincere who gives it us. It is by this one accident that absurd creatures often outrun the most skilful in this art. Their want of ability is here an advantage, and their bluntness, as it is the seeming effect of sincerity, is the best cover to artifice. . . .

It is, indeed, the greatest of injuries to flatter any but the unhappy, or such as are displeased with themselves for some infirmity. In this latter case we have a member of our club, that, when Sir Jeffrey falls asleep, wakens him with snoring. This makes Sir Jeffrey hold up for some moments the longer, to see there are men younger than himself among us, who are more lethargic than he is.

When flattery is practised upon any other consideration, it is the most abject thing in nature; nay, I cannot think of any character below the flatterer, except he that envies him. You meet with fellows prepared to be as mean as possible in their condescensions and expressions; but they want persons and talents to rise up to such a baseness. As a coxcomb is a fool of parts, so a flatterer is a knave of parts.

The best of this order that I know is one who disguises it under a spirit of contradiction or reproof. He told an arrant driveller the other day, that he did not care for being in company with him, because he heard he turned his absent friends into ridicule. And upon Lady Autumn's disputing with him about something that happened at the Revolution, he replied with a very angry tone: 'Pray, madam, give me leave to know more of a thing in which I was actually concerned, than you who were then in your nurse's arms.'

(From *The Tatler* No. 208.)

Quack Advertisements.

It gives me much despair in the design of reforming the world by my speculations, when I find there always arise, from one generation to another, successive cheats and bubbles, as naturally as beasts of prey and those which are to be their food. There is hardly a man in the world, one would think, so ignorant as not to know that the ordinary quack-doctors, who publish their abilities in little brown billets, distributed to all who pass by, are to a man impostors and murderers; yet such is the credulity of the vulgar, and the impudence of these professors, that the affair still goes on, and new promises of what was never done before are made every day. What aggravates the jest is, that even this promise has been made as long as the memory of man can trace it, and yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails. . . .

There is something unaccountably taking among the vulgar in those who come from a great way off. Ignorant people of quality, as many there are of such, dote excessively this way; many instances of which every man will suggest to himself, without my enumeration of them. The ignorants of lower order, who cannot, like the upper ones, be profuse of their money to those recommended by coming from a distance, are no less complaisant than the others; for they venture their lives for the same admiration.

'The doctor is lately come from his travels, and has practised both by sea and land, and therefore cures the green sickness, long sea-voyages, and campaigns, and lying-in.' Both by sea and land! I will not answer for the distempers called 'sea voyages, and campaigns,' but I daresay those of green sickness and lying-in might be as well taken care of if the doctor stayed ashore. But the art of managing mankind is only to make them stare a little to keep up their astonishment; to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have something in their sleeve, in which they must think you are deeper than they are. There is an ingenious fellow, a barber, of my acquaintance, who, besides his broken fiddle and a dried sea monster, has a twine cord, strained with two nails at each end, over his window, and the words 'rainy, dry, wet,' and so forth, written to denote the weather, according to the rising or falling of the cord. We very great scholars are not apt to wonder at this; but I observed a very honest fellow, a chance customer, who sat in the chair before me to be shaved, fix his eye upon this miraculous performance during the operation upon his chin and face. When those and his head also were cleared of all incumbrances and excrescences, he looked at the fish, then at the fiddle, still grubbing in his pockets, and casting his eye again at the twine, and the words writ on each side; then altered his mind as to farthings, and gave my friend a silver sixpence. The business, as I said, is to keep up the amazement; and if my friend had had only the skeleton and kit, he must have been contented with a less payment. . . . There is a doctor in Mouse Alley, near Wapping, who sets up for curing cataracts upon the credit of having, as his bill sets forth, lost an eye in the emperor's service. His patients come in upon this, and he shews his muster-roll, which confirms that he was in his imperial majesty's troops; and he puts out their eyes with great success. Who would believe that a man should be a doctor for the cure of bursten children, by declaring that his father and grandfather were born bursten? But Charles Ingoltson, next door to the Harp in Barbican, has made a pretty penny by that asseveration. The generality go upon their first conception, and think no further; all the rest is granted. They take it that there is something uncommon in you, and give you credit for the rest. You may be sure it is upon that I go, when sometimes, let it be to the purpose or not, I keep a Latin sentence in my front; and I was not a little pleased when I observed one of my readers say, casting his eye on my twentieth paper, 'More Latin still? What a prodigious scholar is this man!' But as I have here taken much liberty with this learned doctor, I must make up all I have said by repeating what he seems to be in earnest in, and honestly promise to those who will not receive him as a great man, to wit, 'That from eight to twelve, and from two till six, he attends for the good of the public to bleed for threepence.'

(From *The Spectator*, No. 444.)

Story-telling.

I have often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination and a mirthful temper will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them; and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life, yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a 'knack;' it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end. But this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks and whimsical agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticised upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffee-house, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though upon examination I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found, after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking of a fat paunch, and the tossing up of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness, which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once; and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature are apt to show their parts with too much ostentation. I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories but as they seem to grow out of the subject matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irksome, but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion. Those that are altogether new should never be ushered in without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned, because, by that means, you make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us administer more mirth than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance in the complexion of dress of the man you are talking of sets his image before the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the story. Thus, I remember Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly that his story would not have been worth one farthing if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch narrower. Besides the marking distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in time, and end smartly; so that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story; and the manner of conducting and pointing it is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humorous characters and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating; and how poor is it for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, 'That 's all!'

(From *The Guardian*, No. 42.)

A Domestic Scene.

There are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession which they do not enjoy. It is therefore a kind and good office to acquaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such instances of their good fortune which they are apt to overlook. Persons in the married state often want such a monitor, and pine away their days by looking upon the same condition in anguish and murmur, which carries with it in the opinion of others a complication of all the pleasures of life, and a retreat from its inquietudes.

I am led into this thought by a visit I made an old friend, who was formerly my school-fellow. He came to town last week with his family for the winter, and yesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am as it were at home at that house, and every member of it knows me for their well wisher. I cannot indeed express the pleasure it is to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither: The boys and girls strive who shall come first, when they think it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loses the race to me runs back again to tell the father it is Mr Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl that we all thought must have forgot me; for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance. After which, they began to rally me upon a thousand little stories they heard in the country, about my marriage to one of my neighbour's daughters: upon which the gentleman, my friend, said, 'Nay, if Mr Bickerstaff marries a child of any of his old companions, I hope mine shall have the preference; there is Mrs Mary is now sixteen, and would make him as fine a widow as the best of them: but I know him too well; he is so enamoured with the very memory of those who flourished in our youth, that he will not so much as look upon the modern beauties. I remember, old gentleman, how often you went home in a day to refresh your countenance and dress, when Teraminta reigned in your heart. As we came up in the coach, I repeated to my wife some of your verses on her.' With such reflections on little passages which happened long ago, we passed our time during a cheerful and elegant meal. After dinner his lady left the room, as did also the children. As soon as we were alone, he took me by the hand; Well, my good friend, says he, I am heartily glad to see thee; I was afraid you would never have seen all the company that dined with you to-day again. Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered since you followed her from the playhouse, to find out who she was for me? I perceived a tear fall down his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little. But to turn the discourse, said I, she is not indeed quite that creature she was when she returned me the letter I carried from you; and told me she hoped, as I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me; but would be so much the gentleman's friend as to dissuade him from a pursuit which he could never succeed in. You may remember, I thought her in earnest; and you were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made his sister get acquainted with her for you. You cannot expect her to be for ever fifteen. Fifteen! replied my good friend: Ah! you little understand, you that have lived a bachelor, how great, how exquisite a pleasure there is in being really beloved! It is impossible that the most beauteous face in nature should raise in me such pleasing ideas as when I look upon that excellent woman. That fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me in my fever. This was followed by a fit of sickness, which had like to have carried her off last winter. I tell you sincerely, I have so many obligations to her that I cannot with any sort of moderation think of her present state of health. But as to what you say of fifteen, she gives me every day pleasures beyond what I ever knew in the possession of her beauty, when I was in the vigour of youth. Every moment of her life brings me fresh instances of her complacency to my inclinations, and her prudence in regard to my fortune. Her face is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it; there is no decay in any feature, which I cannot trace from the very instant it was occasioned by some anxious concern for my welfare and interests. Thus at the same time, methinks, the love I conceived towards her for what she was, is heightened by my gratitude for what she is. The love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name, as the loud laughter of buffoons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen. Oh! she is an inestimable jewel. In her examination of her household affairs, she shews a certain fearfulness to find a fault, which makes her servants obey her like children; and the meanest we have has an ingenuous shame for an offence, not always to be seen in children in other families. I speak freely to you, my old friend; ever since her sickness, things that gave me the quickest joy before, turn now to a certain anxiety. As the children play in the next room, I know the poor things by their steps, and am considering what they must do should they lose their mother in their tender years. The pleasure I used to take in telling my boy stories of battles, and asking my girl questions about disposal of her baby [doll], and the gossiping of it, is turned into inward reflection and melancholy.

He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and with an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance told us she had been searching her closet for something very good, to treat such an old friend as I was. Her husband's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her countenance; and I saw all his fears vanish in an instant. The lady observing something in our looks which shewed we had been more serious than ordinary, and seeing her husband receive her with great concern under a forced chearfulness, immediately guessed at what we had been talking of; and applying herself to me, said, with a smile, Mr Bickerstaff, do not believe a word of what he tells you; I shall still live to have you for my second, as I have often promised you, unless he takes more care of himself than he has done since his coming to town. You must know, he tells me that he finds London is a much more healthy place than the country; for he sees several of his old acquaintance and school-fellows are here young fellows with fair full bottomed periwigs. I could scarce keep him this morning from going out open breasted. My friend, who is always extremely delighted with her agreeable humour, made her sit down with us. She did it with that easiness which is peculiar to women of sense; and to keep up the good humour she had brought in with her, turned her raillery upon me: Mr Bickerstaff, you remember you followed me one night from the playhouse; suppose you should carry me thither to morrow night, and lead me into the front-box. This put us into a long field of discourse about the beauties who were mothers to the present, and shined in the boxes twenty years ago. I told her I was glad she had transferred so many of her charms, and I did not question but her eldest daughter was within half a year of being a Toast.

We were pleasing ourselves with this fantastical preferment of the young lady, when on a sudden we were alarmed with the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little godson to give me a point of war. His mother, between laughing and chiding, would have put him out of the room; but I would not part with him so. I found upon conversation with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great master of all the learning on the other side eight years old. I perceived him a very great historian in *Æsop's Fables:* but he frankly declared to me his mind, that he did not delight in that learning, because he did not believe they were true; for which reason I found he had very much turned his studies, for about a twelve-month past, into the lives and adventures of Don Bellianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other historians of that age. I could not but observe the satisfaction the father took in the forwardness of his son; and that these diversions might turn to some profit, I found the boy had made remarks, which might be of service to him during the course of his whole life. He would tell you the mismanagements of John Hickathrift, find fault with the passionate temper in Bevis of Southampton, and loved Saint George for being the champion of England; and by this means had his thoughts insensibly moulded into the notions of discretion, virtue, and honour. I was extolling his accomplishments, when the mother told me that the little girl who led me in this morning was in her way a better scholar than he: Betty, says she, deals chiefly in fairies and sprights, and sometimes in a winter-night will terrify the maids with her accounts, until they are afraid to go up to bed.

I sat with them until it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious discourse, with this particular pleasure, which gives the only true relish to all conversation, a sense that every one of us liked each other. I went home, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor: and I must confess it struck me with a secret concern, to reflect that whenever I go off, I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I returned to my family; that is to say, to my maid, my dog, and my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.

(From *The Tatler*, No. 95.)

Inkle and Yarico.

I was the other day amusing myself with Ligon's account of Barbadoes; and in answer to your well-wrought tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon my memory) out of that honest traveller, in his fifty-fifth page, the history of Inkle and Yarico.

Mr Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs on the good ship called the Achilles, bound for the West-Indies, on the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprize, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American, the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers; then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and bredes [braids]. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her, so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of the moon-light, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and shew him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and awake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress how happy he should be to have her in his own country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind and weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short, Mr Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which consideration, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant; notwithstanding the poor girl, to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him; but he only made use of that information to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.

(From the *Spectator*, No. 11.)

Richard Ligon, a London Royalist merchant ruined by the Civil War, undertook at sixty to begin life anew in the West Indies, sailed to Barbadoes in 1647, and, driven home by ill-health in three years, was by his creditors clapped in prison, where he wrote his *History of the Barbadoes* (1657; new ed. 1673). There Steele (who had financial interests in the West Indies, through his wife) found the bones of poor Yarico's story; but the novelette is mainly Steele's own creation. Inkle (named from an old word for a kind of tape) is entirely his invention, and is unkindly made to sail by the ship Ligon was passenger on; it was Steele also, not Ligon, who discovered nightingales in Barbadoes! From the *Spectator* the story found its way into such compilations as Knox's *Elegant Extracts* and Masson's *Collection*, where Burns knew it ere he had the chance of seeing at Dumfries in 1794 the 'opera' or musical comedy of Inkle and Yarico, by George Colman the younger. In the *Spectator* form the tale attracted notice on the Continent also; was retold in German by Gellert, by Bodmer, and by Gessner, and had its share in securing a victory for the Swiss or Natural school over the [illegible] school of French sympathies and formal standards.

The Quaker in the Stage-coach.

Having notified to my good friend Sir Roger that I should set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening; and attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day following. As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant, who waited upon me, inquired of the chamberlain in my hearing what company he had for the coach? The fellow answered, Mrs Betty Arable the great fortune, and the widow her mother; a recruiting officer, who took a place because they were to go; young Squire Quickset her cousin, that her mother wished her to be married to; Ephraim the quaker, her guardian; and a gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir Roger de Coverley's. I observed by what he said of myself, that according to his office he dealt much in intelligence; and doubted not but there was some foundation for his reports of the rest of the company, as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me. The next morning at day-break we were all called; and I, who know my own natural shyness, and endeavour to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out was, that the captain's half-pike was placed near the coachman, and a drum behind the coach. In the mean time the drummer, the captain's equipage, was very loud that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his cloke-bag was fixed in the seat of the coach: and the captain himself, according to a frequent though invidious behaviour of military men, ordered his man to look sharp, that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting the coach-box.

We were in some little time fixed in our seats, and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity: and we had not moved above two miles, when the widow asked the captain what success he had in his recruiting? The officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her, 'that indeed he had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter. In a word, continued he, I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character: you see me, madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me yourself, widow, or give me to her: I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha!' This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep silence of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all speed. 'Come, said he, resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town: we will awake this pleasant companion who is fallen asleep, to be the bride-man,' and, giving the quaker a clap on the knee, he concluded, 'This sly saint, who, I will warrant, under-stands what is what as well as you I, widow, shall give the bride as father.' The quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered, 'Friend, I take it in good part that thou hast given me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoureth of folly: thou art a person of a light mind; thy drum is a type of thee, it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy fulness, but thy emptiness that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee, to carry us to the great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy follies; we cannot help it, friend, I say; if thou wilt, we must hear thee; but if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou fleer at our friend, who feigned himself asleep? he said nothing; but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it as an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee: to speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high road.'

Here Ephraim paused, and the captain with an happy and uncommon impudence, which can be convicted and support itself at the same time, cries, 'Faith, friend, I thank thee: I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky [knowing] old fellow, and I will be very orderly the ensuing part of my journey. I was going to give myself airs, but, ladies, I beg pardon.'

The captain was so little out of humour, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future, and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckonings, apartments, and accommodation fell under Ephraim; and the captain looked to all disputes on the road, as the good behaviour of our coachman, and the right we had of taking place as going to London of all vehicles coming from thence. The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them; but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good-fortune that the whole journey was not spent in impertinences, which to the one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering. What therefore Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at London, had to me an air not only of good understanding but good breeding. Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim delivered himself as follows: 'There is no ordinary part of human life which expresseth so much a good mind, and a right inward man, as his behaviour upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable companions to him: such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof; but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend, continued he, turning to the officer, thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again: but be advised by a plain man; modes and apparel are but trifles to the real man, therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceful demeanour, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it.'

(From *The Spectator*, No. 132)

There are biographies of Steele by Austin Dobson ([illegible]) and G. A. Aitken ([illegible]), the latter of which is also prefixed to a selection of his plays ([illegible]). An annotated selection from his periodical essays was issued in [illegible] by the Clarendon Press. There are recent annotated editions of the *Tatler* [illegible] by G. A. Aitken ([illegible]), and of the *Spectator* [illegible] Henry Morley ([illegible]), G. Gregory Smith, in 8 vols (18[illegible]-95); and G. A. Aitken [illegible]

ROBERT AITKEN.

Ambrose Philips (c. 1675-1749) was one of the poets of the day whom Addison's friendship and Pope's enmity raised to temporary importance. Born in Shropshire of Leicestershire ancestry, and educated at St John's College, Cambridge, he made his appearance as a poet in the same year and in the same volume as Pope—the *Pastorals* of Philips being the first poem, and the *Pastorals* of Pope the last, in Tonson's *Miscellany* for 1709. Tickell praised Philips's *Pastorals* as the finest in the language, and Pope resented this absurd depreciation of his own poetry by an ironical paper in the *Guardian*. Pretending to criticise the rival *Pastorals* and compare them, Pope gives the preference to Philips, but quotes all his worst passages as his best, and places by the side of them his own finest lines, which he says want rusticity and deviate into downright poetry. Philips felt the satire keenly, and even vowed to take personal vengeance on his adversary by whipping him with a rod which he hung up for the purpose in Button's Coffee-House. Pope, faithful to the maxim that a man never forgives another whom he has injured, continued to pursue Philips with hatred and satire to the close of his life. The pastoral poet had the good sense not to enter the lists with his formidable assailant, and his character and talents soon procured him public employment. In 1715 he was appointed a commissioner for the Lottery; he was afterwards secretary to the Primate of Ireland, and sat for County Armagh in the Irish Parliament. In 1734 he was made registrar of the Prerogative Court. From these appointments, Philips was able to purchase an annuity of £400 per annum, with which he hoped, as Johnson says, 'to pass some years of life [in England] in plenty and tranquillity; but his hope deceived him: he was struck with a palsy, and died June 18, 1749.' The *Pastorals* of Philips are but poor things on the whole; but Goldsmith eulogised the opening of his *Epistle to the Earl of Dorset* as 'incomparably fine'—a judgment Mr Gosse contradicts, while Mr Leslie Stephen thinks the genuine description of nature quite remarkable for the time. His rendering of a fragment of Sappho was voted so excellent that Addison was thought to have assisted in its composition:

Fragment from Sappho.

Blessed as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast;
For while I gazed in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost;

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled,
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

Philips, who translated also from Pindar and Anacreon, produced three tragedies, but only one—*The Distressed Mother*, from the *Andromaque* of Racine—was successful, and was praised by

Addison in the *Spectator;* he wrote in the Whig journal *The Freethinker* (1718–19), which was his own venture, and he translated some Persian tales. A series of short complimentary pieces, by which Philips paid court, as Johnson says, 'to all ages and characters, from Walpole, the steerer of the realm, to Miss Pulteney in the nursery,' procured him the nickname of *Namby Pamby* from Harry Carey (see page 330 below), a nickname cordially adopted by Pope as suited to Philips's 'eminence in the infantile style.' Of Philips's own achievement in the namby-pamby rhythm, the 'Dimply damsel, sweetly smiling,' addressed to Miss Margaret Pulteney, is one good example, and this is another :

To Miss Charlotte Pulteney, in her Mother's Arms.

Timely blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn and every night
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please ;
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue ;
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandoned to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush,
Like the linnet in the bush,
To the mother linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat,
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green, in May,
Flitting to each bloomy spray ;
Wearied then, and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest.
This thy present happy lot,
This in time will be forgot :
Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever busy Time prepares ;
And thou shalt in thy daughter see
This picture once resembled thee.

Epistle to the Earl of Dorset.

COPENHAGEN, *March 9, 1709.*

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing ?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.
The hills and dales and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains and silver streaming floods,
By snow disguised, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye
 No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships, unmoved, the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain :
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.
 And yet but lately have I seen, even here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear,
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow :
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brightened every object to my eyes :
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn seemed wrought in glass ;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds which watery marshes yield,
Seemed polished lances in a hostile field.
The stag in limpid currents with surprise
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise :
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine
Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.
 When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies ;
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends :
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees :
Like some deluded peasant Merlin leads
Through fragrant bowers and through delicious meads ;
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabricks there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magick paths pursue,
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear :
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And as he goes the transient vision mourns.

From the First Pastoral 'Lobbin.'

If we, O Dorset, quit the city throng
To meditate in shades the rural song
By your command, be present ; and O bring
The Muse along ! The Muse to you shall sing.
Her influence, Buckhurst, let me there obtain,
And I forgive the famed Sicilian swain.
 Begin. – In unluxurious times of yore,
When flocks and herds were no inglorious store,
Lobbin, a shepherd boy, one evening fair,
As western winds had cooled the sultry air,
His numbered sheep within the fold now pent,
Thus plained him of his dreary discontent ;
Beneath a hoary poplar's whispering boughs,
He solitary sat to breathe his vows,
Venting the tender anguish of his heart,
As passion taught, in accents free of art ;
And little did he hope, while night by night
His sighs were lavished thus on Lucy bright.

'Ah! well-a-day, how long must I endure
This pining pain? Or who shall speed my cure?
Fond love no cure will have, seeks no repose,
Delights in grief, nor any measure knows:
And now the moon begins in clouds to rise;
The brightening stars increase within the skies;
The winds are hushed; the dews distil; and sleep
Hath closed the eyelids of my weary sheep;
I only, with the prowling wolf, constrained
All night to wake: with hunger he is pained,
And I with love. His hunger he may tame;
But who can quench, O cruel love, thy flame?
Whilome did I, all as this poplar fair,
Upraise my heedless head, then void of care,
'Mong rustick routs the chief for wanton game;
Nor could they merry-make till Lobbin came.
Who better seen than I in shepherd's arts,
To please the lads, and win the lasses' hearts?
How deftly, to mine oaten reed so sweet,
Wont they upon the green to shift their feet!
And, wearied in the dance, how would they yearn
Some well devised tale from me to learn!
For many songs and tales of mirth had I,
To chase the loitering sun adown the sky:
But ah! since Lucy coy deep-wrought her spite
Within my heart, unmindful of delight,
The jolly grooms I fly, and all alone
To rocks and woods pour fourth my fruitless moan.
Oh! quit thy wonted scorn, relentless fair,
Ere, lingering long, I perish through despair.
Had Rosalind been mistress of my mind,
Though not so fair, she would have proved more kind.
O think, unwitting maid, while yet is time,
How flying years impair thy youthful prime!
Thy virgin bloom will not for ever stay,
And flowers, though left ungathered, will decay:
The flowers anew returning seasons bring,
But beauty faded has no second spring.
My words are wind! She, deaf to all my cries,
Takes pleasure in the mischief of her eyes.
Like frisking heifer loose in flowery meads,
She gads where'er her roving fancy leads;
Yet still from me. Ah me, the tiresome chase!
Shy as the fawn, she flies my fond embrace.
She flies, indeed, but ever leaves behind,
Fly where she will, her likeness in my mind.'

His *Poems* were published by Ambrose Philips in 1748, and reappeared in 1765.

John Philips (1676-1709), author of *The Splendid Shilling*, which Addison pronounced 'the finest burlesque poem in the English language,' was the son of the vicar of Brampton in Oxfordshire, who was also Archdeacon of Salop. He studied at Winchester and Christ Church, Oxford; his life, mainly devoted to literature, was cut short by consumption. His early love of Milton is reflected in all his poems. The *Splendid Shilling*, a mock-heroic poem in Miltonic blank verse, is not in the least designed disrespectfully to burlesque Milton, whom Philips reverenced. He wrote also a Tory celebration of the battle of Blenheim; but his most considerable effort in serious verse was *Cyder*, an imitation of Virgil's *Georgics*. The *Splendid Shilling* is a classic, read and reprinted while the other poems are forgotten.

The Splendid Shilling.

Happy the man who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling. He nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie or Town-hall repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye
Transfixed his soul and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wishes her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
Wretched repast! my meagre corps sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chilled fingers; or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-polished jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
Not blacker tube nor of a shorter size
Smokes Cambro Briton, versed in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwalador and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale, when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of famed Cestrian cheese,
High overshadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yeleped Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flows nectareous wines that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renowned Falern.
Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow
With looks demure and silent pace, a dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends.
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amazed,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Thro' sudden fear: a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and, wonderful to tell!
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admired by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscribed,
Grievous to mortal eyes; ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men! Behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar called
A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible and magic charms
First have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious, as whilom knights were wont,
To some enchanted castle is conveyed,
Where gates impregnable and coercive chains

In durance strict detain him till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.
  Beware, ye debtors; when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect! oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallowed touch. So, poets sing,
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowelled web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable; nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils:
Then with envenomed jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.
  So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
This world envelop and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines and crackling blaze of wood,
Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend delights; distressed, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parchèd throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy 's still awake;
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake, I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
  Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarred,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, John-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrowed coat secure,
Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay.
Afflictions great! yet greater still remains.
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
An horrid chasm disclosed with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus, a well-fraught ship,
Long sailed secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till, cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla or Charybdis, dangerous rocks,
She strikes rebounding; whence the shattered oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears;
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray.
Vain efforts! still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable; till, deluged by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

Juniper's Magpie and the *Town-hall* were Oxford alehouses. *Mundungus*, for tobacco, is from Span. *mondongo*, tripe, paunch. *Cestrian* is a Latinised adjective for 'of Chester' or of Cheshire; *Arvonia* is Carnarvon; *Maridunum*, Carmarthen; *Brechinia*, Brecknock; *Vaga*, the Wye; *Ariconium* is Kenchester (possibly Ross); *Massic, Setinian, and Falernian* were old wines of Italy, beloved of the Romans. *Arachne* is the spider; *John-apple*, or apple-john, is a variety best for use when long preserved and shrivelled. *Cronian*, from *Kronos*, Saturn, means simply Arctic; *Lilybean*, from the promontory of Lilybæum at the western end of Sicily, is here used for Sicilian at large.

Eustace Budgell (1686-1737) was a cousin of Addison, and from Trinity College, Oxford, entered the Temple. He accompanied Addison to Ireland as clerk, and afterwards rose to be Under-Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant and a member of the Irish Parliament. Thirty-seven numbers of the *Spectator* are ascribed to Budgell; Dr Johnson reported them to have been so much 'mended' by Addison as to be almost his own. No doubt in style and humour they resemble those of Addison; but it was probable enough that Budgell should have tried his best to imitate Addison. In 1717 Budgell, who was vain and vindictive, quarrelled with the Irish Secretary, and wrote pamphlets on his grievances; the result of which was his dismissal from office and return to England. He lost a fortune in the South Sea Scheme, in a series of law-suits, and in attempts to gain a seat in the English House of Commons, and subsequently figured principally as a pamphleteer writer for the *Craftsman* and Grub Street hack, being at times 'disordered in his senses.' His declining reputation suffered a mortal blow by a charge of having forged a testament in his own favour. By the will of Dr Matthew Tindal, the deist, it appeared (1733) that a legacy of £2000 had been left to Budgell. The will was set aside and the unhappy author disgraced. To this Pope alludes in the couplet:

> Let Budgell charge low Grub Street on my quill,
> And write whate'er he please—except my will.

In May 1737 this wretched man, involved in debts and difficulties, and dreading an execution in his house, committed suicide by leaping from a boat while shooting London Bridge. On his desk was found a slip of paper, on which he had written:

> What Cato did, and Addison approved,
> Cannot be wrong.

In this he misrepresented Addison, who made the dying Cato say:

Yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas! I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye powers that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not.
The best may err, but you are good.

The Art of Growing Rich.

The first and most infallible method towards the attaining of this end is thrift; all men are not equally qualified for getting money, but it is in the power of every one alike to practise this virtue: and I believe there are very few persons who, if they please to reflect on their past lives, will not find, that had they saved all those little sums which they have spent unnecessarily, they might at present have been masters of a competent fortune. Diligence justly claims the next place to thrift; I find both these excellently well recommended to common use in the three following Italian proverbs: 'Never do that by proxy which you can do yourself;' 'Never defer that until to-morrow which you can do to-day;' 'Never neglect small matters and expenses.'

A third instrument in growing rich is method in business, which, as well as the two former, is also attainable by persons of the meanest capacities.

The famous De Witt, one of the greatest statesmen of the age in which he lived, being asked by a friend how he was able to despatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged, replied, That his whole art consisted in doing one thing at once. If, says he, I have any necessary despatches to make, I think of nothing else until those are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself up wholly to them until they are set in order.

In short, we often see men of dull and phlegmatick tempers arriving to great estates, by making a regular and orderly disposition of their business; and that, without it, the greatest parts and most lively imaginations rather puzzle their affairs than bring them to an happy issue. From what has been said, I think I may lay it down as a maxim, that every man of good common sense may, if he pleases, in his particular station of life, most certainly be rich. The reason why we sometimes see that men of the greatest capacities are not so, is either because they despise wealth in comparison of something else, or at least are not content to be getting an estate unless they may do it their own way, and at the same time enjoy all the pleasures and gratifications of life.

But besides these ordinary forms of growing rich, it must be allowed that there is room for genius as well in this as in all other circumstances of life. Though the ways of getting money were long since very numerous, and though so many new ones have been found out of late years, there is certainly still remaining so large a field for invention, that a man of an indifferent head might easily set down and draw up such a plan for the conduct and support of his life as was never yet once thought of.

We daily see methods put in practice by hungry and ingenious men, which demonstrate the power of invention in this particular. It is reported of Scaramouche, the first famous Italian comedian, that being in Paris, and in great want he bethought himself of constantly plying near the door of a noted perfumer in that city, and when any one came out who had been buying snuff, never failed to desire a taste of them: when he had by this means got together a quantity made up of several different sorts, he sold it again at a lower rate to the same perfumer, who, finding out the trick, called it *tabac de mille fleurs*, or snuff of a thousand flowers. The story further tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable subsistence, until, making too much haste to grow rich, he one day took such an unreasonable pinch out of the box of a Swiss officer as engaged him in a quarrel, and obliged him to quit this ingenious way of life. Nor can I in this place omit doing justice to a youth of my own country, who, though he is scarce yet twelve years old, has, with great industry and application, attained to the art of beating the Grenadiers' March on his chin. I am credibly informed, that by this means he does not only maintain himself and his mother, but that he is laying up money every day, with a design, if the war continues, to purchase a drum at least, if not a pair of colours.

I shall conclude these instances with the device of the famous Rabelais, when he was at a great distance from Paris, and without money to bear his expense thither. This ingenious author being thus sharp set, got together a convenient quantity of brick-dust, and having disposed of it into several papers, writ upon one, 'Poyson for Monsieur;' upon a second, 'Poyson for the Dauphin;' and on a third, 'Poyson for the King.' Having made this provision for the royal family of France, he laid his papers so that his landlord, who was an inquisitive man and a good subject, might get a sight of them. The plot succeeded as he desired; the host gave immediate intelligence to the secretary of state. The secretary presently sent down a special messenger, who brought up the traitor to court, and provided him at the king's expense with proper accommodations on the road. As soon as he appeared, he was known to be the celebrated Rabelais; and his powder upon examination being found very innocent, the jest was only laught at; for which a less eminent droll would have been sent to the galleys.

Trade and commerce might doubtless be still varied a thousand ways, out of which would arise such branches as have not yet been touched. The famous Doily is still fresh in every one's memory, who raised a fortune by finding out materials for such stuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel. I have heard it affirmed, that, had not he discovered this frugal method of gratifying our pride, we should hardly have been able to carry on the last war. I regard trade not only as highly advantagious to the commonwealth in general, but as the most natural and likely method of making a man's fortune, having observed, since my being a Spectator in the world, greater estates got about 'Change than at Whitehall or St James's. I believe I may also add, that the first acquisitions are generally attended with more satisfaction, and as good a conscience.

I must not, however, close this essay without observing, that what has been said is only intended for persons in the common ways of thriving, and is not designed for those men who, from low beginnings, push themselves up to the top of states and the most considerable figures in life. My maxim of saving is not designed for such as these, since nothing is more usual than for thrift to disappoint the ends of ambition; it being almost impossible that the mind should be intent upon trifles while it is, at the same time, forming some great design.

(From *The Spectator*, No. 283.)

The story about Rabelais is quite apocryphal, though it was long current; the Scaramouch (*scaramuccia*, skirmish) was not a person, but a character in the old Italian comedy, who was drubbed by the harlequin; Doily's achievements are noted under Gay, at page 175.

The Earl of Halifax (1661-1715) was, under his own name of Charles Montagu, famous as a wit in the days of Charles II., but survived to be the patron of Congreve, Addison, Steele, Rowe, and Tickell. Grandson of the parliamentary Earl of Manchester, he was born at Horton, Northamptonshire, and passed from Westminster to Trinity College, Cambridge. His most notable poetical achievement was his share in the parody on Dryden's *Hind and Panther*, called *The Town and Country Mouse* (1687), of which he was joint-author with Matthew Prior. His career in Parliament as financier and Chancellor of the Exchequer is beyond the scope of these pages, where he is commemorated rather as a patron of literature than as a poet. In 1697 he became Premier, but his arrogance and vanity soon made him unpopular, and on the Tories coming into power in 1699 he was obliged to accept the auditorship of the Exchequer and withdraw from the Commons as Baron Halifax. He strongly supported the union with Scotland and the Hanoverian succession; and on George I.'s arrival became an earl and Prime-Minister.

Edward Cave (1691-1754), an enterprising and far-sighted editor, deserves mention here as the original 'Sylvanus Urban.' He was born at Newton near Rugby, where he received some schooling; and after many vicissitudes he became apprentice to a printer. Obtaining money enough to set up a small printing-office, in 1731 he started the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for which Samuel Johnson became parliamentary reporter in 1740; and amidst his endless periodicals and other undertakings, Cave published Johnson's *Rambler*, his *Irene*, *London*, and *Life of Savage*. He died with his hand in Johnson's.

Lord Lansdowne (1667-1735), made a peer by Queen Anne, and imprisoned for a year and a half after the Hanoverian succession, was born at Hornby the son of a Yorkshire squire. As George Granville (or Grenville) he wrote many poems to 'Myra' (or 'Mira;' the Countess of Newburgh), and produced a comedy, a tragedy, an adaptation of the *Merchant of Venice*, a masque, and an opera—none of any permanent interest. He went into Parliament and public life in 1702. Waller, whom he imitated, commended him; and Pope commemorated 'Granville the polite' among his pretty numerous patrons.

John Oldmixon (1673-1742), one of the heroes of the *Dunciad*, was of an old Somersetshire family. He began to publish poems at twenty-two, but was better known as a pamphleteer and the author of dull partisan histories of the British Empire in America, and of England (against Clarendon and for Burnet); as also of 'memoirs' of France, Scotland, and Ireland, designed to 'shew up' the plans of the French, the Stewarts, and the 'Papists.' In his *Essay on Criticism* he attacked Addison, Swift, Pope, and others, and thus and in other ways provoked Pope's antipathy.

Thomas Hearne (1678-1735), 'who studied and preserved Antiquities,' was born at White Waltham in Berkshire, studied at St Edmund Hall, Oxford, and in 1712 became second keeper of the Bodleian Library—a post he had to resign as a Jacobite in 1716, though he continued to live at Oxford till his death. He compiled and edited forty-one works, full of laborious learning but poor in style. Among them were *Reliquiæ Bodleianæ*, Leland's *Itinerary* and *Collectanea*, *Curious Discourses upon English Antiquities*; and the editions of Camden's *Annals*, William of Newburgh, Fordun's *Scotichronicon*, Robert of Gloucester's *Chronicle*, and that of Peter Langtoft. The *Bibliotheca Hearniana* was published in 1848; the *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ* in 1857. His autobiography is to be found in the *Lives of Leland, Hearne, and Wood* (1772). His *Collections* were edited for the Oxford Historical Society (vols. i.-iii. by Doble, 1885-89; vols. iv.-v. by Rannie, 1902).

Thomas Carte (1686-1754) was born at Clifton-upon-Dunsmore vicarage, near Rugby, and educated at University College, Oxford. After taking orders, he was appointed reader at the Abbey Church, Bath; nevertheless in 1714 he resigned rather than take the oaths to the Hanoverian Government. In 1722 he was suspected of complicity in the conspiracy of Atterbury, whose secretary he was, and £1000 was offered for his apprehension; but he escaped to France, where he remained till 1728. After his return he published a *Life of James, Duke of Ormonde* (2 vols. 1736), and a *History of England to 1654* (4 vols. 1747-55), whose prospects were blighted by an unlucky note ascribing to the Pretender the gift of touching for the king's evil. Subscribers withdrew their names, and the historian was 'left forlorn and abandoned amid his extensive collections.' His style was not attractive, but Carte's laborious history was a real triumph of research, and greatly above the level of any work that had yet appeared in England. Till now the most considerable had been the (partisan Whig) *Compleat History*, finally issued in 1706 by White Kennett; Echard's (1707); and the clear, methodical, and comparatively impartial English history by Paul Rapin de Thoyras, a French Protestant who had come to England with William III. and had fought at the Boyne and at Limerick. It was at the Hague and at Wesel that Rapin wrote his eight-volume *Histoire d'Angleterre* (1724), which was soon translated (1726-31) and became the standard work even in England. Against it Carte justly complained that Rapin had no knowledge of documents save those in Rymer's *Fœdera*, and had never looked at the valuable materials in the rolls of Parliament, the Cottonian MSS., and other available sources. Carte really did make an attempt to utilise the documents at his command; and though his work failed, it proved invaluable to many successors.

William Stukeley (1687-1765), called the 'Arch-Druid,' was born at Holbeach; studied at Corpus, Cambridge; and practised as a doctor at Boston, London, and Grantham. In 1729 he took orders, and in 1747 became a London rector. His twenty works (1720-26), dealing with Stonehenge, Avebury, and antiquities generally, enshrine much that is credulous as well as curious. His *Diary and Correspondence* was published by the Surtees Society in 1884-87.

Benjamin Hoadly (1676-1761), successively Bishop of Bangor, Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester, was a prelate of great controversial ability, who threw the weight of his talents into the scale of Whig politics when fiercely attacked by Tories and Jacobites. Born at Westerham in Kent, in 1697 he was elected a Fellow of Catharine Hall, Cambridge. In 1706, while rector of St Peter-le-Poor, London, he attacked a sermon by Atterbury, and thus incurred the enmity and ridicule of Swift and Pope. He defended the Revolution of 1688, and attacked the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience with such vigour and perseverance that, in 1709, the House of Commons recommended him to the favour of the queen. Her successor, George I., elevated him in 1715 to the see of Bangor. Shortly after his elevation to the Bench Hoadly published a work against the Nonjurors and a sermon preached before the king at St James's, on the 'Nature of the Kingdom or Church of Christ,' from the text, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' The latter excited a long and vehement dispute, known by the name of the Bangorian Controversy, in which an endless series of tracts was published. The Lower House of Convocation censured Hoadly's views, as calculated to subvert the government and discipline of the Church, and to impugn and impeach the royal supremacy in matters ecclesiastical. The controversy was conducted with unbecoming violence, and several bishops and other grave divines—Sherlock among the number—forgot the dignity of their station and the spirit of Christian charity in the heat of party warfare. Pope alludes sarcastically to Hoadly's sermon in the *Dunciad*:

> Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
> Yet silent bowed to *Christ's no kingdom here*.

Yet Hallam held that there was 'nothing whatever in Hoadly's sermon injurious to the established endowments and privileges, nor to the discipline and government of the English Church, even in theory. If this had been the case, he might have been reproached with some inconsistency in becoming so large a partaker of her honours and emoluments. He even admitted the usefulness of censures for open immoralities, though denying all Church authority to oblige any one to external communion, or to pass any sentence which should determine the condition of men with respect to the favour or displeasure of God. Another great question in this controversy was that of religious liberty as a civil right, which the Convocation explicitly denied. And another related to the much-debated exercise of private judgment in religion, which, as one party meant virtually to take away, so the other perhaps unreasonably exaggerated.' Hoadly was author of several other works, as on the reasonableness of conformity and on the sacrament. The following is from the famous sermon on John xviii. 36:

The Kingdom of Christ not of this World.

If, therefore, the church of Christ be the kingdom of Christ, it is essential to it that Christ himself be the sole lawgiver and sole judge of his subjects, in all points relating to the favour or displeasure of Almighty God; and that all his subjects, in what station soever they may be, are equally subjects to him; and that no one of them, any more than another, hath authority either to make new laws for Christ's subjects, or to impose a sense upon the old ones, which is the same thing; or to judge, censure, or punish the servants of another master, in matters relating purely to conscience or salvation. If any person hath any other notion, either through a long use of words with inconsistent meanings, or through a negligence of thought, let him but ask himself whether the church of Christ be the kingdom of Christ or not: and if it be, whether this notion of it doth not absolutely exclude all other legislators and judges in matters relating to conscience or the favour of God, or whether it can be his kingdom if any mortal men have such a power of legislation and judgment in it. This inquiry will bring us back to the first, which is the only true account of the church of Christ, or the kingdom of Christ, in the mouth of a Christian; that it is the number of men, whether small or great, whether dispersed or united, who truly and sincerely are subjects to Jesus Christ alone as their lawgiver and judge in matters relating to the favour of God and their eternal salvation.

The next principal point is, that, if the church be the kingdom of Christ, and this 'kingdom be not of this world,' this must appear from the nature and end of the laws of Christ, and of those rewards and punishments which are the sanctions of his laws. Now, his laws are declarations relating to the favour of God in another state after this. They are declarations of those conditions to be performed in this world on our part, without which God will not make us happy in that to come. And they are almost all general appeals to the will of that God; to his nature, known by the common reason of mankind, and to the imitation of that nature, which must be our perfection. The keeping his commandments is declared the way to life, and the doing his will the entrance into the kingdom of heaven. The being subjects to Christ is to this very end, that we may the better and more effectually perform the will of God. The laws of this kingdom, therefore, as Christ left them, have nothing of this world in their view; no tendency either to the exaltation of some in worldly pomp and dignity, or to their absolute dominion over the faith and religious conduct of others of his subjects, or to the erecting of any sort of temporal kingdom under the covert and name of a spiritual one.

The sanctions of Christ's law are rewards and punishments. But of what sort? Not the rewards of this world; not the offices or glories of this state; not the pains of prisons, banishments, fines, or any lesser and more moderate penalties; nay, not the much lesser and negative discouragements that belong to human society. He was far from thinking that these could be the instruments of such a persuasion as he thought acceptable to God. But as the great end of his kingdom was to guide men to happiness after the short images of it were over here below, so he took his motives from that place where his kingdom first began, and where it was at last to end; from those rewards and punishments in a future state, which had no relation to this world: and to shew that his 'kingdom was not of this world,' all the sanctions which he thought fit to give to his laws were not of this world at all.

St Paul understood this so well, that he gives an account of his own conduct, and that of others in the same station, in these words: 'Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men:' whereas, in too many Christian countries since his days, if some who profess to succeed him were to give an account of their own conduct, it must be in a quite contrary strain: 'Knowing the terrors of this world, and having them in our power, we do not persuade men, but force their outward profession against their inward persuasion.'

Now, wherever this is practised, whether in a great degree or a small, in that place there is so far a change from a kingdom which is not of this world, to a kingdom which is of this world. As soon as ever you hear of any of the engines of this world, whether of the greater or the lesser sort, you must immediately think that then, and so far, the kingdom of this world takes place. For, if the very essence of God's worship be spirit and truth, if religion be virtue and charity, under the belief of a Supreme Governour and Judge, if true real faith cannot be the effect of force, and if there can be no reward where there is no willing choice—then, in all or any of these cases, to apply force or flattery, worldly pleasure or pain, is to act contrary to the interests of true religion, as it is plainly opposite to the maxims upon which Christ founded his kingdom; who chose the motives which are not of this world, to support a kingdom which is not of this world. And indeed it is too visible to be hid, that wherever the rewards and punishments are changed from future to present, from the world to come to the world now in possession, there the kingdom founded by our Saviour is in the nature of it so far changed that it is become in such a degree what he professed his kingdom was not, that is, of this world; of the same sort with other common earthly kingdoms, in which the rewards are worldly honours, posts, offices, pomp, attendance, dominion; and the punishments are prisons, fines, banishments, galleys and racks, or something less of the same sort.

See the Life in the edition of his works by Hoadly's son (3 vols. folio, 1773.)

Daniel Waterland (1683-1740), born at Waseley rectory, Lincolnshire, was elected in 1704 a Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge, and in 1730 became Archdeacon of Middlesex and vicar of Twickenham. He was a controversial theologian of great ability and acuteness, and as champion of Trinitarian orthodoxy vindicated the doctrines of the Church of England from Arian and deistic assailants. His several publications on the Trinity constitute a valuable series of treatises. A complete edition of his works, with a Life of the author by Bishop Van Mildert, was published at Oxford, in eleven volumes, in 1823.

Conyers Middleton (1683-1750), rector of Hascombe in Surrey, was very eminent as a controversialist; and even Parr, who proved that his famous and eulogistic *Life of Cicero* (1741) was largely plagiarised from William Bellenden, a Scottish seventeenth century author, held that as a writer of English Middleton was excelled by Addison alone. It is long since he ceased to hold this proud eminence; but he was a very conspicuous personage in his lifetime. A native of Richmond in Yorkshire, Fellow and librarian of the University of Cambridge, he was early engaged in a personal feud with Bentley, and ultimately had to apologise for libel. A *Letter from Rome shewing an exact conformity between Popery and Paganism* (1729) was ostensibly an attack on Catholic ritual, but raised grievous suspicions of the writer's soundness in the Christian faith. In a controversy with Waterland he professed to be answering the deists, but gave up the literal accuracy of Scripture and was by many regarded as little better than a dangerous freethinker. An *Introductory Discourse* and a *Free Inquiry* (1747-49) denied the credibility of all miracles later than the first age of the Church, but was by most thought to cast doubt on all miracles. In the *Life of Cicero*, admiration of the rounded style and flowing periods of the Roman orator seems to have produced in his biographer a desire to attain to similar excellence; certainly few contemporaries wrote English with the same careful finish and sustained dignity. A few sentences from his panegyrical summary of Cicero's character will exemplify his style:

He [Cicero] made a just distinction between bearing what we cannot help, and approving what we ought to condemn; and submitted, therefore, yet never consented to those usurpations; and when he was forced to comply with them, did it always with a reluctance that he expresses very keenly in his letters to his friends. But whenever that force was removed, and he was at liberty to pursue his principles and act without controul, as in his consulship, in his province, and after Cæsar's death (the only periods of his life in which he was truly master of himself), there we see him shining out in his genuine character of an excellent citizen, a great magistrate, a glorious patriot; there we see the man who could declare of himself with truth in an appeal to Atticus as to the best witness of his conscience, that he had always done the greatest services to his country when it was in his power, or when it was not, had never harboured a thought of it but what was divine. If we must needs compare him, therefore, with Cato, as some writers affect to do, it is certain that if Cato's virtue seem more splendid in theory, Cicero's will be found superior in practice; the one was romantic, the other was natural; the one drawn from the refinements of the schools, the other from nature and social life; the one always unsuccessful, often hurtful; the other always beneficial, often salutary to the republic.

To conclude: Cicero's death, though violent, cannot be called untimely, but was the proper end of such a life; which must also have been rendered less glorious if it had owed its preservation to Antony. It was, therefore, not only what he expected, but, in the circumstances to which he was reduced, what he seems even to have wished. For he, who before had been timid in dangers and desponding in distress, yet, from the time of Cæsar's death, roused by the desperate state of the republic, assumed the fortitude of a hero, discarded all fear, despised all danger, and when he could not free his country from a tyranny, provoked the tyrants to take that life which he no longer cared to preserve. Thus, like a great actor on the stage, he reserved himself, as it were, for the last act; and after he had played his part with dignity, resolved to finish it with glory.

The Bellenden with whose heifer Middleton ploughed was not John Bellenden (Vol. I. p. 215) but William Bellenden, sometime professor at Paris, who wrote in Latin more than one work on Cicero, the last giving Cicero's history in Cicero's own words, and died about 1633. Middleton thus found not merely his plan ready made, but his materials collected.

Nathaniel Lardner (1684-1768), an English Nonconformist divine who ultimately became a Unitarian, was born and died at Hawkhurst in Kent. He wrote a number of theological works, including *The Credibility of the Gospel History* (2 vols. 1727 and 12 vols. 1733-55), long a notable part of English apologetics, and a large collection of *Jewish and Heathen Testimonies to the Truth of Christianity* (1764-67).

William Law (1686-1761) was a great writer of English, a consummate controversialist, and a powerful and permanent spiritual influence. Born a grocer's son at Kingscliffe, Northamptonshire, he entered Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and became a Fellow in 1711. He was unable to subscribe the oath of allegiance to George I., and forfeited his fellowship. About 1727 he became tutor to the father of Edward Gibbon, and for ten years was 'the much-honoured friend and spiritual director of the whole family.' The elder Gibbon died in 1737, and three years later Law retired to Kingscliffe, where he was joined by his disciples, Miss Hester Gibbon, sister of his pupil, and Mrs Hutcheson ladies whose united income of about £3000 a year was mostly spent in works of charity. About 1733 Law had begun to study Jacob Boehme, and most of his later books are expositions of Boehme's mysticism or adaptations of it. Law won his first triumphs against Bishop Hoadly in the famous Bangorian Controversy with his *Three Letters* (1717). His *Remarks on Mandeville's Fable of the Bees* (1723) is a masterpiece of caustic wit and vigorous English. Only less admirable is the *Case of Reason* (1732), in answer to Tindal the deist. He held that Locke's philosophy led to freethinking, and regarded Warburton's defence of Christianity as worse than useless. His most famous work remains the *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life* (1729), written before the 'mystical period,' which profoundly influenced Dr Johnson and the Wesleys, as well as the early evangelicals such as Venn, Scott, and Newton. His position, theologically and otherwise, was somewhat isolated, and was puzzling even to the more spiritual tempers in an unspiritual age. He was a High Churchman but an 'enthusiast'—characters not then thought compatible; his asceticism seemed to smack of Puritanism; his later mysticism alienated the Wesleys, and as a Churchman he was a controversial anti-Methodist. But his character and his writings produced marked effects on English intellectual life. His thought and his style were equally vigorous; his reasoning logical and keen; his expression lucid, brilliant, and often highly humorous; and, like most of his contemporaries, he had no dislike to forms of argument that would now be accounted too personal, as in the following extract from his attack

On Mandeville's 'Fable of the Bees.'

Sir, I have read your several compositions in favour of the vices and corruptions of mankind, and hope I need make no apology for presuming to offer a word or two on the side of virtue and religion. I shall spend no time in preface or general reflections, but proceed directly to the examination of such passages as expose moral virtue as a fraud and imposition, and render all pretences to it as odious and contemptible. Though I direct myself to you, I hope it will be no offence if I sometimes speak as if I was speaking to a Christian, or show some ways of thinking that may be owing to that kind of worship which is professed amongst us. Ways of thinking derived from revealed religion are much more suitable to our low capacities than any arrogant pretences to be wise by our own light. Moral virtue, however disregarded in practice, has hitherto had a speculative esteem amongst men; her praises have been celebrated by authors of all kinds, as the confessed beauty, ornament, and perfection of human nature. On the contrary, immorality has been looked upon as the greatest reproach and torment of mankind; no satyr has been thought severe enough upon its natural baseness and deformity, nor any wit able to express the evils it occasions in private life and public societies. Your goodness would not suffer you to see this part of Christendom deluded with such false notions of I know not what excellence in virtue or evil in vice, but obliged you immediately to compose a system (as you call it) wherein you do these three things. *1st.* You consider man merely as an animal, having, like other animals, nothing to do but to follow his appetites. *2dly.* You consider man as cheated and flattered out of his natural state by the craft of moralists, and pretend to be very sure that the 'moral virtues are the political offspring which flattery begot upon pride.' So that man and morality are here both destroyed together; man is declared to be only an animal, and morality an imposture. According to this doctrine, to say that a man is dishonest is making him just such a criminal as a horse that does not dance. But this is not all, for you dare further affirm in praise of immorality, 'that evil, as well moral as natural, is the solid basis, the life and support of all trades and employments without exception; that there we must look for the true origin of all arts and sciences; and that the moment evil ceases, the society must be spoiled, if not dissolved.' These are the principal doctrines which with more than fanatic zeal you recommend to your readers; and if lewd stories, profane observations, loose jests, and haughty assertions might pass for arguments, few people would be able to dispute with you.

I shall begin with your definition of man. 'As for my part, say you, without any compliment to the courteous reader or myself, I believe man (besides skin, flesh, bones, &c. that are obvious to the eye) to be a compound of various passions, that all of them as they are provoked and come uppermost, govern him by turns whether he will or no.' Surely this definition is too general, because it seems to suit a wolf or a bear as exactly as your self or a Grecian philosopher. You say 'you believe man to be,' &c.; now I cannot understand to what part of you this believing faculty is to be ascribed; for your definition of man makes him incapable of believing anything, unless believing can be said to be a passion, or some faculty of skin or bones. But supposing such a belief as yours, because of its blindness, might justly be called a passion, yet surely there are greater things conceived by some men than can be ascribed to mere passions, or skin and flesh. That reach of thought and strong penetration which has carried Sir Isaac Newton through such regions of science must truly be owing to some higher principle. Or will you say that all his demonstrations are only so many blind sallies of passion? If man had nothing but instincts and passions, he could not dispute about them; for to dispute is no more an instinct or a passion than it is a leg or an arm. If therefore you would prove yourself to be no more than a brute or an animal, how much of your life you need alter I cannot tell, but you must at least forbear writing against virtue, for no mere animal ever hated it. But however, since you desire to be thought only skin and flesh, and a compound of passions, I will forget your better part, as much as you have done, and consider you in your own way. You tell us, 'that the moral virtues are the political offspring, which flattery begot upon pride.' You therefore, who are an advocate for moral vices, should by the rule of contraries be supposed to be acted by humility; but that being (as I think) not of the number of the passions, you have no claim to be guided by it. The prevailing passions, which you say have the sole government of man in their turns, are pride, shame, fear, lust, and anger; you have appropriated the moral virtues to pride, so that your own conduct must be ascribed either to fear, shame, anger, or lust, or else to a peaceful union and concurrence of them all. I doubt not but you are already angry that I consider you only as an animal that acts as anger, or lust, or any other passion moves it, although it is your own assertion that you are no better. But to proceed, 'Sagacious moralists, say you, draw men like angels, in hopes that the pride at least of some will put them upon copying after the beautiful originals which they are represented to be.' I am loth to charge you with sagacity, because I would not accuse you falsely; [illegible] I can help you to another full as just; viz. 'that sagacious advocates for immorality draw men like brutes, in hopes that the depravity at least of some will put them upon copying after the base originals, which they are represented to be.' The province you have chosen for yourself is to deliver man from the sagacity of moralists, the encroachments of virtue, and to replace him in the rights and privileges of brutality; to recall him from the giddy heights of rational dignity and angelic likeness to go to grass or wallow in the mire. Had the excellence of man's nature been only a false insinuation of crafty politicians, the very falseness of the thing had made some men at peace with it; but this doctrine coming from heaven, its being a principle of religion and a foundation of solid virtue, has roused up all this zeal against it.

There are two collected editions of Law's works—that of 1762 and that by Moreton (1893 et seq.). See Walton's *Materials for a Complete Biography* (1848), Overton's *William Law, Nonjuror and Mystic* (1881), and Dr A. Whyte's *Characters of William Law* (1893).

Thomas Parnell (1679-1718), one of a br
liant circle of wits, was born and educate
Dublin, his father, a native of Congl
Cheshire, having estates in Ireland. He
orders in 1700, and in 1706 was appoin
deacon of Clogher, to which office was
added, through the influence of Swift
of Finglass, estimated by Goldsmith
at £400 a year. Parnell, like Sw
land, and seems to have consid
there a cheerless and irksome bar
permanent residence at their livi
required from the Irish clergy, he
part in London. He little guessed th
the fame of Parnell the poet would be
by that of his brother's descendant, Parn
uncrowned king of Ireland, and that Parnellit
anti-Parnellite would be watchwords not in poetry
but politics. His grief for the loss of his young wife (five years after their marriage in 1706) preyed upon his spirits—which had always been unequal—and drove him into intemperance, though he was an accomplished scholar and a delightful companion. He died at Chester on his way back to Ireland, and there was buried. His Life was written by Goldsmith, who was proud of his distinguished countryman, and reputed him the last of the great school that had modelled itself upon the ancients. Parnell's works are miscellaneous in character—translations, songs, hymns, epistles, eclogues, tales in verse, and various kinds of occasional poems. *The Bookworm* is a satirical joke; *Chloris appearing in a Looking-glass* is a trifle. *On Bishop Burnet being set on Fire in his Closet* is meant to be as unpleasant as possible to the prophet of the northern nation. A series of Scripture characters—Moses, David, Solomon, Deborah, Habakkuk even, and others—are celebrated at great length in rhyming couplets. The *Batrachomuomachia* is the principal translation. In the song quoted below there is more of Irish vivacity than of eighteenth-century didacticism, and we seem to hear a comrade of Tommy Moore singing. But Parnell's best-known piece is *The Hermit*. Pope pronounced it to be 'very good;' and a certain picturesque

solemnity marks what Mr Gosse has called 'the apex and *chef d'œuvre* of Augustan poetry in England'—the subject an old and often-handled moral apologue or fable, apparently of Oriental origin. The *Night-piece on Death* was indirectly—strange as it may appear—preferred by Goldsmith to Gray's *Elegy*.

From 'A Night-piece on Death.'

How deep yon azure dyes the sky,
Where orbs of gold unnumbered lie;
While through their ranks, in silver pride,
The nether crescent seems to glide!
The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass, with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
'Time was, like thee, they life possest,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.'

Those graves, with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.
The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away),
A middle race of mortals own,
Men half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones;
These all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great,
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

The Hermit.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from men, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey—
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow;
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew),
He quits his cell; the pilgrim staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
Then, with the rising sun, a journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair;
Then near approaching, 'Father, hail!' he cried,
'And hail, my son!' the reverend sire replied.
Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
And talk of various kind deceived the road;
Till each with other pleased, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence bid the world repose,
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides of grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the liveried servants wait,
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate:
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and, at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call,
An early banquet decked the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanished; for in secret guise,
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear:
So seemed the sire, when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner shewed.
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
And much he wished, but durst not ask to part;
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;

A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning, mixed with showers, began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran;
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain.
At length some pity warmed the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest),
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervour through their limbs recalls;
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
Each hardly granted, served them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark, the pondering hermit viewed,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such, within himself he cried,
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon take place
In every settling feature of his face,
When, from his vest, the young companion bore
That cup the generous landlord owned before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day.
The weather courts them from their poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the weary gate
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought:
His partner's acts without their cause appear;
'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here.
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wanderers want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great;
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind.
Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:
'Without a vain, without a grudging heart
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer!'
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talked of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hour with prayer.
At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose.
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near a closet cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange event! grew black, and gasped, and died!
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How looked our hermit when the fact was done!
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed
His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
Perplexed with roads; a servant shewed the way:
A river crossed the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplies,
And deep the waves beneath them bending glide.
The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in:
Plunging he falls, and rising, lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
While sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries
'Detested wretch!'—but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air:
And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do;
Surprise, in secret chains, his words suspends,
And in a calm, his settling temper ends,
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
The voice of music ravished as he spoke:
'Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this commissioned, I forsook the sky
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow servant I
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine
The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye
The power exerts his attributes on high;
Your action uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still
What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust
The great vain man, who fared on costly food
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has with the cup the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost
The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door

Ne'er moved in pity to the wandering poor:
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-weaned his heart from God;
Child of his age, for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had this dotage run!
But God to save the father took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seemed to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.'
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew;
Thus looked Elisha when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view,
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a prayer begun
'Lord, as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.'
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

Song.

When thy beauty appears,
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky;
At distance I gaze and am awed by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle mine eye!

But when without art
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your
Then I know you're a woman again. [heart

There's passion and pride
In our sex, she replied,
And thus (might I gratify both) I would do;
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you.

Good editions of Parnell's Poems are by the Rev. John Mitford (1833) and G. A. Aitken (1894).

Thomas Tickell (1686-1740) was one of those on whom Addison's friendship shed a reflected light. Born at Bridekirk vicarage near Carlisle, he went up to Queen's College, Oxford, in 1701, and held a fellowship there in 1710-26. He was a writer in the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, and when Addison went to Ireland as secretary to Lord Sunderland, Tickell accompanied him, and was employed under him. He published a translation of the first book of the *Iliad* at the same time with Pope. Addison and the Whigs were rumoured to have pronounced it the better version of the two, while the Tories ranged under the banner of Pope; and hence originally came about the famous quarrel between Pope and Addison. Gay told Pope that Steele said Addison had called Tickell's work the best translation that ever was in any language. Pope professed to believe Tickell's translation as really by Addison, designed to eclipse his, and wrote the satire on 'Atticus;' and so sputtered on the feud, which was never quenched. Addison continued his patronage of Tickell; when made Secretary of State in 1717, he appointed his friend Under-Secretary, and further left him the charge of publishing his works. Tickell seems to have held himself at liberty to make occasional alterations in Addison's words; and to his edition long the standard one of Addison's collected works he prefixed an elegy on his friendly patron, which was justly reckoned his best poem and one of the best things of the kind. He wrote a number of addresses, epistles, odes, and occasional poems. His ballad of *Colin and Lucy* was rendered into Latin by Vincent Bourne. Both Gray and Goldsmith pronounced *Colin and Lucy* one of the best ballads in the language; though Gray thought Tickell 'a poor, short-winded imitator of Addison,' with but three or four notes of his own, sweet but tiresomely repeated. In 1722 Tickell published a poem, chiefly allegorical, entitled *Kensington Gardens*; but having been in 1724 appointed secretary to the Lords-Justices of Ireland, he seems to have abandoned the Muses. He died at Bath in 1740, and was buried at Glasnevin near Dublin, where he had his home. The memorial tablet in Glasnevin Church records that 'his highest honour was that of having been the friend of Addison.' The elegy and *Colin and Lucy* would have served to perpetuate his name; even Pope admitted that he was an 'honest man.'

From the Elegy on Addison.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid;
And the last words, that dust to dust conveyed!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace next thy loved Montague.
To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,

My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue,
My griefs be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee!
Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles shew
What worthies form the hallowed mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled;
Chiefs graced with scars and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints who taught and led the way to heaven;
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.
In what new region to the just assigned,
What new employments please th' unbodied mind?
A winged virtue, through th' ethereal sky
From world to world unwearied does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell;
Or, mixed with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essayed below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
[illegible]

Colin and Lucy.

Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace,
Nor e'er did Liffey's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face;
Till luckless love and pining care
Impaired her rosy hue,
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale
When beating rains descend?
So drooped the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warned, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair!
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains, beware.

Three times all in the dead of night
A bell was heard to ring,
And shrieking, at her window thrice
The raven flapped his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round.

'I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
By a false heart and broken vows
In early youth I die.
Was I to blame because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I?

'Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient both prepare;
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy [illegible]

[illegible]

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave
  Conveyed by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
  For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave the constant hind
  And plighted maid are seen,
With garlands gay and true-love knots,
  They deck the sacred green.
But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
  This hallowed spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
  And fear to meet him there.

Tickell's satire, 'imitated' from Horace (Odes [illegible] 25), on the Jacobite Earl of Mar and his rash enterprise in 1715, shows a stronger and freer hand than the bulk of his verses.

An Imitation of the Prophecy of Nereus

As Mar his round one morning took,
(Whom some call [illegible]
And his new brethren [illegible]
Shivering with fear [illegible]
On Perth's bleak hills he [illegible] spy
An aged wizard [illegible]
[illegible]

'Douglas, who draws his lineage down
From thanes and peers of high renown,
Fiery and young, and uncontrolled,
With knights and squires and barons bold
(His noble household band) advances,
And on his milk-white courser prances.
Thee Forfar to the combat dares,
Grown swarthy in Iberian wars;
And Monro kindled into rage,
Sourly defies thee to engage;
He'll rout thy foot, though ne'er so many,
And horse to boot—if thou hadst any.
  'But see Argyll, with watchful eyes,
Lodged in his deep intrenchments lies,
Couched like a lion in thy way,
He waits to spring upon his prey;
[illegible]

[illegible]

The Countess of Winchilsea, who died [illegible]

[illegible]

A Nocturnal Reverie.

In such a night, when every louder wind
Is to its distant cavern safe confined,
And only gentle zephyr fans his wings,
And lonely Philomel still waking sings;
Or from some tree, famed for the owl's delight,
She, holloaing clear, directs the wanderer right:
In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
Or thinly veil the heaven's mysterious face;
When in some river overhung with green,
The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen;
When freshened grass now bears itself upright,
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,
Whence springs the woodbine, and the bramble-rose,
And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows;
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
Yet checkers still with red the dusky brakes:
When scattered glowworms, but in twilight fine,
Shew trivial beauties, watch their hour to shine;
Whilst Salisbury stands the test of every light,
In perfect charms and perfect virtue bright:
When odours which declined repelling day,
Through temperate air uninterrupted stray;
When darkened groves their softest shadows wear,
And falling waters we distinctly hear;
When through the gloom more venerable shews
Some ancient fabrick, awful in repose,
While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale:
When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing through the adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade we fear,
Till torn up forage in his teeth we hear;
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
And unmolested kine rechew the cud;
When curlews cry beneath the village walls,
And to her straggling brood the partridge calls;
Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep,
Which but endures whilst tyrant man does sleep;
When a sedate content the spirit feels,
And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals;
But silent musings urge the mind to seek
Something too high for syllables to speak;
Till the free soul to a composedness charmed,
Finding the elements of rage disarmed,
O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
Joys in the inferior world, and thinks it like her own:
In such a night let me abroad remain,
Till morning breaks, and all's confused again;
Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renewed,
Or pleasures, seldom reached, again pursued.

A Song

Love, thou art best of human joys,
  Our chiefest happiness below;
All other pleasures are but toys,
Music without thee is but noise,
  And beauty but an empty show.

Heaven, who knew best what man would move,
  And raise his thoughts above the brute,
Said, Let him be, and let him love;
That must alone his soul improve,
  Howe'er philosophers dispute.

A collected edition of the Countess's works, including an unacted tragedy, *Aristomenes*, was published in 1713.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1689-1762), united as few men or women have done solid sense and learning to wit, fancy, and lively powers of description; in letter-writing she has very few equals, and scarcely a superior. Horace Walpole may be more witty and sarcastic, and Cowper more unaffectedly natural, tender, and delightful; yet if we consider the variety and novelty of the matters described in Lady Mary's letters, the fund of anecdote and observation they display, and the idiomatic clearness of her style, we shall hesitate to place her below any letter-writer that England has yet produced. She was the eldest daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, who became next year fifth Earl, and in 1715 Duke, of Kingston, and was brought up at Thoresby, Notts. Even in childhood she showed exceptional gifts, was very carefully educated, and from her youth up was a close student and indefatigable reader. Bishop Burnet encouraged her in her unusually wide course of study, which included Greek philosophy in Latin translations. In 1712 she married, against her father's wishes, Edward Wortley (later Wortley Montagu), and on his being appointed in 1714 a commissioner of the Treasury, she was introduced to the courtly and polished circles. Her personal beauty and the charms of her conversation secured the friendship of Addison, Congreve, Pope, and the literati. In 1716 her husband was appointed ambassador to the Porte, and Lady Mary accompanied him to Constantinople (1717-18), going by way of Vienna, and returning by Tunis, Genoa, and Paris. During her journey and her residence in the Levant, she corresponded with her sister the Countess of Mar, Lady Rich, Pope, and others, brilliantly describing and contrasting European and Turkish scenery and manners. Having noted among the villagers in Turkey the results of inoculating for the smallpox, she confidently submitted her own son, at that time four years old, to this protective method, then practically unknown to European medical art; and by her zealous effort afterwards established the practice of inoculation in England and in Europe. In 1718, her husband being recalled from his embassy, she returned to England, and, by Pope's advice, settled at Twickenham. The rival wits did not long continue friends. Pope wrote high-flown panegyrics and half-concealed love-letters to Lady Mary, and she treated them with silence or ridicule. On one occasion he is said to have made a tender and formal declaration, which threw the lady into an immoderate fit of laughter; henceforth the sensitive poet became her implacable enemy. Lady Mary also wrote verses, town eclogues, and epigrams, and Pope confessed that she had too much wit for him. The cool self-possession of the lady of rank and fashion, joined to her sarcastic powers, proved an overmatch for the jealous retired author, tremblingly alive to the shafts of ridicule. In 1739, for reasons unknown, Lady

Mary left England and her husband to travel and live abroad. She visited Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples, and settled first at Avignon and then at Lovere, on the Lago d'Iseo. Mr Montagu having died in 1761, Lady Mary was prevailed upon by her daughter, the Countess of Bute, to return to England, but died in the following [illegible]

Her letters, printed surreptitiously in 1763, were edited by her great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe, in 18[illegible]. The [illegible] and varied talents of Lady Mary are [illegible] the whole of her correspondence. [illegible] to communicate piquant personal stories or to paint graphically leads her into details which modern taste hardly approves. She described what she saw and heard without mincing matters; and her strong masculine understanding and absolute frankness render her sometimes apparently unamiable and unfeeling, and frequently defective in what we account feminine delicacy. But otherwise, as models of [illegible] style, easy, familiar, and elegant, [illegible] as pictures of foreign scenery and manners and fashionable gossip, the le[illegible] must always hold their place in [illegible] are truly *letters*, not critical or d[illegible] enlivened by formal compliment and elaborate wit; though some of them are perhaps [illegible] a brightly-written chapter of a book of travel, or one section 'to be continued in our next' of a systematic description of life and manners abroad, such, for example, as Lady Mary's le[illegible] her sister describing in great and vivid detail her reception by the Grand Vizier's chief wife and [illegible] the harem of the Vizier's chief deputy. Some rather objectionable letters, published even in Lord Wharncliffe's and, with corrective notes, in Mr Moy Thomas's editions, were assuredly not written by Lady Mary, but are forgeries presumably by John Cleland, son of Pope's friend Major Cleland, a clever but notoriously unprincipled litterateur.

On Matrimonial Happiness.

If we marry, our happiness must consist in loving one another: 'tis principally my concern to think of the most probable method of making that love [illegible]. You object against living in London; I am not fond of it myself, and readily give it up to you, though I am assured there needs more art to keep a fondness alive in solitude, where it generally preys upon itself. There is one article absolutely necessary—to be ever beloved, one must be ever agreeable. There is no such thing as being agreeable without a thorough good humour, a natural sweetness of temper, enlivened by cheerfulness. Whatever natural fund of gaiety one is born with, 'tis necessary to be entertained with agreeable objects. Anybody capable of tasting pleasure, when they confine themselves to one place, should take care 'tis the place in the world the most pleasing. Whatever you may now think (now, perhaps, you have some fondness for me), though your love should continue in its full force, there are hours when the most beloved mistress would be troublesome. People are not for ever (nor is it in human nature that they should be) disposed to be fond; you would be glad to find in me the friend and the companion. To be agreeably this last, it is necessary to be gay and entertaining. A perpetual solitude, in a place where you see nothing to raise your spirits, at length wears them out, and conversation insensibly falls into dull and insipid. When I have no more to say to you, you will like me no longer. How dreadful is that view! You will reflect, for my sake you have abandoned the conversation of a friend that you liked, and your situation in a country where all things would have contributed to make your life pass in (the true *voluptè*) a smooth tranquillity. *I* shall lose the vivacity which should entertain you, and *you* will have nothing to recompense you for what you have lost. Very few people that have settled entirely in the country but have grown at length weary of one another. The lady's conversation generally falls into a thousand impertinent effects of idleness; and the gentleman falls *in* love with his dogs and his horses, and *out* of love with everything else. I am now arguing in favour of the town; you have answered me as to that point. In respect of your health, 'tis the first thing to be considered, and I shall never ask you to do anything injurious to that. But 'tis my opinion, 'tis necessary to be happy that we neither of us think any place more agreeable than that where we are. I have nothing to do in London; and 'tis indifferent to me if I never see it more.

(From a letter to Mr Wortley Montagu in 1712.)

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.
(From an Engraving after the Portrait by Sir G. Kneller.)

Eastern Manners and Language

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer; he has only given a plain image of the way of life amongst the peasants of his country, who, before oppression had reduced them to want, were, I suppose, all employed as the better sort of them are now. I don't doubt, had he been born a Briton, his *Idylliums* had been filled with descriptions of thrashing and churning, both which are unknown here, the corn being all trod out by oxen; and butter (I speak it with sorrow) unheard of.

I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs and much of the dress then in fashion being yet retained, and I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant than is to be found in any other country, the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners as has been generally practised by other nations that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face is still fashionable; and I never see half a dozen of old pashas (as I do very often), with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun but I recollect good King Priam and his counsellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is sung to have danced on the banks of the Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to lead; these are Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different.

I should have told you, in the first place, that the Eastern manners give a great light into many Scripture passages that appear odd to us, their phrases being commonly what we should call Scripture language. The vulgar Turk is very different from what is spoken at court, or amongst the people of figure, who always mix so much Arabic and Persian in their discourse that it may very well be called another language. And 'tis as ridiculous to make use of the expressions commonly used in speaking to a great man or lady, as it would be to speak broad Yorkshire or Somersetshire in the drawing-room. Besides this distinction, they have what they call the sublime, that is, a style proper for poetry, and which is the exact Scripture style. I believe you will be pleased to see a genuine example of this, and I am very glad I have it in my power to satisfy your curiosity, by sending you a faithful copy of the verses that Ibrahim Pasha, the reigning favourite, has made for the young princess, his contracted wife, whom he is not yet permitted to visit without witnesses, though she is gone home to his house. He is a man of wit and learning; and whether or no he is capable of writing good verse, you may be sure that, on such an occasion, he would not want the assistance of the best poets in the empire. Thus the verses may be looked upon as a sample of their finest poetry; and I don't doubt you'll be of my mind, that it is most wonderfully resembling the *Song of Solomon*, which was also addressed to a royal bride.

I.

The nightingale now wanders in the vines:
Her passion is to seek roses.

I went down to admire the beauty of the vines:
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.

II.

The wished possession is delayed from day to day;
The cruel sultan Achmet will not permit me
To see those cheeks, more vermilion than roses.

I dare not snatch one of your kisses;
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.

III.

The wretched Ibrahim sighs in these verses:
One dart from your eyes has pierced through my heart.

Ah! when will the hour of possession arrive?
Must I yet wait a long time?
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Ah, Sultana! stag-eyed—an angel amongst angels!
I desire, and my desire remains unsatisfied.
Can you take delight to prey upon my heart?

IV.

My cries pierce the heavens!
My eyes are without sleep!
Turn to me, Sultana—let me gaze on thy beauty.

Adieu! I go down to the grave.
If you call me, I return.
My heart is hot as sulphur; sigh, and it will flame.

Crown of my life! fair light of my eyes!
My Sultana! my princess!
I rub my face against the earth; I am drowned in scalding tears—I rave!
Have you no compassion? Will you not turn to look upon me?

I have taken abundance of pains to get these verses in a literal translation; and if you were acquainted with my interpreters, I might spare myself the trouble of assuring you that they have received no poetical touches from their hands.

(From a letter to Mr. Pope, dated Adrianople, April 1, O.S., 1717, one of six long letters to various persons bearing the same date—surely a good day's work.)

On Inoculation for Small-pox.

Apropos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless, by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox; they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together) the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what veins you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much venom as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days time they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French embassador says pleasantly that they take the small pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of the experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son. I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them, not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps if I live to return, I may however have courage to war with them. Upon this occasion, admire the heroism in the heart of your friend.

(From a letter to Mrs Sarah Chiswell, dated Adrianople, April 1, O.S., 1717.)

France in 1718.

I cannot give my dear Lady R. [Rich] a better proof of the pleasure I have in writing to her than choosing to do it in this seat of various amusements, where I am *accablée* with visits, and those so full of vivacity and compliment that 'tis full employment to hearken, whether one answers or not. The French embassadress at Constantinople has a very considerable and numerous family here, who all come to see me, and are never weary of making enquiries. The air of Paris has already had a good effect upon me; for I was never in better health, though I have been extremely ill all the road from Lyons to this place. You may judge how agreeable the journey has been to me, which did not need that addition to make me dislike it. I think nothing so terrible as objects of misery, except one had the Godlike attribute of being capable to redress them; and all the country villages of France shew nothing else. While the post horses are changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with such miserable starved faces, and thin tattered clothes, they need no other eloquence to persuade one of the wretchedness of their condition. This is all the French magnificence till you come to Fontainebleau. There you begin to think the country rich, when you are shewed one thousand five hundred rooms in the king's hunting-palace. The apartments of the royal family are very large, and richly gilt; but I saw nothing in the architecture or painting worth remembering. . . . *A propos* of countenances, I must tell you something of the French ladies; I have seen all the beauties, and such —— (I can't help making use of the coarse word) nauseous [creatures]! so fantastically absurd in their dress! so monstrously unnatural in their paint! their hair cut short, and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder, that makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on, a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces, and I am apt to believe that they took the first hint of their dress from a fair sheep newly ruddled. 'Tis with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty countrywomen: and if I was writing to anybody else, I should say that these grotesque daubers give me still a higher esteem of the natural charms of dear Lady R.'s auburn hair, and the lively colours of her unsullied complexion.

(From a letter to Lady Rich, dated Paris, October 10, O.S., 1718.)

To the Countess of Bute On Female Education.

Lovere, *Jan.* 28. N.S. 1753

Dear Child You have given me a great deal of satisfaction by your account of your eldest daughter. I am particularly pleased to hear she is a good arithmetician; it is the best proof of understanding: the knowledge of numbers is one of the chief distinctions between us and the brutes. If there is anything in blood, you may reasonably expect your children should be endowed with an uncommon share of good sense. Mr Wortley's family and mine have both produced some of the greatest men that have been born in England; I mean Admiral Sandwich, and my grandfather, who was distinguished by the name of Wise William. I have heard Lord Bute's father mentioned as an extraordinary genius, though he had not many opportunities of shewing it; and his uncle the present Duke of Argyll has one of the best heads I ever knew. I will therefore speak to you as supposing Lady Mary not only capable, but desirous of learning; in that case, by all means let her be indulged in it. You will tell me I did not make it a part of your education; your prospect was very different from hers. As you had no defect either in mind or person to hinder, and much in your circumstances to attract the highest offers, it seemed your business to learn how to live in the world, as it is hers to know how to be easy out of it. It is the common error of builders and parents to follow some plan they think beautiful (and perhaps is so) without considering that nothing is beautiful that is displaced. Hence we see so many edifices raised that the raisers can never inhabit, being too large for their fortunes. Vistas are laid open over barren heaths, and apartments contrived for a coolness very agreeable in Italy, but killing in the north of Britain; thus every woman endeavours to breed her daughter a fine lady, qualifying her for a station in which she will never appear, and at the same time incapacitating her for that retirement to which she is destined. Learning, if she has a real taste for it, will not only make her contented, but happy in it. No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting. She will not want new fashions, nor regret the loss of expensive diversions, or variety of company, if she can be amused with an author in her closet. To render this amusement extensive she should be permitted to learn the languages. I have heard it lamented that boys lose so many years in mere learning of words: this is no objection to a girl, whose time is not so precious: she cannot advance herself in any profession, and has therefore more hours to spare; and as you say her memory is good, she will be very agreeably employed this way.

There are two cautions to be given on this subject: first, not to think herself learned when she can read Latin, or even Greek. Languages are more properly to be called vehicles of learning than learning itself, as may be observed in many schoolmasters, who, though perhaps critics in grammar, are the most ignorant fellows upon earth. True knowledge consists in knowing things, not words. I would no further wish her a linguist than to enable her to read books in their originals, that are often corrupted, and always injured, by translations. Two hours' application every morning will bring this about much sooner than you can imagine, and she will have leisure enough besides to run over the English poetry, which is a more important part of a woman's education than it is generally supposed. Many a young damsel has been ruined by a fine copy of verses, which she would have laughed at if she had known it had been stolen from Mr Waller. I remember, when I was a girl, I saved one of my companions from destruction, who communicated to me an epistle she was quite charmed with. As she had naturally a good taste, she observed the lines were not so smooth as Prior's or Pope's, but had more thought and spirit than any of theirs. She was wonderfully delighted with such a demonstration of her lover's sense and passion, and not a little pleased with her own charms, that had force enough to inspire such elegancies. In the midst of this triumph, I shewed her that they were taken from Randolph's poems, and the unfortunate transcriber was dismissed with the scorn he deserved. To say truth, the poor plagiary was very unlucky to fall into my hands: that author, being no longer in fashion, would have escaped any one of less universal reading than myself. You should encourage your daughter to talk over with you what she reads; and as you are very capable of distinguishing, take care she does not mistake pert folly for wit and humour, or rhyme for poetry, which are the common errors of young people, and have a train of ill consequences.

The second caution to be given her (and which is most absolutely necessary) is to conceal whatever learning she attains, with as much solicitude as she would hide crookedness or lameness: the parade of it can only serve to draw on her the envy, and consequently the most inveterate hatred, of all he and she fools, which will certainly be at least three parts in four of her acquaintance. The use of knowledge in our sex, beside the amusement of solitude, is to moderate the passions, and learn to be contented with a small expense, which are the certain effects of a studious life: and it may be preferable even to that fame which men have engrossed to themselves, and will not suffer us to share. You will tell me I have not observed this rule myself; but you are mistaken; it is only inevitable accident that has given me any reputation that way. I have always carefully avoided it, and ever thought it a misfortune. The explanation of this paragraph would occasion a long digression, which I will not trouble you with, it being my present design only to say what I think useful for the instruction of my granddaughter, which I have much at heart. If she has the same inclination (I should say passion) for learning I was born with, history, geography, and philosophy will furnish her with materials to pass away cheerfully a longer life than is allotted to mortals. I believe there are few heads capable of making Sir I. Newton's calculations, but the result of them is not difficult to be understood by a moderate capacity. Do not fear this should make her affect the character of Lady ——, or Lady ——, or Mrs —— [the blanks are in the original]; these women are ridiculous not because they have learning, but because they have it not. One thinks herself a complete historian after reading Echard's Roman History, another a profound philosopher after having got by heart some of Pope's unintelligible essays, and the third an able divine on the strength of Whitefield's sermons; thus you hear them screaming politics and controversy.

It is a saying of Thucydides, ignorance is bold and knowledge reserved. Indeed it is impossible to be far advanced in it without being more humbled by a conviction of human ignorance than elated by learning. At the same time I recommend books, I neither exclude work nor drawing. I think it is as scandalous for a woman not to know how to use a needle, as for a man not to know how to use a sword. I was once extremely fond of my pencil, and it was a great mortification to me when my father turned off my master, having made a considerable progress for a short time I learnt. My over eagerness in the pursuit of it had brought a weakness on my eyes, that made it necessary to leave it off; and all the advantage I got was the improvement of my hand. I see by hers that practice will make her a ready writer: she may attain it by serving you for a secretary, when your health or affairs make it troublesome to you to write yourself; and custom will make it an agreeable amusement to her. She cannot have too many for that station of life which will probably be her fate. The ultimate end of your education was to make you a good wife (and I have the comfort to hear that you are one); hers ought to be to make her happy in a virgin state. I will not say it is happier, but it is undoubtedly safer than any marriage. In a lottery, where there are (at the lowest computation) ten thousand blanks to a prize, it is the most prudent choice not to venture. I have always been so thoroughly persuaded of this truth, that, notwithstanding the flattering views I had for you (as I never intended you a sacrifice to my vanity), I thought I owed you the justice to lay before you all the hazards attending matrimony: you may recollect I did so in the strongest manner. Perhaps you may have more success in the instructing your daughter; she has so much company at home, she will not need seeking it abroad, and will more readily take the notions you think fit to give her. As you were alone in my family, it would have been thought a great cruelty to suffer you no companions of your own age, especially having so many near relations, and I do not wonder their opinions influenced yours. I was not sorry to see you not determined on a single life, knowing it was not your father's intention; and contented myself with endeavouring to make your home so easy that you might not be in haste to leave it.

I am afraid you will think this a very long insignificant letter. I hope the kindness of the design will excuse it, being willing to give you every proof in my power that I am

Your most affectionate mother.

More complete than the surreptitious edition of Lady Mary's letters in 1763 was that of 1803 (5 vols.), and still better that edited by her great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe (1837). This was further extended and improved by Mr Moy Thomas (1861; revised, 1887). The letters from Constantinople and from France have appeared in various shapes. The editor of the surreptitious 1763 edition (3 vols.) was probably John Cleland (1709-89); the forged letters, presumably by him, were issued as a fourth volume in 1767.

John Norris (1657-1711), an English Platonist and 'mystic divine,' was one of the earliest opponents of the philosophy of Locke. Educated at Oxford, in 1689 he took a Somersetshire living, but from 1692 he held George Herbert's old rectory of Bemerton near Salisbury. He was an intimate of Henry More. Hallam described him as 'more thoroughly Platonic than Malebranche, to whom, however, he pays great deference, and adopts his fundamental hypothesis of seeing all things in God.' More noteworthy is it that he carried into the eighteenth century much of the spirit of Henry More, something of the mood of Crashaw and Vaughan. His first original work was *An Idea of Happiness* (1683); his poems, essays, discourses, and letters, entitled *A Collection of Miscellanies* (1687), went through nine editions. His verses are quaint and full of conceits. One simile of his, in 'The Parting,' was copied or annexed by two better known poets—by Blair in *The Grave*, and by Thomas Campbell in *The Pleasures of Hope*:

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone
But those which soonest take their flight,
  Are the most exquisite and strong
Like angel visits short and bright;
  Mortality 's too weak to bear them long

In 'Lines to the Memory of my dear Niece' Norris repeats the idea in other words:

Angels, as 'tis but seldom they appear,
So neither do they make long stay;
They do but visit and away

Again, when Campbell wrote ''Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,' he certainly had before his mind this from Norris's 'Infidel:'

Distance presents the objects fair,
With charming features and a graceful air,
But when we come to seize th' inviting prey,
Like a shy ghost, it vanishes away

In the same poem, with its unpromising title, we find the rather memorable stanza:

So to the unthinking boy the distant sky
Seems [illegible]
He wi[illegible]
  Curi[illegible]
  But wh[illegible]
Arrived he[illegible]
With sighs the sad [illegible]
His Heaven is still as distant as before

Some of his verses are prosaic and tuneless enough to recall Zachary Boyd's paraphrases of Scripture at their worst. Thus 'Adam Turned out of Paradise' complains in these words:

O whither now, whither shall I repair,
  Exiled from this angelic coast?
There 's nothing left that 's pleasant, good, or fair;
The world can't recompence for Eden lost.
'Tis true, I 've here a universal sway,
The creatures me as their chief lord obey,
  Yet the world, tho' all my seat,
Can't make me happy, tho' it makes me great.

His twenty-three publications include *The Picture of Love Unveiled* (a translation from Waring's Latin, 1682); *The Theory and Regulation of Love, a Moral Essay* (1688); four volumes of *Practical Discourses* (1690-93); essays on reason and religion, on schism, against Quakerism; a *Theory of the Ideal and Intelligible World* (1701-4); and *A Philosophical Discourse concerning the Immortality of the Soul* (1708).

Dr Grosart edited Norris's *Poems* in 1871 for Vol. III. of the Miscellanies of the 'Fuller Worthies Library,' where he suggests many parallelisms between Norris and later writers, and insists on the debt of Blair and Campbell especially.

Christopher Pitt (1699-1748) was admitted by Johnson into his gallery of English poets. His best-known work is his translation (1725) of *Vida's Art of Poetry;* and in 1740 he produced a complete English *Æneid*. He also imitated some of the satires and epistles of Horace, and helped with Creech's *Lucretius* and Pope's *Odyssey*. 'Pitt pleases the critics, and Dryden the people; Pitt is quoted, and Dryden read.' Such was Johnson's report; but even the critics have long ceased to delight in him. From New College, Oxford, he was presented to the rectory of Pimperne in his native county of Dorset, and there he spent the rest of his life. 'Diamond Pitt,' Lord Chatham's grandfather, was his cousin.

Gilbert West (1700?-1756) translated the Odes of Pindar (1749), prefixing a dissertation on the Olympic games, praised by Gibbon. He wrote *Education, a Poem; The Institution of the Garter;* and a number of other miscellaneous pieces of poetry. One *On the Abuse of Travelling*, professedly in imitation of Spenser's manner (1739), was noticed by Gray with very warm commendation. For his *Observations on the Resurrection*, the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of D.C.L., and Lyttelton addressed to him his treatise on St Paul. Pope left West a sum of £200, payable after the death of Martha Blount, and he did not live to receive it. The son of a prebendary of Winchester, he was educated at Eton and Christchurch, and found a post under the Secretary of State for the time. By the influence of Pitt, he was appointed (1752) one of the clerks of the Privy Council, and under-treasurer of Chelsea Hospital. Johnson included his miscellaneous poems in his collection

Edward Young, author of the *Night Thoughts*, was born towards the end of June 1683 at Upham in Hampshire, where his father—afterwards Dean of Salisbury—was rector. He was educated at Winchester School, and subsequently at New, Corpus, and All Souls Colleges, Oxford. In 1712 he commenced as poet and courtier of the great, and he continued both professions till he was over eighty. One of his patrons was the notorious Duke of Wharton, 'the scorn and wonder of his days,' whom Young accompanied to Ireland in 1716-17. He was for a while tutor in the family of the Marquis of Exeter, but was induced by Wharton to stand as parliamentary candidate for Cirencester, receiving a bond for £600 to defray expenses. Young was defeated, Wharton died (1731), but the courts sustained Young's claim to two annuities (worth £200 a year) promised by the Duke. His first tragedy, *Busiris* (afterwards burlesqued in Fielding's *Tom Thumb*), was produced in 1719; in 1721 his second and best, *The Revenge*; his last, *The Brothers*, not till 1753. Significantly enough, the three tragedies of the future author of the *Night Thoughts* all end in suicide. *The Revenge* contains, amidst some rant and hyperbole, passages of strong passion and eloquent declamation in Young's sonorous blank verse; like *Othello*, it is founded on jealousy, and the principal character, Zanga, is a Moor. Young's satires, seven in number, appeared in 1725-28 under the title of *The Love of Fame, the Universal Passion*. Doubtless his own experiences must have been valuable, for as the associate and toady of Bubb Dodington and the like his humiliations and disappointments must have been many and grievous. In 1727 Young entered the Church, wrote a panegyric on the king, and was made one of His Majesty's chaplains. In 1730 he obtained from his college the living of Welwyn in Hertfordshire, where he was destined to close his days, though always eager for further preferment. His marriage with the (widowed) daughter of the Earl of Lichfield proved a happier union than rumour represented the noble alliances of Dryden and Addison. The lady had a daughter by her first marriage, to whom Young was warmly attached. That daughter and her husband died; and when the mother followed, the lonely survivor's *Night Thoughts* (1742-44) showed that years and sorrows had but enriched his poetic gift. In 1761 he was made clerk of the closet to the Princess-Dowager of Wales; and he lived on till the 5th of April 1765.

EDWARD YOUNG, D.D.
(From an Engraving in the British Museum.)

In his youth Young was gay and dissipated; all his life he was an indefatigable flatterer and courtier; in his poetry only is he a severe moralist and ascetic divine. Even if he felt the emotions he describes, he hardly allowed them to influence his conduct. He was not weaned from the world till age overtook him; and the epigrammatic point and wit and gloom of his *Night Thoughts* show the poetic artist rather than the devout Christian. The bereavements even on which the poem was based were deliberately exaggerated for poetical effect:

Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shafts flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn.

This tale of sorrows was a poetical license; one of the shafts struck after an interval of four years. The gay Lorenzo is overdrawn. Like the character of Childe Harold in the hands of Byron, it afforded its creator scope for dark and powerful painting, and was made the vehicle for bursts of indignant virtue, sorrow, regret, and admonition. This artificial character pervades the whole poem, and is an essential part of its structure; yet there are many noble and sublime passages, where, as with the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Young prophesies of life, death, and immortality. Epigram and repartee are then forgotten; fancy yields to feeling, and the imagery is natural and appropriate. But the poet-preacher seldom remains long at a time in his loftier mood; his desire to say witty and smart things, to load his picture with supernumerary horrors, and conduct his personages to their 'sulphureous or ambrosial seats,' soon converts him into the scene-painter or epigrammatist. Poetry disappears in verbiage and sentimentalism, which cloying antithesis and magniloquence make more tedious. Many of his sententious lines and short passages have become proverbial; some of his reflections make admirable copy-lines, such as 'Procrastination is the thief of time.' Young's great work, like *Hudibras*, is too full of compressed reflection and illustration to be read continuously with pleasure There is no plot or progressive interest ; each of the nine books is independent of the other. The reader seeks out favourite passages, or contents himself with a single excursion into a wide and variegated field. The worst fault is the inevitable suggestion of insincerity, or at least of overstrained sentiment. But the more the work is studied, the more marvellous seem the fertility of fancy, the pregnancy of wit and wisdom, the felicitous conjunction of sound and sense, of sympathetic tenderness and everlasting truth, clearly discernible through the gloomy recesses of the poet's melancholious imagination :

> The glorious fragments of a fire immortal,
> With rubbish mixed, and glittering in the dust

This magnificent apostrophe had hardly been equalled since Milton's days

On Life, Death, and Immortality

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep !
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles ; the wretched he forsakes :
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear
From short (as usual) and disturbed repose,
I wake : how happy they who wake no more !
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous , where my wrecked desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancied misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain
A bitter change ! - severer for severe
The day too short for my distress ; and night,
E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.
Night, sable goddess ! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence how dead ! and darkness how profound !
Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds :
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,
An awful pause ! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled ;
Fate ! drop the curtain ; I can lose no more
Silence and Darkness ! solemn sisters ! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve
That column of true majesty in man
Assist me : I will thank you in the grave ;
The grave your kingdom : there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye ?——
Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval Silence, when the morning stars
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball ;
O Thou ! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul ;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Through this opaque of nature and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. Oh lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it through various scenes of life and death,
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song ;
Teach my best reason, reason ; my best will
Teach rectitude ; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear :
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, poured
On this devoted head, be poured in vain. . . .
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august
How complicate, how wonderful is man !
How passing wonder He who made him such !
Who centred in our make such strange extremes !
From different natures marvellously mixt,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds !
Distinguished link in being's endless chain !
Midway from nothing to the Deity !
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt !
Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine !
Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust
Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !
A worm ! a god ! I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost ! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own . how reason reels !
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distressed ! what joy ! what dread !
Alternately transported and alarmed !
What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis past conjecture ; all things rise in proof :
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread .
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields ; or mourned along the gloom
Of pathless woods ; or down the craggy steep
Hurled headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool ;
Or scaled the cliff ; or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain ?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod. . . .
Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal ! . . .
Why, then, their loss deplore that are not lost ? . . .
This is the desert, this the solitude :
How populous, how vital is the grave !
This is creation's melancholy vault.
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom ;
The land of apparitions, empty shades !
All, all on earth, is shadow, all beyond
Is substance ; the reverse is folly's creed :
How solid all, where change shall be no more !
This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule ;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free
From real life ; but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumbering in his sire
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell.
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport ! and of man
Yet man, fool man ! here buries all his thoughts ;

Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; winged by heaven
To fly at infinite; and reach it there
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of three score years
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

(From *The Complaint*—Night I.)

On Time.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss.
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

(From *The Complaint*—Night I.)

O time! than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man without account?
What years are squandered, wisdom's debt unpaid?
Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door;
Insidious Death! should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast binds, and vengeance claims the full arrear.

Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what it's worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher aimed, still nearer the great mark
Of men and angels, virtue more divine.

Ah! how unjust to nature and himself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure Nature for a span too short;
That span too short we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him when passed by; what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast! cry out on his career.

We waste, not use our time; we breathe, not live;
Time wasted is existence; used, is life:
And bare existence man, to live ordained,
Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why? since time was given for use, not waste,
Enjoined to fly, with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man.
Time's use was doomed a pleasure, waste a pain,
That man might feel his error if unseen,
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
Not blundering, split on idleness for ease.

We push time from us, and we wish him back;
Lavish of lustrums, and yet fond of life;
Life we think long and short; death seek and shun.
Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part.
Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
How tasteless! and how terrible when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still:
The spirit walks of every day deceased,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death nor life delight us. If time past,
And time possest, both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordained,
Time used. The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death:
He walks with nature, and her paths are peace.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men experience call;
If wisdom's friend her best, if not, worst foe.

(From *The Complaint*—Night II.)

In these shorter passages he rings the changes on the same topics:

Look nature through, 'tis revolution all;
All change, no death; day follows night, and night
The dying day; stars rise and set, and rise:
Earth takes the example. See, the Summer gay,
With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter gray,
Horrid with frost and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn and his golden fruits away,
Then melts into the Spring: soft Spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first. All, to reflourish, fades:
As in a wheel, all sinks to reascend:
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

. . . .

Self-flattered, unexperienced, high in hope,
When young, with sanguine cheer and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend:
All in some darling enterprise embarkt:
But where is he can fathom its extent?
Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite, her lawful prize!
Some steer aright, but the black blast blows hard,

And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof
Full against wind and tide, some win their way,
And when strong effort has deserved the port,
And tugged it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!
Though strong their oar, still stronger is their fate:
They strike! and while they triumph they expire.
In stress of weather most, some sink outright:
O'er them and o'er their names the billows close;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating when the bark's ingulfed;
It floats a moment, and is seen no more.
One Cæsar lives; a thousand are forgot.
How few beneath auspicious planets born—
Darlings of Providence! fond fates elect!—
With swelling sails make good the promised port,
With all their wishes freighted! yet even these,
Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain;
Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
They still are men, and when is man secure?
As fatal time, as storm! the rush of years
Beats down their strength, their numberless escapes
In ruin end. And now their proud success
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
Their nest so deeply downed, and built so high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

On Night.

These thoughts, O Night! are thine;
From thee they came like lovers' secret sighs,
While others slept. So Cynthia, poets feign,
In shadows veiled, soft, sliding from her sphere,
Her shepherd cheered; of her enamoured less
Than I of thee.—And art thou still unsung,
Beneath whose brow and by whose aid I sing?
Immortal silence! where shall I begin?
Where end? or how steal music from the spheres
To soothe their goddess?
O majestic night!
Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and, heaven throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train:
Thy gloomy grandeurs—Nature's most august,
Inspiring aspect!—claim a grateful verse;
And like a sable curtain starred with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.

On Retirement.

Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest beneath this humble shed!
The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril:
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms;
And meditate on scenes more silent still;
Pursue thy theme, and fight the fear of Death.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager ambition's fiery chace I see;
I see the circling hunt of noisy men
Burst law's inclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey;
As wolves for rapine; as the fox for wiles;
Till Death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame;
Earth's highest station ends in 'Here he lies,'
And 'dust to dust' concludes her noblest song.

Procrastination.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, 'That all men are about to live,'
For ever on the brink of being born:
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel, and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least their own their future selves applaud;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man.
And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.
And why? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread:
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where passed the shaft no trace is found.
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
E'en with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

(From *The Complaint*, Night I.)

The *Night Thoughts* eclipsed Young's other works; but his *Love of Fame; in Seven Characteristical Satires*, shows real satiric power, often almost equalling Pope's. Parts of Pope's seem indeed to have been suggested by Young's.

From 'The Love of Fame.'

Not all on books their criticism waste:
The genius of a dish some justly taste,

And eat their way to fame! with anxious thought
The salmon is refused, the turbot bought.
Impatient Art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May.
Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives, that is, to dine;
Half of their precious day they give the feast,
And to a kind digestion spare the rest.
Apicius here, the taster of the town,
Feeds twice a week, to settle their renown.
These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their bills of fare;
In those choice books their panegyrics read,
And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed;
If man, by feeding well, commences great,
Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.

Brunetta 's wise in actions great and rare,
But scorns on trifles to bestow her care.
Thus every hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles, life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die before you truly live.

Belus with solid glory will be crowned;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound,
But builds himself a name; and to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate;
In cost and grandeur Chandos he 'll outdo;
And, Burlington, thy taste is not so true;
The pile is finished, every toil is past,
And full perfection is arrived at last;
When lo! my lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns.
The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In Britain, what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?

Some for renown on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
To patchwork learned quotations are allied;
Both strive to make our poverty our pride.

Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,
Slight or important only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title, lies.
They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge.

From the 'First Epistle to Mr Pope.'

With fame in just proportion envy grows;
The man that makes a character makes foes;
Slight peevish insects round a genius rise,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
(To show they live) they flutter and they sting:
But as by depredations wasps proclaim
The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.
Shall we not censure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irriguous or champagne?
Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
The college sloven or embroidered spark,
The purple prelate or the parish clerk,
The quiet *quidnunc* or demanding prig,
The plaintiff Tory or defendant Whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay or sad,
Whether extremely witty or quite mad;
Profoundly dull or shallowly polite,
Men that read well, or men that only write;
Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune the reeds,
And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds;
For bankrupts write, when ruined shops are shut,
As maggots crawl from out a perished nut.
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.
By thriving men, subsists each other trade;
Of every broken craft a writer 's made.
Thus his material, paper, takes its birth
From tattered rags of all the stuff on earth.

Burns, who knew most of Young by heart, no doubt took from the sixth satire the material for the climax of his 'Address to the Deil:'

> But fare-you-weel, auld 'Nickie-ben!'
> O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
> Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
> Still hae a stake:
> I 'm wae to think upo' yon den,
> Ev'n for your sake!

The idea that perhaps the devil might yet find salvation is often set to the credit of the ploughman-poet's unheard-of generosity. Unreasonably; for though Burns may not have known that Origen's doctrine of the Apocatastasis or Final Restitution expressly included the devil and his angels, or that the benevolent scheme of St Macarius (who actually persuaded God to pardon the devil) fell through only because Satan would not stoop to beg forgiveness, he could not have been ignorant of Young's 'devil's fair apologist' and her comment on Tillotson's heresy. After having chastised, not too tenderly, the foibles and vices of many types of women, and raised the question of 'she-atheists,' Young goes on:

Atheists are few: most nymphs a Godhead own;
And nothing but his attributes dethrone.
From atheists far, they steadfastly believe
God is, and is Almighty——to forgive.
His other excellence they 'll not dispute;
But mercy, sure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
A lady's soul in everlasting pain?
Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,
For now and then a sip of transient joy?
No, he 's for ever in a smiling mood;
He 's like themselves; or how could he be good?
And they blaspheme, who blacker schemes suppose.—
Devoutly thus Jehovah they depose.
The pure! the just! and set up in his stead
A deity that 's perfectly well-bred.
'Dear T—l—n! be sure the best of men;
Nor thought he more, than thought great Origen.

Though once upon a time he misbehaved ;
Poor Satan ! doubtless, he 'll at length be saved.
Let priests do something for their one in ten ;
It is their trade ; so far they 're honest men.
Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,
And dress their notions, like themselves, in black ;
Fright us with terrors of a world unknown,
From joys of this, to keep them all their own.
Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee ;
But then they leave our untithed virtue free.
Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show :
Did ever mortal write like Rochefoucault ?'
Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist,
And, pleading, safely enters on his list.

Burns's 'Address to the Deil,' it should be noted, is essentially comic or serio-comic, though, like this ironical excursus of Young's, it may contain some slight element of serious thought.

Young expounded in prose his views 'On Lyric Poetry,' and illustrated them in an ode on 'Ocean,' which has a more artificial air than his blank verse, and is full of bathos to boot. These are a few of the stanzas (nearly seventy in all !), the last of which contains an adumbration of Thomson's guardian angels chorusing 'Rule Britannia :'

Who sings the source
Of wealth and force,
Vast field of commerce and big war ;
Where wonders dwell !
Where terrors swell !
And Neptune thunders from his car ? . . .

The main ! the main !
Is Britain's reign ;
Her strength, her glory is her fleet :
The main ! the main !
Be Britain's strain ;
As Triton's strong, as Syren's sweet. . . .

Where rushes forth
The frowning North
On blackening billows, with what dread
My shuddering soul
Beholds them roll
And hears their roarings o'er my head ! . . .

The northern blast,
The shattered mast,
The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock ;
The breaking spout,
The stars gone out,
The boiling strait, the monster's shock.

Let others fear ;
To Britain dear
Whate'er promotes her darling claim ;
These terrors charm,
Which keep her warm
In chase of honest gain or fame. . . .

When Nature sprung,
Blest angels sung
And shouted o'er the rising ball ;
For strains as high
As man's can fly
These sea-devoted honours call.

The Life of Young in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* is by Herbert Croft (written 1782). Mitford and Doran, in the memoirs prefixed to their editions (1852 and 1854) of the works, added a few facts ; and so also Leslie Stephen's article in the last volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography* (1900). George Eliot's 'Worldliness and Other-worldliness,' reprinted in her *Essays* (1884), contains a severe attack on Young's character. For Young in France, see Texte's *Rousseau and the Cosmopolitan in Literature* (trans. 1899).

George Berkeley (1685–1753), the good bishop to whom Pope assigned 'every virtue under heaven,' was born at Dysert Castle near Kilkenny. Like Swift, he passed from Kilkenny school to Trinity College, Dublin, where, student and Fellow, he remained thirteen years. His *Commonplace Book* of 1705-6 (published in 1871) reveals the influence of Locke's psychology on a subtle and original mind. Berkeley's *Essay towards a new Theory of Vision* (1709) showed that the act of seeing, which seems so immediate, is really a reasoning interpretation of signs and hints, and argued that the process involves the assisting agency of God. The argument was extended in 1710 by a *Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge*, further illustrating his 'new principle'—that the world which we see and touch is not an abstract independent substance, of which our sensations are an effect ; the very world presented to our senses depends for its actuality on being perceived. In 1711, having taken orders, he published a *Discourse of Passive Obedience*, a defence of the Christian duty of not resisting the supreme civil power ; and in 1713 he visited London, and wrote some papers for Steele's *Guardian*. The same year he published his *Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous*, the

BISHOP BERKELEY.
(From the Portrait by John Smibert in the National Portrait Gallery.)

design of which was plainly to demonstrate the immateriality of the external world, the incorporeal nature of the soul, and the immediate providence of a Deity, in opposition to sceptics and deists. Berkeley now became intimate with Addison, Arbuthnot, Swift, Pope, Steele, and the rest of that gifted circle, by whom he seems to have been sincerely beloved. He accompanied the brilliant and eccentric Earl of Peterborough, as chaplain and secretary, on his embassy to Sicily, and afterwards for four years travelled on the Continent as tutor to a son of the Bishop of Clogher. While abroad we find him writing to Pope: 'As merchants, antiquaries, men of pleasure, &c. have all different views in travelling, I know not whether it might not be worth a poet's while to travel, in order to store his mind with strong images of nature. Green fields and groves, flowery meadows, and purling streams, are nowhere in such perfection as in England; but if you would know lightsome days, warm suns, and blue skies, you must come to Italy; and to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps.' A story was long current that while at Paris Berkeley visited Malebranche, then in ill-health; and a dispute as to Berkeley's theory of the external world so excited the French philosopher that a violent access of his ailment carried him off in a few days! In reality Berkeley was still in England when Malebranche died. On his return he published a Latin tract, *De Motu*. In an *Essay towards preventing the Ruin of Great Britain* (1721) Berkeley says he would regard the collapse of the South Sea scheme as a blessing if it should make all honest men of one party, put religion and virtue in countenance, and 'turn our thought from cozenage and stock-jobbing to industry and frugal methods of life;' denounces that fearful prevalence of bribery and perjury; makes proposals for new taxes (on bachelors, &c.) and for improving many manufactures; calls for the interposition of the legislature against the ruinous folly of masquerades and for the reformation of the drama; recommends the enaction of comprehensive sumptuary laws, and for the suppression of the more aggressive forms of freethinking. 'I am not,' he says, 'for placing an invidious power in the hands of the clergy or complying with the narrowness of any mistaken zealots who should incline to persecute Dissenters. But whatever conduct common sense as well as Christian charity obligeth us to use towards those who differ from us in some points of religion, yet the public safety requireth that the avowed contemners of all religion should be severely chastised. And perhaps it may be no easy matter to assign a good reason why blasphemy against God should not be inquired into and punished with the same rigour as treason against the king.'

Through Pope he was recommended to the Duke of Grafton, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, who made him his chaplain and secured for him the deanery of Derry. The benevolent philosopher had long been cherishing 'a scheme for converting the savage Americans to Christianity, by a college to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda.' In this college he most 'exhorbitantly proposed,' as Swift commented, 'a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow and ten for a student.' No anticipated difficulties could daunt him; coadjutors were obtained, a royal charter was granted, and Sir Robert Walpole promised £20,000 from Government. In January 1729 Berkeley and his friends landed at Newport in Rhode Island; in August the saintly missionary (who had no scruple about holding negro slaves) removed inland, having bought a farm and built a house. But when Walpole declined to advance the sum promised, the project was at an end; Berkeley returned to Europe, and was in London in February 1732. Next month appeared the largest and most finished of his works, ***Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher***, a religious presentation of nature giving pleasant pictures of American scenery and life, conveyed in a series of dialogues, which in scope and charm have often been compared with Plato's. Berkeley became a favourite with Queen Caroline, and, in 1734, was appointed to the bishopric of Cloyne. Lord Chesterfield afterwards offered him the see of Clogher, which was double the value of that of Cloyne; but he declined the preferment. Some useful tracts on schemes for ameliorating Irish social conditions were published by the Bishop. One of them was *The Querist* (1735-37), containing many acute suggestions; that called *Siris* (1744), a chain of philosophical reflections on the medicinal virtues of water in which pine-tar has been stirred, cost him, he said, more thought than any of the rest of his works. The resin of the tar is compared with the creative spirit present in nature; the thought has a neoplatonic flavour. His last literary labour was a tract, *Further Thoughts on Tar-water* (1752). The best way of making this panacea, he thinks, is 'in a stone jug or earthen vessel, throughout well glazed,' and by no means in a metallic vessel. 'By increasing the proportion of tar to the water and by stirring it longer, tar-water may be made strong enough for a spoonful to impregnate a glass, a thing very useful on the road.' 'Tar-water must be drank warm in agues, small-pox, measles, and fevers, in cholic and disorders of the bowels, in gout also and rheumatism; in most other ailments cold or warm at the choice of the patient. In fevers the patient cannot begin too soon or drink too much.' He records a case of an old woman cured in a fortnight of combined ague, colic, and jaundice by drinking three pints of warm tar-water every day.

Failing health (spite of tar-water) and bereavement led Berkeley, in 1752, to resolve to resign his bishopric and settle in Oxford; and there next year he died. His dislike to the pursuits and troubles of ambition are thus expounded by him to a friend in 1747: 'In a letter from England, which I told you came a week ago, it was said that several of our Irish bishops were earnestly contending for the primacy. Pray, who are they? I thought Bishop Stone was only talked of at present. I ask this question merely out of curiosity, and not from any interest, I assure you. I am no man's rival or competitor in this matter. I am not in love with feasts, and crowds, and visits, and late hours, and strange faces, and a hurry of affairs often insignificant. For my own private satisfaction, I had rather be master of my time than wear a diadem. I repeat these things to you, that I may not seem to have declined all steps to the primacy out of singularity, of pride, or stupidity, but from solid motives. As for the argument from the opportunity of doing good, I observe that duty obliges men in high station not to decline occasions of doing good; but duty doth not oblige men to solicit such high stations.' The Bishop was a poet as well as a mathematician and philosopher. When inspired with his transatlantic mission, he enshrined in verse—somewhat tame for the inspiration—his apocalyptic vision of a transcendently glorious American world-empire, reviving the golden age on a vaster scale. The first line of the concluding verse has long since been quoted into a proverb.

Verses on the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
  Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
  Producing subjects worthy fame:

In happy climes where from the genial sun
  And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
  And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
  Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
  The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
  The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
  The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
  Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
  By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
  The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
  Time's noblest offspring is the last.

Berkeley's *Theory of Vision*, long considered a philosophical romance, is now a part of scientific optics. His doctrine of the immateriality of the outer world, which he insisted on regarding as the simplest, most obvious, and the only logical way of interpreting our perceptions—that what is perceived is the perceptions, not a dead, inert world of matter lying behind them and (needlessly) inferred from them—puzzled his contemporaries, and has been consistently rejected by all 'common-sense' philosophers and laymen, though the dependence of matter on mind (not *my* mind but *some* mind) is a familiar element in idealist systems. Probably his chiefest aim was, by means of his immaterialism, to turn the tables on materialists, and confute those who taught that there is neither soul nor God by proving that we know only our own souls and can logically prove only the existence of other souls, including the Creative Spirit. He applied to the analysis and dissolution of the assumed outer material world the principles of Locke's psychology; hardly foreseeing that Hume would afterwards, with greater audacity, apply the same principles to soul as such, and analyse it too, by cognate methods, into fleeting successions of sensations and feelings. Berkeley's philosophy is nowhere completely set forth in the form of a systematic treatise; but amongst English writers on abstruse philosophical problems he stands alone for lucidity and charm of exposition, for felicity of illustration, and for the union of gentle but humorous fancy with keen wit and trenchant logic. His style is clear and unaffected, with the easy grace of the polished philosopher; and his descriptions of external nature at times remind one of Izaak Walton. The following extracts, from the opening of the first and end of the last of the three *Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous*, show how skilfully he could manage this device for popularising abstract argument:

The Point in Dispute.

Philonous. Good morrow, Hylas: I did not expect to find you abroad so early.

Hylas. It is indeed something unusual; but my thoughts were so taken up with a subject I was discoursing of last night, that finding I could not sleep, I resolved to rise and take a turn in the garden.

Phil. It happened well, to let you see what innocent and agreeable pleasures you lose every morning. Can there be a pleasanter time of the day or a more delightful season of the year? That purple sky, those wild but sweet notes of birds, the fragrant bloom upon the trees and flowers, the gentle influence of the rising sun, these and a thousand nameless beauties of nature inspire the soul with secret transports; its faculties too being at this time fresh and lively, are fit for these meditations, which the solitude of a garden and tranquillity of the morning naturally dispose us to. But I am afraid I interrupt your thoughts: for you seemed very intent on something.

Hyl. It is true I was, and shall be obliged to you if you will permit me to go on in the same vein; not that I would by any means deprive myself of your company, for my thoughts always flow more easily in conversation with a friend than when I am alone: but my request is, that you would suffer me to impart my reflections to you.

Phil. With all my heart, it is what I should have requested myself if you had not prevented me.

Hyl. I was considering the odd fate of those men who have in all ages, through an affectation of being distinguished from the vulgar, or some unaccountable turn of thought, pretended either to believe nothing at all, or to believe the most extravagant things in the world. This however might be borne, if their paradoxes and scepticism did not draw after them some consequences of general disadvantage to mankind. But the mischief lieth here; that when men of less leisure see them who are supposed to have spent their whole time in the pursuits of knowledge professing an entire ignorance of all things, or advancing such notions as are repugnant to plain and commonly received principles, they will be tempted to entertain suspicions concerning the most important truths, which they had hitherto held sacred and unquestionable.

Phil. I entirely agree with you, as to the ill tendency of the affected doubts of some philosophers, and fantastical conceits of others. I am even so far gone of late in this way of thinking, that I have quitted several of the sublime notions I had got in their schools for vulgar opinions. And I give it you on my word, since this revolt from metaphysical notions to the plain dictates of nature and common sense, I find my understanding strangely enlightened, so that I can now easily comprehend a great many things which before were all mystery and riddle.

Hyl. I am glad to find there was nothing in the accounts I heard of you.

Phil. Pray, what were those?

Hyl. You were represented in last night's conversation as one who maintained the most extravagant opinion that ever entered into the mind of man, to wit that there is no such thing as material substance in the world.

Phil. That there is no such thing as what philosophers call material substance, I am seriously persuaded: but if I were made to see anything absurd or sceptical in this, I should then have the same reason to renounce this that I imagine I have now to reject the contrary opinion.

Hyl. What! can anything be more fantastical, more repugnant to common sense, or a more manifest piece of scepticism, than to believe there is no such thing as matter?

Phil. Softly, good Hylas. What if it should prove that you, who hold there is, are, by virtue of that opinion, a greater sceptic, and maintain more paradoxes and repugnances to common sense, than I who believe no such thing?

Hyl. You may as soon persuade me, the part is greater than the whole, as that in order to avoid absurdity and scepticism I should ever be obliged to give up my opinion in this point.

Phil. Well then, are you content to admit that opinion for true, which upon examination shall appear most agreeable to common sense, and remote from scepticism?

Hyl. With all my heart. Since you are for raising disputes about the plainest things in nature, I am content for once to hear what you have to say.

Berkeley's Theory summed up.

Phil. With all my heart: retain the word matter, and apply it to the objects of sense, if you please, provided you do not attribute to them any subsistence distinct from their being perceived. I shall never quarrel with you for an expression. Matter, or material substance, are terms introduced by philosophers; and as used by them, imply a sort of independency, or a subsistence distinct from being perceived by a mind: but are never used by common people; or if ever, it is to signify the immediate objects of sense. One would think therefore, so long as the names of all particular things, with the terms sensible, substance, body, stuff, and the like, are retained, the word matter should be never missed in common talk. And in philosophical discourses it seems the best way to leave it quite out; since there is not perhaps any one thing that hath more favoured and strengthened the depraved bent of the mind toward atheism, than the use of that general confused term.

Hyl. Well but, Philonous, since I am content to give up the notion of an unthinking substance exterior to the mind, I think you ought not to deny me the privilege of using the word matter as I please, and annexing it to a collection of sensible qualities subsisting only in the mind. I freely own there is no other substance, in a strict sense, than spirit. But I have been so long accustomed to the term matter, that I know not how to part with it. To say, there is no matter in the world, is still shocking to me. Whereas to say, there is no matter, if by that term be meant an unthinking substance existing without the mind; but if by matter is meant some sensible thing, whose existence consists in being perceived, then there is matter: this distinction gives it quite another turn: and men will come into your notions with small difficulty, when they are proposed in that manner. For after all, the controversy about matter, in the strict acceptation of it, lies altogether between you and the philosophers, whose principles, I acknowledge, are not near so natural or so agreeable to the common sense of mankind and holy scripture as yours. There is nothing we either desire or shun, but as it makes or is apprehended to make some part of our happiness or misery. But what hath happiness or misery, joy or grief, pleasure or pain, to do with absolute existence, or with unknown entities, abstracted from all relation to us? It is evident, things regard us only as they are pleasing or displeasing: and they can please or displease only so far forth as they are perceived. Further therefore we are not concerned; and thus far you leave things as you found them. Yet still there is something new in this doctrine. It is plain, I do not now think with the philosophers, nor yet altogether with the vulgar. I would know how the case stands in that respect: precisely what you have added to or altered in my former notions.

Phil. I do not pretend to be a setter-up of new notions. My endeavours tend only to unite and place in a clearer light that truth which was before shared between the vulgar and the philosophers: the former being of opinion, that those things they immediately perceive are the real things: and the latter, that the things immediately perceived are ideas which exist only in the mind. Which two notions put together do in effect constitute the substance of what I advance.

Hyl. I have been a long time distrusting my senses; methought I saw things by a dim light, and through false glasses. Now the glasses are removed, and a new light breaks in upon my understanding. I am clearly convinced that I see things in their native forms; and am no longer in pain about their unknown natures or absolute existence. This is the state I find myself in at present: though indeed the course that brought me to it I do not yet thoroughly comprehend. You set out upon the same principles that Academics, Cartesians, and the like sects usually do: and for a long time it looked as if you were advancing their philosophical scepticism; but in the end your conclusions are directly opposite to theirs.

Phil. You see, Hylas, the water of yonder fountain, how it is forced upwards in a round column to a certain height; at which it breaks and falls back into the bason from whence it rose: its ascent, as well as descent, proceeding from the same uniform law or principle of gravitation. Just so, the same principles which at first view lead to scepticism, pursued to a certain point, bring men back to common sense.

The standard edition of Berkeley is that of Professor Campbell Fraser, with a Life and dissertations (4 vols. 1871; new ed. 1901). Professor Fraser also published a small monograph on Berkeley (1881) and *Selections from Berkeley* (5th ed. 1900). Mr A. J. Balfour wrote a biographical introduction to the edition of the works by G. Sampson (3 vols. 1897-99).

Joseph Butler (1692-1752), one of the greatest of English divines and moralists, was born at Wantage in Berkshire, the youngest of the eight children of a retired draper. With a view to the Presbyterian ministry, he attended a Dissenting academy at Gloucester, afterwards at Tewkesbury, where the future Archbishop Secker was his schoolfellow. About the age of twenty-two he joined the Church of England, and entered Oriel College, Oxford. Having taken orders in 1718, he was appointed preacher at the Rolls Chapel, where he preached those remarkable sermons which he published in 1726. The first three, *On Human Nature*, constitute one of the most important contributions ever made to moral science. He became prebendary of Salisbury (1721), and rector of Haughton-le-Skerne near Darlington (1722); in 1725 he was presented to the 'golden rectory' of Stanhope, also in Durham. Here he resided in great retirement till 1733, busy on his *Analogy*. Secker wished to see him promoted to some more important position, and mentioned his name to Queen Caroline. The queen thought he had been dead. 'No, madam,' said Archbishop Blackburne ('the jolly old Archbishop of York' who, according to Horace Walpole, 'had all the manners of a man of quality though he had been a buccaneer and was a clergyman'), 'he is not dead, but he is buried.' In 1733 Butler became chaplain to his friend Lord Chancellor Talbot, and in 1736 a prebendary of Rochester and clerk of the closet to Queen Caroline. In 1736 he published the *Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed*, which, in the words of Chalmers, made him the 'Bacon of Theology.' In 1738 he was made Bishop of Bristol, in 1740 Dean of St Paul's; in 1747 he declined the primacy; and in 1750 he was translated to the see of Durham.

Butler takes high rank amongst English moralists, and has had the very greatest influence on English ethical thinking. It is sometimes said that the sum total of his teaching is the insisting on the authority and supremacy of conscience. He developed Shaftesbury's moral sense into a higher and more authoritative conscience, he learnt from Aristotle and the Stoics, and he wrote against Mandeville and Hobbes, contending that the social impulses in man are no less natural than the appetites and self-regarding desires—that virtue is more consonant with human nature than vice. He not merely emphasises, as vigorously as Kant does, the indefeasibleness of the moral law, but shows ingenuity in constructing an *argumentum ad hominem* specially applicable to those who deny his main thesis. This method of the *argumentum ad hominem* is especially characteristic of his great treatise, the *Analogy*. The keynote of the *Analogy* is to show that all the objections to revealed religion are equally applicable to the whole constitution of nature, and that the general analogy between the principles of divine government, as revealed in the Scriptures, and those manifested in the course of nature, warrants the conclusion that they have one Author. The argument is valid against the deists, but it lacks completeness as a defence of Christianity. Even then it seemed hardly enough to pose the deists; unfriendly critics thought the true method of defending Christianity was so to exhibit its excellences as to make objectors eager to embrace it. Pitt is reported to have said that it raised more doubts than it solved. Bagehot not unfairly said that we might expect revelation to explain the

BISHOP BUTLER.

(From an Engraving after a Picture in the possession of the Bishop of Durham.)

difficulties to be found in the religious interpretation of nature, and not to add others of its own. Matthew Arnold and Mr Leslie Stephen are amongst those who find Butler's argument unsatisfying. Mr Gladstone was one of Butler's most enthusiastic defenders, and seemed even to argue that the *Analogy* is of as great apologetic value now as it was in Butler's own time.

But for materialists, positivists, thorough-going agnostics, Butler's arguments are irrelevant: unless you posit the existence of God, and the truth and binding force of 'natural religion,' the *Analogy* has no fulcrum to work from. In Butler's time the deists were the most conspicuous, the only considerable opponents of revealed religion; and most of them accepted the truths of natural religion as heartily as Butler did. Kant and Darwin had not as yet overthrown teleology, and the kind of evidences of religion then demanded were very different from what would now be required. The moral arguments in the *Sermons* of Butler are less antiquated than those of the *Analogy*. It was with deists more or less pronounced, and people liable to be influenced by their arguments, that Butler had to do; and it is by the cogency of his argument as addressed to them that he must be judged. Butler's great influence, and the place his *Sermons* and the *Analogy* secured in the Church and at the universities, owe little to the superficial graces of style. He was a severely logical writer, often dry, sometimes cumbrous, generally vigorous, clear, and effective, at times attaining the force of aphorism; but even in the *Sermons* there is no declamation and little direct appeal to the feelings.

Probability in Religion.

It has been thought by some persons that if the evidence of revelation appears doubtful, this itself turns into a positive argument against it; because it cannot be supposed that if it were true, it would be left to subsist upon doubtful evidence. And the objection against revelation from its not being universal, is often insisted upon as of great weight.

Now the weakness of these opinions may be shown by observing the suppositions on which they are founded, which are really such as these—that it cannot be thought God would have bestowed any favour at all upon us, unless in the degree which we think he might, and which we imagine would be most to our particular advantage; and also that it cannot be thought he would bestow a favour upon any, unless he bestowed the same upon all suppositions which we find contradicted not by a few instances in God's natural government of the world, but by the general analogy of nature together.

Persons who speak of the evidence of religion as doubtful, and of this supposed doubtfulness as a positive argument against it, should be put upon considering what that evidence indeed is which they act upon with regard to their temporal interests; for it is not only extremely difficult, but in many cases absolutely impossible, to balance pleasure and pain, satisfaction and uneasiness, so as to be able to say on which side the overplus is. There are the like difficulties and impossibilities in making the due allowances for a change of temper and taste, for satiety, disgusts, ill health—any of which render men incapable of enjoying, after they have obtained, what they most eagerly desired. Numberless, too, are the accidents, besides that one of untimely death, which may even probably disappoint the best concerted schemes, and strong objections are often seen to lie against them, not to be removed or answered, but which seem overbalanced by reasons on the other side, so as that the certain difficulties and dangers of the pursuit are by every one thought justly disregarded, upon account of the appearing greater advantages in case of success, though there be but little probability of it. Lastly, every one observes our liableness, if we be not upon our guard, to be deceived by the falsehood of men, and the false appearances of things; and this danger must be greatly increased if there be a strong bias within, supposed from indulged passion, to favour the deceit. Hence arises that great uncertainty and doubtfulness of proof, wherein our temporal interest really consists what are the most probable means of attaining it, and whether those means will eventually be successful And numberless instances there are in the daily course of life, in which all men think it reasonable to engage in pursuits, though the probability is greatly against succeeding, and to make such provision for themselves as it is supposable they may have occasion for, though the plain acknowledged probability is, that they never shall. Then those who think the objection against revelation, from its light not being universal, to be of weight, should observe that the Author of Nature, in numberless instances, bestows that upon some which he does not upon others, who seem equally to stand in need of it. Indeed he appears to bestow all his gifts with the most promiscuous variety among creatures of the same species—health and strength, capacities of prudence and of knowledge, means of improvement, riches, and all external advantages. And as there are not any two men found of exactly like shape and features, so it is probable there are not any two of an exactly like constitution, temper, and situation, with regard to the goods and evils of life. Yet notwithstanding these uncertainties and varieties, God does exercise a natural government over the world, and there is such a thing as a prudent and imprudent institution of life, with regard to our health and our affairs, under that his natural government.

(From the *Analogy*, Part ii. Chap. vi.)

See the splendid edition of Butler's Works by Mr Gladstone (2 vols. 1896), his *Subsidiary Studies* on him (1896), Lives by Bartlett (1839), Collins (1881), and Spooner (1902), and Lightfoot's *Leaders in the Northern Church* (1890) and Mr Leslie Stephen's *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* (1876). The editions of the *Sermons* and of the *Analogy* are innumerable.

John Leland (1691-1766), born at Wigan and educated at Dublin, became a Presbyterian minister in Ireland. He wrote industriously against Tindal, Morgan, and other deists, but is remembered specially from the often-quoted *View of the Principal Deistical Writers* (1754-56).

William Warburton (1698-1779), Bishop of Gloucester, had a bold and original way of thinking, indomitable self-will and arrogance, ponderous learning, and a gift of copious utterance; he was eager to astonish and arrest the attention of mankind; but his writings, after passing like a splendid meteor across the horizon of his own age, have all but sunk into oblivion. He was the son of an attorney at Newark, and there he began by following the same profession. A passion for study having led him to qualify meanwhile for the Church, in 1723 he took deacon's orders, and by the dedication of a volume of translations, obtained a presentation to a small vicarage. He now threw himself amidst the literary society of the metropolis and sought for subsistence and advancement by his pen. On obtaining from a patron the rectory of Brant Broughton in Lincolnshire, he retired thither, and devoted himself for eighteen years to unremitting study. His first work of any note was *The Alliance between Church and State* (1736), which, though scarcely calculated to please either party in the Church, brought the author into notice. But it was in *The Divine Legation of Moses, demonstrated on the Principles of a Religious Deist from the Omission of the Doctrine of a Future State of Rewards and Punishments in the Jewish Dispensation* (1738-41), that the scholarship of Warburton was first fairly displayed. It was objected to the Jewish religion that it nowhere acknowledges a future state of rewards and punishments. Warburton, who delighted in paradox, instead of attempting to deny this or explain it away, asserted that therein lay the strongest argument for the divine mission of Moses *because* no mere human legislator would have dispensed with the supernatural sanction of morals and religion. Ransacking the domains of pagan antiquity, he reared such a mass of curious and confounding argument that mankind was awed into partial agreement with his views. In support of his startling thesis, he wanders discursively into endless subsidiary inquiries, and supplies lack of evidence by abusing all kinds of opponents in his footnotes—'the place of execution.' There is a constant polemic, either by violent assault or casual innuendo, on contemporary deists and freethinkers. He never completed the work; he became, indeed, weary of it; and perhaps the fallacy of the hypothesis was first secretly acknowledged by himself. Gibbon, in his autobiography, called the work 'a monument already crumbling in the dust of the vigour and weakness of the human mind.' Bentley said, 'The man has monstrous appetite and bad digestion.' He showed no real speculative power or profundity of thought.

The merits of the author, or his worldly wisdom, brought him preferment in the Church: he rose through the grades of prebendary of Gloucester, prebendary of Durham, and Dean of Bristol to be (1759) Bishop of Gloucester. He had early forced himself into notice by his writings, but one material cause of his advancement was his friendship with Pope. He had secured the poet's favour by defending the ethical and theological orthodoxy of the *Essay on Man*, and by writing commentaries on that and other poems; and Pope in return left him the property or copyright of his works, the value of which Johnson estimated at £4000. Pope had also introduced him to Ralph Allen, one of the wealthiest and most benevolent men of his day, the Squire Allworthy of Fielding's *Tom Jones*; and Warburton took advantage of this introduction to secure the hand of Allen's niece and obtain a large fortune. To Pope he was also indebted for an acquaintance with Lord Mansfield, through whose influence he was made preacher of Lincoln's Inn (1746). He was remiss in episcopal duties, but was constantly at feud with Bolingbroke and Hume, Voltaire and the deists, as well as with Jortin, Lowth, and Wesley; and his great learning was thrown away on paradoxical speculations. His notes and commentaries on Shakespeare and Pope are lacking in taste and real insight—Douce said that of all Shakespeare's commentators he was 'surely the worst'—but they often display curious erudition and ingenuity. His arrogance and dogmatism became proverbial. His force of character and various learning, always ostentatiously displayed, gave him a high name and authority in his own day; but posterity refused to ratify the judgment.

The Rationalizing of the Greek Mythology.

> Here matters rested; and the vulgar faith seems to have remained a long time undisturbed. But as the age grew refined, and the Greeks became inquisitive and learned, the common mythology began to give offence. The speculative and more delicate were shocked at the absurd and immoral stories of their gods, and scandalised to find such things make an authentic part of their story. It may, indeed, be thought matter of wonder how such tales, taken up in a barbarous age, came not to sink into oblivion as the age grew more knowing, from mere abhorrence of their indecencies and shame of their absurdities. Without doubt, this had been their fortune but for an unlucky circumstance. The great poets of Greece, who had most contributed to refine the public taste and manners, and were now grown into a kind of sacred authority, had sanctified these silly legends by their writings, which time had now consigned to immortality.
>
> Vulgar paganism, therefore, in such an age as this, lying open to the attacks of curious and inquisitive men, would not, we may well think, be long at rest. It is true, freethinking then lay under great difficulties and discouragements. To insult the religion of one's country, which is now the mark of learned distinction, was branded in the ancient world with public infamy. Yet freethinkers there were, who, as is their wont, together with the public worship of their country, threw off all reverence for religion in general. Amongst these was Euhemerus, the Messenian, and, by what we can learn, the most distinguished of this tribe. This man, in mere wantonness of heart, began his attacks on religion by divulging the secret of the mysteries. But as it was capital to do this directly and professedly, he contrived to cover his perfidy and malice by the intervention of a kind of Utopian romance. He pretended 'that in a certain city, which he came to in his travels, he found this grand secret, that the gods were dead men deified, preserved in their sacred writings, and confirmed by monumental records inscribed to the gods themselves,

who were there said to be interred.' So far was not amiss; but then, in the genuine spirit of his class, who never cultivate a truth but in order to graft a lie upon it, he pretended 'that dead mortals were the first gods, and that an imaginary divinity in these early heroes and conquerors created the idea of a superior power, and introduced the practice of religious worship amongst men.' The learned reader sees below, that our free thinker is true to his cause, and endeavours to verify the fundamental principle of his sect, that fear first made gods, even in that very instance where the contrary passion seems to have been at its height, the time when men made gods of their deceased benefactors. A little matter of address hides the shame of so perverse a piece of malice. He represents those founders of society and fathers of their country under the idea of destructive conquerors, who, by mere force and fear, had brought men into subjection and slavery. On this account it was that indignant antiquity concurred in giving Euhemerus the proper name of atheist, which however he would hardly have escaped though he had done no more than divulge the secret of the mysteries, and had not poisoned his discovery with this impious and foreign addition, so contrary to the true spirit of that secret.

This detection had been long dreaded by the orthodox protectors of pagan worship; and they were provided of a temporary defence in their intricate and properly perplexed system of symbolic adoration. But this would do only to stop a breach for the present, till a better could be provided, and was too weak to stand alone against so violent an attack. The philosophers, therefore, now took up the defence of paganism where the priests had left it, and to the others' symbols added their own allegories, for a second cover to the absurdities of the ancient mythology. [Here ancient authorities are quoted.] For all the genuine sects of philosophy, as we have observed, were steady patriots, legislation making one essential part of their philosophy; and to legislate without the foundation of a national religion was, in their opinion, building castles in the air. So that we are not to wonder they took the alarm, and opposed these insulters of the public worship with all their vigour. But as they never lost sight of their proper character they so contrived that the defence of the national religion should terminate in a recommendation of their philosophic speculations. Hence their support of the public worship and their evasion of Euhemerus's charge turned upon this proposition, 'That the whole ancient mythology was no other than the vehicle of physical, moral, and divine knowledge.' And to this it is that the learned Eusebius refers, where he says 'that a new race of men refined their old gross theology, and gave it an honester look, and brought it nearer to the truth of things.'

However, this proved a troublesome work, and after all ineffectual for the security of men's private morals, which the example of the licentious story according to the letter would not fail to influence, how well soever the allegoric interpretation was calculated to cover the public honour of religion; so that the more ethical of the philosophers grew peevish with what gave them so much trouble, and answered so little to the interior of religious practice. This made them break out from time to time into hasty resentments against their capital poets; unsuitable, one would think, to the dignity of the authors of such noble recondite truths as they would persuade us to believe were treasured up in their writings. Hence it was that Plato banished Homer from his republic, and that Pythagoras, in one of his extra-mundane adventures, saw both Homer and Hesiod doing penance in hell, and hung up there for examples, to be bleached and purified from the grossness and pollution of their ideas.

The first of these allegorisers, as we learn from Laertius, was Anaxagoras, who, with his friend Metrodorus, turned Homer's mythology into a system of ethics. Next came Hereclides Ponticus, and of the same fables made as good a system of physics. . . . And last of all, when the necessity became more pressing, Proclus undertook to shew that all Homer's fables were no other than physical, ethical, and moral allegories.

(From *The Divine Legation*, Book iii. Section 6.)

Bishop Hurd published a sumptuous edition of Warburton's works in seven quartos (1788); a later edition (1811) was in twelve volumes. In *The Principles of Natural and Revealed Religion* we have sermons.

Colley Cibber (1671-1757), actor, manager, and dramatist, was born in London, the son of the Holstein sculptor, Caius Gabriel Cibber or Cibert, who settled in England during the Commonwealth, and executed sculptures for the London Monument, the old Royal Exchange, Bethlehem Hospital, St Paul's, and Chatsworth. Young Colley, named after his mother's family, was educated at Grantham, and in 1690 joined the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, where he remained, with short intervals, during his whole theatrical career of forty-three years. In 1696 he produced his first comedy, *Love's Last Shift*, himself playing Sir Novelty Fashion, and so established his fame both as dramatist and actor. About thirty pieces are ascribed to him, some of them tragedies and some 'musical entertainments and farces.' Not a few are *réchauffés* from Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Dryden, and others, two or more plays being sometimes ingeniously welded into a new one. Several are from the French. Among the best known are *Woman's Wit*, *She Would and She Would Not*, and *The Provoked Husband* (the latter completed from Vanbrugh's manuscript). Cibber contributed largely to the improvement in decency which followed Jeremy Collier's famous philippic in 1698; his comedies do not rely for ludicrous effects on the outraged husband. He was a strong Hanoverian, and as poet-laureate from 1730 onwards wrote some sufficiently tiresome and absurd odes. But even they could not justify Pope in making Cibber the hero (in place of Theobald) in the 1743 issue of the *Dunciad*, where these lines occur:

> How with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
> Less human genius than God gives an ape,
> Small thanks to France and none to Rome or Greece,
> A past, vamped, future, old, revived, new piece
> 'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Congreve and Corneille
> Can make a Cibber, Johnson, or Ozell.

Cibber was no poet; he was vain and a loose liver, but he was assuredly not a dullard. Pope's first sneers, in the early editions of the *Dunciad* and elsewhere, Cibber took good-humouredly enough. As Pope grew more abusive, the other became aggressive in self-defence, and by his retaliatory pamphlets and scurrilous stories had the satisfaction of making his sensitive foe writhe with vexation. Cibber had the misfortune to have Fielding also for a persistent enemy, for reasons not so easily discovered. Fielding was severe on him for his alterations on Shakespeare's plays, of one of which Cibber had self-complacently said, 'I have endeavoured to make it more like a play than I found it in Shakespeare.' Strange to say, Cibber's modification of *Richard III.*, with the famous line "Off with his head! so much for Buckingham!" had almost undisputed possession of the stage in London till Mr Irving restored the Shakespearean tradition. The *Nonjuror*, an adaptation of Molière's *Tartuffe*, was of course ultra-loyal, and survives in *The Hypocrite*, still occasionally performed. Towards the close of the nineteenth century Mr Augustus Daly and his American company revived *She Would and She Would Not*, unquestionably one of Cibber's best comedies. His own *Apology for the Life of Mr Colley Cibber, Comedian* (1740; new edition by Lowe, 1888), is a greater literary success than any of his plays; it is a really interesting autobiography as well as a lively history of the stage in his own time, though the statements are at times both vague and inaccurate.—His son, Theophilus (1703-58), was also an actor and dramatist.

The following extract from *She Would and She Would Not* deals with two ladies travelling disguised as men, an attendant, and

An Innkeeper's Welcome.

Host. Did you call, gentlemen?

Trappanti. Yes, and bawl too, sir: here, the gentlemen are almost famished, and nobody comes near 'em: what have you in the house now that will be ready presently?

Host. You may have what you please, sir.

Hypolita. Can you get us a partridge?

Host. Sir, we have no partridges; but we'll get you what you please in a moment: we have a very good neck of mutton, sir; if you please it shall be clapt down in a moment.

Hyp. Have you no pigeons or chickens?

Host. Truly, sir, we have no fowl in the house at present; if you please, you may have any thing else in a moment.

Hyp. Then prithee get us some young rabbits.

Host. Upon my word, sir, rabbits are so scarce they are not to be had for money.

Flora. Have you any fish?

Host. Fish! Sir, I drest yesterday the finest dish that ever came upon a table; I am sorry we have none left, sir; but, if you please, you may have any thing else in a moment.

Trap. Pox on thee, hast thou nothing but any-thing-else in the house?

Host. Very good mutton, sir.

Hyp. Prithee get us a breast then.

Host. Breast! Don't you love the neck, sir?

Hyp. Ha' ye nothing in the house but the neck?

Host. Really, sir, we don't use to be so unprovided, but at present we have nothing else left.

Trap. Faith, sir, I don't know but a nothing else may be very good meat, when any thing else is not to be had.

Hyp. Then prithee, friend, let's have thy neck of mutton before that is gone too.

Trap. Sir, he shall lay it down this minute, I'll see it done: gentlemen, I'll wait upon ye presently; for a minute I must beg your pardon, and leave to lay the cloth myself.

Hyp. By no means, sir.

Trap. No ceremony, dear sir; indeed I'll do't.

On his Critics.

Here perhaps I may again seem to be vain; but if all these facts are true (as true they are) how can I help it? Why am I obliged to conceal them? The merit of the best of them is not so extraordinary as to have warned me to be nice upon it; and the praise due to them is so small a fish, it was scarce worth while to throw my line into the water for it. If I confess my vanity while a boy, can it be vanity when a man to remember it? And if I have a tolerable feature, will not that as much belong to my picture as an imperfection? In a word, from what I have mentioned, I would observe only this; that when we are conscious of the least comparative merit in ourselves, we should take as much care to conceal the value we set upon it as if it were a real defect. To be elated or vain upon it, is showing your money before people in want; ten to one but some who may think you have too much may borrow, or pick your pocket, before you get home. He who assumes praise to himself, the world will think overpays himself. Even the suspicion of being vain ought as much to be dreaded as the guilt itself. Cæsar was of the same opinion in regard to his wife's chastity. Praise, though it may be our due, is not like a bankbill, to be paid upon demand; to be valuable it must be voluntary. When we are dunned for it, we have a right and privilege to refuse it. If compulsion insists upon it, it can only be paid, as persecution in points of faith is, in a counterfeit coin: and who ever believed occasional conformity to be sincere? Nero, the most vain coxcomb of a tyrant that ever breathed, could not raise an unfeigned applause of his harp by military execution; even where praise is deserved, ill-nature and self-conceit (passions that poll a majority of mankind) will with less reluctance part with their money than their approbation. Men of the greatest merit are forced to stay till they die, before the world will fairly make up their account; then indeed you have a chance for your full due, because it is less grudged when you are incapable of enjoying it: then perhaps even malice shall heap praises upon your memory, though not for your sake, but that your surviving competitors may suffer by a comparison. It is from the same principle that satire shall have a thousand readers where panegyric has one. When I therefore find my name at length in the satirical works of our most celebrated living author, I never look upon those lines as malice meant to me (for he knows I never provoked it) but profit to himself: one of his points must be to have many readers. He considers that my face and name are more known than those of many thousands of more consequence in the kingdom; that therefore, right or wrong, a lick at the laureat will always be a sure bait, *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch him little readers; and that to gratify the unlearned, by now and then interspersing those merry sacrifices of an old acquaintance to their taste, is a piece of quite right poetical craft.

But as a little bad poetry is the greatest crime he lays to my charge, I am willing to subscribe to his opinion of it. That this sort of wit is one of the easiest ways too of pleasing the generality of readers, is evident from the comfortable subsistence which our weekly retailers of politics have been known to pick up, merely by making bold with a government that had unfortunately neglected to find their genius a better employment.

Hence too arises all that flat poverty of censure and invective that so often has a run in our public papers, upon the success of a new author; when, God knows, there is seldom above one writer, among hundreds in being at the same time, whose satire a man of common sense ought to be moved at. When a master in the art is angry, then indeed we ought to be alarmed! How terrible a weapon is satire in the hand of a great genius! Yet even there how liable is prejudice to misuse it! How far, when general, it may reform our morals, or what cruelties it may inflict by being angrily particular, is perhaps above my reach to determine. I shall therefore only beg leave to interpose what I feel for others whom it may personally have fallen upon. When I read those mortifying lines of our most eminent author in his character of Atticus—(Atticus, whose genius in verse, and whose morality in prose, has been so justly admired)—though I am charmed with the poetry, my imagination is hurt at the severity of it; and though I allow the satirist to have had personal provocation, yet methinks, for that very reason, he ought not to have troubled the public with it. For, as it is observed in the 242d Tatler, 'in all terms of reproof, where the sentence appears to arise from personal hatred or passion, it is not then made the cause of mankind, but a misunderstanding between two persons.' But if such kind of satire has its incontestable greatness, if its exemplary brightness may not mislead inferior wits into a barbarous imitation of its severity, then I have only admired the verses, and exposed myself by bringing them under so scrupulous a reflection. But the pain which the acrimony of those verses gave me is in some measure allayed, in finding that this inimitable writer, as he advances in years, has since had candour enough to celebrate the same person for his visible merit. Happy genius! whose verse, like the eye of beauty, can heal the deepest wounds with the least glance of favour.

Since I am got so far into this subject, you must give me leave to go through all I have a mind to say upon it; because I am not sure that in a more proper place my memory may be so full of it. I cannot find therefore from what reason satire is allowed more license than comedy, or why either of them (to be admired) ought not to be limited by decency and justice. Let Juvenal and Aristophanes have taken what liberties they please, if the learned have nothing more than their antiquity to justify their laying about them at that enormous rate, I shall wish they had a better excuse for them. The personal ridicule and scurrility thrown upon Socrates, which Plutarch too condemns, and the boldness of Juvenal in writing real names over guilty characters, I cannot think are to be pleaded in right of our modern liberties of the same kind. *Facit indignatio versum* may be a very spirited expression, and seems to give a reader hopes of a lively entertainment; but I am afraid reproof is in unequal hands, when anger is its executioner; and though an outrageous invective may carry some truth in it, yet it will never have that natural easy credit with us which we give to the laughing ironies of a cool head. The satire that can smile *circum præcordia ludit*, and seldom fails to bring the reader quite over to his side, whenever ridicule and folly are at variance. But when a person satirized is used with the extremest rigour, he may sometimes meet with compassion instead of contempt, and throw back the odium that was designed for him upon the author. When I would therefore disarm the satirist of this indignation, I mean little more than that I would take from him all private or personal prejudice, and would still leave him as much general vice to scourge as he pleases, and that with as much fire and spirit as art and nature demand to enliven his work and keep his reader awake.

(From the *Apology*.)

Charles Macklin (born between 1690 and 1697; died 1797), actor and playwright, was born in the north of Ireland, the son of William M'Laughlin. After a wild, unsettled youth he went on the stage, and in 1733 was at Drury Lane; and, steadily rising in public favour, in 1741 he appeared as Shylock. From this time [illegible] his retirement in 1789 he was accounted one of the best actors whether in tragedy or comedy, in passion or buffoonery. Generous, high-spirited, but irascible, in 1735 he killed a brother-actor in a quarrel over a wig, and was tried for murder; and he died in extreme old age, at least a centenarian, in 1797. He wrote a tragedy and several farces and comedies; the farce *Love à-la-Mode* (1759 and farcical comedy *The Man of the World* (1781 only were printed. Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, a burlesque character, has become part of our literary tradition. The dialect he uses belongs also to the realm of burlesque. What are supposed to be Scotch words and Scotch pronunciations of English words are scattered irregularly and arbitrarily through the speeches of the Scottish interlocutors. Most of these are actually Scottish in some sense, but by no means show the peculiarities that then clung to the utterance of well-born Scotsmen and Scotswomen. And many Scotch words are invented (as they still are in England) on false analogies. Thus because *baith* in Scotch corresponds to the English *both*, and *aith* to *oath*, it is assumed (quite erroneously) that *traith* will be Scotch for *troth*—hence we have 'gude traith' constantly and absurdly. So because *bone* in England is *bane* in Scotland, *only* is made to become *ainly* in a Scottish mouth! *Nai* does duty for a Scotsman's *nae*, *na*, and *no*; a past tense *ganged* is supplied to *gang*; and the provincial English *thof* (for *though*) is taken as normal Scotch.

Sir Pertinax's son Egerton, in love with a penniless girl, has refused to become a party to his father's scheme to secure for him the daughter of a dissolute (Scotch) peer; and in a heated conversation between father and son we have a luminous exposition of

Sir Pertinax's Rule of Life.

Sir Pertinax. Zounds! sir, I will not hear a word about it: I insist upon it you are wrong; you should have paid your court till my lord, and not have scrupled swallowing a bumper or twa, or twenty till oblige him.

Egerton. Sir, I did drink his toast in a bumper.

Sir P. Yes, you did; but how, how? just as a bairn takes physic; with aversions and wry faces, which my lord observed: then, to mend the matter, the moment that he and the Colonel got intill a drunken dispute about religion, you slyly slunged away.

Eger. I thought, sir, it was time to go, when my lord insisted upon half pint bumpers.

Sir P. Sir, that was not levelled at you, but at the Colonel, in order to try his bottom; but they aw agreed that you and I should drink out of sma' glasses.

Eger. But, sir, I beg pardon: I did not choose to drink any more.

Sir P. But, zoons! sir, I tell you there was a necessity for your drinking more.

Eger. A necessity! in what respect, pray, sir?

Sir P. Why, sir, I have a certain point to carry, independent of the lawyers, with my lord, in this agreement of your marriage; about which I am afraid we shall have a warm squabble; and therefore I wanted your assistance in it.

Eger. But how, sir, could my drinking contribute to assist you in your squabble?

Sir P. Yes, sir, it would have contributed—and greatly have contributed to assist me.

Eger. How so, sir?

Sir P. Nay, sir, it might have prevented the squabble entirely; for as my lord is proud of you for a son-in-law, and is fond of your little French songs, your stories, and your bon-mots, when you are in the humour; and gum you had but staid, and been a little jolly, and drank half a score bumpers with him, till he had got a little tipsy, I am sure, when we had him in that mood, we might have settled the point as I could wish it among ourselves, before the lawyers came: but now, sir, I do not ken what will be the consequence.

Eger. But when a man is intoxicated, would that have been a seasonable time to settle business, sir?

Sir P. The most seasonable, sir; for sir, when my lord is in his cups, his suspicion is asleep, and his heart is aw jollity, fun, and guid fellowship; and sir, can there be a happier moment than that for a bargain, or to settle a dispute with a friend? What is it you shrug up your shoulders at, sir?

Eger. At my own ignorance, sir: for I understand neither the philosophy nor the morality of your doctrine.

Sir P. I know you do not, sir: and, what is worse, you never wull understand it, as you proceed: in one word, Charles, I have often told you, and now again I tell you, once for aw, that the manœuvres of pliability are as necessary to rise in the world, as wrangling and logical subtlety are to rise at the bar: why you see, sir, I have acquired a noble fortune, a princely fortune: and how do you think I raised it?

Eger. Doubtless, sir, by your abilities.

Sir P. Doubtless, sir, you are a blockhead: nae, sir, I'll tell you how I raised it: sir, I raised it—by booing, [*bows ridiculously low*] by booing: sir, I never could stand straight in the presence of a great mon, but always booed, and booed, and booed—as it were by instinct.

Eger. How do you mean by instinct, sir?

Sir P. How do I mean by instinct! Why, sir, I mean by—by—by the instinct of interest, sir, which is the universal instinct of mankind. Sir, it is wonderful to think what a cordial, what an amicable—nay, what an infallible influence booing has upon the pride and vanity of human nature. Charles, answer me sincerely, have you a mind to be convinced of the force of my doctrine by example and demonstration?

Eger. Certainly, sir.

Sir P. Then, sir, as the greatest favour I can confer upon you, I'll give you a short sketch of the stages of my booing, as an excitement, and a landmark for you to boo by, and as an infallible nostrum for a man of the world to rise in the world.

Eger. Sir, I shall be proud to profit by your experience.

Sir P. Vary weel, sir; sit ye down then, sit you down here. [*They sit down.*] And now, sir, you must recall to your thoughts, that your grandfather was a mon whose penurious income of captain's half-pay was the sum-total of his fortune; and, sir, aw my provision fra him was a modicum of Latin, an expertness in arithmetic, and a short system of worldly counsel; the principal ingredients of which were, a persevering industry, a rigid economy, a smooth tongue, a pliability of temper, and a constant attention to make every mon well pleased with himself.

Eger. Very prudent advice, sir.

Sir P. Therefore, sir, I lay it before you. Now, sir, with these materials, I set out a raw-boned stripling fra the North, to try my fortune with them here in the south; and my first step in the world was a beggarly clerkship in Sawny Gordon's counting-house, here, in the city of London: which you'll say afforded but a barren sort of a prospect.

Eger. It was not a very fertile one, indeed, sir.

Sir P. The reverse, the reverse: weel, sir, seeing myself in this unprofitable situation, I reflected deeply; I cast about my thoughts morning, noon, and night, and marked every mon, and every mode of prosperity; at last, I concluded that a matrimonial adventure, prudently conducted, would be the readiest gait I could gang for the bettering of my condition; and accordingly I set about it. Now, sir, in this pursuit, beauty! beauty! ah! beauty often struck my een, and played about my heart: and fluttered, and beat, and knocked, and knocked: but the devil an entrance I ever let it get: for I observed, sir, that beauty is, generally,—a proud, vain, saucy, expensive, impertinent sort of a commodity.

Eger. Very justly observed.

Sir P. And therefore, sir, I left it to prodigals and coxcombs, that could afford to pay for it; and, in its stead, sir, mark! I looked out for an ancient, weel-jointured, superannuated dowager; a consumptive, toothless, phthisicky, wealthy widow; or a shrivelled, cadaverous piece of deformity, in the shape of an izzard, or an appersi-and—or, in short, ainything, ainything that had the siller—the siller—for that, sir, was the north star of my affections. Do you take me, sir? was nae that right?

Eger. O! doubtless, doubtless, sir.

Sir P. Now, sir, where do you think I ganged to look for this woman with the siller? nae till court, nae till playhouses or assemblies; nae, sir, I ganged till the kirk, till the anabaptist, independent, Bradlonian, and Muggletonian meetings; till the morning and evening service of churches and chapels of ease, and till the midnight, melting, conciliating love feasts of the methodists; and there, sir, at last, I fell upon an old, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden, that looked—ha, ha, ha! she looked just like a skeleton in a surgeon's glass case. Now, sir, this miserable object was religiously angry with herself and aw the world; had nae comfort but in metaphysical visions and supernatural deliriums—ha, ha, ha! Sir, she was as mad—as mad as a Bedlamite.

Eger. Not improbable, sir: there are numbers of poor creatures in the same condition.

Sir P. O! numbers—numbers. Now, sir, this cracked creature used to pray, and sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep, and wail, and gnash her teeth constantly, morning and evening, at the tabernacle in Moorfields. And as soon as I found she had the siller, aha! good traith, I plumped me down upon my knees, close by her—cheek by jowl—and prayed, and sighed, and sung, and groaned, and gnashed my teeth as vehemently as she could do for the life of her; ay, and turned up the whites of mine een, till the strings awmost cracked again. I watched her motions, handed her till her chair, waited on her home, got most religiously intimate with her in a week; married her in a fortnight, buried her in a month; touched the siller; and with a deep suit of mourning, a melancholy port, a sorrowful visage, and a joyful heart, I began the world again; (*rises*) and this, sir, was the first boo, that is the first effectual boo I ever made till the vanity of human nature. Now, sir, do you understand this doctrine?

Eger. Perfectly well, sir.

Sir P. Ay, but was it not right? was it not ingenious, and weel hit off?

Eger. Certainly, sir: extremely well.

Sir P. My next boo, sir, was till your ain mother, whom I ran away with fra the boarding-school; by the interest of whose family I got a guid smart place in the treasury; and, sir, my vary next step was in till parliament; the which I entered with as ardent and as determined an ambition as ever agitated the heart of Cæsar himself. Sir, I booed, and watched, and hearkened, and ran about, backwards and forwards, and attended, and dangled upon the then great mon, till I got into the vary bowels of his confidence; and then sir, I wriggled, and wrought, and wriggled, till I wriggled myself among the very thick of them. Ha! I got my snack of the clothing, the foraging, the contracts, the lottery tickets, and all the political bonuses, till at length, sir, I became a much wealthier man than one half of the golden calves I had been so long a booing to: and was nae that booing to some purpose?

Eger. It was indeed, sir.

Sir P. But are you convinced of the good effects and of the utility of booing?

Eger. Thoroughly, sir.

Sir P. Sir, it is infallible. But, Charles, ah! while I was thus booing, and wriggling, and raising this princely fortune, ah! I met with many heartsores and disappointments fra the want of literature, eloquence, and other popular abeelities. Sir, guin I could but have spoken in the house, I should have done the deed in half the time: but the instant I opened my mouth there they aw fell a laughing at me; aw which deficiencies, sir, I determined, at any expense, to have supplied by the polished education of a son, who I hoped would one day raise the house of Macsycophant till the highest pitch of ministerial ambition. This, sir, is my plan; I have done my part of it; Nature has done hers; you are popular, you are eloquent; aw parties like and respect you; and now, sir, it only remains for you to be directed—completion follows.

Eger. Your liberality, sir, in my education, is an obligation I shall ever remember with the deepest filial gratitude.

Sir P. Vary weel, sir: but, Charles, have you had any conversation yet with Lady Rodolpha, about the day of your marriage; your liveries, your equipage; or your domestic establishment?

Eger. Not yet, sir.

Sir P. Poh! why there again, now, you are wrong; vary wrong.

Eger. Sir, we have not had an opportunity.

Sir P. Why, Charles, you are very tardy in this business.

Lord Lumbercourt. [*Sings without, flushed with wine.*]

'What have we with day to do?'

Sir P. O! here comes my lord.

Lord L. 'Sons of care, 'twas made for you.' [*Enters, drinking a dish of coffee.*] 'Sons of care, 'twas made for you.' Very good coffee indeed, Mr Tomlins. 'Sons of care, 'twas made for you.' Here, Mr Tomlins.

Tom. Will your lordship please to have another dish?

Lord L. No more, Mr Tomlins. Ha, ha, ha! my host of the Scotch pints, we have had warm work.

Sir P. Yes, you pushed the bottle about, my lord, with the joy and vigour of a bacchanal.

Lord L. That I did, my dear Mac; no loss of time with me: I have but three motions, old boy—charge, toast, fire—and off we go. Ha, ha, ha, that's my exercise.

Sir P. And fine warm exercise it is, my lord; especially with the half-pint glasses.

Another characteristic speech by Sir Pertinax, addressed also to his son, is:

> Conscience! why you are mad! Did you ever hear any man talk of conscience in political matters? Conscience, quotha! I have been in parliament these three and thraty years, and never heard the term made use of before. Sir, it is an unparliamentary word, and you will be laughed at for it.

There are careful Lives of Macklin by F. A. Congreve (1798) and Parry (1891). Those by Kirkman (1799) and Cooke (1804) must be used with caution.

George Lillo (1693-1739), born in London of mixed Dutch and English Dissenting parentage, succeeded his father as a jeweller, carried on the business successfully, and left a modest fortune. Devoting his leisure hours to writing tragedies founded on the sorrows of real life in the lower and middling ranks, he wrote in all seven dramas, among them *George Barnwell*, *Fatal Curiosity*, and *Arden of Feversham*. The last is a weak version of an anonymous tragedy written in 1592, where, and in the *Yorkshire Tragedy* and one or two other plays founded on domestic occur rences, the style of Lillo may be said to have been foreshadowed. These realistic plays, however (see Vol. I. p. 334), were rude and irregular, and were driven off the stage by the romantic drama of Shakespeare and his successors. At all events such 'domestic tragedies,' which had disappeared during the Commonwealth and Restoration, were revived by Lillo and his school, who had great influence on French dramatists. Lillo had a competent knowledge of dramatic art, and his style was generally smooth and easy. His *George Barnwell* (1731) describes the career of a London apprentice hurried on to ruin and murder by an infamous woman, who at last delivers him up to justice and to an ignominious death. The characters are natural; and '*George Barnwell* drew more tears than the rants of *Alexander the Great*.' Lillo's *Fatal Curiosity* (1736) is a far higher work. Driven by destitution, an old man and his wife murder a rich stranger who takes shelter in their house, and discover too late that they have murdered their son returned after a long absence abroad. The harrowing details of this tragedy are powerfully depicted; the agonies of old Wilmot, the father, make an appalling picture. The other plays were *Marina*, an adaptation of Shakespeare's *Pericles; Scanderbeg, or the Christian Hero; Elmerick*, based on a passage of Hungarian history; and a feeble masque, *Britannia and Batavia*. Fielding's friendship helped Lillo's popularity; and after the dramatist's death Fielding said of him that 'he had the spirit of an old Roman, joined to the innocence of a primitive Christian.' A parallel to Lillo's realism has been sought, not merely in a succession of imitations on the stage, but in Fielding's novels and in Lessing's rebellion against French taste in the German theatre. The execution of Lillo's plays is unequal, and some of his characters are dull and commonplace; but he was a forcible painter of the darker shades of humble life. His plays kept the stage till the close of the century; since then the taste for murders and public executions has declined.

From 'Fatal Curiosity.'

[Young Wilmot, unknown, enters the house of his parents, and, retiring for an hour's rest, delivers them a casket. Act iii. opens on Agnes, the mother, alone, with the casket in her hand

Agnes. Who should this stranger be? And then this [casket-
He says it is of value, and yet trusts it,
As if a trifle, to a stranger's hand.
His confidence amazes me. Perhaps
It is not what he says. I 'm strongly tempted
To open it and see. No; let it rest.
Why should my curiosity excite me
To search and pry into the affairs of others,
Who have to employ my thoughts so many cares
And sorrows of my own? With how much ease
The spring gives way! Surprising! most prodigious!
My eyes are dazzled, and my ravished heart
Leaps at the glorious sight How bright 's the lustre
How immense the worth of those fair jewels!
Ay, such a treasure would expel for ever
Base poverty and all its abject train;
The mean devices we 're reduced to use
To keep out famine, and preserve our lives
From day to day; the cold neglect of friends;
The galling scorn, or more provoking pity
Of an insulting world. Possessed of these,
Plenty, content, and power, might take their turn,
And lofty pride bare its aspiring head
At our approach, and once more bend before us.
A pleasing dream! 'Tis past; and now I wake
More wretched by the happiness I 've lost;
For sure it was a happiness to think,
Though but a moment, such a treasure mine.
Nay, it was more than thought. I saw and touched
The bright temptation, and I see it yet.
'Tis here—'tis mine I have it in possession
Must I resign it? Must I give it back?
Am I in love with misery and want,
To rob myself and court so vast a loss?
Retain it then. But how? There is a way.
Why sinks my heart? Why does my blood run cold?
Why am I thrilled with horror? 'Tis not choice,
But dire necessity, suggests the thought.

Old Wilmot [*entering*]. The mind contented, with how [little pains
The wandering senses yield to soft repose,
And die to gain new life! He 's fallen asleep
Already—happy man! What dost thou think,
My Agnes, of our unexpected guest?
He seems to me a youth of great humanity:
Just ere he closed his eyes, that swam in tears,
He wrung my hand, and pressed it to his lips:
And with a look that pierced me to the soul,
Begged me to comfort thee, and—— Dost thou hear me?
What art thou gazing on? Fie, 'tis not well.
This casket was delivered to you closed:
Why have you opened it? Should this be known,
How mean must we appear!

Agnes. And who shall know it?

Wil. There is a kind of pride, a decent dignity
Due to ourselves, which, spite of our misfortunes,
May be maintained and cherished to the last.
To live without reproach, and without leave
To quit the world, shews sovereign contempt
And noble scorn of its relentless malice.

Agnes. Shews sovereign madness, and a scorn of sense!
Pursue no further this detested theme:
I will not die. I will not leave the world
For all that you can urge, until compelled.

Wil. To chase a shadow when the setting sun
Is darting his last rays, were just as wise
As your anxiety for fleeting life,
Now the last means for its support are failing:
Were famine not as mortal as the sword
This warmth might be excused. But take thy choice:
Die how you will, you shall not die alone.

Agnes. Nor live, I hope.

Wil. There is no fear of that.

Agnes. Then we 'll live both.

Wil. Strange folly! Where 's the means?

Agnes. The means are there; those jewels.

Wil. Ha! take heed:
Perhaps thou dost but try me; yet take heed
There 's nought so monstrous but the mind of man
In some conditions may be brought to approve;
Theft, sacrilege, treason, and parricide,
When flattering opportunity enticed

And desperation drove, have been committed
By those who once would start to hear them named.
Agnes. And add to these detested suicide,
Which, by a crime much less, we may avoid.
Wil. The inhospitable murder of our guest?
How couldst thou form a thought so very tempting,
So advantageous, so secure, and easy;
And yet so cruel, and so full of horror?
Agnes. 'Tis less impiety, less against nature,
To take another's life than end our own.
Wil. It is no matter whether this or that
Be in itself the less or greater crime:
Howe'er we may deceive ourselves or others,
We act from inclination, not by rule,
Or none could act amiss. And that all err,
None but the conscious hypocrite denies.
Oh, what is man, his excellence and strength,
When in an hour of trial and desertion,
Reason, his noblest power, may be suborned
To plead the cause of vile assassination!
Agnes. You 're too severe: reason may justly plead
For her own preservation.
Wil. Rest contented:
Whate'er resistance I may seem to make,
I am betrayed within: my will 's seduced,
And my whole soul infected. The desire
Of life returns, and brings with it a train
Of appetites that rage to be supplied.
Whoever stands to parley with temptation
Does it to be o'ercome.
Agnes. Then nought remains
But the swift execution of a deed
That is not to be thought on or delayed.
We must despatch him sleeping: should he wake,
'Twere madness to attempt it.
Wil. True, his strength,
Single, is more, much more than ours united;
So may his life, perhaps, as far exceed
Ours in duration, should he 'scape this snare.
Generous, unhappy man! Oh, what could move thee
To put thy life and fortune in the hands
Of wretches mad with anguish!
Agnes. By what means
By stabbing, suffocation, or by strangling,
Shall we effect his death?
Wil. Why, what a fiend!
How cruel, how remorseless, how impatient
Have pride and poverty made thee!
Agnes. Barbarous man!
Whose wasteful riots ruined our estate,
And drove our son, ere the first down had spread
His rosy cheeks, spite of my sad presages,
Earnest entreaties, agonies, and tears,
To seek his bread 'mongst strangers, and to perish
In some remote inhospitable land.
The loveliest youth in person and in mind
That ever crowned a groaning mother's pains!
Where was thy pity, where thy patience then?
Thou cruel husband! thou unnatural father!
Thou most remorseless, most ungrateful man!
To waste my fortune, rob me of my son,
To drive me to despair, and then reproach me
For being what thou 'st made me.
Wil. Dry thy tears:
I ought not to reproach thee. I confess
That thou hast suffered much: so have we both.
But chide no more: I 'm wrought up to thy purpose.
The poor ill-fated unsuspecting victim,
Ere he reclined him on the fatal couch,
From which he 's ne'er to rise, took off the sash
And costly dagger that thou saw'st him wear;
And thus, unthinking, furnished us with arms
Against himself. What shall I use?
Agnes. The sash.
If you make use of that, I can assist.
Wil. No, 'tis a dreadful office, and I 'll spare
Thy trembling hands the guilt. Steal to the door,
And bring me word if he be still asleep. [*Exit Agnes.*
Or I 'm deceived, or he pronounced himself
The happiest of mankind. Deluded wretch!
Thy thoughts are perishing; thy youth, thy joys,
Touched by the icy hand of grisly death,
Are withering in their bloom. But though extinguished,
He 'll never know the loss, nor feel the bitter
Pangs of disappointment. Then I was wrong
In counting him a wretch: to die well pleased
Is all the happiest of mankind can hope for.
To be a wretch is to survive the loss
Of every joy, and even hope itself,
As I have done. Why do I mourn him then?
For, by the anguish of my tortured soul,
He 's to be envied, if compared with me.

There is a memoir of Lillo prefixed to an edition of his dramatic works by T. Davies (2nd ed. 1810).

John Byrom (1692-1763) was born near Manchester. He took his degree at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1712, and studied medicine at Montpellier in France. On his return he applied himself to teach a system of shorthand which he had invented. Among his pupils were Gibbon and Horace Walpole; Bentley, Hoadly, Bishop Butler, John Wesley, Hartley, and William Law were amongst his friends. The latter part of Byrom's life was spent in easy circumstances; he succeeded by the death of an elder brother to the family property in and about Manchester, and there he lived highly respected. His poetry has the virtue of a genuine simplicity, and is sometimes pointed and rhythmical, rarely melodious; often it is mere doggerel, or measured lengths of rhymed prose. He put everything into rhyme theological and historical arguments, petitions to the king, and even translations from the mystical theology of Ruysbrock, Boehme, and Law (of the *Serious Call*). He was very much of a mystic himself, regarded Malebranche as the greatest of divines and philosophers, and admired Fénelon and the visionary Madame Bourignon; but he met in a friendly way heretics like Whiston and deists like Collins. Throughout life he was strongly a Jacobite, though he avoided compromising himself. Byrom's (not Swift's) was the famous epigram about the dispute between Handel and Buononcini:

> Some say, compared to Bononcini,
> That Mynheer Handel 's but a ninny;
> Others aver that he to Handel
> Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
> Strange all this difference should be
> 'Twixt tweedle dum and tweedle-dee!

His Latin verse also is pointed rather than poetical. Some of his smartest things are in broad Lancashire dialect, such as the dialogue on the 'Heelanders' in Lancashire in 1745. His *Colin and Phebe*, contributed to the *Spectator* in 1714, gave him some standing as a poet. Phebe was said to have been Jug Bentley, the sprightly daughter of the great Master of Trinity. But an early biographer earnestly denied this, and with some reason said the poem was really addressed to his favourite sister, Phebe Byrom. The *Journal* is a light, gossiping record, which adds little to our knowledge of the public events of the period, but exhibits its author as an opinionative, kindly, cheerful, and happy man.

Colin and Phebe A Pastoral.

My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phebe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things seemed as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep
So good-humoured made me, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day;
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy, as never was known.
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drowned,
And my heart, I am sure, weighs more than a pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phebe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide:
'Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.'

My lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And Phebe and I were as joyful as they;
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When Spring, Love, and Beauty were all in their prime!
But now, in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass;
'Be still,' then I cry, 'for it makes me quite mad
To see you so merry while I am so sad.'

My dog I was ever well pleasèd to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phebe was pleased too, and to my dog said:
'Come hither, poor fellow;' and patted his head.
But now, when he 's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry 'Sirrah,' and give him a blow with my crook:
And I 'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phebe 's away?

When walking with Phebe, what sights have I seen,
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green:
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn-fields and hedges, and everything made!
But now she has left me, they all are in tears,
Not one of them half so delightful appears:
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes
Which made all these beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music attended us all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whispered, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody 's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave everything else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
Ah rivals! I see what it was that you drest
And made yourselves fine for—a place in her breast:
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be plucked by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly Time creeps till my Phebe return!
While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn:
Methinks, if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings: it would melt down the
lead.
Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for 't when she is here.
Ah Colin! old Time is quite full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
To be cured, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove;
But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah, what shall I do? I shall die with despair;
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye part with your fair.

Of the following poem (in some editions described as in imitation of Sir Philip Sidney), Southey strained a good point when he said it was 'so perfectly in the manner of Elizabeth's age, that we can hardly believe it to be an imitation, but are almost disposed to think that Byrom had transcribed it from some old author.'

Careless Content.

I am content, I do not care,
  Wag as it will the world for me;
When fuss and fret was all my fare,
  It got no ground as I could see:
So when away my caring went,
I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks and less of thought,
  I strive to make my matters meet;
To seek what ancient sages sought,
  Physic and food in sour and sweet:
To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hiccups from the heart.

With good and gentle-humoured hearts,
  I choose to chat where'er I come,
Whate'er the subject be that starts:
  But if I get among the glum,

I hold my tongue to tell the troth,
And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or pain,
For Fortune's favour or her frown,
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,
I never dodge nor up nor down:
But swing what way the ship shall swim,
Or tack about with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,
Nor trace the turn of every tide;
If simple sense will not succeed,
I make no bustling, but abide:
For shining wealth, or scaring woe,
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,
Of they 're i' the wrong, and we 're i' the right,
I shun the rancours and the routs;
And wishing well to every wight,
Whatever turn the matter takes,
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,
Nor if the folks should flout me, faint;
If wonted welcome be withdrawn,
I cook no kind of a complaint:
With none disposed to disagree,
But like them best who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule
How all my betters should behave;
But fame shall find me no man's fool,
Nor to a set of men a slave:
I love a friendship free and frank,
And hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,
I never loose where'er I link;
Though if a business budges by,
I talk thereon just as I think;
My word, my work, my heart, my hand,
Still on a side together stand.

If names or notions make a noise,
Whatever hap the question hath,
The point impartially I poise,
And read or write, but without wrath;
For should I burn or break my brains,
Pray who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbour as myself,
Myself like him too, by his leave,
Nor to his pleasure, power, or pelf,
Came I to crouch, as I conceive:
Dame Nature doubtless has designed
A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,
Mood it and brood it in your breast,
Or if ye ween, for worldly stirs,
That man does right to mar his rest,
Let me be deft, and debonair,
I am content I do not care.

The following is a fair specimen of Byrom's theological argumentation (against Sherlock):

When tempted Adam, yielding to deceit,
Presumed of the forbidden tree to eat,
The Bishop tells us that he did not die:
Pray will you ask him, sir, the reason why?
Why he would contradict the sacred text,
Where death to sin so surely is annexed.
'The day thou eatest' are the words, you know,
And yet by his account, it was not so. . . .

The often-sung hymn, 'Christians awake, salute the happy morn,' is a selection from Byrom's Christmas Carol. The following is his happiest *jeu d'esprit:*

Jacobite Toast.

God bless the king, God bless the Faith's Defender,
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender.
But who Pretender is, and who is king,
God bless us all! that 's quite another thing.

Byrom's poems were republished, with Life and notes, in 1814; were included in Chalmers's *Poets;* and were re-edited in 1894-95 by Prof. Ward for the Chetham Society (4 vols.). The *Journal and Literary Remains* appeared in 1854-57 (2 vols.; Chetham Society).

Thomas Amory (1691?-1788) was a miscellaneous writer and humourist of an eccentric type. He was of Irish descent—his father acquired property as secretary for the confiscated estates—and he went to school in Dublin; but he is found established in Westminster in 1757. In 1755 he published, anonymously, *Memoirs containing the Lives of several Ladies of Great Britain; A History of Antiquities; Observations on the Christian Religion;* with a variety of Disquisitions (in two volumes)—an extraordinary miscellany of religion, scenery, autobiography, and fictitious adventures. His next work is practically a continuation: *The Life of John Buncle, Esq.* (2 vols. 1756-66). The author's aim in both works was to promote good morals and Unitarian doctrines, or rather a kind of 'Christian Deism;' the ladies whose charms and virtues are commemorated belong very obviously to the fictitious side of the enterprise. In the first he travels among the wild hills of Northumberland, and meets there, in a secluded spot (which he invests with all the beauty and softness of a scene in Kent or Devon), the daughter of a deceased college friend, who had been disinherited for refusing to sign the Thirty-nine Articles. The young lady entertains her father's friend, and introduces him to other ladies. They undertake a visit to the Western Islands, and encounter various adventures and vicissitudes, besides indulging in philosophical and polemical discussions. The *Life of John Buncle* is of like complexion, but in the form of an autobiography. Buncle has in succession no less than seven wives, all wooed and won upon his peculiar 'Christian principles.' To such reviewers as should attempt to raise the laugh against him he replies: 'I think it unreasonable and impious to grieve immoderately for the dead. A decent and proper tribute of tears and sorrow, humanity requires; but when that duty has been paid, we must remember that to lament a dead woman is not to lament a wife. A wife must be a living woman.' And, fortified by this philosophy, John Buncle proceeds on his way undisturbed after each bereavement, usually in high spirits, relishing fine old ale and good cheer, and making fresh converts to his views and opinions. The personal attractions, literary and other acquirements, of each wife, her many virtues, and her family history, are related at length. 'As I mention nothing of any children by so many wives,' he explains, 'some readers may perhaps wonder at this; and therefore, to give a general answer once for all, I think it sufficient to observe, that I had a great many to carry on the succession; but as they never were concerned in any extraordinary affairs, nor ever did any remarkable things, that I ever heard of—only rise and breakfast, read and saunter, drink and eat, it would not be fair, in my opinion, to make any one pay for their history.' In lieu of this, the reader is treated to dissertations on the origin of language, the causes of earthquakes and of muscular motion, on phlogiston, fluxions, the Athanasian Creed, and fifty other topics brought together in heroic contempt of the unities of time and place. At a moment's notice the most unlikely persons—farmers' wives and country gentlemen's daughters—burst into long debates or disquisitions on the evidences for (improved) Christianity, the origin of language, phallic worship, the physical cause of the Deluge. Between Cumberland and Yorkshire, Buncle discovers a 'fine romantic country,' a trackless and all but impassable wilderness, with mountains higher than 'Snowden or Kedar-Idris,' appalling precipices, deafening cataracts as high as Niagara, bottomless abysses, but here and there little companies of charming recluses, sometimes wholly women. He is great on 'natural curiosities'—caverns, fossils, odd shells, rare mushrooms. There is a portentous account of a fight to the death (seen under a rather highly magnifying microscope!) between a 'gallant louse' and an active flea, who at one stage of the struggle 'fixes his flashing eyes on his foe.' The classical quotations and even the names of the authors cited leave much to be desired, and suggest second-hand (though miscellaneous and extensive) erudition. There is a vast amount of irrelevant padding in the notes. One long note gives sketches of the lives and works of St Jerome, St Ambrose, and the Gregories. Another note, running on to a tenth page, discusses Madame de Guyon, Madame Bourignon, and several other mystics, male and female. Another describes various monuments of native Irish literature, with translations. Such a fantastic and desultory work is only tolerable in virtue of its portentous eccentricity and unlikeness to any other book, with its occasionally happy, original, and unexpected thoughts and locutions. How Hazlitt could have said that the soul of Rabelais had passed into Amory is incomprehensible; Mr Leslie Stephen, more reasonably, sees in his rhapsodies rather the 'light headed ramblings of delirium.' If Amory was not disordered in intellect, he had a marvellously ill-balanced judgment; and probably no entirely sane person could ever read *John Buncle* from end to end without plentiful 'skipping.'

The following, from the beginning of the *Memoirs*, is a portrait of the first of his heroines:

Marinda Bruce.

In the year 1739, I travelled many hundred miles to visit ancient monuments, and discover curious things; and as I wandered, to this purpose, among the vast hills of Northumberland, fortune conducted me one evening, in the month of June, when I knew not where to rest, to the sweetest retirement my eyes have ever beheld. This is Hali-farm. It is a beautiful vale surrounded with rocks, forest, and water. I found at the upper end of it the prettiest thatched house in the world, and a garden of the most artful confusion I had ever seen. The little mansion was covered on every side with the finest flowery greens. The streams all round were murmuring and falling a thousand ways. All the kind of singing birds were here collected, and in high harmony on the sprays. The ruins of an abbey enhance the beauties of this place; they appear at the distance of four hundred yards from the house; and as some great trees are now grown up among the remains, and a river winds between the broken walls, the view is solemn, the picture fine.

When I came up to the house, the first figure I saw was the lady whose story I am going to relate. She had the charms of an angel, but her dress was quite plain and clean as a country-maid. Her person appeared faultless, and of the middle size, between the disagreeable extremes; her face, a sweet oval, and her complexion the brunette of the bright rich kind; her mouth, like a rose-bud that is just beginning to blow; and a fugitive dimple, by fits, would lighten and disappear. The finest passions were always passing in her face; and in her long, even chestnut eyes, there was a fluid fire, sufficient for half-a-dozen pair.

She had a volume of Shakspear in her hand as I came softly towards her, having left my horse at a distance with my servant; and her attention was so much engaged with the extremely poetical and fine lines which Titania speaks in the third act of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' that she did not see me till I was quite near her. She seemed then in great amazement. She could not be much more surprised if I had dropped from the clouds. But this was soon over, upon my asking her if she was not the daughter of Mr John Bruce, as I supposed, from a similitude of faces, and informing her that her father, if I was right, was my near friend, and would be glad to see his chum in that part of the world. Marinda replied: 'You are not wrong,' and immediately asked me in. She conducted me to a parlour that was quite beautiful in the rural way, and welcomed me to Hali-farm, as her father would have done, she said, had I arrived before his removal to a better world. She then left me for a while, and I had time to look over the room I was in. The floor was covered with rushes wrought into the prettiest mat, and the walls decorated all round with the finest flowers and shells. Robins and nightingales, the finch and the linnet, were in the neatest reed cages of her own making; and at the upper end of the chamber, in a charming little open grotto, was the finest *strix capite aurito, corpore rufo*, that I have seen, that is, the great eagle owl. This beautiful bird, in a niche like a ruin, looked vastly fine. As to the flowers which adorned this room, I thought they were all natural at my first coming in; but on inspection, it appeared that several baskets of the finest kinds were inimitably painted on the walls by Marinda's hand.

These things afforded me a pleasing entertainment for about half an hour, and then Miss Bruce returned. One of the maids brought in a supper—such fare, she said, as her little cottage afforded; and the table was covered with green peas and pigeons, cream-cheese, new bread and butter. Everything was excellent in its kind. The cider and ale were admirable. Discretion and dignity appeared in Miranda's behaviour; she talked with judgment; and under the decencies of ignorance was concealed a valuable knowledge. After supper she gave me the history of her father from the time he and I parted, and concluded with saying that by his death, a year before my arrival, she became the solitary thing I saw her, in the midst of untravelled mountains, and had not in the world one friend, excepting the poor rustics of her house and neighbourhood. . . .

Richard Savage was an undignified assistant of Pope's, who supplied the 'private intelligence and secret incidents' which add poignancy to the satire of the *Dunciad*. Savage is better known for his misfortunes, as related by Dr Johnson, than for the charms of his poetry, which rarely rises above the level of mediocrity, whereas his melancholy story bears to be a romance in real life. It is almost certain, however, that Johnson's memoir, derived directly or indirectly from Savage himself, is little else than a romance, and its hero an impostor. Together, often penniless, they had roamed the streets by night; and now, moved by pity to partiality, he wrote what is perhaps the most perfect short Life in the language. That the story contains 'inherent improbabilities and proved falsehoods' was demonstrated by Moy Thomas in 1858 in *Notes and Queries*.

Savage (1697-1743) was born in London, and according to his own account was the issue of a *liaison* between the wife of Charles Lord Brandon, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield, and Richard Savage, Earl Rivers. Lady Brandon had been separated from her husband about ten years when she formed a *liaison* with Lord Rivers, by whom she had two children, a girl (who died in infancy, having been christened after the father and mother, 'Ann Savage') and a male child, baptised as 'Richard Smith.' Richard Smith, like the preceding child, was removed and placed at nurse, being taken away by a baker's wife named Portlock, who said the child was her own, and from this time all trace of the infant is lost. If we are to believe Savage's story, the Countess (from 1700 the wife of Colonel Brett) from the hour of his birth discovered a resolution of disowning him, and would never see him again. She suffered a large legacy left to him by his godmother to be embezzled for want of some one to prosecute his claim; told Earl Rivers, his father, on his deathbed (1712) that his child was dead, with the express object of depriving him of another legacy of £6000; endeavoured to have Richard kidnapped to the West Indies; and finally interfered to the utmost of her power, and by means of an 'atrocious calumny,' to prevent his being saved from the hangman. Most of these assertions have been disproved. Indeed, the story of the legacy is palpably untrue, for, as Croker remarked, if Savage had a title to the legacy, he could not have found any difficulty in recovering it. Had the executors resisted his claims, the whole costs, as well as the legacy, must have been paid by them, if he had been the child to whom it was given.

The writer we know as Savage is first heard of in 1717, when was published *The Convocation, or a Battle of Pamphlets, a Poem written by Mr Richard Savage.* Next year (1718) he produced a comedy, *Love in a Veil*, which was published by Curll, and stated on the title-page to be 'written by Richard Savage, Gent., son of the late Earl Rivers.' Steele thought well of the play, and became his friend for a time. In Jacob's *Lives of the Poets* (1719) the same story is repeated with additions; and Aaron Hill in his periodical, *The Plain Dealer* (1724), inserted letters and statements to the same effect, which were furnished by Savage. His remarkable history thus became known, but the vices of his character displayed themselves. He had some good impulses, but his habits were low and sensual. His temper was irritable and capricious, and whatever money he received was instantly spent in obscure haunts of dissipation. In a tavern brawl in 1727 he had the misfortune to kill a young man called Sinclair, for which he was tried and condemned to death, but was pardoned by Queen Caroline and set at liberty. He published poetical pieces for his living; addressed a birthday ode to the queen in 1732, calling himself the 'Volunteer Laureate'—to the annoyance, it is said, of Colley Cibber, the legitimate inheritor of the laurel; and received from Her Majesty a pension of £50. His threats, as well as the sympathetic interest of the public in the story of his wrongs, induced Lord Tyrconnel, a friend of his reputed mother, to take him into his family, where he lived on equal terms and was allowed £200 a year. This, as Johnson said, was the 'golden period' of Savage's life. But, as might have been foreseen, the habits of the poet differed widely from those of the peer; they soon quarrelled, and Savage was again set adrift on the world. The death of the queen also stopped his pension; but his friends made up an annuity for him of equal amount, to which Pope contributed £20. Savage agreed to withdraw to the country, to avoid the temptations of London. He selected Swansea, but stopping at Bristol, was treated with great kindness by the opulent merchants and other inhabitants, whom he afterwards libelled in a sarcastic poem. In Swansea he resided about a year; but on revisiting Bristol he was arrested for a small debt, and being unable to find bail, was thrown into prison. His folly, extravagance, and pride, though it was 'pride that licks the dust,' had left him almost without a friend. He made no vigorous effort to extricate or maintain himself. Pope continued his allowance; but being provoked by something in his conduct, he wrote to him, stating that he was 'determined to keep out of his suspicion by not being officious any longer, or obtruding into any of his concerns.' Savage felt the force of this rebuke from the steadiest and most illustrious of his friends. He was soon afterwards taken ill, and, unable to procure medical assistance, was found dead in bed. The kindly keeper of the prison buried the poor man at his own expense.

Savage was the author of two plays and a volume of miscellaneous poems. Of the latter, the principal piece is *The Wanderer* (1729), written with greater care than most of his things; it was the offspring of that happy period of his life when he lived with Lord Tyrconnel. Pope repeatedly read it and commended it. Amidst much puerile and tawdry description and many banalities, *The Wanderer* contains some impressive passages. There are obvious evidences that Savage studied *The Seasons*, of which part was published three years before. *The Bastard* (1728) is also a striking poem, and bears the impress of true feeling and vigorous thinking. One couplet is worthy of Pope. Of the bastard he says:

> He lives to build, not boast, a generous race:
> No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.

The concluding passage, in which he bewails the lot of his victim and of himself, has real pathos in it, though it ends in a bit of preposterous bombast, bathos, and bad taste.

From 'The Bastard.'

Is chance a guilt, that my disastrous heart,
For mischief never meant, must ever smart?
Can self-defence be sin? Ah, plead no more!
What though no purposed malice stained thee o'er,
Had heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou hadst not been provoked—or thou hadst died.
  Far be the guilt of home-shed blood from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me! through Pity's eye condemned to see.
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate:
Grieved I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day,
What ripening virtues might have made their way!
He might have lived till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
He might perhaps his country's friend have proved;
Both happy, generous, candid, and beloved;
He might have saved some worth, now doomed to fall,
And I, perchance, in him have murdered all.
  O fate of late repentance! always vain:
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where shall my hope find rest? No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer:
No father's guardian hand my youth maintained,
Called forth my virtues, or from vice restrained:
Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
First to advance, then screen from future harm?
Am I returned from death to live in pain?
Or would imperial pity save in vain?
Distrust it not. What blame can mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
  Mother, miscalled, farewell—of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear:
All I was wretched by to you I owed;
Alone from strangers every comfort flowed!
  Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
And now adopted, who was doomed before,
New born, I may a nobler mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name;
Supremely lovely and serenely great,
Majestic mother of a kneeling state;
Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed, yet now with one consent adore.
One contest yet remains in this desire,
Who most shall give applause where all admire.

There is a certain parallelism in the passage quoted below to the survey of the city, its sins, sorrows, and close-packed contrasts, in Dr Teufelsdröckh's garret-window in Weissnichtwo. 'Bold bad spectre' sounds like a modern joke, although the collocation of 'bold' and 'bad' is as old at least as Spenser; and few even of Savage's poetical contemporaries would regard the epithet 'sapient bard' a compliment.

From 'The Wanderer.'

Yon mansion, made by beaming tapers gay,
Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day;
From 'lumined windows glancing on the eye,
Around, athwart, the frisking shadows fly.
There midnight riot spreads illusive joys,
And fortune, health, and dearer time destroys.
Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant ease
Shall wake sharp warnings in some fierce disease.
O man! thy fabric's like a well-formed state;
Thy thoughts, first ranked, were sure designed the great;
Passions plebeians are, which factions raise;
Wine, like poured oil, excites the raging blaze;
Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs rise:
Then sovereign Reason from her empire flies:
That ruler once deposed, wisdom and wit
To noise and folly, place and power, submit;
Like a frail bark thy weakened mind is tost,
Unsteered, unbalanced, till its wealth is lost.
  The miser-spirit eyes the spendthrift heir,
And mourns, too late, effects of sordid care.
His treasures fly to cloy each fawning slave,
Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave.
For this, low-thoughted craft his life employed;
For this, though wealthy, he no wealth enjoyed;
For this he griped the poor, and alms denied,
Unfriended lived, and unlamented died.

Yet smile, grieved shade! when that unprosperous store
Fast lessens, when gay hours return no more;
Smile at thy heir, beholding, in his fall,
Men once obliged, like him, ungrateful all!
Then thought-inspiring woe his heart shall mend,
And prove his only wise, unflattering friend.
  Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport,
While plotting Mischief keeps reserved her court.
Lo! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke,
Stream flames voluminous, enwrapped with smoke!
In chariot shape they whirl up yonder tower,
Lean on its brow, and like destruction lower!
From the black depth a fiery legion springs;
Each bold bad spectre claps her sounding wings,
And straight beneath a summoned, traitorous band,
On horror bent, in dark convention stand:
From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
Glides through the roof, and o'er the council glows:
The villains, close beneath the infection pent,
Feel, all possessed, their rising galls ferment;
And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
For rapine, blood, and devastation dire!
But Justice marks their ways: she waves in air
The sword, high-threatening, like a comet's glare.
  While here dark Villainy herself deceives,
There studious Honesty our view relieves;
A feeble taper from yon lonesome room,
Scattering thin rays, just glimmers through the gloom;
There sits the sapient bard in museful mood,
And glows impassioned for his country's good!
All the bright spirits of the just combined,
Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind!
He takes the gifted quill from hands divine,
Around his temples rays refulgent shine.
Now rapt, now more than man, I see him climb
To view this speck of earth from worlds sublime.
I see him now o'er nature's works preside;
How clear the vision! and the view how wide!

John Dyer was born at Aberglasslyn, Carmarthenshire, about 1700; and on the death of his father, a solicitor, abandoned the profession of law. He then took to art, and rambled over South Wales and the adjoining parts of England, filling his mind with a love of nature and his portfolio with sketches. During his excursions he wrote *Grongar Hill* (1726), a poem remarkable in its period for simplicity, warm feeling, and fine description of natural scenery; it provokes comparison with Jonson's *Penshurst* and Denham's *Cooper's Hill*. Grongar Hill, on the river Towy in Cardigan, commands a view noble enough to inspire any poet. Dyer next made a tour to Italy, to study painting. On his return in 1740 he published anonymously another poem, *The Ruins of Rome*, in blank verse of this pattern:

          Behold the pride of pomp,
The throne of nations fallen; obscured in dust:
Even yet majestical: the solemn scene
Elates the soul, while now the rising sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Towering aloft, upon the glittering plain,
Like broken rocks, a vast circumference;
Rent palaces, crushed columns, rifted moles,
Fanes rolled on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs.

One short passage Johnson specially noted as 'conceived with the mind of a poet'—it is certainly neither smooth (even if we agree to mispronounce *orison*) nor in Johnson's own manner:

          The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his orison, hears,
Aghast, the voice of time, disparting towers,
Tumbling all precipitate down dashed,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon.

Seeing that he had little chance of succeeding as an artist, Dyer entered the Church, and obtained successively the vicarage of Catthorpe in Leicestershire and the Lincolnshire livings of Belchford, Coningsby, and Kirkby-on-Bain. He published in 1757 his longest poetical work, *The Fleece*, devoted to 'the care of sheep, the labours of the loom.' The subject was hardly a promising one. How can a man write poetically, said Johnson, of serges and druggets? Yet Dyer did write a not unpleasing didactic poem on this theme; Akenside assisted him with some finishing touches, and Wordsworth praised the result in a sonnet. One critic, learning from Dodsley that the author of *The Fleece* was no longer young, threatened 'He will be buried in woollen!' He did die the year after the publication. (Samuel Dyer, translator and Johnson's friend, was a younger contemporary.) Dyer's poetical pictures are happy miniatures of nature, carefully drawn, prettily coloured, and grouped with the taste of an artist. His versification is musical, and his moralisings relevant enough. Byron thought the six lines towards the close of *Grongar Hill* beginning 'As yon summits soft and fair' had suggested Campbell's famous opening of the 'Pleasures of Hope.'

Grongar Hill.

Silent nymph, with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister muse;
Now, while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landskip bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells
Sweetly musing quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made;
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.

About his checkered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day :
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal :
The mountains round, unhappy fate,
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise :
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads ;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly risen hill.
Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landskip lies below !
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of nature shew,
In all the hues of heaven's bow ;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies !
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads !
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes :
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloathed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an aweful look below ;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps :
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;
'Tis now the apartment of the toad ;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds ;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state ;
But transient is the smile of fate !
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought ;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landskip tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low ;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower ,
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
See, on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie !
What streaks of meadows cross the eye !
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem ;
So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed thro' hope's deluding glass ;
As yon summits soft and fair
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear
Still we tread the same coarse
The present 's still a cloudy day.
O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see ,
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid ;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul :
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie ;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings ;
While the waters murmur deep,
While the shepherd charms his sheep,
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts ; be great who will ;
Search for peace with all your skill ;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor :
In vain you search, she is not there ;
In vain you search the domes of care !
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side :
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

The Fleece, in blank verse, is not an English pastoral Georgic on sheep and the shepherd's cares and joys, but sees the fleece through the shearing, washing, dyeing, carding, spinning, and weaving, and even follows English woollens on their last journey by land and sea to France, Russia, Siberia, India, China, the United States, South America, and all the world; it is a patriotic poem on the woollen manufacture and the seaborne trade of the nation of shopkeepers. Description of the land suitable for rearing sheep leads quite naturally to pictures of life in Lapland and Arabia, which are not good for sheep-breeding; the voyages of Jason and the argonauts of the golden fleece presented inevitable attractions; and the Miltonic and sonorous lists of places to which English manufactures find their way leave room for references to Vasco da Gama, Columbus, and Anson. Not content with the processes of woollen manufacture, this poet of the woollen interest in its widest sense bursts into an enthusiastic excursus on the forging and sharpening of sheep-shears and cutlery at Leeds. Dyer had a warm affection for his native Wales, and Welsh sheep, Demetia, Siluria, the banks of the Wye and Severn, occupy disproportionate space in a survey of British sheep-farming. And repeated returns to the magnificence of Plynlimmon, Cader Idris, and other Welsh hills show that Dyer and his contemporaries were by no means so dead to the glories of mountain scenery as is often assumed. Amid the comically prosaic details and tedious didacticism there are fine passages and admirable lines in *The Fleece*, to which Mr Leslie Stephen is unjust in dismissing it as simply unreadable. The combination of true simplicity and eighteenth-century artificiality is curiously entertaining. Dyer's frank enthusiasm for the English climate, its refreshing fogs and rains, and the perennial verdure and purling brooks thereby nourished, is unconventional, frank, and infectious:

> These slow descending showers,
> Those hovering fogs, that bathe our growing vales
> In deep November (loathed by trifling Gaul,
> Effeminate) are gifts the Pleiads shed,
> Britannia's handmaids. As the beverage falls,
> Her hills rejoice, her valleys laugh and sing.
> Hail noble Albion! where no golden mines,
> No soft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bowers,
> The vigorous frame and lofty heart of man
> Enervate: round whose stern cerulean brows
> White-winged snow, and cloud, and pearly rain,
> Frequent attend, with solemn majesty.
> Rich queen of mists and vapours! These thy sons
> With their cool arms compress; and twist their nerves
> For deeds of excellence and high renown.
> Thus formed, our Edwards, Henrys, Churchills, Blakes,
> Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons, rose.
> See, the sun gleams; the living pastures rise,
> After the nurture of the fallen shower,
> How beautiful! How blue the ethereal vault,
> How verdurous the lawns, how clear the brooks!
> Such noble warlike steeds, such herds of kine,
> So sleek, so vast; such spacious flocks of sheep,
> Like flakes of gold illumining the green,
> What other paradise adorn but thine,
> Britannia? happy, if thy sons would know
> Their happiness.

This English 'Cotter's Saturday Night' is not without a charming and truthful realism:

> Only a slender tuft of useful ash,
> And mingled beech and elm, securely tall,
> The little smiling cottage warm embowered;
> The little smiling cottage, where at eve
> He meets his rosy children at the door,
> Prattling their welcomes, and his honest wife,
> With good brown cake and bacon slice, intent
> To cheer his hunger after labour hard.

This is part of the shepherd's duties:

> But spread around thy tenderest diligence
> In flowery spring time, when the new dropt lamb,
> Tottering with weakness by his mother's side,
> Feels the fresh world about him; and each thorn,
> Hillock, or furrow trips his feeble feet:
> O guard his meek sweet innocence from all
> The innumerous ills that rush around his life!
> Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
> Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain;
> Observe the lurking crows; beware the brake:
> There the sly fox the careless minute waits;
> Nor trust thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor sky; . . .
> Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
> His hungry bleating still with tepid milk:
> In this soft office may thy children join,
> And charitable habits learn in sport.

Colin, on the top of Craig-y-Breiddyn in Montgomeryshire, laments like a modern philanthropi economist the rush to the towns:

> What various views unnumbered spread beneath!
> Woods, towers, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, and torrent floods,
> And here and there, between the spiry rocks,
> The broad flat sea. Far nobler prospects these,
> Than gardens black with smoke in dusty towns,
> Where stenchy vapours often blot the sun:
> Yet flying from his quiet, thither crowds
> Each greedy wretch for tardy rising wealth,
> Which comes too late; that courts the taste in vain,
> Or nauseates with distempers. Yes, ye rich,
> Still, still be rich, if thus ye fashion life,
> And piping careless, silly shepherds we;
> We silly shepherds, all intent to feed
> Our snowy flocks, and wind the sleeky fleece.

Dyer rejoiced in the present and prospective well-being of the American colonies:

> Happy the voyage, o'er the Atlantic brine,
> By active Raleigh made, and great the joy,
> When he discerned above the foamy surge
> A rising coast, for future colonies,
> Opening her bays and figuring her capes,
> Even from the northern tropic to the pole.
> No land gives more employment to the loom,
> Or kindlier feeds the indigent; no land
> With more variety of wealth rewards
> The hand of labour: thither from the wrongs
> Of lawless rule the free-born spirit flies;
> Thither affliction, thither poverty,

And arts and sciences: thrice happy clime,
Which Britain makes the asylum of mankind
  But joy superior far his bosom warms,
Who views those shores in every culture dressed;
With habitations gay, and numerous towns,
On hill and valley; and his countrymen
Formed into various states, powerful and rich,
In regions far remote: who from our looms
Take largely for themselves, and for those tribes
Of Indians, ancient tenants of the land,
In amity conjoined, of civil life
The comforts taught, and various new desires,
Which kindle arts, and occupy the poor,
And spread Britannia's flocks o'er every dale

But he quite foresees American rivalry in raw material, if not in manufacture, and warns Britons, then as now too secure, of the dangers of slackness

  Even in the new Columbian world appears
The woolly covering: Apacheria's glades,
And Canses[1], echo to the pipes and flocks
Of foreign swains While Time shakes down his sands
And works continual change, be none secure
Quicken your labours, brace your slackening nerves,
Ye Britons; nor sleep careless on the lap
Of bounteous Nature: she is elsewhere kind
See Mississippi lengthen-on her lawns,
Propitious to the shepherds: see the sheep
Of fertile Arica, like camels formed,
Which bear huge burdens to the sea beat shore,
And shine with fleeces soft as feathery[2]

Isaac Hawkins Browne 1705 60, son of the vicar of Burton-on-Trent, was educated at Oxford, and in 1736 published a clever series of six imitations of then living authors which obtained great popularity. They naturally suggest a comparison with the parodies in the *Rejected Addresses* Browne, who was called to the Bar, resided mainly on his family estate, but sat in Parliament for some time as member for Wenlock in Shropshire. He wrote a Latin poem, *De Animi Immortalitate*, which was much praised and repeatedly translated as by Soame Jenyns, and an English poem on the subject of *Design and Beauty*. Johnson said that 'of all conversers he was the most delightful with whom I ever was in company,' and gave the sympathetic Boswell food for comfort when he told him that Browne 'drank freely for thirty years.' His imitations are his happiest work, the subject of the whole being *A Pipe of Tobacco*. The first of the series, *A New Year's Ode*, appropriately parodies the manner of Colley Cibber, then poet laureate in recitativo and airs, and begins.

Old battle-array, big with horror, is fled,
And olive-robed Peace again lifts up her head;
Sing, ye Muses, tobacco, the blessing of peace,
Was ever a nation so blessed as this?

Air. —When summer suns grow red with heat,
    Tobacco tempers Phœbus' ire;
  When wintry storms around us beat,
    Tobacco chears with gentle fire.
  Yellow autumn, youthful spring,
  In thy praises jointly sing.

Like Neptune, Cæsar guards Virginian fleets,
Fraught with tobacco's balmy sweets;
Old Ocean trembles at Britannia's power,
And Boreas is afraid to roar.

Cibber's laureate effusions are here happily travestied[1]. Ambrose Philips is also well hit off not by Browne himself, but by 'an ingenious friend

Little tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax and eye of fire;
And thy snowy taper waist
With my finger gently braced,
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper pressed,
And the sweetest bliss of blisses
Breathing from thy balmy kisses

Thomson is the subject of the third imitation

O thou, matured by glad Hesperian suns,
Tobacco, fountain pure of limpid truth,
That looks the very soul; whence pouring thought,
Swarms all the mind; absorpt is yellow care
And at each puff imagination burns;
Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires
Touch the mysterious lip that chants thy praise,
In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown
Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines
Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue formed,
And glazed magnifick o'er, I grasp, I fill.
From Pætotheke with pungent powers perfumed
Itself one tortoise all, where shines imbibed
Each parent ray; then rudely rammed illume,
With the red touch of zeal enkindling sheet,
Marked with Gibsonian lore; forth issue clouds,
Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around,
And many mining fires I all the while,
Lolling at ease, inhale the breezy balm.
But chief, when Bacchus wont with thee to join
In genial strife and orthodoxal ale,
Stream life and joy into the Muse's bowl.
Oh, be thou still my great inspirer, thou
My Muse: oh, fan me with thy zephyr's boon,
While I, in clouded tabernacle shrined,
Burst forth all oracle and mystick song.

Many of the lines and phrases are from Thomson's poem of *Liberty* 1732), which also explains Gibsonian lore. *Pætotheke* is a pedantic coinage for a tobacco-box. Such a smart parody of Thomson's magniloquent style and diction being inevitably ludicrous, the usually good-natured poet was offended, and indited some angry lines in reply. The fourth imitation is in the style of Young's *Satires* which are less strongly marked by mannerism than the *Night Thoughts*, not then written. The parody begins:

Criticks avaunt; Tobacco is my theme;
Tremble like hornets at the blasting steam.
And you, court insects, flutter not too near
Its light, nor buzz within the scorching sphere.
Pollio, with flame like thine my verse inspire,
So shall the Muse from smoke elicit fire.

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[1] The country of the Apache Indians parts of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona was even farther away in [illegible] [illegible] West [illegible] Kansas. [2] The sheep of Arica are, [illegible], llamas.

It is Pope of course who is thus [illegible]ated :

Blest leaf ! whose aromatic gales dispense
To templars modesty, to parsons sense :
So raptured priests, at famed Dodona's shrine,
Drank inspiration from the steam divine.
Poison that cures, a vapour that affords
Content more solid than the smile of lords :
Rest to the weary, to the hungry food,
The last kind refuge of the wise and good.
Inspired by thee, dull cits adjust the scale
Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail.
By thee protected, and thy sister beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.
Nor less the critic owns thy genial aid,
While supperless he plies the piddling trade.
What though to love and soft delights a foe,
By ladies hated, hated by the beau,
Yet social freedom long to courts unknown,
Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own.
Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,
And let me taste thee unexcised by kings !

In the last, beginning :

Boy ! bring an ounce of Freeman's best,
And bid the vicar be my guest –

Browne not merely caught the manner of Swift, but successfully reproduced his coarseness.

Matthew Green (1696-1737), author of *The Spleen*, praised by Pope and Gray, left the austere Dissenting communion of his parents, had a post as clerk in the London Custom-House, performed his duties faithfully, and from time to time wrote and published verses. He was a witty and entertaining companion, but seems to have had personal experience of 'the spleen,' to judge by the aptness with which he discusses its various forms and their appropriate remedies, in comic verse like that of *Hudibras* and of some of Swift's poems. The poem was first published by Glover, the author of *Leonidas*, after Green's death. Gray thought that 'even the wood-notes of Green often break out into strains of real poetry and music ;' and the fourth line of the first of the following extracts from *The Spleen* (alluding to David and Goliath, and not unlike Shakespeare's

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires),

soon attained to the dignity of a stock quotation.

Cures for Melancholy.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, spleen,
Some recommend the bowling green ;
Some hilly walks ; all exercise ;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies ;
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the spleen ;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequined away the fit.
Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At some particulars let us laugh. . . .
  If spleen-fogs rise at break of day,
I clear my evening with a play,
Or to some concert take my way.
The company, the shine of lights,
The scenes of humour, music's flights,
Adjust and set the soul to rights. . . .
  In rainy days keep double guard,
Or spleen will surely be too hard ;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprise a work of wit ;
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That 's fit for simile, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That memory minds not what is read,
I sit in window dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark :
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipped discourses gather
That politics go by the weather. . . .
  Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit ;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think nor speak with any pains,
But lay on Fancy's neck the reins. . . .
  I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loath to lend or run in debt.
No Compter-writs me agitate,
Who moralising pass the gate,
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,
And forces Folly through the grate
Her panegyric to repeat.
Experience, joined with common sense,
To mortals is a providence. . . .
  Happy the man who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent ;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pulled against the tide.
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcerned life's wager rowed,
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.

The gate is the gate of the Compter or debtor's prison : *me* is the antecedent to the *who* that follows.

Contentment—A Wish.

May Heaven—it 's all I wish for—send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cupboard, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land :
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim ;
Behind, a green, like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet ;
Where odorous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambrosial air ;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenced by a slope with bushes crowned,
Fit dwelling for the feathered throng,
Who pay their quit rents with a song ;

With opening views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy do regale,
Where the half cirque, which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds:
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees;
From hills through plains in dusk array,
Extended far, repel the day;
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate;
And dreams, beneath the spreading beech,
Inspire, and docile fancy teach;
While soft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulses rustle through the mind:
Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In measured motions frisk about,
Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean
Vie in variety of green;
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow Sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
And silver streams through meadows stray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And lesser nymphs on side of hills,
From plaything urns pour down the rills.

Lord Hervey (1696-1743), the son of a Suffolk knight, is well known as the Sporus of Pope and as husband of the much-besung and beautiful Mary Lepell. A supple politician and a good parliamentary debater, he was successively Vice-Chamberlain and Lord Privy Seal, and a great favourite with Queen Caroline. His history, called *Memoirs of the Reign of George II. from his Accession till the Death of Queen Caroline*, edited in 1848 by John Wilson Croker, is very valuable in its way. It abounds in minute details drawn from personal observation; the characters are cleverly drawn; and he has described at length all the vices, coarseness, and dullness of the court, in a style concise and pointed. His portraits are often spiteful, and he rarely does justice to the good qualities of those (and they were many) whom he disliked. Besides his *Memoirs*, Lord Hervey published many pamphlets, wrote occasional verses, and joined with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in endeavouring vainly to repel the envenomed shafts of Pope. He was a man of talent and energy, though contending with wretched health, drinking asses' milk, and rouging his countenance to conceal his ghastly appearance; of moral principle or public honour he appears to have been destitute. A few weeks before his death we find him writing thus characteristically to Lady Mary: 'The last stages of an infirm life are filthy roads, and, like all other roads, I find the further one goes from the capital, the more tedious the miles grow, and the more rough and disagreeable the way. I know of no turnpikes to mend them; medicine pretends to be such, but doctors who have the management of it, like the commissioners for most other turnpikes, seldom execute what they undertake; they only put the toll of the poor cheated passenger in their pockets, and leave every jolt at least as bad as they found it, if not worse.' The extracts that follow are from the *Memoirs*.

Traits of George II. and Queen Caroline.

The Duke of Richmond asked the king immediately to succeed Lord Scarborough, and the king was not averse to granting his request any further than he was always averse to giving anything to anybody. Many ingredients concurred to form this reluctance in his majesty to bestowing. One was that, taking all his notions from a German measure, he thought every man who served him in England overpaid; another was, that while employments were vacant he saved the salary; but the most prevalent of all was his never having the least inclination to oblige. I do not believe there ever lived a man to whose temper benevolence was so absolutely a stranger. It was a sensation that, I dare say, never accompanied any one act of his power; so that whatever good he did was either extorted from him, or was the adventitious effect of some self-interested act of policy: consequently, if any seeming favour he conferred ever obliged the receiver, it must have been because the man on whom it fell was ignorant of the motives from which the giver bestowed. I remember Sir Robert Walpole saying once, in speaking to me of the king, that to talk with him of compassion, consideration of past services, charity, and bounty, was making use of words that with him had no meaning. . . . The queen, by long studying and long experience of his temper, knew how to instil her own sentiments—whilst she affected to receive his majesty's; she could appear convinced whilst she was controverting, and obedient whilst she was ruling; and by this means her dexterity and address made it impossible for anybody to persuade him what was truly his case, that whilst she was seemingly on every occasion giving up her opinion and her will to his, she was always in reality turning his opinion and bending his will to hers. She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pageant god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled and regulated in private. And as these oracles consequently were only propitious to the favourites of the augurers, so nobody who had not tampered with our chief *priestess* ever received a favourable answer from our god: storms and thunder greeted every votary that entered the temple without her protection, calms and sunshine those who had secured it. The king himself was so little sensible of this being his case, that one day, enumerating the people who had governed this country in other reigns, he said Charles I. was governed by his wife, Charles II. by his mistresses, King James by his priests, King William by his men, and Queen Anne by her women favourites. His father, he added, had been governed by anybody that could get at him. And at the end of this compendious history of our great and wise monarchs, with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air, he turned about, smiling, to one of his auditors, and asked him: 'And who do they say governs now?' Whether this is a true or a false story of the king I know not, but it was currently reported and generally believed.

(From Chap. iv.)

Her predominant passion was pride, and the darling pleasure of her soul was power; but she was forced to gratify one to gain the other, as some people do health, by a strict and painful *régime*, which few besides herself could have had patience to support or resolution to adhere to. She was at least seven or eight hours *tête-à-tête* with the king every day, during which time she was generally saying what she did not think, assenting to what she did not believe, and praising what she did not approve; for they were seldom of the same opinion, and he too fond of his own for her ever at first to dare to controvert it (‘*Consilii quamvis egregii quod ipse non afferret inimicus*’—‘An enemy to any counsel, however excellent, which he himself had not suggested.’ *Tacitus*). She used to give him her opinion as jugglers do a card, by changing it imperceptibly, and making him believe he held the same with that he first pitched upon. But that which made these *tête-à-têtes* seem heaviest was that he neither liked reading nor being read to (unless it was to sleep): she was forced, like a spider, to spin out of her own bowels all the conversation with which the fly was taken. However, to all this she submitted, for the sake of power, and for the reputation of having it; or the vanity of being thought to possess what she desired was equal to the pleasure of the possession itself. But, either for the appearance or the reality, she knew it was absolutely necessary to have interest in her husband, as she was sensible that interest was the measure by which people would always judge of her power. Her every thought, word, and act therefore tended and was calculated to preserve her influence there; to him she sacrificed her time, for him she mortified her inclination; she looked, spake, and breathed but for him, like a weathercock to every capricious blast of his uncertain temper, and governed him (if such influence so gained can bear the name of government) by being as great a slave to him thus ruled as any other wife could be to a man who ruled her. For all the tedious hours she spent then in watching him whilst he slept, or the heavier task of entertaining him whilst he was awake, her single consolation was in reflecting she had power, and that people in coffee-houses and *ruelles* were saying she governed this country, without knowing how dear the government of it cost her.

(From Chap. xiii.)

Barton Booth (1681-1733), son of a Lancashire squire of good family, was educated at Westminster, and, spite of opposition, carried out his wish to become an actor and a famous one, his Cato in Addison's play being his greatest part. He wrote a masque on the death of Dido, and a number of poems, many of them to his wife and some of them sprightly. From one of his songs come the lines (based on *Hudibras*, III., ii. 175):

True as the needle to the pole
Or as the dial to the sun.

Thomas Cooke (1703-1756), the son of an innkeeper at Braintree, studied the classics at Filstead School and privately, and became a Whig journalist. He was the author of dramatic pieces, poems, and translations; his translation of Hesiod secured him the nickname of ‘Hesiod Cooke.’ An assault on Pope, Swift, and others in his *Battle of the Poets* began a lifelong feud. He was editor of the *Craftsman*.

Francis Hutcheson (1694-1746) was the son of a Presbyterian minister at Armagh, himself the son of a minister of good Ayrshire stock who had settled in Ireland. Francis studied for the ministry at the University of Glasgow, and was tutor to the young Earl of Kilmarnock who was executed for his share in the rebellion of 1745. As a licentiate he was thought to incline too much to a modified or ‘new light’ Calvinism; and shortly after the completion of his theological course he was invited to open a private academy in Dublin, which proved highly successful. In 1720 he published his *Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue*, and so became known to many influential personages, such as Lord Granville, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Archbishop King, and others. This work was followed in 1728 by his *Essay on the Nature and Conduct of the Passions;* and in the year after he was called to be professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. In his lifetime he published various minor books, including a small treatise on *Logic;* his largest work, *A System of Moral Philosophy*, was published by his son after his death (with a Life, 1755). By classical and literary sympathies, largely learnt from Shaftesbury, Hutcheson rescued philosophy from aridity, and conciliated a new interest in speculative thought. He may in some respects be considered a pioneer of the so-called ‘Scotch school’ and of the common-sense philosophy, although he was an eclectic, and was largely influenced by Locke; from his professorial work Dugald Stewart dated the metaphysical philosophy of Scotland. But it is as a moral philosopher, rather than as a metaphysician, that Hutcheson was conspicuous. His system is to a large extent that of Shaftesbury, but it is more complete, coherent, and clearly illustrated. He took over the term ‘moral sense’ (rarely used by his predecessor) and greatly developed the doctrine. He was a strong opponent of the theory that benevolence has a selfish origin; he was practically an early utilitarian. For insisting that ‘we have a knowledge of good and evil without and prior to a knowledge of God,’ and like unwonted teaching, he was (unavailingly) prosecuted for heresy by the Presbytery; and his influence powerfully promoted a liberal theology in Scotland. Hume consulted Hutcheson; Adam Smith studied under him, and was much influenced by him. Reid, too, was first stirred by his works to philosophical interests; but Hutcheson's greatest strength lay in his spoken utterances and not in his printed books.

See Professor Fowler's *Shaftesbury and Hutcheson* (1[illegible]), and the admirable monograph by W. R. Scott, which sheds new light both on his life and his teaching.

The Earl of Chesterfield.

Philip Dormer Stanhope (1694-1773) was an enlightened statesman, an orator, a conspicuous wit, and a man of almost universal accomplishments; but he is chiefly remembered as the author of the famous Letters written to his natural son, Philip Stanhope. Son of the third Earl of Chesterfield, he studied at Cambridge, made the grand tour, and sat in the House of Commons as member for St Germains in Cornwall from 1716 to 1726, when he succeeded his father as fourth Earl. In 1730 he was made Lord Steward of the Household. Until then, as a Whig, he had supported Walpole; but being ousted from office for voting against an excise bill, he went over to the Opposition, and was one of Walpole's bitterest antagonists. He was above bribes, and, according to his lights, an honest statesman and a true patriot. He joined the Pelham Ministry in 1744; in 1745-46 was a judicious, able, and conciliatory Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and was in 1746 one of the principal Secretaries of State, but in 1748 was compelled by ill-health and deafness to retire from public life. He was at one time on terms of intimacy with Swift, Pope, and Bolingbroke, and he patronised Colley Cibber and many other men of letters. Later in life, by obtruding on Samuel Johnson the patronage which he had withheld till the publication of the Dictionary, he drew from the lexicographer the famous indignant letter. The story that Johnson was kept waiting in an anteroom in Chesterfield's house while fops and fribbles passed freely into the presence is not true, and was denied by Johnson himself.

Chesterfield's ambition was gratified neither by success in public life nor in court society. Besides several series of letters, he wrote articles for periodicals and produced some political tracts. The letters to his son were meant to form the young man's mind, mould his manners, and make him an exceptionally accomplished man of the world. They were carried on from the time the boy was five years old till his death as envoy at Dresden at the age of thirty-six. As it happened, though Philip was good-natured and sensible, he was singularly deficient in the graces his courtly father so sedulously inculcated; he filled several minor diplomatic posts with credit, but was shy and diffident in manner and incapable of elegant accomplishments. The correspondence began with 'the dawnings of instruction adapted to the capacity of a boy, rising gradually, by precepts and monition calculated to direct and guard the age of incautious youth, to the advice and knowledge requisite to form the man ambitious to shine as an accomplished courtier, an orator in the senate, or a minister at foreign courts.' The letters contain a vast deal of shrewd advice and observation, show a highly refined taste in literary matters, and are written in singularly pure, perspicuous, and graceful English. Their ethical level is not high: though Johnson spoke quite unfairly when he said they taught the morals of a whore and the manners of a dancing-master. Chesterfield carefully distinguished between the manners of a gentleman and those of a dancing-master, which he abhorred; his morals, however unsatisfactory, were not those suggested by Johnson. He earnestly reprobated what he regarded as the coarser forms of vice. It might rather be said that he had neither real moral principles nor religious scruples, nor any higher rule of life than a regard for the conventional decencies prescribed by the code of his time—gentlemanliness as then understood. It was not an age of pure lives or lofty aspirations, and Chesterfield was perhaps not far below the level of the contemporary man of the world, whose supreme aim in life was to shine in public life or in society. The tone is cynical; self-control and regard for the feelings of others are necessary for our own well-being. Gallantry, its justifications, etiquette, and proper management, are discussed with unpleasant iteration, most unedifying maxims being seriously inculcated. A recent editor apologises for Chesterfield's remarkable counsel to his son to cultivate irregular relations with married women, on the ground that of a total of four hundred and twenty-one letters printed by him only seven or eight gave this unholy advice! The 121st letter—to the boy of eighteen says women are children of a larger growth, without good sense; 'a man of sense only trifles with them, plays with them.' The 180th has the first actual suggestion; the notorious 202nd opens,

CHESTERFIELD.
(From the Portrait by Wm. Hoare, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.)

'I have seldom or never written to you on the subject of religion and morality;' insists that 'your moral character [i.e. on the side of honour and truthfulness, *not* of sexual purity] must be not only pure, but, like Cæsar's wife, unsuspected;' and, characteristically, proceeds explicitly to recommend adultery. The letters were never designed for publication. After the death of Mr Stanhope in 1768, it was found that he had been secretly married, and had left a widow and two children. The widow made over the original letters to their proper owner, Lord Chesterfield, but she preserved copies, and immediately after the death of the eminent wit and statesman, the letters were committed to the press. The copyright was sold for £1500—a sum almost unprecedented for such a work—and five editions were called for within twelve months. In the later years of his life, when almost totally deaf and afflicted by increasing ill-health, Chesterfield wrote another long series of letters to his youthful kinsman, godson, and successor in the earldom letters similar to the earlier ones in general aim, but less remarkable and less exceptionable. On his deathbed he still endeavoured to carry out his own maxims of punctilious courtesy towards those about him.

On Good-Breeding.

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be, 'the result of much good-sense, some good-nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.' Taking this for granted—as I think it cannot be disputed—it is astonishing to me that anybody, who has good-sense and good nature, can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances, and are only to be acquired by observation and experience: but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good-manners are to particular societies what good morals are to society in general—their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill-effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility universally implied and received, to enforce good-manners and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference both between the crimes and punishments than at first one would imagine. The immoral man who invades another's property is justly hanged for it, and the ill-bred man, who by his ill-manners invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences are as natural an implied compact between civilised people as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects: whoever in either case violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred.

Judicious Flattery.

If you would particularly gain the affection and friendship of particular people, whether men or women, endeavour to find out their predominant excellency, if they have one, and their prevailing weakness, which every body has; and do justice to the one, and something more than justice to the other. Men have various objects in which they may excel, or at least would be thought to excel; and, though they love to hear justice done to them where they know that they excel, yet they are most and best flattered upon those points where they wish to excel, and yet are doubtful whether they do or not. As for example Cardinal Richelieu, who was undoubtedly the ablest statesman of his time, or perhaps of any other, had the idle vanity of being thought the best poet too: he envied the great Corneille his reputation, and ordered a criticism to be written upon the Cid. Those therefore who flattered skilfully said little to him of his abilities in state affairs, or at least but *en passant*, and as it might naturally occur. But the incense which they gave him, the smoke of which they knew would turn his head in their favour, was as a *bel esprit* and a poet. Why? Because he was sure of one excellency, and distrustful as to the other. You will easily discover every man's prevailing vanity, by observing his favourite topic of conversation; for every man talks most of what he has most a mind to be thought to excel in. Touch him but there, and you touch him to the quick. The late Sir Robert Walpole (who was certainly an able man) was little open to flattery upon that head; for he was in no doubt himself about it; but his prevailing weakness was to be thought to have a polite and happy turn to gallantry; of which he had undoubtedly less than any man living: it was his favourite and frequent subject of conversation; which proved to those who had any penetration that it was his prevailing weakness. And they applied to it with success.

Women have in general but one object, which is their beauty; upon which, scarce any flattery is too gross for them to swallow. Nature has hardly formed a woman ugly enough to be insensible to flattery upon her person; if her face is so shocking that she must in some degree be conscious of it, her figure and air, she trusts, make ample amends for it. If her figure is deformed, her face, she thinks, counterbalances it. If they are both bad, she comforts herself that she has graces; a certain manner; a *je ne sais quoi*, still more engaging than beauty. This truth is evident from the studied and elaborate dress of the ugliest women in the world. An undoubted, uncontested, conscious beauty is of all women the least sensible of flattery upon that head; she knows it is her due, and is therefore obliged to nobody for giving it her. She must be flattered upon her understanding; which, though she may possibly not doubt of herself, yet she suspects that men may distrust.

Do not mistake me, and think that I mean to recommend to you abject and criminal flattery: no, flatter nobody's vices or crimes; on the contrary, abhor and discourage them. But there is no living in the world without a complaisant indulgence for people's weaknesses, and innocent, though ridiculous vanities. If a man has a mind to be thought wiser, and a woman handsomer than they really are, their error is a comfortable one to themselves, and an innocent one with regard to other people; and I would rather make them my friends by indulging them in it, than my enemies, by endeavouring, and that to no purpose, to undeceive them.

There are little attentions, likewise, which are infinitely engaging, and which sensibly affect that degree of pride and self-love which is inseparable from human nature; as they are unquestionable proofs of the regard and consideration which we have for the person to whom we pay them. As for example, to observe the little habits, the likings, the antipathies, and the tastes of those whom we would gain; and then take care to provide them with the one, and to secure them from the other, giving them genteelly to understand, that you had observed they liked such a dish, or such a room, for which reason you had prepared it: or, on the contrary, that having observed they had an aversion to such a dish, a dislike to such a person, &c., you had taken care to avoid presenting them. Such attention to such trifles flatters self-love much more than greater things, as it makes people think themselves almost the only objects of your thoughts and care.

These are some of the *arcana's* necessary for your initiation in the great society of the world. I wish I had known them better at your age; I have paid the price of three-and fifty years for them, and shall not grudge it, if you reap the advantage. Adieu.

Personal Dignity.

There is a certain dignity of manners absolutely necessary to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable.

Horse-play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter, jokes, waggery, and indiscriminate familiarity will sink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compose at most a merry fellow; and a merry fellow was never yet a respectable man. Indiscriminate familiarity either offends your superiors, or else dubs you their dependent and led captain. It gives your inferiors just but troublesome and improper claims of equality. A joker is near akin to a buffoon; and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is admitted or sought for in company upon any other account than that of his merit and manners is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such-a-one, for he sings prettily; we will invite such a-one to a ball, for he dances well; we will have such a-one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing; we will ask another, because he plays deep at all games, or because he can drink a great deal. These are all vilifying distinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of esteem and regard. Whoever *is had* (as it is called) in company for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light; consequently never respected, let his merits be what they will.

This dignity of manners which I recommend so much to you, is not only as different from pride as true courage is from blustering, or true wit from joking, but is absolutely inconsistent with it; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride. The pretensions of the proud man are oftener treated with sneer and contempt than with indignation; as we offer ridiculously too little to a tradesman who asks ridiculously too much for his goods; but we do not haggle with one who only asks a just and reasonable price.

Abject flattery and indiscriminate assentation degrade as much as indiscriminate contradiction and noisy debate disgust. But a modest assertion of one's own opinion, and a complaisant acquiescence in other people's, preserve dignity.

Vulgar, low expressions, awkward motions and address, vilify, as they imply either a very low turn of mind, or low education and low company.

Frivolous curiosity about trifles and a laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man; who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz, very sagaciously, marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment he told him he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

A certain degree of exterior seriousness in looks and motions gives dignity without excluding wit and decent cheerfulness, which are always serious themselves. A constant smirk upon the face and a whiffling activity of the body are strong indications of futility. Whoever is in a hurry shews that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things.

Detached Thoughts.

Men who converse only with women are frivolous, effeminate puppies, and those who never converse with them are bears.

The desire of being pleased is universal. The desire of pleasing should be so too. Misers are not so much blamed for being misers as envied for being rich.

Dissimulation to a certain degree is as necessary in business as clothes are in the common intercourse of life; and a man would be as imprudent who should exhibit his inside naked, as he would be indecent if he produced his outside so.

Hymen comes whenever he is called, but Love only when he pleases.

An abject flatterer has a worse opinion of others, and, if possible, of himself, than he ought to have.

A woman will be implicitly governed by the man whom she is in love with, but will not be directed by the man whom she esteems the most. The former is the result of passion, which is her character; the latter must be the effect of reasoning, which is by no means of the feminine gender.

The best moral virtues are those of which the vulgar are, perhaps, the best judges.

A fool never has thought, a madman has lost it; and an absent man is for the time without it.

Advice is seldom welcome; and those who want it the most always like it the least.

In spite of his courtly accomplishments, Chesterfield was of unimposing presence and rather distinctly plain-looking. Some of his other correspondence, memoirs, speeches, essays, and contributions to the press were published in two volumes in 1777. All the miscellaneous works appeared in four volumes in 1779. Lord Mahon (afterwards Earl Stanhope) published the Letters and other pieces in five volumes in 1845-53, and Mr Bradshaw in three volumes in 1892. And the whole series of two hundred and thirty-six letters written to the Earl's godson and successor were published in [illegible] by Lord Carnarvon. Oddly enough the godson, like the son, was ill qualified to profit by Chesterfield's counsel. He was good-natured and shrewd, fond of field sports and a country life, and rather decidedly defective in breeding. Another edition of the Letters by Mr C. Strachey appeared in 1901. Innumerable selections from the Letters have been published not only in English but in Dutch, German, and Spanish. See Sainte-Beuve's *Critical Essay on Chesterfield* (Longmans [illegible]); W. Ernst Browning's *Wit and Wisdom of Lord Chesterfield* (1874) and his *Memoirs of Lord Chesterfield* (1893), and Churton Collins's *Essays and Studies* (1895).

Samuel Richardson.

From some unexplained circumstance, which certainly cannot be the lack of material, since there are no fewer than six huge volumes of his immoderate epistles in the Forster collection at South Kensington, Richardson has not hitherto found a place in any of the numerous series of short biographies. Until recently, the lengthy memoir which Mrs A. L. Barbauld prefixed in 1804 to her selection (also in six volumes) of his letters, remained the chief authority for his life; but in 1900 a careful biographical and critical study was published by Miss C. L. Thomson. Richardson's father, like Prior's, was a joiner; 'a very honest man (says his son), descended of a family of middling note, in the County of Surrey;' his mother, 'a good woman, of a family not ungenteel.' At the time of the Monmouth rebellion the elder Richardson retired to Derbyshire, and here in 1689 Samuel Richardson was born. He was at first designed for the Church, but means were wanting; and, with nothing more than 'common school learning,' he began life in 1706 as a printer's apprentice, his master being Mr John Wilde of Aldersgate Street. He had selected this calling, he tells us, because he thought it would gratify his thirst for reading. In due time he became a compositor and corrector of the press, married, set up for himself (1719), printed newspapers, wrote 'honest dedications' and prefaces for the booksellers, and was made successively Printer of the Journals of the House of Commons, Master of the Stationers' Company, and finally King's Law Printer. His first London place of business was in Fleet Street itself. Afterwards he moved to Salisbury Square (then Court), where his last house (now demolished) was at No. 11, in the north-west corner, and his offices in the present Bell's Buildings. Besides his city residence, he had a country box at North End, Fulham, which he occupied from 1739, or earlier, to 1754, when he moved to Parson's Green. His three novels, the last of which was completed early in 1754 by the issue of the final volumes, were therefore written before he quitted North End. At Parson's Green, on the 4th July 1761, he died, and was buried in the middle aisle of St Bride's, Fleet Street, near the pulpit.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

(From the Portrait by Joseph Highmore in the National Portrait Gallery.)

Such a career, so laborious, so methodical, so monotonous, is not usually found to be fertile in incident; and the story of Richardson is the story of his works, the insensible preparation for which began betimes. As a child he was a letter-writer, and even a moral letter-writer. One of his schoolmates invited him, at a very early age, to attempt the history of a servant-man (virtuous) who married his young mistress; and before he was eleven he had spontaneously addressed a hortatory epistle to a backbiting widow of near fifty. His gift with the pen made him the chosen and willing scribe of the young women of the neighbourhood, for whose correspondence with their sweethearts he frequently supplied not only the words but the sentiments. 'I cannot tell you what to write,' said one impulsive girl, with her heart in her mouth, 'but you cannot write too kindly;' and it is manifest that tasks of this sort must have greatly aided his minute insight into feminine character. He continued his habit, when he became a printer's apprentice, by a copious correspondence with an unnamed gentleman of similar tastes, who, 'had he lived, intended high things' for his young friend. At last, in 1739, when he was fifty, Messrs Rivington & Osborn, who had already made use of his pen, proposed to him to compile a kind of model letter-writer for the use of 'those country readers who were unable to indite for themselves.' Two or three of the epistles prepared for this purpose suggested a separate story. 'And hence,' in the writer's own words, 'sprung *Pamela*.'

Virtue Rewarded, the second title of *Pamela*, (whose name, by the way, is borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*), sufficiently indicates the object of the book. But the precise author added further explanatory details. It was, he said, 'a series of familiar letters from a beautiful young damsel to her parents, published in order to cultivate the principles of virtue and religion in the youth of both sexes.' It was besides 'a narrative which had its foundation in truth and nature; and, at the same time that it agreeably entertained by a variety of curious and affecting incidents, was entirely divested of all those images which, in too many pieces, calculated for amusement only, tend to inflame the minds they should instruct.' As to these last pretensions, it is possible that the modern reader, like the excellent Dr Watts, may have his doubts; but there can be no doubt as to the success of the book. Issued in two volumes in November 1740, by February it had reached a second edition, to be followed by a third in March, and a fourth in May. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, in a rapture of admiration, declared that it was 'judged in Town as great a Sign of Want of Curiosity not to have read *Pamela*, as not to have seen the *French* and *Italian* dancers.' A Southwark clergyman extolled it from the pulpit; the great Mr Pope was alleged to have said that it would 'do more good than many volumes of sermons,' and profaner persons went as far as to compare it with the Bible. Fine ladies at public gardens (Mrs Barbauld says Ranelagh, but Ranelagh was not opened) held up the popular tomes to one another 'to shew they had got the book that every one was talking of.' In short, its vogue was undeniable. It interested; it held the reader; it dealt with existing men and women; and it was as different as possible from the 'huge folios of inanity,' the *Clelias* and the *Cassandras*, which then constituted the light reading of the period. Those who examine it now, while thoroughly recognising the sincerity of its intention, will probably be repelled both by its manner and its morality. They will also conclude that the prolonged defence of the heroine's chastity smacks unpleasantly of expediency and calculation. But it is a peculiarity of the writer's minute and exasperating method that its cumulative effect is difficult to resist. Attracting at first insensibly, it gradually fascinates, and finally absorbs. Moreover, its patient analysis of motive is akin to genius, and its knowledge of the female heart extraordinary from the outset. The quotation from Horace which Fielding afterwards applied to the author of *Clarissa* is already true of the author of this earlier book upon which he built up his own brilliant reputation:

> Pectus inaniter angit,
> Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet
> Ut Magus. (HOR. EPIST. II. i.)

The story of Fielding's ***Joseph Andrews***, and the connection with *Pamela* of what Richardson not unnaturally styled its 'lewd and ungenerous engraftment,' belongs, however, to our account of Fielding. Of the other works which owe their origin to Richardson's book, it is only necessary to recall the names. ***Pamela's Conduct in High Life, Pamela Censured, Anti-Pamela, The Apology for the Life of Mrs Shamela Andrews***, &c., had nevertheless this effect, that they prompted the author to produce two supplementary volumes. 'Second parts are never good,' says the bachelor Samson Carrasco in *Don Quixote*; and these supplementary volumes, which appeared in December 1741, were no exception to the rule. They were dull, they were heavy, and they were 'less a continuation than the author's defence of himself.' But two years later he was already engaged upon a far greater work than *Pamela*, the book entitled *Clarissa; or, the History of a Young Lady*, of which the further object, as particularised upon the title-page, was to show 'the Distresses that may attend the Misconduct both of Parents and Children in Relation to Marriage.' The first two volumes were published in November 1747; and in April and December of the following year the book was completed by five more. Notwithstanding its extent, it is Richardson's masterpiece. Its subject is not, like that of *Pamela*, 'virtue rewarded,' but rather virtue hunted down and outraged. That the author has rendered such a theme endurable through so many pages—which pages, moreover, cover only a period of eleven months—is an unanswerable proof of his genius. And not only is his heroine one of the most beautiful, as she is the noblest and purest of her sex; but her creator, whose strength hitherto had not lain in the delineation of men, has achieved, in her seducer, Lovelace (whether he built him on the lines of Rowe's Lothario or not), one of the most attractive villains of fiction. In addition to this, the book, as a narrative, straggles less than its predecessor; there is no wandering from the plain path of the story, and no dallying with details which retard the carrying onward of the climax. Unhasting, unresting, unrelenting, the author progresses to his foreseen conclusion with all the inexorable impetus of Fate. *Clarissa*, or (as it is popularly and erroneously called) *Clarissa Harlowe*, was, and deserved to be, a success. From persons of quality like Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lady Hervey, down to the seamstress behind her Cheapside or Ludgate counter, the little printer's book set all England sobbing; and the wave of sentiment spread from England to the Continent, where the sorrows of Richardson's heroine delighted the great critic Diderot, and stimulated the super-sensitised spirit of Rousseau. Jean-Jacques, who remembered *Clarissa* in his *Nouvelle Heloise*, declared that nothing equal to or approaching it had been written in any language; while Diderot placed its author on the same shelf with Moses and Homer, Euripides and Sophocles. History, he said, painted individuals; Richardson had painted the human species. In Germany, Klopstock, Gellert, and Wieland added their voices to the chorus. The book was promptly translated into German, Dutch, and French—the French translator being none else than the Abbé Prévost, himself the author of another epoch-making novel, *Manon Lescaut*. Prévost had already translated the first two volumes of *Pamela*, and he also made a version of *Grandison*.

Six years elapsed before Richardson again came forward as a novelist. In *Clarissa* he had intended the portrait of a good woman; in his next and last work he essayed the (to him) more difficult task of depicting a good man—'a man of true honour.' *Sir Charles Grandison* (whose surname has become synonymous with a certain frigid and formal politeness) represents the beau-ideal of a perfect gentleman and Christian. He disapproves of duelling as fervently as Steele, declines to dock the tails of his horses, and comports himself generally, on all occasions, including the Macheath-like dilemma of loving two ladies at once, with a most edifying discretion. But, although he is drawn with strokes as minute and patient, he never quite 'comes off' in the same way as Clarissa. He is too superfine, too courteous, too impeccable for 'human nature's daily food;' and one can understand, and even excuse, the burst of unwonted levity with which M. Taine eventually dismisses him: 'He is great, he is generous, he is delicate, he is pious, he is irreproachable; he has never done a dirty action or been betrayed into a false gesture. His conscience and his wig are intact. So be it. He shall be canonised and stuffed.' But if the hero of the book never attains to the faultless monsterhood at which the author aimed, in the feminine characters, Clementina, Harriet Byron, Charlotte Grandison, and so forth, he is again at his best. And though *Sir Charles Grandison* does not equal *Clarissa*, it is immeasurably superior to *Pamela*.

Besides the volume of model letters with which *Pamela* originated, a pamphlet dealing with the treatment he had experienced at the hands of the Dublin booksellers, and a paper in the *Rambler* (No. 97, on 'Virtuous Courtship'), in the introductory sentence to which Johnson describes him as an author who had 'enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue,' Richardson made no further contributions to literature of any importance. He continued to write at inordinate length to his friends and admirers, mostly of the opposite sex, and to receive complacently the unstinted tribute of their adulation. A nervous, sentimental little man, a vegetarian and water-drinker, his health, undermined by long sedentary occupation, declined as he grew older and he became subject to fits of dizziness. His chief mode of exercise was walking, with alternative of that recently-revived substitute for equitation, the chamber-hobby or horse. He quitted London rarely, and then got no farther than Bath or Tunbridge Wells, where he might be seen in his flaxen wig, furtively shuffling along the side-walks, one hand in his bosom, the other at his chin or grasping his cane-head beneath his coat-tails, shyly distrustful of strangers, but brightening into a fluttered benignity upon the approach of Miss Highmore, Miss Fielding, Miss Mulso, Miss Talbot, Miss Collier, or some other member of the little consistory of feminine flatterers whom he called 'my ladies.'

His three novels, as already stated, belong to his residence at North End, which seems at one time to have been known, either actually or familiarly, as Selby House (Corr. i. clxvi.), after the 'Selby House' in *Grandison*. His favourite writing-place was a grotto or arbour in the middle of the garden at the back, where he had a seat with an ink-horn on the side. He has also an ink-pot let into the handle of his chair in Highmore's portrait. It was his practice to write his letters, either feigned or real, upon a little board which he held in his hand, and this is shown in another picture by Mason Chamberlin, which has been engraved. Some of his work must have been done at Salisbury Court; but it is probable that the greater part of *Clarissa* and *Grandison* had its birth in the grotto at North End. To this, says Mrs Barbauld, he used to retreat in the morning 'before the family were up; and, when they met at breakfast, he communicated the progress of his story, which, by that means had every day a fresh and lively interest. Then began the criticisms, the pleadings, for Harriet Byron or Clementina; every turn and every incident was eagerly canvassed, and the author enjoyed the benefit of knowing beforehand how his situations would strike.' One of these sessions, which sometimes took place in the grotto itself, is depicted in a little sketch by Miss Highmore, where Richardson is shown reading the manuscript of *Grandison* to a circle of friends. These readings must have been invaluable to him in shaping and modifying the course of his story. They must also be responsible, in some measure, for its exceptional length, if, as he told Young, he was apt to add three pages for every one that he retrenched. But his prolixity was innate. It was a part of his minute method, and it is also part of his strength. 'You have,' said Aaron Hill, who tried vainly to abridge him, 'formed a style . . . where verbosity becomes a virtue; because, in pictures which you draw with such a skilful negligence, redundance but conveys resemblance; and to contract the strokes would be to spoil the likeness.' This is the verdict of an admirer; but it is true. Richardson's style is not good; it is colloquial, it is pedestrian, it is diffuse. But it is also direct and unaffected, and, what is more, in the much-debated metaphor of Buffon, it is the man himself—the sentient being, *l'homme même*.

Pamela in Church.

Yesterday [Sunday] we set out, attended by John, Abraham, Benjamin, and Isaac, in fine new liveries, in the best chariot, which had been new cleaned and lined, and new-harnessed; so that it looked like a quite new one. But I had no arms to quarter with my dear lord and master's, though he jocularly, upon my taking notice of my obscurity, said that he had a good mind to have the olive-branch, which would allude to his hopes, quartered for mine. I was dressed in the suit I mentioned, of white, flowered with silver, and a rich head, and the diamond necklace, ear-rings, &c. I also mentioned before. And my dear sir, in a fine laced silk waistcoat, of blue paduasoy, and his coat a pearl-coloured fine cloth, with gold buttons and button-holes, and lined with white silk; and he looked charmingly indeed. I said I was too fine, and would have laid aside some of the jewels: but he said it would be thought a slight to me from him, as his wife; and though, as I apprehended, it might be that people would talk as it was, yet he had rather they should say anything, than that I was not put upon an equal foot, as his wife, with any lady he might have married.

It seems the neighbouring gentry had expected us, and there was a great congregation, for (against my wish) we were a little of the latest; so that, as we walked up the church to his seat, we had abundance of gazers and whisperers. But my dear master behaved with so intrepid an air, and was so cheerful and complaisant to me, that he did credit to his kind choice, instead of shewing as if he was ashamed of it: and as I was resolved to busy my mind entirely with the duties of the day, my intentness on that occasion, and my thankfulness to God for his unspeakable mercies to me, so took up my thoughts, that I was much less concerned than I should otherwise have been at the gazings and whisperings of the ladies and gentlemen, as well as the rest of the congregation, whose eyes were all turned to our seat.

When the sermon was ended, we stayed the longest, because the church should be pretty empty: but we found great numbers at the church doors, and in the church porch; and I had the pleasure of hearing many commendations, as well of my person as my dress and behaviour, and not one reflection or mark of disrespect. Mr Martin, who is single, Mr Chambers, Mr Arthur, and Mr Brooks, with their families, were all there; and the four gentlemen came up to us before we went into the chariot, and in a very kind and respectful manner complimented us both; and Mrs Arthur and Mrs Brooks were so kind as to wish me joy. And Mrs Brooks said: 'You sent Mr Brooks, madam, home the other day quite charmed with a manner which you have convinced a thousand persons this day is natural to you.' 'You do me great honour, madam,' replied I; 'such a good lady's approbation must make me too sensible of my happiness.' My dear master handed me into the chariot, and stood talking with Sir Thomas Atkyns at the door of it (who was making him abundance of compliments, and is a very ceremonious gentleman, a little too extravagant in that way), and I believe to familiarise me to the gazers, which concerned me a little, for I was dashed to hear the praises of the country-people, and to see how they crowded about the chariot. Several poor people begged my charity; and I beckoned John with my fan, and said: 'Divide in the further church-porch that money to the poor, and let them come to-morrow morning to me, and I will give them something more if they don't importune me now.' So I gave him all the silver I had, which happened to be between twenty and thirty shillings; and this drew away from me their clamorous prayers for charity.

Mr Martin came up to me on the other side of the chariot, and leaned on the very door, while my master was talking to Sir Thomas, from whom he could not get away, and said: 'By all that's good, you have charmed the whole congregation. Not a soul but is full of your praises. My neighbour knew, better than anybody could tell him, how to choose for himself. Why,' said he, 'the Dean himself looked more upon you than his book!' 'O sir,' said I, 'you are very encouraging to a weak mind.' 'I vow,' said he, 'I say no more than is truth. I'd marry to-morrow if I was sure of meeting with a person of but one half of the merit you have. You are,' continued he, 'and 'tis not my way to praise too much, an ornament to your sex, an honour to your spouse, and a credit to religion. Everybody is saying so,' added he, 'for you have by your piety edified the whole church.'

As he had done speaking, the Dean himself complimented me, that the behaviour of so worthy a lady would be very edifying to his congregation, and encouraging to himself. 'Sir,' said I, 'you are very kind: I hope I shall not behave unworthy of the good instructions I shall have the pleasure to receive from so worthy a divine.' He bowed and went on.

Sir Thomas then applied to me, my master stepping into the chariot, and said: 'I beg pardon, madam, for detaining your good spouse from you. But I have been saying he is the happiest man in the world.' I bowed to him; but I could have wished him farther, to make me not so in the notice of every one: which, for all I could do, dashed me not a little.

Mr Martin said to my master: 'If you'll come to church every Sunday with your charming lady, I will never absent myself, and she'll give a good example to all the neighbourhood.' 'O my dear sir,' said I to my master, 'you know not how much I am obliged to good Mr Martin: he has by his kind expression made me dare to look up with pleasure and gratitude.' Said my master: 'My dear love, I am very much obliged, as well as you, to my good friend Mr Martin.' And he said to him: 'We will constantly go to church, and to every other place where we can have the pleasure of seeing Mr Martin.' Mr Martin said: 'Gad, sir, you are a happy man, and I think your lady's example has made you more polite and handsome too than I ever knew you before, though we never thought you unpolite neither.' And so he bowed, and went to his own chariot: and as we drove away, the people kindly blessed us, and called us a charming pair.

(From Pamela's journal, in *Pamela*.)

The Death of Lovelace. Translation of a letter from F. J. De la Tour. To John Belford, Esq., near Soho Square, London.

Trent, *December* 18, N.S.

Sir,—I have melancholy news to inform you of, by order of the Chevalier Lovelace. He showed me his letter to you before he sealed it, signifying that he was to meet the Chevalier Morden on the 15th. Wherefore, as the occasion of the meeting is so well known to you, I shall say nothing of it here.

I had taken care to have ready, within a little distance, a surgeon and his assistant, to whom, under an oath of secrecy, I had revealed the matter (though I did not own it to the two gentlemen): so that they were prepared with bandages, and all things proper. For well was I acquainted with the bravery and skill of my chevalier; and had heard the character of the other; and knew the animosity of both. A post-chaise was ready, with each of their footmen, at a little distance.

The two chevaliers came exactly at their time: they were attended by Monsieur Margate (the Colonel's gentleman) and myself. They had given orders over night, and now repeated them in each other's presence, that we should observe a strict impartiality between them: and that, if one fell, each of us should look upon himself, as to any needful help or retreat, as the servant of the survivor, and take his commands accordingly.

After a few compliments, both the gentlemen, with the greatest presence of mind that I ever beheld in men, stript to their shirts, and drew.

They parried with equal judgment several passes. My chevalier drew the first blood, making a desperate push, which, by a sudden turn of his antagonist, missed going clear through him, and wounded him on the fleshy part of the ribs of his right side; which part the sword tore out, being on the extremity of the body: but, before my chevalier could recover himself, the Colonel, in return, pushed him into the inside of the left arm, near the shoulder: and the sword (raking his breast as it passed) being followed by a great effusion of blood, the Colonel said, sir, I believe you have enough.

My chevalier swore by G--d he was not hurt: 'twas a pin's point: and so made another pass at his antagonist; which he, with a surprising dexterity, received under his arm, and run my dear chevalier into the body: who immediately fell: saying, The luck is yours, sir O my beloved Clarissa! now art thou——. Inwardly he spoke three or four words more. His sword dropped from his hand. Mr Morden threw his down, and ran to him, saying in French Ah monsieur, you are a dead man! call to God for mercy!

We gave the signal agreed upon to the footmen; and they to the surgeons, who instantly came up.

Colonel Morden, I found, was too well used to the bloody work; for he was as cool as if nothing extraordinary had happened, assisting the surgeons, though his own wound bled much. But my dear chevalier fainted away two or three times running, and vomited blood besides.

However, they stopped the bleeding for the present; and we helped him into the voiture; and then the Colonel suffered his own wound to be dressed, and appeared concerned that my chevalier was between whiles (when he could speak, and struggle) extremely outrageous.—Poor gentleman! he had made quite sure of victory!

The Colonel, against the surgeons' advice, would mount on horseback to pass into the Venetian territories, and generously gave me a purse of gold to pay the surgeons; desiring me to make a present to the footman, and to accept of the remainder, as a mark of his satisfaction in my conduct, and in my care and tenderness of my master.

The surgeons told him, that my chevalier could not live over the day.

When the Colonel took leave of him, Mr Lovelace said, You have well revenged the dear creature.

I have, sir, said Mr Morden: and perhaps shall be sorry that you called upon me to this work, while I was balancing whether to obey, or disobey, the dear angel.

There is a fate in it! replied my chevalier—a cursed fate!—or this could not have been!—but be ye all witnesses, that I have provoked my destiny, and acknowledge that I fall by a man of honour.

Sir, said the Colonel, with the piety of a confessor (wringing Mr Lovelace's hand), snatch these few fleeting moments, and commend yourself to God.

And so he rode off.

The voiture proceeded slowly with my chevalier; yet the motion set both his wounds bleeding afresh; and it was with difficulty that they again stopped the blood.

We brought him alive to the nearest cottage; and he gave orders to me to dispatch to you the packet I herewith send sealed up; and bid me write to you the particulars of this most unhappy affair, and give you thanks in his name, for all your favours and friendship to him.

Contrary to all expectation, he lived over the night: but *suffered much*, as well from his *impatience* and *disappointment* as from his *wounds*; for he seemed *very unwilling to die*.

He was delirious, at times, in the two last hours; and then several times cried out, as if he had seen some frightful spectre, Take her away! Take her away! but named nobody. And sometimes praised some lady (that Clarissa, I suppose, whom he had invoked when he received his death's wound), calling her, Sweet Excellence! Divine Creature! Fair Sufferer! and once he said Look down, Blessed Spirit, look down!—and there stopped;—his lips however moving.

At nine in the morning, he was seized with convulsions, and fainted away; and it was a quarter of an hour before he came out of them.

His few last words I must not omit, as they show an ultimate composure; which may administer some consolation to his honourable friends.

Blessed said he, addressing himself no doubt to Heaven; for his dying eyes were lifted up—a strong convulsion prevented him for a few moments saying more—but recovering, he again with great fervour (lifting up his eyes, and his spread hands) pronounced the word *blessed*:—then, in a seeming ejaculation, he spoke inwardly so as not to be understood: at last, he distinctly pronounced these three words,

LET THIS EXPIATE!

and then, his head sinking on his pillow, he expired, at about half an hour after ten

He little thought, poor gentleman! his end so near: so had given no direction about his body. I have caused it to be embowelled, and deposited in a vault, till I have orders from England.

This is a favour that was procured with difficulty; and would have been refused, had he not been an Englishman of rank: a nation with reason respected in every Austrian government—for he had refused ghostly attendance, and the sacraments in the Catholic way. May his soul be happy, I pray God!

I have had some trouble also, on account of the manner of his death, from the magistracy here: who have taken the requisite informations in the affair. And it has cost some money. Of which, and of the dear chevalier's effects, I will give you a faithful account in my next. And so, waiting at this place your commands,

I am, sir,
Your most faithful and obedient servant,
F. J. De la Tour.

(From *Clarissa*.)

Sir Charles Grandison.

Sir Charles Grandison, in his person, is really a very fine man. He is tall; rather slender than full: his face in shape is a fine oval; he seems to have florid health; health confirmed by exercise.

His complexion seems to have been naturally too fine for a man: but, as if he were above being regardful of it, his face is overspread with a manly sunniness, [I want a word,] that shews he has been in warmer climates than England: and so it seems he has; since the tour of Europe has not contented him. He has visited some parts of Asia, and even of Afric, Egypt particularly.

I wonder what business a *man* has for such fine teeth, and so fine a mouth, as Sir Charles Grandison might boast of, were he vain.

In his aspect there is something great and noble, that shews him to be of rank. Were kings to be chosen for beauty and majesty of person, Sir Charles Grandison would have few competitors. His eye—Indeed, my Lucy, his eye shews, if possible, more of sparkling intelligence than that of his sister.

Now pray be quiet, my dear uncle Selby! What is beauty in a man to me? You all know that I never thought beauty a qualification in a man.

And yet, this grandeur in his person and air is accompanied with so much ease and freedom of manners, as engages one's love with one's reverence. His good breeding renders him very accessible. His sister says, he is always the first to break through the restraints, and to banish the diffidences, that will generally attend persons on a quite new acquaintance. He is *gay*, for he is sure of being acceptable in whatever he does or says.

Very true, Lucy: shake your head if you please.

In a word, he has such an easy, yet manly politeness, as well in his dress as in his address (no singularity appearing in either), that were he *not* a fine figure of a man, but were even plain and hard-featured, he would be thought (what is far more eligible in a man than mere beauty) very agreeable.

Sir Charles Grandison, my dear, has travelled, we may say, to some purpose.

Well might his sister tell Mr Reeves, that whenever he married he would break half a score hearts.

Upon my word, Lucy, he has too many personal advantages for a woman, who loved him with *passion*, to be easy with, whatever may be *his* virtue, from the foible our sex in general love to indulge for handsome men. For, O my dear! women's eyes are sad giddy things, and will run away with their sense, with their understandings, beyond the power of being overtaken either by stop-thief, or hue-and-cry.

I know that here you will bid me take care not to increase the number of the giddy; and so I will, my Lucy.

The good sense of this real fine gentleman is not, as I can find, rusted over by sourness, by moroseness: he is above quarrelling with the world for trifles: but he is still more above making such compliances with it as would impeach either his honour or conscience. Once Miss Grandison, speaking of her brother, said, My brother is valued by those who know him best, not so much for being a handsome man, not so much for his birth and fortune, nor for this or that single worthiness, as for being, in the great and yet comprehensive sense of the word, a *good man*. And at another time she said, that he lived to himself, and to his own heart; and though he had the happiness to please every body, yet he made the judgment or approbation of the world matter but of second consideration. In a word, added she, Sir Charles Grandison, *my brother*, (and when she looks proud, it is when she says, *my brother*), is not to be misled either by false glory, or false shame, which he calls, The great snares of virtue.

What a man is this, so to act!—What a woman is this, so to distinguish her brother's excellencies!

What a poor creature am I, compared to either of them! And yet I have had my admirers. So perhaps may still more faulty creatures among their inferiors. If, my Lucy, we have so much good sense as to make fair comparisons, what have we to do but to look forward rather than backward, in order to obtain the grace of humility?

But let me tell you, my dear, that Sir Charles does not look to be so great a self-denier, as his sister seems to think him, when she says, he lives to himself, and to his own heart, rather than to the opinion of the world.

He dresses to the fashion, rather richly, 'tis true, than gaudily; but still richly, so that he gives his fine person its full consideration. He has a great deal of vivacity in his whole aspect, as well as in his eye. Mrs Jenny says, that he is a great admirer of handsome women. His equipage is perfectly in taste, though not so much to the glare of taste, as if he aimed either to inspire or shew emulation. He seldom travels without a set, and suitable attendants; and what I think seems a little to savour of singularity, his horses are not docked: their tails are only tied up when they are on the road. This I took notice of when we came to town. I want, methinks, my dear, to find some fault in his outward appearance, were it but to make you think me impartial: my gratitude to him and my veneration for him notwithstanding.

But if he be of opinion that the tails of these noble animals are not only a natural ornament, but are of real use to defend them from the vexatious insects that in summer are so apt to annoy them (as Jenny just now told me was thought to be his reason for not depriving his cattle of a defence, which nature gave them), how far from a dispraise is this humane consideration! And how, in the more minute as well as we may suppose in the greater instances, does he deserve the character of the man of mercy, who will be merciful to his beast!

I have met with persons, who call those men *good*, that yet allow themselves in liberties which no good man can take. But I dare say, that Miss Grandison means by *good*, when she calls her brother, with so much pride, *a good man*, what I, and what you, my Lucy, would understand by the word.

(From *Letters from Miss Byron to Miss Selby*.)

Richardson's works were collected in 1811, in nineteen volumes, with a sketch of his life, by the Rev. Edward Mangin, M.A. They were also included in Ballantyne's *Novelist's Library*, with a memoir by Sir Walter Scott. Later editions are [illegible], with a prefatory chapter of biographical criticism by Mr Leslie Stephen (12 vols. 1883); and [illegible], with an introduction by Miss Ethel M. M. McKenna (20 vols. 1902). This last, which includes reproductions of the pretty old plates of Stothard, Burney and the rest, is based upon Mangin's text. There are notable articles upon Richardson in *Blackwood's Magazine* (Mrs Oliphant), March 1869; *Fortnightly Review* (Mr H. Buxton Forman), October 1869 and December 1901; *Contemporary Review* (H. D. Traill), October 1883; and *National Review* (Mrs Andrew Lang), November 1883. The *New Lucian* of Mr Traill (1900) also contains, at pages 271-86, an admirable dialogue between Fielding and Richardson; and there are references to his work in Larroumet's *Marivaux* (1882), Jusserand's *Le Roman Anglais* (1886), Texte's *Jean-Jacques Rousseau*, &c. (1895), and Erich Schmidt's *Richardson, Rousseau, und Goethe* (1875). A bust of Richardson, by George Frampton, A.R.A., was recently (20th November 1901) unveiled at the St Bride Foundation Institute, in Fleet Street. His North End house (formerly 43 but now 111 North End Road, Fulham) still exists, and was recently the residence of the late Sir E. Burne-Jones, Bart.; the Parson's Green house, which stood at the south-west corner of the green fronting the King's Road which leads from Buckingham Palace to Putney Bridge, has long disappeared. An interesting sketch of it, with a misleading title, was engraved by J. P. Malcolm in 1799.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

William Somerville (1675-1742), the poet of *The Chase*, was, as he tells Allan Ramsay, 'a squire well born, and six foot high.' The patrimonial estate (to which he succeeded in 1705) lay in Warwickshire, and was worth £1500 a year. Generous but extravagant and dissipated, he died in distressed circumstances; and having no child to succeed him, for present relief of burdens he settled his estate on the Scottish Lord Somerville. He wrote a poetical address to Addison when he purchased an estate in Warwickshire. 'In his verses to Addison,' says Johnson, 'the couplet which mentions Clio is written with the most exquisite delicacy of praise; it exhibits one of those happy strokes that are seldom attained.' Addison signed his papers in the *Spectator* with the letters of the name Clio; and this is the couplet which so delighted Johnson:

> When panting virtue her last efforts made,
> You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid.

In welcoming Addison to the banks of Avon, Somerville (like many another critic of the time) scruples not to rank him above Shakespeare:

> In heaven he sings; on earth your muse supplies
> The important loss, and heals our weeping eyes:
> Correctly great, she melts each flinty heart
> With equal genius, but superior art.

Somerville's chief poetical ventures were *The Two Springs, a Fable* (1725); *Occasional Poems* (1727); *The Chase* (1735); *Hobbinol*, a burlesque (1740); and *Field Sports*, a poem on hawking (1742). *The Chase*, in blank verse, contains practical instructions to sportsmen; this is a bright sketch of an autumn morning proper for 'throwing off the pack:'

> Now golden Autumn from her open lap
> Her fragrant bounties showers; the fields are shorn;
> Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
> The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
> And counts his large increase; his barns are stored,
> And groaning staddles bend beneath their load. stack-sta
> All now is free as air, and the gay pack
> In the rough bristly stubbles range unblamed;
> No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
> Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
> Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord awed;
> But courteous now he levels every fence,
> Joins in the common cry, and hollows loud, hollos
> Charmed with the rattling thunder of the field.
> O bear me, some kind power invisible,
> To that extended lawn where the gay court
> View the swift racers, stretching to the goal;
> Games more renowned, and a far nobler train,
> Than proud Elean fields could boast of old.
> Oh were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
> And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
> Or to those spacious plains, where the strained eye,
> In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
> Sarum's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascend
> And pierces through the clouds. Or to thy downs,
> Fair Cotswold, where the well-breathed beagle climbs,
> With matchless speed, thy green aspiring brow,
> And leaves the lagging multitude behind.
> Hail, gentle Dawn! mild, blushing goddess, hail!
> Rejoiced I see thy purple mantle spread
> O'er half the skies; gems pave thy radiant way,
> And orient pearls from every shrub depend.
> Farewell, Cleora; here, deep sunk in down,
> Slumber secure, with happy dreams amused,
> Till grateful streams shall tempt thee to receive
> Thy early meal, or thy officious maids;
> The toilet placed shall urge thee to perform
> The important work. Me other joys invite;
> The horn sonorous calls, the pack awaked
> Their matins chant, nor brook my long delay.
> My courser hears their voice; see there, with ears
> And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground;
> Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,
> And boils in every vein. As captive boys,
> Cowed by the ruling rod and haughty frowns
> Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks
> If once dismissed, no limits can contain
> The tumult raised within their little breasts,
> But give a loose to all their frolic play;
> So from [illegible] kennel rush the joyous pack;
> A thousand wanton gaieties express
> Their inward ecstasy, their pleasing sport
> Once more indulged, and liberty restored.
> The rising sun that o'er the horizon peeps,
> As many colours from their glossy skins
> Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
> When April showers descend. Delightful scene!
> Where all around is gay; men, horses, dogs;
> And in each smiling countenance appears
> Fresh blooming health, and universal joy.

Stothard illustrated an edition of *The Chase* (1800), as did also Hugh Thomson (1896). An edition of the works appeared in 1801.

William Oldys (1696-1761) was a zealous literary antiquary and Norroy King-at-arms. He wrote a Life of Raleigh for the edition of Raleigh's *History of the World* edited by him (1736), collected a large and valuable library, and assisted every author or bookseller who sought help from his voluminous collections. He was librarian to Harley, Earl of Oxford, catalogued the library, compiled a bibliographical work called *The British Librarian* (1737), and edited the *Harleian Miscellany*. He contributed to several serials, and his diligence amassed many interesting facts in literary history. The following little anacreontic has been universally credited to the pen of Oldys, who, according to a later antiquary and herald, Francis Grose, occasionally indulged in too deep potations of ale. It was published anonymously as 'made extempore by a gentleman, occasioned by a fly drinking out of his cup of ale.'

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline;
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore:
Threescore summers when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

John Jortin (1698–1770), the son of a Huguenot refugee, born in London, became a prebendary of St Paul's and Archdeacon of London. His chief works are *Miscellaneous Observations upon Authors, Ancient and Modern* (1731–32); *Remarks on Ecclesiastical History* (1751–53); a *Life of Erasmus* (1758–60), which was for a century the standard English book on the subject; and *Tracts* (1790). Dr Parr, the literary dictator, said of him: 'Wit without ill-nature and sense without effort he could at will scatter on every subject.'

Robert Dodsley (1703–1764), an able and spirited publisher, the friend of literature and of literary men, was born near Mansfield in Notts, and was apprenticed to a stocking-weaver, but so ill treated that he ran away and became a footman. His leisure he gave to reading, and in 1732 published *A Muse in Livery*. His *Toy Shop*, a dramatic piece, was, through Pope's influence, acted at Covent Garden in 1735 with great success. With his profits, and £100 from Pope, he set up as bookseller, but still continued to write bright plays—*The King and the Miller of Mansfield* (1737), *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green* (1741), *Rex et Pontifex* (1745), &c., which were collected as *Trifles* (1748). In 1738 he bought *London* from the yet unknown Johnson for ten guineas; other famous authors for whom he published were Pope, Young, Akenside, Lord Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, Goldsmith, and Shenstone. Among his schemes were *The Museum* (1742–47), a collection of historical and social essays; *The Preceptor*, a book of instruction for the young; and the *Annual Register*, started in 1759, and partly written by Burke. With a tragedy, *Cleone* (1758), acted at Covent Garden with extraordinary success, he closed his career as a dramatist. Dodsley is chiefly remembered by his Select *Collection of Old Plays* (12 vols. 1744; 4th ed. by W. C. Hazlitt, 15 vols. 1874–76) and his *Poems by Several Hands* (3 vols. 1748; 6 vols. 1758). See Austin Dobson's *Eighteenth Century Vignettes* (2nd series, 1894). This was Dodsley's own:

The Parting Kiss

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear, and [illegible]
Though we [illegible] my [illegible] heart
Till we meet [illegible] you.

Yet, yet [illegible]
Let me [illegible]
Though my [illegible]
All my [illegible]

All my [illegible]
And every [illegible]
One kind kiss, [illegible]
Drop a tear, [illegible]

Patrick Abercrombie (1656–1716?), a descendant of an old Scottish Catholic family, and younger brother of the first Lord Glassford, was born at Forfar, graduated at St Andrews, and practised medicine in Edinburgh, being appointed physician to James II. in 1685. A Jacobite, Tory, and nationalist, he published two anti-Union pamphlets in 1707, one of them a reply to Defoe. His patriotism, however, found its most notable utterance in his *Martial Achievements of the Scots Nation* (1711–16), a monumental [illegible] sive history of the [illegible] from the time of the mythical King Fergus I. [illegible] Gildas, and [illegible] took them [illegible]

The Antiquity of the Scottish Monarchy

[illegible]

date than Scotland; but then, six several times, upon their own records, the race of their Kings has been changed by civil wars, and they have been four times conquered by foreign and barbarous forces; nay at this very day a Tartar race sits on the throne instead of a Chinese. Since, therefore, Scotland has such a pre-eminence over the very pretensions of all other nations with reference to their respective antiquities and races of Kings, 'tis no great wonder that some of our neighbours (and these are but few and late authors) have, through emulation and jealousy, attempted to strike out of the catalogue of Scots monarchs no less than 39, and to date the Scots government in North Britain from about the year of our Lord 503. This controversy was started by Luddus in the year 1572; Camden took the hint from him, as did afterwards the Bishop of St Asaph, and Dr Stillingfleet from both. The last three were men eminent for their learning and parts, but, as Englishmen in all ages, prejudiced against a rival but lesser nation: which nevertheless the immense treasure, refined policy, nor numerous, well disciplined and better paid forces of mighty England could never deject from equality in all things but wealth. Archbishop Usher, a man whose excellencies the learned and pious will ever respect, and the Irish of late (for of old they thought otherwise), have made the like attempts upon the Scots antiquities, and the race of their Kings. Men of such a character, both English and Irish, could not fail to proselyte some few foreigners, as Duchesne, Pere L'Abbé, and Thomas [illegible] an opinion which, by depressing but one nation, flatters the pride and raises the pretensions of most others, their own in particular. But all in vain: Scots writers have maintained with their pens the rights and territories Scots heroes first gained and then preserved with their arms, and what these effected by dint of sword, those have made good by dint of thought and force of argument.

Thomas Innes (1662-1744), a cadet of a gentle Catholic family in Aberdeenshire, was bred a priest in France, and studied and taught at the Scots College in Paris, of which he ultimately became Vice-Principal in 1727. From 1698 to 1701 he was in Scotland as a missionary priest, and in 1724 Wodrow saw him in Edinburgh consulting the Advocates' Library, and described him as 'a monkish bookish person who meddles with nothing but literature.' His historical studies, which seem to have begun with his share in the arrangement of the records of Glasgow Cathedral, possessed by the Scots College, bore good fruit in his *Critical Essay on the Ancient Inhabitants of Scotland* (1729), and his *Ecclesiastical History of Scotland A.D. 80 to 818*, first published by the Spalding Club in 1853. The former of these works has been justly described by Pinkerton as marking 'a grand epoch' in Scottish antiquities, and leading the way to 'rational criticism upon them.' Innes was the first to assail the fabric of spurious history founded by Fordun and completed and adorned by Boece and Buchanan, and in the *Critical Essay* he dispassionately and laboriously demolished the whole legendary series of kings—the portraits of them are still in Holyrood—with which our ancestors had peopled the seven dark centuries preceding the actual settlement of the Scots in Dalriada. As the earliest to apply scientific methods to the Scottish historic legends and to print the authentic Pictish chronicles, Innes takes rank as the veritable father of Scottish history; nor is his position at all weakened by the pretty evident fact that he was stimulated partly by a Jacobite dislike of Buchanan and a desire to disprove the numerous stories of rebellion and deposition in the legendary chronicles. The *Critical Essay* is reprinted as volume viii. of the 'Historians of Scotland' series, Edinburgh, 1879.

Thomas Boston (1676-1732), author of *The Fourfold State*, was born at Duns in Berwickshire, and educated there and at Edinburgh University. For a time minister of Simprin (from 1699), he was in 1707 translated to Ettrick in Selkirkshire, and there he died. His *Fourfold State* (1720) discourses, not without flashes of insight and felicity of diction, on human nature in its fourfold state of primitive integrity (in Eden), entire depravity (by the fall), recovery begun on earth, and happiness or misery consummate hereafter; and in Scotland was long recognised as a standard exposition of Calvinistic theology. As such it ranked in the esteem of clergy and laity next the Bible and the Confession of Faith; and in most pious Scottish households a copy of it was kept and studied by successive generations. *The Crook in the Lot*, a little book written in a quaint and striking style, was also a great favourite with the Scottish people. Many single sermons and collections of his sermons were published both during his life and after his death. The posthumous *Memoirs*—detailed, shrewd, kindly, tender, humorous, sincere—deserves a high place amongst Christian biographies. His entirely human frailties are as frankly recorded as his religious aspirations and fallings-away. Diametrically opposed as were their temperaments and views of life, Boston was one of R. L. Stevenson's recognised masters in style. Characteristic among Boston's phrase-makings is his warning to loose livers not to expect the chance of 'a leap out of Delilah's lap into Abraham's bosom.' In the ecclesiastical courts Boston distinguished himself by his zeal for the Church's independence; and in the controversy regarding the *Marrow of Modern Divinity*, he defended the anonymous Puritan soldier's book against the charge that it was too free in its offers of salvation. Though by outsiders he is generally regarded as a typical high Presbyterian, he had much trouble at Ettrick from the open hostility of the still 'higher' Presbyterian Cameronians or Macmillanites, of whom, in his *Memoirs*, he speaks very sharply, almost bitterly; and even his own flock suspected him as too near of kin to an Erastian. Thus, unlike some of his brethren, he had no difficulty in proclai[illegible] fasts appointed by secular government. At t[illegible] of the *Memoirs* he thus gives a judicial view

His own Character.

That cast of temper, whereby I was naturally slow, timorous, and diffident, but eager in pursuit when once engaged; as it early discovered itself, so I think it hath spread itself all along through the whole of my course. It hath been a spring of much uneasiness to me in the course of my life; in that I was thereby naturally fond, where I loved. Yet I cannot but observe, that my God hath made a valuable use of it, especially in my studies, combating special difficulties therein, till surmounted by his favour. Agreeable unto it, I was not of a quick apprehension, but had a gift of application and things, being once discovered, I was [illegible] to them. I was addicted to silence, rather than to talking. I was no good spokesman, but very [illegible], even in common conversation; and in disputes [illegible], when engaged with persons of great assurance: the disadvantage of which last I often found in [illegible], where an uncommon assurance reigned. The touching of my spirit, so as to set me above fear, the moving of my affections, and being once well dipped into the matter, were necessary to give me an easy exercise of my faculties, in these and other extempore performances. My talent lay in doing things by a close application, with pains and labour. I had a tolerable faculty at drawing of papers: yet no faculty at dictating, but behoved to have the pen in my own hand; and even in that case it would often have been a whole [illegible]. Accordingly, as for my sermons, it was often hard for me to fix on a text; the which hath oft times been more wasting and weakening to me than the study of my sermon thereon. I studied my [illegible] with the pen in my hand, my matter coming to [illegible] bread increasing in the breaking of it: if at any time I walked, it was occasioned by my sticking. Meanwhile it would frequently have been long ere I got the vein of my subject struck: but then I could not be easy, unless I thought I had hit it. Thence it was, I often tore out what I had written, and begun anew again; but ordinarily I found this turned to my greatest comfort and satisfaction, in end falling upon the vein. Hence it was not my manner to shift from text to text, but to insist long on an ordinary; the closing of which at length I readily found to relish as much with myself and the serious godly as the other parts preceding.

Thus also I was much addicted to peace, and averse to controversy; though once engaged therein, I was set to go through with it. I had no great difficulty to retain a due honour and charity for my brethren differing from me in opinion and practice; but then I was in no great hazard neither of being swayed by them to depart from what I judged truth or duty. Withal it was easy to me to yield to them in things wherein I found not myself in conscience bound up. Whatever precipitant steps I have made in the course of my life, which I desire to be humbled for, rashness in conduct was not my weak side. But since the Lord by his grace brought me to consider things, it was much my exercise to discern sin and duty in particular cases, being afraid to venture on things until I should see myself called thereto; but when the matter was cleared to me I generally stuck fast by it, being as much afraid to desert the way which I took to be pointed out to me. And this I sincerely judge to have been the spring of that course of conduct upon which Mr James Ramsay above mentioned did, before the commission *anno* 1717, in my hearing, give me the following character, viz. That if I thought myself right, there would be no diverting of me by any means.

I never had the art of making rich; nor could I ever heartily apply myself to the managing of secular affairs. Even the secular way of managing the discipline of the church was so unacceptable to me that I had no heart to dip in the public church-management. What appearances I made at any time in these matters were not readily in that way. I had a certain averseness to the being laid under any notable obligation to others, and so was not fond of gifts, especially in the case of any whom I had to deal with as a minister. And Providence so ordered that I had little trial of that kind. I easily perceived that in that case, 'the borrower is servant to the lender.'

There is a Life of Boston by A. Thomson (1895), and an elaborate edition of the *Memoirs* by G. H. Morrison (1899).

Martin Martin, born in Skye, took his M.D. at Leyden, and about 1685 was already factor, or estate agent, for Macleod the laird in Skye; and he died in 1719. In 1698 he published a *Voyage to St Kilda*, narrating his own observations; and, in 1703, *A Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*. Dr Johnson had read Martin's book when he was very young, and was particularly struck with the St Kilda man's notion that the High Church of Glasgow had been hollowed out of a rock. This 'notion' had probably struck Addison also, as in the *Spectator* No. 50 he makes, as Mr Croker has remarked, the Indian king suppose that St Paul's was carved out of a rock. Martin's work is but poorly written, as Dr Johnson said; but the out-of-the-way information it contains, and even the credulity of the writer, gave it an interest and value it has not yet lost. Martin gives a long account of the second sight or *taish*, as it is called in Gaelic, in which he was a firm believer, though he admitted that it had greatly declined. In the dozen of pages he devotes to the subject he gives numerous authenticated cases, with names and addresses as in the transactions of the Psychical Research Society, including those that converted himself.

The Second-sight.

The second sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of anything else except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object which was represented to them. At the sight of a vision the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. . . .

If an object is seen early in a morning (which is not frequent), it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards: if at noon, it will commonly be accomplished that very day; if in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night; the latter always in accomplishment by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of night the vision is seen. When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death; the time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is not seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer; and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms.

If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married to others, or unmarried at the time of the apparition. . . . To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death quickly after.

The Plaid.

The plaid, wore only by the men, is made of fine wool; the thread as fine as can be made of that kind; it consists of divers colours, and there is a great deal of ingenuity required in sorting the colours, so as to be agreeable to the nicest fancy. For this reason the women are at great pains first to give an exact pattern of the plaid upon a piece of wood, having the number of every thread of the stripe on it. The length of it is commonly seven double ells; the one end hangs by the middle over the left arm, the other going round the body, hangs by the end over the left arm also. The right hand above it is to be at liberty to do anything upon occasion. Every isle differs from each other in their fancy of making plaids as to the stripes in breadth and colours. This humour is as different through the mainland of the Highlands, in so far that they who have seen those places is able at the first view of a man's plaid to guess the place of his residence.

When they travel on foot, the plaid is tied on the breast with a bodkin of bone or wood, just as the *spina* wore by the Germans, according to the description of C. Tacitus. The plaid is tied round the middle with a leather belt. It is pleated from the belt to the knee very nicely. This dress for footmen is found much easier and lighter than breeches or trowis [trews]. . . .

The plaid [anciently worn by women] being pleated all round, was tied with a belt below the breast; the belt was of leather, and several pieces of silver intermixed with the leather like a chain. The lower end of the belt has a piece of plate about eight inches long and three in breadth, curiously engraven; the end of which was adorned with fine stones or pieces of red coral. They wore sleeves of scarlet cloth, closed at the end as men's vests, with gold lace round 'em, having plate buttons set with fine stones. The head-dress was a fine kerchief of linen strait about the head, hanging down the back taper-wise. A large lock of hair hangs down their cheeks above their breast, the lower end tied with a knot of ribbands.

[illegible]

The St Kilda Man in Glasgow.

One of the inhabitants of St Kilda being some time ago wind-bound in the isle of Harris, was prevailed on by some that were going to Glasgow to go thither with them. He was astonished at the length of the voyage, and of the great kingdoms, as he thought them, that is, isles, by which they sailed; the largest in his way did not exceed twenty-four miles in length, but he considered how much they exceeded his own little native country.

Upon his arrival at Glasgow, he was like one that had dropt from the clouds into a new world; whose language, habit, &c. were in all respects new to him: he never imagined that such big houses of stone were made with hands; and for the pavements of the streets, he thought it must needs be altogether natural; for he could not believe that men would be at the pains to beat stones into the ground to walk upon. He stood dumb at the door of his lodging with the greatest admiration; and when he saw a coach and two horses, he thought it to be a little house they were drawing at their tail, with men in it; but he condemned the coachman for a fool to sit so uneasy, for he thought it safer to sit on the horse's back. The mechanism of the coach-wheel, and its running about, was the greatest of all his wonders.

When he went through the streets he desired to have one to lead him by the hand. Thomas Ross, a merchant, and others, that took the diversion to carry him through the town, asked his opinion of the High Church? He answered, that it was a large rock, yet there were some in St Kilda much higher, but that these were the best caves he ever saw; for that was the idea which he conceived of the pillars and arches upon which the church stands. When they carried him into the church, he was yet more surprised, and held up his hands with admiration, wondering how it was possible for men to build such a prodigious fabric, which he supposed to be the largest in the universe. He could not imagine what the pews were designed for, and he fancied the people that wore masks (not knowing whether they were men or women) had been guilty of some ill thing, for which they dared not shew their faces. He was amazed at women's wearing patches, and fancied them to have been blisters. Pendants seemed to him the most ridiculous of all things; he condemned perriwigs mightily, and much more the powder used in them: in fine, he condemned all things as superfluous he saw not in his own country. He looked with amazement on every thing that was new to him. When he heard the church bells ring, he was under a mighty consternation, as if the fabric of the world had been in great disorder. He did not think there had been so many people in the world as in the city of Glasgow; and it was a great mystery to him to think what they could all design by living so many in one place. He wondered how they could all be furnished with provision; and when he saw big loaves, he could not tell whether they were bread, stone, or wood. He was amazed to think how they could be provided with ale, for he never saw any there that drank water. He wondered how they made them fine clothes, and to see stockings made without being first cut and afterwards sewn, was no small wonder to him. He thought it foolish in women to wear thin silks, as being a very improper habit for such as pretended to any sort of employment. When he saw the women's feet, he judged them to be of another shape than those of the men, because of the different shape of their shoes. He did not approve of the heels worn by men or women; and when he observed horses with shoes on their feet, and fastened with iron nails, he could not forbear laughing, and thought it the most ridiculous thing that ever fell under his observation. He longed to see his native country again, and passionately wished it were blessed with ale, brandy, tobacco, and iron, as Glasgow was.

Thomas Ruddiman (1674-1757), the chief of Scottish Latinists since the age of Buchanan, wrote little in the vernacular; but his editions of some earlier Scottish writers, his share in Scottish historical controversy, and his general literary activity give him the right to be mentioned here. Born in Banff [illegible], and educated at King's College, Aberdeen, he became parish schoolmaster of Laurencekirk, but went thence to Edinburgh at the suggestion of Dr Pitcairne in 1700. At first assistant and latterly chief librarian of the Advocates' Library, he was also a book auctioneer, a newspaper proprietor, and a successful printer, and did much good scholarly work, both original and editorial. His well-known *Rudiments* (1714) and *Institutions* (1725-32) of the Latin tongue, and his 'immaculate' edition of Livy (1751), were his main achievements in classical philology; while to Scottish literature he contributed a reprint of Gawin Douglas's version of the *Æneid*, with an excellent glossary, in 1710, and a fine edition of the works of George Buchanan (1715), which has not yet been superseded. Ruddiman was a stout Royalist and Jacobite in politics, and his criticisms on Buchanan entangled him in a prolonged controversy (1746-50) on the right of succession to the crown of Scotland, in which his chief antagonist was a Presbyterian minister named George Logan. Much more valuable than his polemical tracts were his contributions to James Anderson's *Diplomata Scotiae* (1739), the first and for long the only monument of Scottish palæography. A sound scholar and a worthy man, Ruddiman was praised by Dr Johnson, who stopped at Laurencekirk on his Scottish tour to remember the man 'by whose labours,' [illegible] Boswell despondently, 'a knowledge of the Latin language will be preserved in Scotland, if it shall be preserved at all.' Boswell himself at one time intended to write the life of Ruddiman, but the work was left for the far less competent hand of George Chalmers (1794).

Robert Keith (1681-175[illegible]), a [illegible] primus in the Scottish Episcopal Church, was [illegible] in Kincardineshire of a younger branch of the family of the Earls Marischal, and spent [illegible] of his life in Edinburgh as the pastor [illegible] Episcopal congregation. A diligent student of Scottish antiquities, he published in 17[illegible] *History of the Affairs of Church and State* [illegible] *Scotland* during the Reformation, which [illegible] strongly prelatist and Royalist in [illegible] careful research and incorporates many [illegible] historical documents. It has been reprinted [illegible] the Spottiswoode Society (1844-45), and [illegible] esting (a good way after Innes's *Critical Essay*) as an evidence of the development of historical method in Scotland. Keith is best known [illegible] antiquary by his *Catalogue of the Bishops of Scotland* (1755), a laborious and praiseworthy compilation for its time, but long hopelessly out of date.

Robert Blair (1699-1746), author of *The Grave*, was an accomplished Scottish minister, who enjoyed some private fortune, lived in better style than his brother ministers, cultivated botany and general literature, and cherished the society of the neighbouring gentry. He was born in Edinburgh, his father being minister of the Old Church there; and at Edinburgh University and in Holland he was educated. In 1731 he was appointed to the living of Athelstaneford, the East Lothian parish in which Home, author of *Douglas*, was his successor. Before his ordination, he had begun *The Grave*, and in 1742 he submitted the manuscript to Watts and Doddridge. Watts offered it to two publishers in vain, as both thought it rather heavy for the times; but it appeared in 1743, and immediately became popular. His one considerable work besides he published only an elegy and one or two paraphrases of Scripture, it is a sombre but suggestive poem of near eight hundred lines in blank verse, and is [illegible] inevitably [illegible] original in scope and plan, [illegible] the genius of Scottish Presbyterianism. The monotony of its didactic meditations is relieved [illegible] occasional flashes of true [illegible] ideas. The variations on the great theme sometimes, indeed, are so unconventional as to have [illegible] examples. The verse [illegible] Saintsbury says [illegible] less [illegible] than Young [illegible] the *Night Thoughts* [illegible]

[illegible]

Then and Now

[illegible]

And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hampered,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas, how slim—dishonourably slim!
And crammed into a space we blush to name,
Proud royalty! How altered in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now:
Like new born infant wound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife:
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hoped for in the peaceful grave
Of being unmolested and alone!
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, e'en to a very scruple
(O cruel irony!); these come too late,
And only mock whom they were meant to honour!
Surely there's not a dungeon slave that's buried
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffined,
But lies as soft and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent
Above the baser born, to rot in state!

The Death of the Strong Man.

Strength, too! thou surly and less gentle boast
Of those that loud laugh at the village ring!
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dared thee to the unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? Deep groan, indeed,
With anguish heavy laden! let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belaboured, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play! What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs and well spread shoulders?
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain! Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard
Just like a creature drowning. Hideous sight!
O how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
While the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow 'cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
It was his last. See how the great Goliah,
Just like a child that brawled itself to rest,
Lies still. What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster,
To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man:
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well invented knife?

A Great Church at Night.

See yonder hallowed fane! The pious work
Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,
And buried midst the wreck of things which were:
There lie interred the more illustrious dead
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary!
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rocked in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy aisles,
Black plastered, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons,
And tattered coats-of-arms, send back [illegible]nd,
Laden with heavier airs, from the l[illegible]s,
The mansions of the dead. Rouse[illegible] their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres r[illegible]
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hushed as the foot of night
Again the screech-owl shrieks ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

These are shorter passages:

On this side and on that men see their friends
Drop off like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Would scarce have leisure for. Fools that we are
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time; as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours.

. . . . . .

The lawn-robed prelate and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
That some rude interposing rock has split.

. . . . . .

The wrecks of nations and the spoils of time
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

. . . . . .

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweetener of life and solder of society.

Man, sick of bliss, tried evil; and

Alas! too well he sped; the good he scorned
Stalked off reluctant, like an ill used ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, in visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between.

'Angel visits, short and bright,' came from Norris of Bemerton (see above, page 259) to Blair, and from Blair to Campbell:

What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel visits, few and far between.

The passage so often quoted by Burns surely for the idea rather than for the characteristically conversational and unrhythmical expression of it) also contains a reminiscence of Norris:

Tell us, ye dead! Will none of you in pity
To those you left behind disclose the secret?
O that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
What 'tis you are and we must shortly be.

The last paragraph, passing from death to the resurrection, has naturally a more cheerful note, and thus impressively concludes:

'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.

Thus at the shut of even the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down and dozes till the break of day,
Then claps his well-fledged wings and bears away.

THE SCOTTISH VERNACULAR REVIVAL.

WHEN on signing the Act of Union in 1707 the Scottish Chancellor, Seafield, uttered his memorable saying, 'Now there's ane end of ane old song,' the echo of his words sent a chill to the hearts of all good Scotsmen, whatever their party or politics. The bulk of the people not merely regretted but resented the loss of their Parliament, last conspicuous emblem of 'Scotland a nation.' And the gradual introduction of English coinage, English weights and measures, English taxation, and English ways produced a vehement nationalism of which the Jacobite risings in the '15 and the '45 were but one consequence. A more permanent outcome was (not the revival of the national literature, but) the revival of the native speech as a literary vehicle. In one thing at least Scotticism might be cherished with even warmer affection than heretofore—but within well-understood limits; the revival of the old Scots for general literary purposes was forever out of the question. The native tongue was not dead; but it had been too long divorced from the national culture to be a natural or sufficient instrument for expressing the various interests of the eighteenth century. Scotland was now a part of Europe; Scottish writers justly ambitious of a European audience would stultify themselves by harking back to a local dialect that for a hundred years had lived on mainly in the mouths of country folks, fishers, and handicraftsmen, and become greatly limited in its scope and capacities. Scotsmen were about to claim a very conspicuous place in English literature, and, writing in English, to bestow on posterity a richer bequest than the old Scottish authors of Scotland's first golden age; Edinburgh was to be recognised as the Modern Athens. Can we—speaking only of the works of men born before the end of the first quarter of the eighteenth century—imagine Hume's *Essays* in 'broad Scotch,' or his *History of England?* or Reid's *Philosophy of the Intellectual Powers?* Thomson's *Seasons?* Robertson's *Charles V.?* or Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations?* The old literary tongue was, as such, dead; nor could any combination of wit and wisdom put back the shadow on the dial.

Long before Scotch ceased to be a literary tongue in the full sense, the chief models for Scottish writers were their great English predecessors and contemporaries. After the Reformation the language of literature, of the Church, and of public life came to be normally English—English with a difference—and the language of Scottish civic society became increasingly anglicised. Bible, psalm-book, confession, catechism, were in English, made in England. The books of devotion were English; at most, like Rutherford's letters, English with Scotch words brought in with effect at wide intervals. By the end of the seventeenth century books were no longer printed in Scotch; and for more than half a century nobody had been taught to spell or write Scotch. Scottish authors wrote regularly in English. Nothing but occasional songs, pasquils, or chap-books appeared in Scotch, and then the Scotch was seldom Scotch throughout. All but the utterly uneducated were, in town or country, constantly hearing English, reading nothing but English, and, even if they spoke Scotch, writing their letters in English.

Yet then and now, in spite of adverse circumstances, this mixed dialect lived on in surprising vigour amongst the humbler classes, and was not merely a pithy spoken vernacular, but (for specific uses) an admirably effective literary instrument. It was least anglicised amongst those living farthest from the towns. Most largely anglicised was the variation used by the educated who condescended to the vernacular in conversation with their illiterate neighbours, in hours of relaxation or domesticity, and for jests and anecdotes. The 'broad Scotch' heard by Dr Johnson amongst Scottish literati was substantially English spoken with a markedly Scottish intonation. The old heroic ballads, even, were rarely in quite broad Scotch, never in the broadest Scotch. To make Blind Harry's *Wallace* intelligible to his contemporaries, higher and lower, Hamilton of Gilbertfield in 1722 translated the poem into English; and it was the English version that, half a century later, poured a flood of Scottish prejudice into Burns's breast. Scotsmen writing for Scotsmen even on Scottish subjects employed English regularly—as witness the authors dealt with above at pages 301–305.

A prose treatise wholly in Scotch on any subject whatever was impossible; so was a sustained and dignified poem. But verse writing in the vernacular had never wholly ceased, and was practised sporadically in various kinds with curious limitations. Jocular, facetious, and satirical verse was produced in as broad a form of the vernacular as the writer could attain; love poems also, when they professed to reproduce the lovers' spoken utterance, and in a less broad form. Very much in proportion as the subject was serious was the English tinge or element in vernacular verse conspicuously large, often even passing into English altogether. Beattie, author of the *Minstrel*, who was publishing his first poems about the middle of the century, did write admirable and pithy vernacular verse on occasion; but said, not long before Burns's time, 'To write in the vulgar broad Scotch, and yet seriously, is now impossible; for more than half a century it has by the Scots been considered a dialect of the vulgar.'

About the time Beattie speaks of, Allan Ramsay was of another opinion. It was Ramsay who fixed the standard for the revived Scottish vernacular poetising, a standard in rhyme and diction so closely followed by his successors, Fergusson and Burns—though both Fergusson and Burns avoided many of the traps into which honest Allan fell open-eyed, and, with truer humour and better taste, recognised the limits within which the vernacular was available without becoming grotesque. Allan even wrote elegies in *Scotch* in which noble Scottish ladies are incongruously addressed by the pseudo-classic names of Keitha and Southeska. And profitably to paraphrase Horace, the most courtly and elegant of Latin poets, in a dialect deliberately rejected by the educated and resigned to the special use of the day-labourer and the mechanic, is about as feasible as it would be to reproduce Æschylus in Mr Barnes's excellent Dorsetshire, or to render the gems of the Greek anthology in the actually spoken and pithy dialect of the Old Kent Road.

Ramsay had acquired some credit as the laureate of a club, and as author of a few pithy occasional and satirical verses in the manner of Sempill, before he conceived the patriotic ambition of awakening interest in old Scottish poetry, and of continuing the production of it on a larger scale. His loose and sadly vulgarised version of part of *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, as well as his editing of the *Evergreen*, shows how ill-equipped he was for undertaking this work from the historical and philological side. The dialogue of his *Gentle Shepherd* is about as far removed from the actual rough-and-ready speech of contemporary Scottish country-folk as are the idyllic pictures of their amiable occupations from a representation of actual life on a Lowland farm. And his songs remain to show how little sense he had for a pure style of Scotch, the substance of them being at times sound vernacular (occasionally with an archaic word or two), at times ordinary English, at times the characteristic, stilted, and formal English poetic diction of the eighteenth century, already artificial enough, but made still more unnatural by being done over into a kind of fancy Scotch. Ramsay wrote some poems in English throughout, and sometimes evidently meant to write in his mixed, artificial jargon of broken English. But for him and his successors, it was perhaps almost inevitable that the typical Scotch should be that which was most patriotically unlike English: they did not distinguish between the pure Scots of the landward folks and the debased dialect of the Edinburgh slums, often London slang transported to the north; and the lingo that would have reproduced aptly enough in verse the actual speech of the haunters of low town pothouses was transferred simpliciter to poems in which noble ladies and gentlemen were the interlocutors. The academy for regulating the revived Scottish tongue was not even the man in the street and the man on the moors, but the men and women who spoke the most uncouth and even debased form of the tongue: corruptions, monstrosities, and barbarisms, ignorant mispronunciations and illiterate misspellings, were equally welcome—not indeed to Ramsay, but to many of his imitators. 'The Carritches' for the Catechism is as typical Scotch as sparrer-grass or sparrow-grass is the typically English form of asparagus; 'pockmantie' is an extraordinarily debased form of portmanteau; a large proportion of modern Scotch words are simply the result of slurred and slovenly utterance—'Embro' for Edinburgh and 'scomfish' for discomfit are parallel to 'gemman' and 'nuffink' in London; 'dinna' and 'canna,' now universally accepted in place of the old Scots 'do nocht' and 'can nocht,' are precisely on the same philological level as the Cockney ''e dunno' for 'he don't know;' and 'Ou ay, a' ae oo' for 'Oh ay, all one wool,' instead of being a triumph of expressiveness, shows how a nervous, pithy organism like the Scottish tongue can be degraded to boneless pulp.

Nothing more convincingly shows that a language has fallen out of the race than when its characteristic words and sounds are spelt, even by those who use them, in terms of another language, with another phonetic system. The practice of spelling Scots words with the modern English power of the vowels, long established and now carried much further, shows that Scots was no longer a rule to itself. A Scotsman who knows Scots can pronounce house, cow, town, round, die, without having the English phonetic equivalents hoose, coo, toon, roond, dee—provided for him as in a 'pronouncing' dictionary; 'ceevil' and 'peety' are not Scotch words, but English spellings of the way an old-fashioned Scotsman pronounces civil and pity. And 'tae dae' are not words at all, but attempts, and extremely inaccurate attempts, to indicate to an eye trained to English spelling the value given in old Scots to the vowels in 'to do,' the old and only genuine Scots spelling. Seafield's words, 'Now there's ane end of ane old song,' might have been said of the Scots tongue as a literary language for general use. The very form of his utterance proves it: as does the fact that when it is quoted it is almost never cited as he said it and as it was reported at the time, but translated into some such form as 'Noo there's an en' o' an auld sang.' But that the song was not yet at an end in various and admirable shapes and uses, the extracts from the following authors show.

D. P.

Dr Alexander Pennecuik (1652-1722), son of a surgeon in the Swedish and Covenanting armies, practised physic himself in Peeblesshire, and wrote divers pieces of indifferent verse, which he reprinted in his *Historical Description of Tweeddale* in 1715. The chief of them is an allegorical rhyme entitled *Truth's Travels*, composed in a modification of the vernacular, after this manner:

When kirk was skaild and preaching done [illegible]
And men and women baith went hame,
Nae man called Truth to his disjeun. [illegible]
Albeit he was of noble fame;
There was not one that kept a crame [illegible]
But they had [illegible], beef, and ale,
Yet no acquaintance Truth could claim
To wish him worth a dish of kail [illegible]

In his attempts in English verse Pennecuik was not content with imitation, but would [illegible] plagiarise an entire passage from [illegible] Ayton. There was another **Alexander Pennecuik**, possibly a relative (died 1730), an [illegible] who wrote *Streams from Helicon* (172[illegible]), *Flowers from Parnassus* (172[illegible]) [illegible] vernacular, and described the [illegible] Edinburgh life in the fashion [illegible] One of his effusions tells the [illegible] Maggie Dickson,' who escaped [illegible] the executioner's hands in 1724. It [illegible] his most characteristic verse [illegible] *tion of Scots P*[illegible] at Edinburgh in 175[illegible]

Alexander Robertson of Strowan [illegible] 1749), a Perthshire laird and [illegible] bite, who was in almost every [illegible] to 1745, wrote some verses [illegible] at Edinburgh in 1751 in a [illegible] the curiosities sought after [illegible] philes. It is described [illegible] as 'a volume of poems [illegible] often very profligate [illegible] tured in Grub Street [illegible] honoured with a [illegible] As the [illegible] of a [illegible] produced in a Highland [illegible] Strowan, through [illegible] reduced to sordid [illegible] certain historic interest [illegible] lines in them are [illegible] from Butler's *Hudibras*.

William Hamilton of Gilbertfield [illegible] 1751), son of a [illegible] in the army [illegible] acquaintance of Allan Ramsay [illegible] corresponded [illegible] seem to have [illegible] his [illegible] in virtue of his *[illegible]* a poem [illegible] sentiment on the [illegible] hound, which appeared in Watson's *Choice Col*[illegible]*lection* in 1706. More notable historically was his metrical modernisation of Blind Harry's 'Wallace,' dedicated to the 'High Puissant and most noble Prince James, Duke of Hamilton,' and published in 1722. The version, as will be seen from the following specimen, is no better than doggerel; but it won instant popularity among the Scottish peasantry, and is memorable in a way as the book which gave Burns [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] measure adopted was modern [illegible]

The Battle of Stirling.

[illegible]

William Hamilton of Bangour (1704-54 [illegible]

[illegible]

Lyons. In 1748 some person unknown to him (seemingly Adam Smith) collected and published his poems in Glasgow; but the first genuine and correct copy did not appear till 1760, after Hamilton's death, when a collection was made from his own manuscripts. A notable feature in his English verse is his ornate diction, and there he usually shows more fancy than feeling:

In everlasting blushes seen,
Such Pringle shines, of sprightly mien;
To her the power of love imparts,
Rich gift! the soft successful arts,
That best the lover's fire provoke,
The lively step, the mirthful joke,
The speaking glance, the amorous wile,
The sportful laugh, the winning smile.
Her soul awakening every grace,
Is all abroad upon her face;
In bloom of youth still to survive,
All charms are there, and all alive.

Others of his amatory verses are full of conceits and exaggerated expression, without a trace of real passion. He wrote a didactic poem, 'Contemplation,' and, in blank verse, a national one on the Thistle, and the order of knighthood named from it:

How oft beneath
Its martial influence have Scotia's sons,
Through every age, with dauntless valour fought
On every hostile ground! While o'er their breast,
Companion to the silver star, blest type
Of fame, unsullied and superior deed,
Distinguished ornament! this native plant
Surrounds the sainted cross, with costly row
Of gems emblazed, and flame of radiant gold,
A sacred mark, their glory and their pride!

His ballad of 'The Braes of Yarrow' is his masterpiece, and in virtue of it he ranks high amongst the revivers of vernacular poetry. Suggested, it may be, by the old ballad of 'The Dowie Dens of Yarrow' (printed by Scott in the Border Minstrelsy), it has real nature, tenderness, and pastoral simplicity, and it struck the keynote of Wordsworth's 'Three Yarrows.'

The Braes of Yarrow.

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride:
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonnie, bonnie bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
A. I gat her where I darena weil be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bonnie bride;
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luver, luver dear,
Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholeous weids
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in waeful wise,
His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lu'e, love
And warn from fight? but to my sorrow,
O'er rashly bald a stronger arm bold
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan. flowing

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair, fair indeed thy luve;
In flowery bands thou him didst fetter;
Though he was fair and weil beluved again,
Than me he never lu'ed thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonnie, bonnie bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lu'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How lu'e him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields! may never, never rain
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my luve,
My luve, as he had not been a luver.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing.
Ah! wretched me! I little, little ken'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
  Unheedful of my dule and sorrow,
But ere the to fall of the night,
  He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoiced that waeful, waeful day;
  I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang ere night, the spear was flown
  That slew my luve, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
  But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luver's blood is on thy spear,
  How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud;
  With cruel and ungentle scoffin,
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
  My luver nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
  And strive with threatening words to muve me,
My luver's blood is on thy spear,
  How canst thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve,
  With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
  Let in the expected husband-luver.

But who the expected husband, husband is?
  His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter.
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
  Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;
  O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
  And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beluved,
  O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Ye'd lie all night between my breasts;
  No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale, indeed, O luvely, luvely youth,
  Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts,
  No youth shall ever lie there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
  Return and dry thy useless sorrow,
Thy luver heeds nought of thy sighs,
  He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

[illegible] James Paterson [illegible]

Lady Grizel Baillie (1665-1746), [illegible] song, 'Were na my Heart light I wad die,' which appeared in the *Orpheus Caledonius* about 1725, and was copied by Allan Ramsay into his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, was the daughter of Sir Patrick Hume (or Home), created Earl of Marchmont. She was born at Redbraes Castle, 25th December 1665; was married to George Baillie of Jerviswood [illegible] 1692; and died in London, December 6, 1746. The eldest daughter of Lady Grizel (or Grisell), Lady Murray of Stanhope, wrote a singularly interesting and affecting Memoir of her parents, which [illegible] the story of Grizel Hume's devotion to her father while he was in trouble (1684) for his opposition to the tyranny exercised by the Government of Charles II. against the Covenanting Presbyterians. Ultimately Sir Patrick escaped, disguised as a surgeon, by way of London and France, to Holland, where, after he had taken part in Argyll's disastrous expedition in 1685, he was joined by his wife and family. Their estate was forfeited, and they remained three years and a half in Holland; but on the abdication of James II. and the accession of the Prince of Orange to the throne of England, the exiles were restored to their country and their patrimony, and Hume was made a peer. The faithful Grizel was married to her early love, George Baillie of Jerviswood, son of the martyred patriot, of whom she put on record: 'The best of husbands, and delight of my life for forty-eight years, without one jar betwixt us.' From her youth she wrote verses; of the one here quoted Tytler says: 'Its sudden inspiration has fused into one perfect line the protest of thousands of stricken hearts in every generation.'

Were na my Heart light.

There was ance a May, and she lo'ed na men; maid
She biggit her bonny bower down in yon glen, built
But now she crys dool and well-a-day!
Come down the green gate, and come here away. path

When bonny young Johny cam o'er the sea,
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and mony braw things; promised
And werena my heart light I wad dee. [illegible]

He had a wee titty that lo'ed na me, [illegible]
[illegible] I was [illegible]
She raised such a pother [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] ye [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] your [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

And werena my heart light I wad die.

Were I young for thee as I hae been
We shou'd hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking out o'er yon lily white lee ;
And wow gin I were but young for thee !

The eighth stanza and the concluding one, somewhat altered were applied by Burns to himself in his latter days. Throughout *ight* is to be pronounced as *icht*, [illegible] German. But some of the words are manifestly not Scotch at all such as 'pother.' The ballad, as usually given, is respelt in modern Scotch

Lady Elizabeth Wardlaw (1677 1727), second daughter of Sir Charles Halkett of Pitfirrane, married in 1696 Sir Henry Wardlaw of Pitreavie near Dunfermline. Her pseudo-archaic ballad, *Hardyknute* (1719), had been expanded and reprinted as by Allan Ramsay in the *Evergreen*, when Percy in the second edition of his *Reliques* 1767) revealed what has been generally accepted as the real authorship. To her also Dr Robert Chambers in 1859 ascribed 'Sir Patrick Spens,' 'The Douglas Tragedy,' and many more of the best Scottish ballads a paradox endorsed in Professor Masson's *Edinburgh Sketches*. It is of course possible to hold that she wrote *Hardyknute* and edited and altered 'Sir Patrick Spens.' *Hardyknute*, said to have been found in an old vaulted chamber in Dunfermline, was received everywhere in Scotland with the utmost favour as a fine martial and pathetic ballad, though irreconcilable, as Scott acknowledged, with all chronology : 'a chief with a Norwegian name is strangely introduced as the first of the nobles brought to resist a Norse invasion at the battle of Largs.' 'Britons' for Englishmen is also unhistorical ; the effects so [illegible] are many of them visibly imitative ; and the language throughout is obviously the English of one accustomed to speak and write English, with Scotch words and supposed but not real old Scotch words and spellings and pronunciations more or less freely interspersed. No doubt *Hardyknute* had its part in the 'Scottish revival' of which Ramsay was the chief representative The ballad extends to forty-two stanzas :

Stately stept he east the wa',
 And stately stept he west,
Full seventy years he now had seen,
 With scarce seven years of rest.
He lived when Britons' breach of faith
 Wrought Scotland mickle wae ;
And aye his sword tauld to their cost,
 He was their deadly fae.

High on a hill his castle stood,
 With ha's and towers a height.
And goodly chambers fair to see,
 Where he lodged mony a knight
His dame sae peerless ance and fair,
 For chaste and beauty deemed.
Nae marrow had in all the land,
 Save Eleanor the Queen.

. . . . .

The king of Norse in summer tide,
 Puff'd up with power and might,
Landed in fair Scotland the isle
 With mony a hardy knight.

The tidings to our good Scots king
 Came, as he sat at dine,
With noble chiefs in brave array,
 Drinking the blude red wine

'To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
 Your faes stand on the strand
Full twenty thousand glittering spears
 The king of Norse commands
'Bring me my steed, Madge dapple gray,'
 Our good king rose and cried ;
'A trustier beast in a' the land,
 A Scots king never tried

'Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
 That lives on hill sae hie,
To draw his sword, the dread of faes,
 And haste and follow me '
The little page flew swift as dart
 Flung by his master's arm
'Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,
 And rid your king frae harm.'

Then red, red grew his dark brown cheeks,
 Sae did his dark brown brow ,
His looks grew keen, as they were wont
 In dangers great to do ;
He's ta'en a horn as green as glass,
 And gi'en five sounds sae shrill,
That trees in greenwood shook thereat,
 Sae loud rang ilka hill

Allan Ramsay

was the son of a mine manager at Leadhills, Lanarkshire, who traced descent to the Ramsays of Dalhousie ; whence the poet's address to 'Dalhousie of an auld descent,' whom he apostrophised as 'My chief, my stoup, my ornament.' His mother was the daughter of an Englishman settled in Scotland, and through her he claimed affinity with the Douglas family. Twelve months after his birth 15th October 1686 his father died, and his mother presently married a 'bonnet laird' named Crichton, who gave the lad as good an education as was to be had at the parish school, embracing a slight acquaintance with Latin ; but his early reading is matter of conjecture only. In 1701, his mother having died in the previous year, Ramsay was apprenticed to an Edinburgh wig-maker not a barber, and, having served a seven years' apprenticeship, he was, in the Union year, made free of his craft, and started business on his own account At whatever period he acquired a taste for letters, it was plainly now that he set himself to a serious study of the vernacular Scottish poets, and aspired to become one of them. Hamilton of Gilbertfield's *Dying Words of Bonnie Heck* in particular, according to his own story, 'warm'd his breast and caused emulation to 'pierce' him. So when, in 1712, having married Christian Ross, the daughter of an Edinburgh lawyer, he sought admission to the select society of the Easy Club, a convivial association of Jacobites, he was able to second his father-in-law's nomination with a versified address, and so conquered the suffrages of Ruddiman the grammarian, and Dr Pitcairn, the 'Scottish Voltaire.' The club printed and published the address, and appointed Ramsay their poet laureate. He was now launched in versifying. An *Elegy on Maggy Johnston* (a disreputable female) took the fancy of the club, which published much if not all that he wrote for its delectation—*The Qualifications of a Gentleman*, *The Great Eclipse of the Sun*, and broadly humorous *Elegies* on John Cowper, the Kirk Treasurer's Man, and Lucky Wood, an alewife. The town began to look for the broadsides on which his successive productions were printed; and when in 1716 he essayed a continuation of the royal canto, *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, to which he added a third canto in 1718, he was acknowledged the Scottish poet of the day. By 1719, when he gave up wig-making and turned bookseller, we find Hamilton of Gilbertfield addressing him as

> O fam'd and celebrated Allan!
> Renowned Ramsay! Canty Callan! [illegible]
> There's nowther Highland man nor Lawlan,
> In poetrie,
> But may as soon ding down Tantallan,
> As match wi' thee.

In 1720 he published a collection of his pieces in a quarto volume, which included some English poems that were considered by his admirers as good as the best produced in the England of Pope's time. Pope, Steele, Arbuthnot, and Gay were subscribers; and Arbuthnot, Phelps, Tickell and others flattered him to the top of his bent and his appetite for praise was egregious. His shop became the rendezvous of the literary and the fashionable in Edinburgh, whose patronage he retained by a steady production of verse: *Fables and Tales* and *The Three Bonnets* (1722); *The Fair Assembly*, a satire on the Puritan objection to dancing (1723); *Health*, containing portraits of contemporary debauchees (1724). In 1724 he commenced the publication of the *Tea-table Miscellany*: a Collection of Scots Songs, in which 'new words' were wedded to 'known good tunes' mainly by himself, but partly by Hamilton, Mallet, and others. This was followed by *The Evergreen*, 'being ane Collection of Scots Poems, wrote by the Ingenious before 1600.' The *Miscellany* was excellent work of its kind. The *Evergreen* is a monument of editorial stupidity. Ramsay had access to the Bannatyne MSS., but what he took from them he cut and carved and modernised according to his own taste; he passed off some of his own work as old Scots by the device of pseudo-archaic spelling. Finally, in 1725, he published *The Gentle Shepherd*, a dramatic pastoral, which his contemporaries esteemed not only his greatest work but a masterpiece of literature; poets and critics sang an unbroken chorus in its praise. It was by way of a realistic picture of Scottish rural life as it was—in reality as false as much of the Kail-yard literature of to-day—and had an enormous success. Thenceforward the poet rested on his oars, adding nothing to his output during the rest of his life but a masque, a pastoral epithalamium, a volume of fables, and an epistle to the Lords of Session. He was a prosperous man of business, and whether or not he was conscious that he had nothing more to say to his contemporaries, he was content to go on publishing, bookselling, managing a circulating library, and enjoying the society of his numerous friends. He sustained serious losses in 1736 through building a theatre, which the dominant class (half bigoted, but perhaps three parts rightly loath to allow the Restoration dramas, which were the vogue, to pollute the Edinburgh youth) did not allow him to open; his circulating library had barely escaped the Presbyterian Inquisition. All his influence with the leading men of the day in Edinburgh could not save his theatre, and he had to wait other ten years for the popular sanction of a legal quirk through which a playhouse, thanks largely to his efforts, was erected and opened in the Canongate. Ramsay's shops were successively in the Grassmarket, the High Street, and the Luckenbooths. He built a house for himself on the Castlehill in 1742, to a design by his son Allan the painter, and there spent the evening of his days. He died 7th January 17[illegible].

ALLAN RAMSAY
From an Engraving after the Portrait by W. Aikman

The 'science of heredity' being as yet in its infancy, it would be rash to speculate much or confidently as to the influence that the fact that Allan Ramsay had English blood in his veins may have had on his destiny as a man or his career as a poet. Yet there is nothing unreasonable in the supposition that this circumstance had a chastening effect upon the Scottish perfervidity which he inherited from his father, and may even have qualified him for the position of 'leader of the Scottish poetical revival of the eighteenth century' by helping him to write Scottish verse that was popular in England, as well as English verse that, frankly imitative though it was of southern models, was not boycotted for 'patriotic' reasons in Scotland. Ramsay was at his best when, through poetry, he preached the gospel of his own nature of the

> Black a vic'd, snod, dapper fallow, dark complexioned neat
> Nor lean nor overlaid with tallow -

he was not ashamed to describe himself. That nature, as set forth by himself, is less suggestive of typical Scottish 'canniness,' which is the shrewdness not of temperament but of calculation, than of English good temper, free from religious or moral austerity; not averse from the pleasure afforded by the 'tappit hen' for the sound practical reason that 'good claret best keeps out the cauld,' but distinctly averse from excess. At all events the 'canty callan,' the moderate convivialist of the Easy Club, the worldly bookseller who carried the courtly deference of the wig-maker into his poetic 'tributes to reigning beauties,' was eminently fitted to do justice to a period of literary transition, to recall Dunbar and Henryson, and prepare the way for Fergusson and Burns. Although in almost everything he wrote he appealed, like the dedication of his *Tea-table Miscellany*,

> To ilka lovely British lass,
> From ladies Charlotte, Anne, and Jean,
> Doun to ilk bony singing Bess
> Wha dances barefoot on the green

and although in his *Gentle Shepherd* he undoubtedly realised his comprehensive ambition, Ramsay desired primarily to please the well-to-do society of the Scottish capital, which was bent above all things on rivalling London, which regarded the 'rustic life' much as a later generation regarded the 'Kail-yard,' and which wished to see expressed in not too strenuous verse its own epicurean rather than rationalistic rebellion against 'the Kirk.' Ramsay made an admirable laureate for such a society. He could hold his own with all but the greatest of his English contemporaries. He could be sufficiently realistic when reproducing 'local' life, as in his *Elegies* on Maggy Johnston and Lucky Wood; he could even fall to the realism of the squalid-picturesque, as in some portions of the *Gentle Shepherd* and in the cantos he added to *Christ's Kirk*. While he advocated the pagan naturalism of 'puin' the gowan in its prime,' he did not carry his representation of passion to excess. To the ecstasies of 'the canny hour at e'en' he preferred the

> Dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
> Into my Patie's arms for good and a' -

of the far-seeing Peggie, who calculates that

> Bairns and their bairns make sure a firmer tie
> Than aught in love the like of us can spy.

Ramsay had the limitations of the successful poet of a transition period. He was superficial, mistook vulgarity for humour, and could on occasions be commonplace in an appalling degree; not without reason has the charge of 'buffoonery' been preferred against him. In spite of 'The Lass of Patie's Mill,' 'Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,' and 'Farewell to Lochaber' - if indeed he wrote the last - he can be allowed a place only among the minor lyrists of Scotland. There is nothing classical or 'inevitable' in Ramsay; yet the fidelity to truth of three-fourths of the *Gentle Shepherd*, and the prudent and genuinely 'national' Horatianism of

> Be sure ye dinna quat the grip quit
> Of ilka joy when ye are young, every
> Before auld age your vitals nip,
> And lay ye twafald o'er a rung double over a staff

have secured him a permanent place in Scottish poetry and the literature of Scottish sociology.

From 'The Gentle Shepherd.'

> Beneath the south side of a craigy bield, rocky shelter
> Where crystal springs the halesome waters yield,
> Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay, daisies
> Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May. Watching
> Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring; groans
> But blither Patie likes to laugh and sing. cheerfuller

SANG I.

TUNE - 'The wauking of the faulds.'

> *Patie.* My Peggy is a young thing,
> Just enter'd in her teens,
> Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
> Fair as the day, and always gay.
> My Peggy is a young thing,
> And I'm not very auld,
> Yet well I like to meet her at
> The wauking of the fauld. watching sheepfold
> My Peggy smiles sae sweetly,
> Whene'er we meet alane.
> I wish nae mair to lay my care,
> I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
> My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
> To a' the lave I'm cauld; rest
> But she gars a' my spirits glow
> At wauking of the fauld.

. . .

> My Peggy sings sae saftly,
> And in her sangs are tald,
> With innocence, the wale of sense, choice
> At wauking of the fauld.

(Act I. scene I.)

PROLOGUE TO SCENE II.

> A flowrie howm between twa verdant braes, [illegible]
> Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths, [illegible]
> A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground,
> Its channel peebles, shining smooth and round, [illegible]
> Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear;
> First please your eye, then gratify your ear;
> While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
> And Meg with better sense true love defends.

> *Jenny.* Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
> The shining day will bleach our linen clean,
> The water's clear, the lift unclouded blew, [illegible]
> Will make them like a lily wet with dew.

Peggy. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How, Hollow
Where a' that's sweet in spring and simmer grow;
Between twa birks out o'er a little linn waterfall
The water fa's, and makes a singand din: singing
A pool breast deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses with easy whirles the bordering grass.
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash oursells—'tis healthfou now in May
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day. fresh

(Act i, scene 2.)

SANG X.

Tune—'Winter was cauld, and my cleathing was thin.'

Peggy. When first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking first trey'd my young skill, tried
To bear the milk bowie no pain was to me, vessel
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee. folding

Patie. When corn riggs wav'd yellow, and blew heather-bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells, burnt
Nae birns, brier, or breckens, gave trouble to me, [illegible]
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

Peggy. When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came off the victor, my heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

(Act [illegible] 4.)

. . . .

Symon. Whene'er he drives our sheep to [illegible]
He buys some books of history, sangs or sport;
Nor does he want of them a rowth at will, [illegible]
And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.
About ane Shakespear and a famous Ben,
He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.
How sweetly Hawthornden and Stirling sing,
And ane caw'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
He kens fou weel, and gars their verses ring. makes
I sometimes thought, that he made o'er great frase fuss
About fine poems, histories and plays.
When I reprov'd him anes—a book he brings,
With this, quoth he, on braes I crack with kings. chat

(Act [illegible] 4.)

Auld Lang Syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
  Tho' they return with scars?
These are the noblest hero's lot
  Obtain'd in glorious wars.
Welcome, my Varo, to my breast,
  Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as blest
  As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough
  A thousand Cupids play,
Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you,
  Each object makes me gay.
Since your return the sun and moon
  With brighter beams do shine,
Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
  As they did lang syne.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray!
  They are twa bonny lasses,
They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brae, slope
  And theek'd it o'er with rashes:
Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
  And thought I ne'er could alter,
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een sly
  They gar my fancy falter. make

. . . . .

And Mary's locks are like the craw,
  Her een like diamonds glances;
She's ay sae clean redd up and braw, trim and well dressed
  She kills whene'er she dances.
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
  She blooming, tight and tall is;
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
  O Jove! She's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray!
  Ye unco sair oppress us, very sorely
Our fancies jee between you twae, sway
  Ye are sic bonny lasses:
Wae's me! For baith I canna get,
  To ane by law we're stented;
Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
  And be with ane contented.

An Ode to Ph—.

Look up to Pentland's tow'ring tap,
  Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scar, and slap, every cleft, rock, and gap
  As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their baws frae whins or tee, furze
  There's no ae gowfer to be seen,
Nor [illegible] [illegible] awry
  The byast bouls on Tamson's green. biassed bowls

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs, poke
  And beek the house baith butt and ben; warm
That mutchkin stoup it hauds but dribs, pint measure
  Then let's get in the tappit hen. quart measure

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
  And drives away the winter soon;
It makes a man baith gash and bauld, wise
  And heaves his saul beyond the moon.

. .

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip quit
  Of ilka joy when ye are young, every
Before auld age your vitals nip,
  And lay ye twafald o'er a rang. double over a staff

Fable III

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] field,
[illegible] field, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] sort.
[illegible]
[illegible] God,
[illegible] ever got;
That tho' [illegible] the prime,
Crown'd with fresh [illegible] and rowth of thyme, wealth
Yet, slave to pilfering, his delight
Was to break gardens ilka night. every

Upon a borrowing day when sleet
Made [illegible]winters and [illegible] wedders bleet,   sheep of certain ages
And quake with cauld; behind a ruck   rick
Met honest Toop and snaking Buck;   sneaking
Frae [illegible] to tail clad with thick hair,
He bad defiance to thin air;
But trusty Toop his fleece had riven,
When he amang the birns was driven: burnt heath-stalks
Half naked the brave leader stood,
He look'd compos'd, unmov'd his mood.
When thus the Goat, that had tint a'   lost
His credit baith with great and sma',
Shunn'd by them as a pest, wad fain
New friendship with this worthy gain.
Ram, say, shall I give you a part
Of mine? I'll do't with all my heart,
'Tis yet a lang cauld month to Beltan,   3rd May
And ye've a very ragged kelt on;   coat
Accept, I pray, what I can spare,
To clout your doublet with my hair.
No, says the Ram, tho' my coat's torn,
Yet ken, thou worthless, that I scorn
To be oblig'd at any price
To sic as you, whose friendship's vice;
I'd have less favour frae the best,
Clad in a hatefu's hairy vest
Bestow'd by thee, than as I now
Stand but ill drest in native woo.
Boons frae the generous make ane smile,
Frae miser'ants make receivers vile.

Christ's Kirk on the Green.

But there had been mair blood and skaith,
Sair harship and great spulie,   sore harrying—spoil
And mony a ane had gotten his death,
By this unsonsie tooly: unhappy fight
But that the bauld goodwife of Braith
Arm'd wi' a great kail gully,   knife
Came bellyflaught, and loot an aith,   *ventre à terre* let out an oath
She'd gar them a' be hooly   make them—wary
Fou fast that day.

Blyth to win aff sae wi' hale banes,   Glad
Tho' mony had clowr'd pows;   broken crowns
And dragg'd sae 'mang muck and stanes,
They look'd like wirrykows: scarecrows
Quoth some, who 'maist had tint their aynds,   lost—breath
'Let's see how a' bowls rows: roll
And quat their brulziement at anes,   quit—row
Yon gully is nae mows,   knife—safe
Forsooth this day.'

. . . . .

The manly miller, haff and haff,
Came out to shaw good will,
Flang by his mittens and his staff,
Cry'd 'Gie me Paty's Mill:'
He lap bawk-hight, and cry'd 'Had aff,'   rafter high—Hold
They rees'd him that had skill;   chaffed
'He wad do't better,' quoth a cawff,   lout
'Had he another gill
Of usquebay.'

On whomelt tubs lay twa lang dails,   overturned—deals
On them stood mony a goan,   wooden dish
Some fill'd wi' brochan, some wi' kail,   porridge—colewort
And milk het frae the loan.   milking place

Of daintiths thay had rowth and wale   wealth—choice
Of which they were righ fon;
But naething wad gae down but ale
Wi' drunken Donald Don,
The smith, that day.

(From Canto ii.)

. . . . .

Now frae th' east nook of Fife the dawn
Speel'd westlines up the lift,   Climbed—westward
Carles wha heard the cock had crawn,
Begoud to rax and rift;   Began—stretch—retch
And greedy wives wi' girning thrawn,   cross with whining
Cry'd lasses up to thrift;
Dogs barked, and the lads frae hand
Bang'd to their breeks like drift   Flew to—breeches
Be break of day.   By

But some who had been fou yestreen,
Sic as the letter-gae,   precentor
Air up had nae will to be seen   Early
Grudgin their groat to pay.
But what aft fristed's no forgeen   trusted
When fouk has nought to say;
Yet sweer were they to rake their een;   loath
Sic dizzy heads had they,
And het that day.

Auld Bessie in her red coat braw   fine
Came wi' her ain oe Nanny,   grandchild
An odd like wife, they said that saw,
A moupin, runkled granny;   mumbling—wrinkled
She fley'd the kimmers ane and a',   frightened—gossips
Word gae'd she was na kanny,   safe
Nor wad they let Lucky awa,
Till she was fou wi' branny,
Like mony mae.   more

(From Canto iii.)

A complete edition of Ramsay's poems, with a biography by George Chalmers, was published in 1800, and has been often reprinted. A selection by Mr Logie Robertson was issued in [illegible]. The *Tea-table Miscellany* and the *Evergreen* have been reprinted more than once. There is a short biography of Ramsay by Mr Oliphant Smeaton (1896), and an admirable essay in Professor Masson's *Edinburgh Sketches* (1892).

WILLIAM WALLACE.

William Meston (1688-1745), who aspired to write the Scottish *Hudibras*, was the son of an Aberdeenshire blacksmith, and, after an education at Marischal College, became one of the regents there through the influence of the noble family of Keith. Following his patrons, however, in the rebellion of 1715, he lost his office, and had to go for a while into hiding, and during the rest of his life he earned a precarious subsistence as schoolmaster and tutor in various places in the north of Scotland, under the protection of several Jacobite families. His *Knight of the Kirk* (1723) shows a close and even servile imitation of the plot and metre of Butler. Sir John Presbyter takes the place of the English Puritan knight, and that of Ralph is filled by a squire who evidently represents the Wild Westland Whigs. The poem had a certain vogue among Scottish Jacobites, and it would seem that about five or six editions of it appeared within forty years. But it shows no trace of original genius, and the almost entire lack of action in its pages makes it very tedious reading even in its fragmentary state. Meston's collected verses, which were printed at Edinburgh in 1767, and reprinted at Aberdeen in 1802, include also a series of short stories in verse entitled *Mother Grim's Tales.*

Robert Crawford (c. 1695-1733), author of 'Tweedside' and 'The Bush aboon Traquair,' was the son of an Edinburgh merchant. He assisted Allan Ramsay in his *Tea-table Miscellany*, and, according to information obtained by Burns, was drowned in coming from France in May 1733. His two lyrics, admired by Burns and Allan Cunningham, now strike one as oddly conventional; though there is only one word of unmistakable Scotch in the two songs, we place him here with the vernacular and local poets.

The Bush aboon Traquair.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
  I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Though thus I languish and complain,
  Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
  Unheeded, never move her;
At the bonny Bush aboon Traquair,
  'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smiled and made me glad,
  No maid seemed ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
  So sweetly there to find her:
I tried to soothe my amorous flame,
  In words that I thought tender;
If more there passed, I'm not to blame—
  I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
  The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet she shews disdain,
  She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloomed fair in May,
  Its sweets I'll aye remember;
But now her frowns make it decay –
  It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
  Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
O make her partner in my pains,
  Then let her smiles relieve me:
If not, my love will turn despair,
  My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the Bush aboon Traquair—
  To lonely wilds I'll wander.

Tweedside.

What beauties does Flora disclose!
  How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
  Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
  Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not Tweed, gliding gently through those,
  Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
  The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
  With musick enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead;
  Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
  And love while the feathered folk sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
  Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray
  While happily she lyes asleep?
Should Tweed's murmurs lull her to rest,
  Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To ease the soft pains of my breast,
  I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;
  No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell;
  She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
  Oh, tell me at morn where they feed?
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay?
  Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

Alexander Ross (1699-1784), from 1732 schoolmaster at Lochlee in Forfarshire, when nearly seventy years of age, in 1768, published at Aberdeen, by the advice of Dr Beattie, a volume entitled *Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess, a Pastoral Tale in the Scottish Dialect, to which are added a few Songs by the Author.* Some of his songs – as 'Woo'd, and Married, and a',' 'The Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow' – are still popular in Scotland. Being chiefly written in the Buchan dialect – which differs in words and in pronunciation from the west-country Scotch of Burns – Ross's pastoral is little known even in Scotland. Beattie took a warm interest in the 'good-humoured, social, happy old man' – who was independent on £20 a year – and to promote the sale of his volume, he addressed a letter and a poetical epistle in praise of it in Aberdeenshire Scotch to the *Aberdeen Journal.*

Woo'd, and Married, and a'.

The bride cam out o' the byre,
  And, oh, as she dighted her cheeks: wiped
'Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
  And have neither blankets nor sheets;
Have neither blankets nor sheets,
  Nor scarce a coverlet too;
The bride that has a' thing to borrow,
  Has e'en right muckle ado.'
    Woo'd, and married, and a',
      Married, and woo'd, and a'!
    And was she nae very weel off,
      That was woo'd, and married, and a'?

Out spake the bride's father,
  As he cam in frae the pleugh:
'Oh, haud your tongue, my dochter,
  And ye'se get gear eneugh;
The stirk stands i' the tether,
  And our braw bawsint yaud, mare with a white forehead
Will carry ye hame your corn –
  What wad ye be at, ye jaud?' jade

Out spake the bride's mither :
  'What deil needs a' this pride ?
I had nae a plack in my pouch   copper – pocket
  That night I was a bride ;
My gown was linsey-woolsey,
  And ne'er a sark ava ;
And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
  Mae than ane or twa.' . . .

Out spake the bride's brither,
  As he cam in wi' the kye :
'Poor Willie wad ne'er hae ta'en ye,
  Had he kent ye as weel as I ;
For ye 're baith proud and saucy,
  And no for a poor man's wife ;
Gin I canna get a better,
  I 'se ne'er tak ane i' my life.'

Out spake the bride's sister,
  As she cam in frae the byre :
'O gin I were but married,
  It 's a' that I desire ;
But we poor folk maun live single,
  And do the best that we can ;
I dinna care what I should want,
  If I could get but a man.'

John Skinner (1721-1807), by his 'Tullochgorum' and other songs, helped to inspire Burns, and in his life as in his verses sought to further kindliness and good-will among men. Born at Birse in Aberdeenshire, the son of a Presbyterian schoolmaster, he was educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen, and, turning Episcopalian, from 1742 officiated as Episcopal minister of Longside near Peterhead. After the troubled period of the rebellion of 1745, when the Episcopal clergy of Scotland laboured under the charge of disaffection, Skinner was in 1753 imprisoned six months for preaching to more than four persons! He was a faithful pastor and a diligent student, setting little store by his verse-writing gifts. All his life he had a hard struggle with poverty; in venerable age he died in the house of his son, the Bishop of Aberdeen, having realised his wish of 'seeing once more his children's grandchildren, and peace upon Israel.' His son edited the theological works (with Life, 3 vols. 1809); the *Ecclesiastical History of Scotland* (2 vols. 1788) begins with the conversion of Scotland, and is an authority for the history of the 'suffering and Episcopal remnant.' There is also a most interesting life of him by Walker (1883). Skinner wrote a poem on football in imitation of *Chrystis Kirk*, which latter he did into Latin. He wrote Latin versions of some of the psalms, and several Latin poems, humorous and other. 'The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn' combines playful humour and tenderness: Burns's 'Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie' has much in common with it. Burns said (too complimentarily, writing to Skinner himself) '"Tullochgorum" was the best Scotch song ever Scotland saw.' In Skinner's day 'Tullochgorum' was no song, but the name of a Highland reel tune, called after a holding of the Grants on Speyside.

Tullochgorum.

Come gie 's a sang, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside ;
What signifies 't for folks to chide
  For what 's been done before them ?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To drop their Whigmegmorum.
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend this night with mirth and glee,
And cheerful sing alang wi' me
  The reel of Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum 's my delight ;
It gars us a' in ane unite ;
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,   fool
  In conscience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry we 's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we 's be a',
  And mak a cheerfu' quorum.
Blithe and merry we 's be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
  The reel of Tullochgorum.

There need nae be sae great a fraise   fuss
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays ;
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
  For half a hunder score o' 'em.
They 're dowf and dowie at the best,   sad and doleful
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
They 're dowf and dowie at the best,
  Wi' a' their variorum.
They 're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their allegros, and a' the rest,
They canna please a Scottish taste,
  Compared wi' Tullochgorum. . . .

May choicest blessings ay attend
Each honest hearted, open friend ;
And calm and quiet be his end,
  And a' that 's good watch o'er him !
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
  And dainties, a great store o' 'em !
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstained by any vicious spot ;
And may he never want a groat,
  That 's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
  And discontent devour him !
May dool and sorrow be his chance,   grief
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
  And nane say, Wae 's me for 'im !
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
  The reel of Tullochgorum !

THE REIGNS OF THE GERMAN-BORN GEORGES.

THE accession of the Hanoverian dynasty made no very serious break in our history; the outward events it brought in its train—the Jacobite risings at home and the foreign complications—did not so deeply affect the life of the nation as is suggested by the disproportionate space their records occupy in the national annals. But under the first George, who did not know any English, and the second, who to the end of his life spoke it as a foreigner, notable changes and signs of greater change manifested themselves in our literature.

Most important is what is known as the return to nature, the revival of interest in the poetry of natural description: the gradual transition from the poetry of formal culture, of critical disquisition, of philosophical reflection, to the poetry of emotion, of spontaneous joy in life and passion and beauty. At no time had men or poets been wholly obtuse to the glories of nature—of sea and sky, mountain and river, winter storms and summer sunsets. But somehow in poetry and literature the expression of these emotions was obscured by much moralising and reflecting on them, and so making them, as it were, a background for philosophical and more or less artificial-looking elucubrations. The more Nature in the abstract was praised and invoked and personified in poetry and prose, the less room was left for taking concrete things and facts close to the heart. The difference was not so much in what men felt, or in the way they felt, as in the things they were moved to put into words and to utter in song, and what other people cared to have them say. Human nature remained fundamentally the same, but sought and found a new way of expressing itself, or at least of expressing itself more fully.

Occasional utterances that reveal the new temper may be traced sporadically even in the writers at the end of the seventeenth century, but become more frequent and more marked early in the eighteenth. In Dyer, born towards the end of the seventeenth century, we found the new leaven working; *Grongar Hill* is largely a poem of nature, but has not wholly thrown off the old fetters. And in virtue of his principal poem, *The Fleece*, Dyer must still be ranked with the didactics; though, he is obviously happier when exulting over his Welsh mountains than in blessing English sheep-walks and their industries. Young and Blair are far removed from Pope in temper as in versification; but the *Night Thoughts* and the *Grave*, both printed in the period under review, belong clearly to the didactic category. In James Thomson, born in the very last months of the seventeenth century, literary historians have agreed to see the first whole-hearted prophet of the new movement; direct and heartfelt descriptions of natural scenery form the warp and woof of his fine spun web (see above at page 11). Yet the *Seasons* was being read while Pope's pre-eminency was undisputed, and before the *Essay on Man* was written. In Shenstone, along with much old artificiality, the new spirit is also stirring. Gray and Collins combine with zeal for a classical perfection of form, a freedom and variety of verse and rhythm, a simplicity and spontaneity of thought and feeling, that point forward to the poetry of romanticism. Mallet's *William and Margaret* prepares the way for the work of Warton and Percy on the relics of the romantic past. The significance of Fielding's novels, and their modernness of spirit in contrast to Richardson, have been dealt with by Mr Dobson at pages 7 and 340 of this volume. The rude realism of Fielding and Smollett is also an aspect of the naturalistic movement, and is reflected in the art of Hogarth. Akenside, Thomson's younger contemporary, is even more didactic and pseudo-philosophical than many of his spiritual ancestors; and Dr Samuel Johnson, the dominant personality in his age, the most characteristic representative of eighteenth-century England, in his poetry holds almost wholly of the past. The Great Cham of letters was too ponderous a figure to be easily swayed by new movements or the mysterious currents of the Zeitgeist; it was his to represent for all time the outstanding characteristics of the eternal and immutable Englishman, not without a full share of insular prejudices and limitations. Fully half of Johnson's literary career was over with the reign of George II. His influence and Goldsmith's example produced a temporary reaction towards old principles in poetry.

A very noteworthy feature of this early Georgian period is the way in which, while a vernacular Scottish revival was in progress at home, Scotsmen came to the front in English literature, and in poetry, novel writing, philosophic speculation, political and economic thought, and even literary criticism, disputed the pre-eminency with the Southrons on their own ground. Burnet had secured a prominent place as a historian ere he died, just at the close of Anne's reign; and Arbuthnot, who lived till 1735, was the first Scotsman who associated on a footing of perfect equality with the foremost wits in London society. But James Thomson was the first Scotsman to be ranked by Englishmen amongst great English poets. Not merely in England but on the Continent, Hume and Robertson were accepted as great writers and representative English historians. Adam Smith was laying the foundations of a new science, though it was under George III. that the *Wealth of Nations* appeared. Even Mallet's romantic ballad was a sign of the times; and Macpherson was collecting or inventing the Ossianic poems which had so strange a place in the movement of the century. Smollett had done much of his best work and even been hailed as a rival to Fielding; and Boswell, though not yet the prince of biographers, was writing for the magazines. Lord Kames had ventured to lay down the laws of literature even to Englishmen, and had written the *Elements of Criticism*, which became a standard work at the beginning of the next reign. And Hugh Blair had begun at Edinburgh those *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres* which moved George III., at the beginning of his reign, to endow a chair of rhetoric for the elegant (rather than eloquent) preacher whose sermons were to be the pious king's favourite reading. Several of these authors attained to their highest fame well on in the second half of the century, but they were all already active or conspicuous under the earlier Georges. And their joint achievement would have been a rich legacy to any country or period. Border raids were over and done: in English literature there was henceforward to be a Scottish occupation in force.

As the eighteenth century progressed, English authors addressed themselves less exclusively to the gentry and the London coteries, and kept more steadily in view the 'general reader.' And before the middle of the century, English literature was becoming a power on the Continent. Voltaire's memorable visit to England took place in 1726-29; Rousseau's not till 1766. The *Spectator's* influence was telling everywhere, and through the Abbé Prévost's translations of Richardson, the English novel was introduced to the French world under the best auspices. Young's *Night Thoughts* struck a chord throughout educated Europe, and in a German translation (1760-71) made its mark on multitudes who knew no English. Thomson, too, soon found a foreign following. Other notes of the period are dealt with in Mr Dobson's essay on the eighteenth century at the beginning of this volume.

James Thomson.

James Thomson was born at Ednam, near Kelso in Roxburgh, on the 11th of September 1700. His father, then minister of the parish of Ednam, soon removed to Southdean, a retired parish among the lower slopes of the Cheviots; and there the young poet spent his boyish years. The gift of poesy came early, and some lines written at the age of fourteen show how soon his characteristic manner was formed. In his eighteenth year Thomson was sent to Edinburgh College to study for the Church; but after the death of his father he went to London (1725) to push his fortune. His college friend, Mallet, got him a post as tutor to the son of Lord Binning, and being shown some of his descriptions of *Winter*, advised him to connect them into one regular poem. *Winter* was published in March 1726, the poet receiving only three guineas for the copyright. A second and a third edition appeared the same year. *Summer* appeared in 1727. In 1728 he issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, the *Four Seasons;* the number of subscribers, at a guinea a copy, was 387; Pope (to whom Thomson had been introduced by Mallet) took three copies. *Autumn* completed the work, which appeared in 1730. He wrote a poem on the death of Newton, and *Britannia* (1729), a tirade against Spain and in praise of the Prince of Wales. The tragedy of *Sophonisba* was produced in 1729;

but the unlucky line, 'Oh! Sophonisba, Sophonisba Oh!' parodied (not from the gallery of the theatre, but) in a printed squib, 'Oh! Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson Oh!' extinguished its little spark of life, after it had been produced with fair success ten times. It was at best an imitation of Otway's manner. In 1731 the poet accompanied the son of a future Lord Chancellor to the Continent, and with him visited France, Switzerland, and Italy. At Rome, Thomson indulged the wish expressed in one of his letters, 'to see the fields where Virgil had gathered his immortal honey, and tread the same ground where men have thought and acted so greatly.' On his return next year he busied himself with his poem on *Liberty*, which Dr Johnson and so many after him have found unreadable, and obtained the sinecure situation of Secretary of Briefs in the Court of Chancery, which he held till the death of his patron, the Lord Chancellor. A new Chancellor bestowed the post on another, Thomson having, from characteristic indolence, omitted to ask a continuance of the office. He again tried the drama, and produced *Agamemnon* (1738), which was coldly received. *Edward and Eleonora* followed (1739), and the poet's circumstances were brightened by a pension of £100 a year from the Prince of Wales, to whom in 1732 he had dedicated the poem on *Liberty*. He was also made Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands, an office which (though its duties were performed by deputy) brought him £300 per annum. In 1740 the masque of *Alfred*, by Thomson and Mallet, was produced before the Prince of Wales; the song 'Rule, Britannia,' afterwards tacitly claimed by Mallet as his, was almost certainly part of Thomson's share in the masque. He was now in comparative opulence, and his house at Kew Lane near Richmond was the scene of social enjoyment and lettered ease. Retirement and nature became, he said, more and more his passion every day. 'I have enlarged my rural domain,' he writes to a friend: 'the two fields next to me, from the first of which I have walled—no, no—*paled* in, about as much as my garden consisted of before, so that the walk runs round the hedge, where you may figure me walking any time of the day, and sometimes at night.' His house appears to have been finely furnished: the sale catalogue, specifying the contents of every room, fills eight pages of print; and his cellar was well stocked with wines and Scotch ale. In this snug suburban retreat Thomson produced the dramas of *Tancred and Sigismunda* (1745) and *Coriolanus* (1748); he also applied himself to finish the *Castle of Indolence*, on which he had been for years engaged. The poem was published in May 1748. In August he took a boat at Hammersmith when heated by walking from London, caught cold, was thrown into a fever, and died on the 27th August 1748.

JAMES THOMSON.
From the Portrait by John Paton in the National Portrait Gallery.

Though born a poet, Thomson advanced but slowly towards perfection; and the impressions of his Continental tour left their traces on his subsequent work. The first edition of the *Seasons* differs materially from the second; and almost every alteration was an improvement. In the 1744 edition six hundred lines were added to 'Summer,' eighty-seven to 'Autumn,' one hundred and six to 'Spring,' and two hundred and eighty-two to 'Winter,' according to Mr Logie Robertson's reckoning. Between the first and the last forms that received the author's own corrections the length of the whole poem grew from 3902 to 5403 lines. It has been matter of controversy how far the additions and emendations were due to Thomson himself. The Rev. John Mitford, editing Gray in 1814, alleged that the alterations in an interleaved copy of the 1744 edition were partly by Thomson himself and partly by another, whom, by help of the British Museum authorities, Mitford identified with no less a personage than Pope. Tovey, editing in 1897, and supported by the then

British Museum experts, positively denies that the writing of the second corrector is Pope, and Mr Churton Collins has argued strongly against the inherent improbability of Mitford's assumption. There is no ground to believe that Pope wrote blank verse at all; and it is certainly odd that none of the anecdotists or earlier biographers of Pope or Thomson should have recorded a fact so interesting as the collaboration of the two poets. It may well be that the handwriting of the second series of corrections was merely that of Thomson's amanuensis, and that the second corrector as well as the first was Thomson himself—for it is not fair to assume that the best of the alterations were beyond Thomson's own powers.

One of the most remarkable alterations attributed by Mitford to Pope, which duly appeared in the later editions of the *Seasons*, was the famous passage about Lavinia. In the original edition of *Autumn*, Thomson's lines on Lavinia were:

> Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
> Recluse among the woods; if city dames
> Will deign their faith: and thus she went, compelled
> By strong necessity, with as serene
> And pleased a look as Patience e'er put on,
> To glean Palemon's fields.

This passage was deleted, and the following substituted for it:

> Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
> Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
> As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
> Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
> A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
> And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
> So flourished blooming, and unseen by all,
> The sweet Lavinia; till at length, compelled
> By strong Necessity's supreme command,
> With smiling patience in her looks, she went
> To glean Palemon's fields.

In writing the *Seasons*, Thomson is credited with having opened a new era in English literature, and with having produced the first conspicuous example of the poetry consisting mainly of the description of nature. Hazlitt called him 'the best of our descriptive poets.' It would be absurd to say that poets had ever been obtuse to the beauties and interests of nature; Dyer rejoiced in describing hills and valleys and glimpses of the distant sea; but in the bulk of Thomson's predecessors—in Shakespeare, for example, and Milton nature, and the emotions evoked by nature, form rather an accidental background; in Thomson it becomes the essence of the poem. Wordsworth, his most conspicuous successor in this sphere, was unfair in ascribing Thomson's popularity to 'false ornaments and sentimental commonplaces.' It is Thomson's best that appealed then, that appeals still, to his readers; in spontaneous and genuine love of nature, in describing and in evoking the joy and love of nature in others, he led the way for a long band of followers. He had the insight to see that the heroic couplet, then so popular, was unsuited for his theme; no doubt his blank verse falls short of his great model, Milton, yet the poet of the *Seasons* wields his verse with power and musical charm.

That Thomson's art was perfecting itself up to the end may be seen from the nobler style and diction of the *Castle of Indolence*, in which the imitation of Spenser is largely playful. Thomson's natural gift included an exuberance which required to be disciplined and controlled. He never slackens in an enthusiasm which fatigues his readers, nor tires of pointing out the beauties of nature, which, indolent as he was, he had surveyed under every aspect till he had become familiar with all. There are many traces of minute and accurate observation at first hand. But he looks also, as Johnson said, 'with the eye which nature bestows only on a poet—the eye that distinguishes, in everything presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute.' And everywhere we find evidences of a genuinely sympathetic and kindly heart. His touching allusions to the poor and suffering, to hapless bird and beast in winter; the description of the peasant perishing in the snow, the Siberian exile, or the Arab pilgrims—all overflow with the true feeling which in part at least 'formed the magic of his song.' His own impulses he has expressed with convincing sincerity in one lofty stanza of the *Castle of Indolence:*

> I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
> You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
> You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
> Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
> You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
> The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve.
> Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
> And I their toys to the great children leave:
> Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.

'The love of nature,' in Coleridge's words, 'seems to have led Thomson to a cheerful religion; and a gloomy religion to have led Cowper to a love of nature. The one would carry his fellow-men along with him into nature; the other flies to nature from his fellow-men. In chastity of diction, however, and the harmony of blank verse, Cowper leaves Thomson immeasurably below him; yet I still feel the latter to have been the born poet.' The copiousness and fullness of Thomson's descriptions distinguish them, not always to their advantage, from those of the less buoyant Cowper, although Sainte-Beuve holds that he is better than the poet of the *Task* at large pictures and general effects; '*il y a des masses chez Thomson.*' Coleridge also rather unkindly said that 'Thomson was a great poet rather than a good one; his style was as meretricious as his thoughts were natural.' His work is at times as verbose as an elaborately descriptive catalogue, and is frequently disfigured by grandiose words and phrases and by superfluous

Latinisms. And it must be admitted that even the thought is often conventional and commonplace. He is terribly unequal; and though he has long passages of pleasing melody, though the exquisite note in his description of the Hebrides, 'placed far amid the melancholy main,' is but rarely heard, the diction of the *Seasons*, often admirable for its purpose, is too ambitious for ordinary themes. This, also on the Hebrides, is another wonderfully felicitous fragment:

Or where the northern ocean in vast whirls
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of farthest Thule, and the Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides.

Thomson was not without a vein of quaint and even coarse humour; but when he descends to minute description, or to humorous or satirical scenes—as in the account of the chase and fox-hunters' dinner in *Autumn*—the effect is grotesque and absurd.

As a man Thomson was kindly, easy, gay, indolent, and of a rare modesty. No wonder he was universally popular. Stanza lxviii. Canto i (written by a friend of the author'—Lord Lyttelton) of his last work pictures him as 'more fat than bard beseems;' as 'void of envy guile, and lust of gain;' as all

The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
  Here laughed he careless in his easy seat;
Here quaffed encircled with the joyous train,
  Oft moralising sage: his ditty sweet.
  He loathèd much to write, nor carèd to repeat.

The *Seasons* powerfully influenced Kleist, and told on the attitude to nature of German poetry. The poem was translated by Brockes, and is still familiar to many in Germany and elsewhere in the selection set to music by Haydn. The *Castle of Indolence*, in Mr Gosse's opinion, had a marked influence in determining certain phases of the work of Shelley. The first seven of the following passages are from the *Seasons;* the next is from the beginning of Book i. of the *Castle of Indolence*, by most critics admitted to be his masterpiece.

Showers in Spring.

The North-east spends his rage, and now shut up
Within his iron cave, the effusive South
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by fast degrees,
In heaps on heaps the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hushed in short suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait the approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshened world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.

Birds in Spring.

To the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
That Nature's great command may be obeyed:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulged in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fixed. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes:
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumbered wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserved,
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.
  As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosened Spring around her blows,
Her sympathising lover takes his stand
High on the opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. The appointed time
With pious toil fulfilled, the callow young,
Warmed and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,

A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamour. O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize ! away they fly
Affectionate, and undesiring bear
The most delicious morsel to their young ;
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
By fortune sank, but formed of generous mould,
And charmed with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustained alone by providential Heaven,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

A Summer Morning.

With quickened step,
Brown Night retires : young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine ;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward : while along the forest-glade
The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy ;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells ;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

Summer Evening.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his sitting throne
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrité, and her tending nymphs
(So Grecian fable sung), he dips his orb ;
Now half-immersed ; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears. . . .
Confessed from yonder slow-extinguished clouds,
All ether softening, sober Evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air ;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First *this*
She sends on earth ; then *that*, of deeper dye,
Steals soft behind ; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought disdains : thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feathered seeds she wings.
His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk maid of her brimming pail ;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixed anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk and unfrequented ; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry to pass
The summer night, as village stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urged
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunned ; whose mournful chambers hold,
So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The Glowworm lights his gem ; and through the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night ; not in her winter robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose arrayed
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye ;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retained
The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns ; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines ; and, from her genial rise,
When day light sickens, till it springs afresh,
Unrivalled reigns, the fairest lamp of night.

An Autumn Evening.

But see, the fading many-coloured woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown ; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf strewn walks,
And give the season in its latest view.
Meantime, light shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether ; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current ; while, illumined wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the Sun,
And through their lucid veil his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things ;
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace,
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.
Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the saddened grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse ;
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swelled all the music of the swarming shades,
Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock,
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O, let not, aimed from some inhuman eye,

The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!
The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till, choked and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields:
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. Even what remained
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul. . . .
The western sun withdraws the shortened day;
And humid Evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condensed
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the Moon,
Full-orbed, and breaking through the scattered clouds,
Shows her broad visage in the crimsoned east.
Turned to the Sun direct, her spotted disk—
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,
A smaller earth—gives all his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world . . .
The lengthened night elapsed, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last Autumnal day.
And now the mountain Sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And, hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

A Winter Landscape.

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar heads; and, ere the languid Sun
Faint from the West emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms—dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men—the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kine
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow. . . .
As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
All Winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose-revolving fields the swain
Disastered stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown, joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home: the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart,
When, for the dusky spot which Fancy feigned
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild!
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smoothed up with snow; and what is land, unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,—
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse,
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

The Mecca Caravan.

Breathed hot
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert! e'en the camel feels,
Shot through his withered heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands
Commoved around, in gathering eddies play;
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come,
Till with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
And by their noonday fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
The impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

From 'The Castle of Indolence.'

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half imbrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds, that slumbrous influence kest,
From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep:
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was:
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky.
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures, always hovered nigh;
But whate'er smackt of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checkered day and night.
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was placed; and to his lute of cruel fate
And labour harsh, complained, lamenting man's estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass there by:
For, as they chanced to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round the enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his syren melody;
While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung:

'Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
See all but man with unearned pleasure gay:
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
What youthful bride can equal her array?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

'Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove;
Ten thousand throats that, from the flowering thorn,
Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove!
They neither plough, nor sow; ne, fit for flail,
E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove;
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

'Outcast of Nature, man! the wretched thrall
Of bitter-dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
Of cares that eat away the heart with gall,
And of the vices, an inhuman train,
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain:
For when hard hearted Interest first began
To poison earth, Astræa left the plain;
Guile, Violence, and Murder, seized on man,
And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

'Come, ye who still the cumbrous load of life
Push hard up hill; but as the farthest steep
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
For ever vain: come, and, withouten fee,
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils; will steep you in a sea
Of full delight: O come, ye weary wights, to me!

'With me, you need not rise at early dawn,
To pass the joyless day in various stounds;
Or, louting low, on upstart Fortune fawn,
And sell fair Honour for some paltry pounds;

Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds ;
Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
In venal senate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

'No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
From village on to village sounding clear ;
To tardy swain no shrill-voiced matrons squall ;
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear ;
No hammers thump ; no horrid blacksmith sear ;
Ne noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start
With sounds that are a misery to hear :
But all is calm,—as would delight the heart
Of Sybarite of old,—all Nature, and all Art. . . .

'The best of men have ever loved repose :
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray ;
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
Embittered more from peevish day to day.
Even those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renowned of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stolen away :
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

'But if a little exercise you choose,
Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year ;
Or, softly stealing, with your watery gear,
Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry
You may delude ; the whilst, amused, you hear
Now the hoarse stream, and now the Zephyr's sigh,
Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

'O grievous folly ! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun :
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting Fate,
And gives the untasted portion you have won,
With ruthless toil and many a wretch undone,
To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun ;
But sure it is of vanities most vain,
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.'

He ceased. But still their trembling ears retained
The deep vibrations of his witching song,
That, by a kind of magic power, constrained
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng
Heaps poured on heaps, and yet they slipped along,
In silent ease : as when beneath the beam
Of summer moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silvered with the gleam,
The soft-embodied Fays through airy portal stream. . . .

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming round,
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
But every man strolled off his own glad way.
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertained,
No living creature could be seen to stray ;
While solitude and perfect silence reigned :
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrained.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid Isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main
(Whether it be lone Fancy him beguiles ;
Or that aerial beings sometimes deign
To stand embodied, to our senses plain),
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro :
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show. . . .

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self-opened into halls, where who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land ?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretched around in seemly band ;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head ;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And every where huge covered tables stood,
With wines high-flavoured and rich viands crowned ;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this Earth are found,
And all old Ocean genders in his round.
Some hand unseen these silently displayed,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound :
You need but wish, and, instantly obeyed,
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses played . . .

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale ;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale :
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Poured forth at large the sweetly-tortured heart :
Or, sighing tender passion, swelled the gale,
And taught charmed Echo to resound their smart ;
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and peace impart.

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age ;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed :
Blessed sons of Nature they ! true Golden Age indeed !

Sometimes the pencil in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or Autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls :
Now the black tempest strikes the astonished eyes :
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies ;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies :
Whate'er Lorraine light-touched with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew. . . .

A certain music, never known before,
Here lulled the pensive, melancholy mind :
Full easily obtained. Behoves no more,
But sidelong to the gently-waving wind
To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined ;
From which, with airy flying fingers light
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight :
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul!
Now rising love they fanned; now pleasing dole
They breathed, in tender musings, through the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart:
Wild-warbling Nature all, above the reach of Art!

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdad, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;
And verse, love, music still the garland wore:
When sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,
Cheered the lone midnight with the Muse's lore;
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sighed, and oft began
(So worked the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell:
At doors and windows, threatening, seemed to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That played, in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roseate smile on Nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fleece with clouds, the pure ethereal space;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
My Muse will not attempt your fairy land;
She has no colours that like you can glow:
To catch your vivid scenes, too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprites,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,
Poured all the Arabian heaven upon our nights,
And blest them oft besides with more refined delights.

They were in sooth a most enchanting train,
Even feigning virtue; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for those fiends whom blood and broils delight;
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to keep.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom!
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom!
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart:
But chief, awhile, O! lend us from the tomb
Those long lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixed woe the heart.

(From Book I.)

From 'Alfred, a Masque.' An Ode.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain:
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair!
Rule, Britannia, &c.

In 1897 the Rev. D. C. Tovey published a good edition of *The Poetical Works of James Thomson*, with critical appendices and a memoir; and there is a convenient *Selection* by J. Logie Robertson (Clarendon Press, 1891). Murdoch and Dr Johnson were early biographers; there are also Lives by Gilfillan, by W. M. Rossetti, and by W. Bayne ('Famous Scots,' 1898). A German monograph by Schmeding appeared in 1889, and Professor Léon Morel is the author of a singularly full monograph on *James Thomson, sa Vie et ses Œuvres* (1895).

David Mallet (1705?-65), author of some popular ballad stanzas, and some florid unimpassioned poems in blank verse, was a successful but unprincipled literary adventurer. His original name was Malloch, the name adopted by many of the Macgregors when their clan was broken up (1603). His father was said to have kept an inn at Crieff, but seems rather to have been the well-to-do tenant of the farm of Dunruchan, near Muthill in Perthshire. Educated at Crieff parish school and Edinburgh University, where he made the acquaintance of James Thomson, Mallet went to London as tutor in the Duke of Montrose's family in 1723. Next year his ballad of *William and Margaret* appeared; and he soon numbered among his friends Young, Pope, and other authors, to whom his assiduous attentions, his agreeable manners, and literary tastes rendered his society acceptable. In 1726 he began to write his name Mallet, 'for there is not one Englishman,' he said, 'that can pronounce Malloch;' and

Dennis had made a jest on Moloch that rankled. A great dandy, he succeeded not merely in keeping clear of Scotticisms in his published works, but 'in clearing his tongue of his native pronunciation.'

In 1728 he published his poem the *Excursion*, written in servile imitation of the blank verse of Thomson. By command of Frederick, Prince of Wales, then head of the Opposition, he wrote, in conjunction with Thomson, the masque of *Alfred*, which was performed in 1740, at Cliefden, the prince's summer residence. In this slight dramatic performance—afterwards altered by Mallet, and brought upon the stage at Drury Lane in 1751—'Rule, Britannia,' first appeared. In the reissue Mallet indirectly claimed the song and all that was best in the masque as his own. But it seems to be fatal to his claim that the song was published in 1752 as by Thomson. In the same year (1740) he wrote a Life of Bacon, prefixed to an edition of the works. In 1742 he was appointed under-secretary to the Prince of Wales; and a fortunate second marriage with a daughter of Lord Carlisle's steward added to his income. Both Mallet and his wife were professed deists. When Gibbon the historian left Oxford and entered the Roman Catholic Church, he went to live in Mallet's house, but was rather scandalised than reclaimed by the philosophy of his host. In 1749 Mallet figured as the ostensible editor of Bolingbroke's *Patriot King*—insulting the memory of his benefactor Pope; and the peer rewarded him by bequeathing to him the whole of his works, manuscripts, and library. Mallet's love of money and freethinking views were equally gratified by this bequest; he published the collected works of Bolingbroke in 1754, and drew down on Bolingbroke's head and his own Johnson's famous sarcasm (see above at page 203), in which Mallet figured as the hungry Scotchman whom Bolingbroke hired for half-a-crown to fire off after his death the gun he was himself too great a coward to discharge. The accession of George III. opened a way for all literary Scotsmen subservient to the Crown, and Mallet was soon a worshipper of the favourite Lord Bute. He dedicated his tragedy of *Elvira* (1763) to Bute, and was rewarded with the sinecure office of Keeper of the Book of Entries for the port of London, worth £300 a year.

Gibbon anticipated that if ever his friend Mallet should attain poetic fame, it would be by his *Amyntor and Theodora* (1747), a blank-verse tale of a hermit in St Kilda; but, contrariwise, the poetic repute of Mallet has rested on his ballads, and chiefly on his *William and Margaret*, written about the age of twenty-two. Critics from Dr Percy down gave high praise to the ballad; attempts were at the same time made—in vain—to prove it a wholesale plagiarism. But it is sufficiently obvious that Mallet used freely both the ideas and the words of actual old ballads. Thus the injured maid had often returned from her grave to reproach her undoer; and the hungry worm and the cock crowing are precise parallels to the channerin' worm and the cock in 'The Wife o' Usher's Well' (see Vol. I. p. 537). Mallet confessed to having followed a verse in Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*:

When it was grown to dark midnight,
  And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
  And stood at William's feet

In the first printed copies of Mallet's ballad the first two lines were all but identical

When all was wrapt in dark midnight,
  And all were fast asleep

William and Margaret.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,
  When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost
  And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
  Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay cold was her lily hand
  That held her sable shroud

So shall the fairest face appear,
  When youth and years are flown
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
  When death has reft their crown

Her bloom was like the springing flower
  That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
  Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker worm,
  Consumed her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek,
  She died before her time.

'Awake!' she cried, 'thy true love calls,
  Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
  Thy love refused to save.

'This is the dark and dreary hour
  When injured ghosts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
  To haunt the faithless swain.

'Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
  Thy pledge and broken oath!
And give me back my maiden vow,
  And give me back my troth.

'Why did you promise love to me,
  And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
  Yet leave those eyes to weep?

'How could you say my face was fair,
  And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
  Yet leave that heart to break?

'Why did you say my lip was sweet,
  And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young, witless maid!
  Believe the flattering tale?

'That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

'The hungry worm my sister is
This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

'But hark! the cock has warned me hence;
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you.'

The lark sung loud; the morning smiled
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William quaked in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretched him on the green-grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more!

The Birks of Invermay.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
And, while they warble from the spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them, improve the hour that flies;
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear:
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feathered songsters are no more:
And when they drop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay!

Some additional stanzas were added to the last poem (originally 'The Birks of Endermay') by Dr Bryce of Kirknewton. Mallet's *Collected Works* appeared in three volumes in 1759. His poems were often reprinted (in such collections as Johnson's and Chalmers's). Dinsdale's edition of the *Ballads and Songs*, with a Life of Mallet, was published in 1857.

Henry Carey (born near the end of the seventeenth century) was believed to be an illegitimate son of George Savile, the famous Marquis of Halifax. He wrote a multitude of songs, witty poems, burlesques, farces, and dramatic pieces, sometimes providing also music for them; and had produced a volume of youthful poems in 1713. *Chrononhotonthologos*, 'the King of Queerummania,' was a burlesque tragedy (1734) in some measure on the lines of Fielding's *Tom Thumb* (1730). Characters in it are Aldiborontiphoscophornio and Rigdumfunnidos 'a lord in waiting'), whose names Scott applied to the Ballantyne brothers. *The Dragon of Wantley* (1744) was popular on the stage. In all he produced some two hundred works. It was of him it was said that 'he led a life free of reproach, and hanged himself October 4th, 1743.' From Henry Carey, as Lord Macaulay noted, 'descended that Edmund Kean who in our time transformed himself so marvellously into Shylock, Iago, and Othello.' Carey's poem of *Namby Pamby* has added a word to the English language. It is a burlesque of the child-poems of Ambrose Philips, and is a *reductio ad absurdum* in child-language, 'Namby Pamby Pilli-pis,' the name of the poet, corresponding with 'rhimy-pimed on missy-mis.' The reference is to the 'Dimply damsel, sweetly smiling,' and 'Timely blossom, infant fair' style of odes by Ambrose Philips.

Namby Pamby: or, a Panegyric on the new Versification addressed to A—— P——, Esq.

'Nauty Pauty Jack-a-dandy
Stole a piece of sugar-candy
From the Grocer's shoppy-shop,
And away did hoppy-hop.'

All ye poets of the age,
All ye witlings of the stage,
Learn your jingles to reform:
Crop your numbers, and conform:
Let your little verses flow
Gently, sweetly, row by row.
Let the verse the subject fit,
Little subject, little wit.
Namby Pamby is your guide,
Albion's joy, Hibernia's pride.
Namby Pamby Pilli-pis,
Rhimy-pim'd on missy-mis. . . .
As an actor does his part,
So the nurses get by heart
Namby Pamby's little rhymes,
Little jingle, little chimes.
Namby Pamby ne'er will die
While the nurse sings lullaby.
Namby Pamby 's doubly mild,
Once a man, and twice a child;
To his hanging-sleeves restor'd,
Now he foots it like a lord;
Now he pumps his little wits,
All by little tiny bits.
Now methinks I hear him say.
Boys and girls, come out to play,
Moon does shine as bright as day. . . .
Now he sings of Jacky Horner
Sitting in the chimney corner,
Eating of a Christmas pie,
Putting in his thumb, oh, fie!
Putting in, oh, fie! his thumb,
Pulling out, oh, strange! a plum.
Now he acts the Grenadier,
Calling for a pot of beer.
Where 's his money? he 's forgot,
Get him gone, a drunken sot.
Now on cock horse does he ride;
And anon on timber stride.
See-and-saw and Sacch'ry down,
London is a gallant town.

In *Chrononhotonthologos the Great*, a burlesque of the bombast of the stage, and much ado about nothing, Bombardinion, general of Queerummania, reports an invasion of the Antipodeans, but defeats them. Meanwhile the King falls in love with the captive Queen, and quarrels with the general, who first kills the King and then himself. The plot is—intentionally, it may be presumed—utterly silly and senseless, but there are amusing passages, the most being made of the fantastic names.

SCENE.—*An Anti-Chamber in the Palace. Enter* RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS *and* ALDIBORONTIPHOSCOPHORNIO.

Rig.-Fun. Aldiborontiphoscophornio!
Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?
Aldi. Fatigu'd with the tremendous toils of war,
Within his tent, on downy couch succumbent,
Himself he unfatigues with gentle slumbers,
Lull'd by the cheerful trumpet's gladsome clangour,
The noise of drums, and thunder of artillery,
He sleeps supine amidst the din of war.
And yet 'tis not definitively sleep;
Rather a kind of doze, a waking slumber,
That sheds a stupefaction o'er his senses;
For now he nods and snores; anon he starts;
Then nods and snores again. If this be sleep,
Tell me, ye gods! what mortal man's awake!
What says my friend to this?
Rig.-Fun. Say! I say he sleeps dog-sleep: What a plague would you have me say?
Aldi. O impious thought! O curst insinuation!
As if great Chrononhotonthologos
To animals degenerate and vile
Had aught the least similitude!

SCENE.—BOMBARDINION'S *Tent.* KING *and* BOMBARDINION, *at a table, with two Ladies.*

Bomb. This honour, royal sir! so royalizes
The royalty of your most royal actions,
The dumb can only utter forth your praise;
For we, who speak, want words to tell our meaning.
Here! fill the goblet with Falernian wine,
And, while our monarch drinks, bid the shrill trumpet
Tell all the gods, that we propine their healths.
King. Hold, Bombardinion, I esteem it fit,
With so much wine, to eat a little bit.
Bomb. See that the table instantly be spread,
With all that art and nature can produce.
Traverse from pole to pole; sail round the globe,
Bring every eatable that can be eat:
The king shall eat; tho' all mankind be starv'd.
Cook. I am afraid his majesty will be starv'd, before I can run round the world for a dinner; besides, where's the money?
King. Ha! dost thou prattle, contumacious slave?
Guards, seize the villain! broil him, fry him, stew him;
Ourselves shall eat him out of mere revenge.
Cook. O pray, your majesty, spare my life; there's some nice cold pork in the pantry: I'll hash it for your majesty in a minute.
King. Be thou first hash'd in hell, audacious slave.
[*Kills him, and turns to* BOMBARDINION.
Hash'd pork! shall Chrononhotonthologos
Be fed with swine's flesh, and at second hand?
Now, by the gods! thou dost insult us, general!
Bomb. The gods can witness, that I little thought
Your majesty to other flesh than this
Had aught the least propensity. [*Points to the ladies.*
King. Is this a dinner for a hungry monarch?
Bomb. Monarchs as great as Chrononhotonthologos
Have made a very hearty meal of worse.
King. Ha! traitor! dost thou brave me to my teeth?
Take this reward, and learn to mock thy master.
[*Strikes him.*
Bomb. A blow! shall Bombardinion take a blow?
Blush! blush, thou sun! start back thou rapid ocean!
Hills! vales! seas! mountains! all commixing crumble,
And into chaos pulverize the world;
For Bombardinion has receiv'd a blow,
And Chrononhotonthologos shall die. [*Draws.*
King. What means the traitor?
Bomb. Traitor in thy teeth,
Thus I defy thee! [*They fight; he kills the King.*
Ha! what have I done?
Go, call a coach, and let a coach be call'd;
And let the man that calls it be the caller;
And, in his calling, let him nothing call,
But coach! coach! coach! Oh! for a coach, ye gods!
[*Exit raving; returns with a Doctor.*
Bomb. How fares your majesty?
Doct. My lord, he's dead.
Bomb. Ha! dead! impossible! it cannot be!
I'd not believe it, tho' himself should swear it.
Go join his body to his soul again,
Or, by this light, thy soul shall quit thy body.
Doct. My lord, he's far beyond the power of physic,
His soul has left his body and this world.
Bomb. Then go to t' other world and fetch it back.
[*Kills him.*
And, if I find thou triflest with me there,
I'll chase thy shade through myriads of orbs,
And drive thee far beyond the verge of Nature.
Ha!—Call'st thou, Chrononhotonthologos?
I come! your faithful Bombardinion comes!
He comes in worlds unknown to make new wars,
And gain thee empires numerous as the stars.
[*Kills himself.*

Carey thus tells the occasion of his classical lyric, *Sally in our Alley*, the music of which is also his: 'A shoemaker's apprentice making holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the flying chairs, and all the elegancies of Moorfields: from whence proceeding to the Farthing Piehouse, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese-cakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef, and bottled ale; through all which scenes the author dodged them (charmed with the simplicity of their courtship), from whence he drew this little sketch of nature.' The song, he adds, was more than once mentioned with approbation by 'the divine Addison.' There is no good ground for crediting him with the authorship of *God save the King*, though after his death his son claimed it for him.

Sally in our Alley.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em:
Her mother she sells laces long,
To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work
(I love her so sincerely),
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday.
For then I'm dressed all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named:
I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey:
I would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally;
And (but for her) I'd better be
A slave, and row a galley:
But when my seven long years are out,
O then I'll marry Sally,
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley.

Philip Doddridge, Nonconformist divine, was born in London, 26th June 1702. His grandfather had been ejected from the living of Shepperton in Middlesex by the Act of Uniformity in 1602; and his father, a well-to-do oilman in London, married the only daughter of a German Lutheran pastor who had fled from Prague to escape the persecution which raged in Bohemia after the expulsion of Frederick, the Elector Palatine. In 1712 Doddridge was sent to school at Kingston-upon-Thames; but both his parents dying, he was removed to St Albans in 1715, and whilst there was admitted a member of the Nonconforming congregation. When, in 1718, the Duchess of Bedford offered to educate him at either university for the Church of England, Doddridge declined from conscientious scruples. Dr Clarke, Presbyterian minister of St Albans, befriended him, and in 1719 he was placed at a Dissenting academy at Kibworth in Leicestershire. Here for three years he pursued his studies for the ministry, cultivating a taste for elegant literature, and, as appears from his correspondence, usually in love with somebody, and in brisk correspondence with her. The playfulness and even gaiety of some of these epistles are remarkable in one so staid and devout, and suggest Cowper's.

From his first sermon, delivered at the age of twenty, Doddridge became a marked preacher among the Dissenters, and had calls to various congregations. He declined several calls because the congregations inviting were 'a very rigid kind of people,' or were too orthodox; but in 1729 he settled at Northampton, becoming also the head of a theological academy. He believed that he was 'in all the most important points a Calvinist;' but the orthodox suspected him, and Stoughton holds that his view of the Trinity was Sabellian. But even those who suspected his orthodoxy, and thought his truly Catholic liberality too all-embracing, revered his personal piety. He had a happy family life and many devoted friends. He first appeared as an author in 1730, when he published a pamphlet on the *Means of Reviving the Dissenting Interest*. His *Sermons on the Education of Children* (1732), *Sermons to Young People* (1735), *Ten Sermons on the Power and Grace of Christ* (1736), and *Practical Discourses on Regeneration* (1741) were all well received; and *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul* (1745) is one of the few works of practical religion which has been accepted by all denominations of evangelical Christians as next to the Bible the best aid to the devout life, and has been translated into French, Dutch, German, Danish, Gaelic, Welsh, Tamil, and other tongues. In 1747 appeared *Some Remarkable Passages in the Life of Colonel James Gardiner, who was slain by the Rebels at the Battle of Prestonpans, Sept. 21, 1745*—the life of a Scottish officer who served with distinction under Marlborough, and from a gay libertine life was suddenly converted to the strictest piety by a visible representation of Christ upon the cross amidst a blaze of light, and the audible words: 'O sinner! did I suffer this for thee, and are these the returns?' *The Family Expositor, containing a Version and Paraphrase of the New Testament, with Critical Notes and a Practical Improvement* (6 vols. 1739-56), also received a wide welcome. Doddridge's health failing, he was, in 1751, advised to remove to a warmer climate for the winter, and in September of the same year he sailed from Falmouth for Lisbon. He survived his arrival only five days, dying October 26, 1751. His hymns are prized by many who hardly know his name. Of some four hundred written by him the best known are 'Ye servants of the Lord;' 'O happy Day;' 'My God, and is thy table spread;' 'Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes;' 'O God of Bethel, by whose hand.' Doddridge was author of what Johnson calls 'one of the finest epigrams in the English language.' His family motto, 'Dum vivimus vivamus,' was in its primary signification hardly very suitable to a Christian divine, but he paraphrased it thus :

'Live while you live,' the epicure would say,
'And seize the pleasures of the present day.'
'Live while you live,' the sacred preacher cries,
'And give to God each moment as it flies.'
Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to thee!

A Country Life.

'You know I love a country life, and here we have it in perfection. I am roused in the morning with the chirping of sparrows, the cooing of pigeons, the lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep, and, to complete the concert, the grunting of swine and neighing of horses. We have a mighty pleasant garden and orchard, and a fine arbour under some tall shady limes, that form a kind of lofty dome, of which, as a native of the great city, you may perhaps catch a glimmering idea, if I name the cupola of St Paul's. And then, on the other side of the house, there is a large space which we call a wilderness, and which I fancy would please you extremely. The ground is a dainty greensward; a brook runs sparkling through the middle, and there are two large fish-ponds at one end; both the ponds and the brook are surrounded with willows; and there are several shady walks under the trees, besides little knots of young willows interspersed at convenient distances. This is the nursery of our lambs and calves, with whom I have the honour to be intimately acquainted. Here I generally spend the evening, and pay my respects to the setting sun, when the variety and the beauty of the prospect inspire a pleasure that I knew not how to express. I am sometimes so transported with these inanimate beauties, that I fancy I am like Adam in Paradise; and it is my only misfortune that I want an Eve, and have none but the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, for my companions.'

(From a letter to a young lady.)

Happy Devotional Feelings of Doddridge.

I hope, my dear, you will not be offended when I tell you that I am, what I hardly thought it possible, without a miracle, that I should have been, very easy and happy without you. My days begin, pass, and end in pleasure, and seem short because they are so delightful. It may seem strange to say it, but really so it is, I hardly feel that I want anything. I often think of you, and pray for you, and bless God on your account, and please myself with the hope of many comfortable days, and weeks, and years with you; yet I am not at all anxious about your return, or indeed about anything else. And the reason, the great and sufficient reason, is, that I have more of the presence of God with me than I remember ever to have enjoyed in any one month of my life. He enables me to live for him, and to live with him. When I awake in the morning, which is always before it is light, I address myself to him, and converse with him, speak to him while I am lighting my candle and putting on my clothes, and have often more delight before I come out of my chamber, though it be hardly a quarter of an hour after my awaking, than I have enjoyed for whole days, or perhaps weeks of my life. He meets me in my study, in secret, in family devotions. It is pleasant to read, pleasant to compose, pleasant to converse with my friends at home; pleasant to visit those abroad – the poor, the sick; pleasant to write letters of necessary business by which any good can be done; pleasant to go out and preach the gospel to poor souls, of which some are thirsting for it, and others dying without it; pleasant in the week-day to think how near another Sabbath is; but, oh! much, much more pleasant, to think how near eternity is, and how short the journey through this wilderness, and that it is but a step from earth to heaven.

(From a letter to his wife in 1742.)

His *Correspondence* and his *Diary* were published in 1829-31, and there is a Memoir by Stanford (1880).

John Wesley (1703-91), the founder of Methodism, was a great religious and reforming genius; he was also a very copious and effective writer on innumerable subjects, and the author of one of the most interesting *Journals* in the English tongue. The fifteenth child and second surviving son of the rector of Epworth in Lincolnshire, he passed from the Charterhouse to Christ Church, Oxford, where his brothers Samuel and Charles also studied. He was ordained deacon in 1725, and in 1726 became Fellow of Lincoln and Greek lecturer. In 1727 he left Oxford to assist his father, but returned as tutor in 1729, having in 1728 been ordained priest. During his absence his brother Charles and one or two other students had by a new religious zeal led somebody to exclaim, 'Here is a new sect of Methodists sprung up.' So the word, used in the sixteenth century for certain schools of physicians and mathematicians, was first used in its religious reference; but the movement we identify it with had not yet taken origin, though by 1735 the little company of devout friends numbered nearly a score, Hervey and Whitefield being now of the number. And even before this Wesley had been much influenced by Law's mysticism. In 1735 Wesley undertook a mission to Georgia under the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, being then a rigid High Churchman. It has even been said of him that at this time he seemed likely to anticipate by a century the work of Cardinal Newman. He returned to England in 1738, and in London had much prayerful intercourse with the Moravian missionary, Peter Bohler. Methodism dates its birth from that May evening in 1738 when, at a meeting of a society in Aldersgate Street, he heard Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans read, and felt that Christ had taken away his sins. The sweeping aside of ecclesiastical traditions, the rejection of Apostolical Succession, the ordination with his own hands of presbyters and bishops, the final organisation of a separate Church, were all involved in what took place that night. The clergy closed their pulpits against Wesley; this intolerance, Whitefield's example, and the needs of the degraded masses drove him into the open air. During his journeyings of half a century ten thousand to thirty thousand people would wait patiently for hours to hear him. He gave his strength to working-class neighbourhoods; hence the mass of his converts were colliers, miners, foundrymen, weavers, spinners, fishermen, artisans, yeomen, and day-labourers in towns His life was frequently in danger, but he outlived all persecution, and the itineraries of his old age were triumphal processions from one end of the country to the other. He wandered all over the British Isles, crossed the Irish Sea more than forty times, and after 1757 was frequently in Scotland; and he repeatedly visited the Continent. During his unparalleled apostolate he travelled two hundred and fifty thousand miles and preached forty thousand sermons. Yet he managed to do a prodigious amount of literary work, reading on horseback; whenever and wherever he rode he read or composed. He wrote short English, French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew grammars; a Compendium of Logic; extracts from Phædrus, Ovid, Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Martial, and Sallust; an English Dictionary; commentaries on the Old and New Testaments; a short Roman History; a History of England; an Ecclesiastical History; a Compendium of Social Philosophy; and a Christian Library of fifty volumes, for the benefit of his itinerant preachers. He edited the *Imitation of Christ*, and the principal works of Bunyan, Baxter, Edwards, Rutherford, Law, Madame Guyon, and others; endless abridged biographies, and even an abridged edition of Brooke's novel, *The Fool of Quality;* a Compendium of Physic not to speak of collections of psalms, hymns, and tunes, his own *Sermons* and *Journals*, and a monthly magazine. His works were so popular that he made £30,000, every penny of which he distributed in charity during his life. He founded an orphans' home at Newcastle, charity schools in London, and a dispensary in Bristol. Dean Stanley affirmed that Wesley was the founder of the Broad Church. Under his direction the Conference in 1770 adopted resolutions which provoked the indignation of his orthodox Calvinistic friends - that the heathen who had never heard of Christ could be saved if they feared God and worked righteousness according to the light they had. And he believed Marcus Aurelius would be saved, and spoke of the 'execrable wretches' who wrangled at the various Church councils. He took upon himself with the utmost reluctance the responsibility of organising a separate Church. But the most striking feature of his life as a theologian was his readiness in the last resort, whatever it cost him, to adapt his creed to indisputable facts.

Of the enormous mass of his writing, much is admirable. 'As for me,' he said, 'I never think of my style at all, but just set down the words that come first.' For that very reason, since he was an exceptionally gifted man and a well-read scholar, his work is natural, simple, generally pithy and racy. His sermons are not eloquent, original, or profound, but they were abundantly effective, probably by reason of their very simplicity. He was a keen and telling controversialist, and sometimes carried frankness and free speech to their full limits. When Toplady, author of 'Rock of Ages,' but a fierce Calvinist champion, became too abusive, and talked of Wesley's Satanic guilt and Satanic shamelessness, Wesley retorted that he declined to fight with chimney-sweepers. John Wesley's best hymns are translations from Moravian and other German sources; but Charles's noblest and tenderest hymns gained much from the elder brother's judicious and numerous emendations. Here he had Charles's sanction and co-operation. But his effective touch is also seen in the alterations he made in Watts's hymns. If one man may alter another man's hymns, then perhaps Wesley performed the task as judiciously as is possible; the alterations are in most cases obvious improvements. Wesley's published *Journal* (more precisely 'Extracts of the Rev. Mr John Wesley's Journals'), which extends from 1735 to 1790, contains the experiences, observations, reflections, comments, and intimate thoughts of one of the most acute and sagacious of men, not without wit, epigram, and irony. Many of those far removed from the Wesleyan fold take delight in Wesley's *Journal;* it was Edward FitzGerald's favourite reading. Wesley was keenly interested in ghost-stories, psychical research subjects, firmly believed in apparitions and in diabolical possession, and even held that the inspiration of Scripture guaranteed the reality of what Englishmen understood by witchcraft. 'Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness,' from a sermon of Wesley's on dress, seems to be the first known instance in which this proverbial saying occurs precisely in this form; and his letters are studded with sage sayings such as, 'Passion and prejudice govern the world; only under the name of reason.'

These extracts are from the *Journal:*

The Birth of Methodism.

In my return to England, January, 1738, being in imminent danger of death, and very uneasy on that account, I was strongly convinced that the cause of that uneasiness was unbelief, and that the gaining a true, living faith was the 'one thing needful' for me But still I fixed not this faith on its right object: I meant only faith in God, not faith in or through Christ. Again, I knew not that I was wholly void of this faith; but only thought, I had not enough of it So that when

Peter Bohler, whom God prepared for me as soon as I came to London, affirmed of true faith in Christ, (which is but one,) that it had those two fruits inseparably attending it, 'Dominion over sin, and constant Peace from a sense of forgiveness,' I was quite amazed, and looked upon it as a new Gospel. If this was so, it was clear I had not faith. But I was not willing to be convinced of this. Therefore, I disputed with all my might, and laboured to prove that faith might be where these were not; especially where the sense of forgiveness was not: For, all the Scriptures relating to this, I had been long since taught to construe away; and to call all Presbyterians who spoke otherwise. Besides, I well saw, no one could, in the nature of things, have such a sense of forgiveness, and not *feel* it. But I felt it not. If then there was no faith without this, all my pretensions to faith dropped at once.

When I met Peter Bohler again, he consented to put the dispute upon the issue which I desired, namely, Scripture and experience. I first consulted the Scripture. But when I set aside the glosses of men, and simply considered the words of God, comparing them together, endeavouring to illustrate the obscure by the plainer passages, I found they all made against me, and was forced to retreat to my last hold, 'that experience would never agree with the *literal interpretation* of those scriptures. Nor could I therefore allow it to be true, till I found some living witnesses of it.' He replied, he could show me such at any time; if I desired it, the next day. And accordingly, the next day he came again with three others, all of whom testified, of their own personal experience, that a true living faith in Christ is inseparable from a sense of pardon for all past, and freedom from all present, sins. They added with one mouth, that this faith was the gift, the free gift of God; and that he would surely bestow it upon every soul who earnestly and perseveringly sought it. I was now thoroughly convinced; and by the grace of God, I resolved to seek it unto the end, (1.) By absolutely renouncing all dependence, in whole or in part, upon *my own* works or righteousness; on which I had really grounded my hope of salvation, though I knew it not, from my youth up. (2.) By adding to the constant use of all the other means of grace, continual prayer for this very thing, justifying, saving faith, a full reliance on the blood of Christ shed for *me*; a trust in Him, as *my* Christ, as *my* sole justification, sanctification, and redemption.

I continued thus to seek it, (though with strange indifference, dulness, and coldness, and unusually frequent relapses into sin,) till Wednesday, May 24. I think it was about five this morning, that I opened my Testament on those words, Τὰ *μέγιστα ἡμῖν καὶ τίμια ἐπαγγέλματα δεδώρηται, ἵνα διὰ τούτων γένησθε θείας κοινωνοὶ φύσεως.* 'There are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, even that ye should be partakers of the divine nature' (2 Pet. i. 4). Just as I went out, I opened it again on those words, 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.' In the afternoon I was asked to go to St Paul's. The anthem was, 'Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice. O let thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint. If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it? For there is mercy with thee; therefore shalt thou be feared. O Israel, trust in the Lord: For with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption. And He shall redeem Israel from all his sins.'

In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate-Street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone for salvation: And an assurance was given me, that he had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death.

I began to pray with all my might for those who had in a more especial manner despitefully used me and persecuted me. I then testified openly to all there, what I now first felt in my heart. But it was not long before the enemy suggested, 'This cannot be faith; for where is thy joy?' Then was I taught, that peace and victory over sin are essential to faith in the Captain of our salvation: But that, as to the transports of joy that usually attend the beginning of it, especially in those who have mourned deeply, God sometimes giveth, sometimes withholdeth them, according to the counsels of his own will.

After my return home, I was much buffeted with temptations; but cried out, and they fled away. They returned again and again. I as often lifted up my eyes, and He 'sent me help from his holy place.' And herein I found the difference between this and my former state chiefly consisted. I was striving, yea, fighting with all my might under the Law, as well as under grace. But then I was sometimes, if not often, conquered; now, I was always conqueror.

Thur. 25.—The moment I awaked, 'Jesus, Master,' was in my heart and in my mouth; and I found all my strength lay in keeping my eye fixed upon him, and my soul waiting on him continually. Being again at St Paul's in the afternoon, I could taste the good word of God in the anthem, which began, 'My song shall be always of the loving kindness of the Lord: With my mouth will I ever be showing forth thy truth from one generation to another.' Yet the enemy injected a fear, 'If thou dost believe, why is there not a more sensible change?' I answered, (yet not I,) 'That I know not. But this I know, I have "now peace with God." And I sin not to-day, and Jesus my Master has forbid me to take thought for the morrow.'

'But is not any sort of fear,' continued the tempter, 'a proof that thou dost not believe?' I desired my Master to answer for me: and opened his Book upon those words of St Paul, 'Without were fightings, within were fears.' Then, inferred I, well may fears be within me; but I must go on, and tread them under my feet.

Wesley in Scotland.

Fri. [*May*] 8, [1761]. We rode to Glammiss, about sixty-four measured miles, and on Saturday, 9th, about sixty six more to Edinburgh. I was tired: however, I would not disappoint the congregation: and God gave me strength according to my day.

Sun. 10.—I had designed to preach near the Infirmary: but some of the managers would not suffer it. So I preached in our Room, morning and evening, even to the rich and honourable. And I bear them witness, they will endure plain dealing whether they profit by it or not.

Mon. 11.—I took my leave of Edinburgh for the present. The situation of the city, on a hill shelving down on both sides, as well as to the east, with the stately castle upon a craggy rock on the west, is inexpressibly fine; and the main street so broad and finely paved, with the lofty houses on either hand, (many of them seven or eight stories high,) is far beyond any in Great Britain. But how can it be suffered, that all manner of filth should still be thrown even into this street continually? Where are the magistracy, the gentry, the nobility of the land? Have they no concern for the honour of their nation? How long shall the capital city of Scotland, yea, and the chief street of it, stink worse than a common sewer? Will no lover of his country, or of decency and common sense, find a remedy for this?

Holyrood-House, at the entrance of Edinburgh, the ancient palace of the Scottish kings, is a noble structure; it was re-built and furnished by King Charles the Second. One side of it is a picture gallery, wherein are pictures of all the Scottish kings; and an original one of the celebrated Queen Mary. It is scarce possible for any who looks at this, to think her such a monster as some have painted her; nor indeed for any who considers the circumstances of her death, equal to that of an ancient martyr.

JOHN WESLEY.

From the Portrait by Nathaniel Hone, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

I preached in the evening at Musselburgh, and at five in the morning. Then we rode on to Haddington, where (the rain driving me in) I preached, between nine and ten, in Provost Dickson's parlour. About one I preached at North-Berwick, a pretty large town, close to the sea-shore; and, at seven in the evening, (the rain continuing,) in the house at Dunbar.

Wed. 13.—It being a fair mild evening, I preached near the Key, to most of the inhabitants of the town, and spoke full as plain as the evening before. Every one seemed to receive it in love: probably if there was regular preaching here, much good might be done. . . .

Wed. [*May*] 13, [1772].—I preached at Leith, in the most horrid, dreary Room I have seen in the kingdom. But the next day I found another kind of Room; airy, cheerful, and lightsome; which Mr Parker undertook to fit up for the purpose, without any delay.

Sun. 17.—I had appointed to preach at noon in the Lady's Walk, at Leith; but being offered the use of the Episcopal chapel, I willingly accepted it, and both read Prayers and preached. Here also the behaviour of the congregation did honour to our church.

Mon. 18.—Dr Hamilton brought with him Dr Monro and Dr Gregory. They satisfied me what my disorder was; and told me there was but one method of cure. Perhaps but one natural one; but I think God has more than one method of healing either the soul or the body.

In the evening (the weather being still severe) I preached in the new House at Leith, to a lovely audience, on, 'Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life.' Many were present again at five in the morning. How long have we toiled here almost in vain! Yet I cannot but hope God will at length have a people even in this place.

Wed. 20.—I took my leave of Edinburgh in the morning, by strongly enforcing the Apostle's exhortation, 'Be careful for nothing: but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.'

I had designed to preach (as usual) at Provost Dixon's, in Haddington, in the way to Dunbar. But the Provost, too, had received light from the 'Circular Letter,' and durst not receive those *heretics*. So we went round by the Marquis of Tweedale's seat, completely finished within and without. But he that took so much delight in it is gone to his long home, and has left it to one that has no taste or regard for it. So rolls the world away! In the evening I preached at Dunbar.

Thur. 21.—I went to the Bass, seven miles from it, which, in the horrid reign of Charles the Second, was the prison of those venerable men who suffered the loss of all things for a good conscience. It is a high rock surrounded by the sea, two or three miles in circumference, and about two miles from the shore. The strong east wind made the water so rough, that the boat could hardly live: And when we came to the only landing-place, (the other sides being quite perpendicular,) it was with much difficulty that we got up, climbing on our hands and knees. The castle, as one may judge by what remains, was utterly inaccessible. The walls of the chapel, and of the governor's house, are tolerably entire. The garden walls are still seen near the top of the rock, with the well in the midst of it. And round the walls there are spots of grass, that feed eighteen or twenty sheep. But the proper natives of the island are Solund geese, a bird about the size of a Muscovy duck, which breed by thousands, from generation to generation, on the sides of the rock. It is peculiar to these, that they lay but one egg, which they do not sit upon at all, but keep it under one foot, (as we saw with our eyes,) till it is hatched. How many prayers did the holy men confined here offer up, in that evil day! And how many thanksgivings should we return, for all the liberty, civil and religious, which we enjoy!

At our return, we walked over the ruins of Tantallon Castle, once the seat of the great Earls of Douglas. The front walls (it was four square) are still standing, and by their vast height and huge thickness, give us a little idea of what it once was. Such is human greatness!

Fri. 22.—We took a view of the famous Roman camp.

lying on a mountain, two or three miles from the town. It is encompassed with two broad and deep ditches, and is not easy of approach on any side. Here lay General Lesley with his army, while Cromwell was starving below. He had no way to escape; but the enthusiastic fury of the Scots delivered him. When they marched into the valley to swallow him up, he mowed them down like grass.

Sat. 23.—I went on to Alnwick, and preached in the Town-Hall. What a difference between an English and a Scotch congregation! These judge themselves rather than the Preacher; and their aim is, not only to know, but to love and obey.

Wesley on Chesterfield's Letters.

[*Wed., Oct.* 11, 1775.]—I borrowed here a volume of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, which I had heard very strongly commended. And what did I learn?—That he was a man of much wit, middling sense, and some learning; but as absolutely void of virtue, as any Jew, Turk, or Heathen, that ever lived. I say, not only void of all religion, (for I doubt whether he believed there is a God, though he tags most of his letters with the name, for better sound sake,) but even of virtue, of justice, and mercy, which he never once recommended to his son. And truth he sets at open defiance: He continually guards him against it. Half his letters inculcate deep dissimulation, as the most necessary of all accomplishments. Add to this, his studiously instilling into the young man all the principles of debauchery, when himself was between seventy and eighty years old. Add his cruel censure of that amiable man, the Archbishop of Cambray, (*quantum dispar illi*,) as a mere time-serving hypocrite! And this is the favourite of the age! Whereas, if justice and truth take place, if he is rewarded according to his desert, his name will stink to all generations.

Witchcraft.

[*Wed., May* 25, 1768.]—It is true likewise that the English in general, and indeed most of the men of learning in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions as mere old wives' fables. I am sorry for it, and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against this violent compliment which so many that believe the Bible pay to those who do not believe it. I owe them no such service. I take knowledge, these are at the bottom of the outcry which has been raised, and with such insolence spread through the land in direct opposition not only to the Bible, but to the suffrage of the wisest and best of men in all ages and nations. They well know (whether Christians know it or not) that the giving up witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible; and they know, on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourse of men with separate spirits be admitted, their whole structure (Deism, Atheism, Materialism) falls to the ground.

John Wesley's works have often been edited. The first collected edition (just after his death) was in 32 vols; that of 1856-57, the eleventh, was in 15 vols. See John's Life by Tyerman (new ed. 1876), and those by Southey (1820), Miss Wedgwood (1870), Urlin (1870), Rigg (1875), Telford (1886), Overton (1891), Kirton, Bevan, and others.

Charles Wesley (1707-88) studied at Westminster (where he was the protector of the Jacobite Scotch boy afterwards to be Lord Mansfield) and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he was known as a 'Methodist' early in 1729. But it was not till 1738 that, like his elder brother, he came under the influence of Peter Bohler and 'found rest to his soul.' Though they differed about the ordination of ministers and on other points, Charles was in the main and throughout life an indefatigable lieutenant to his greater brother, becoming an itinerant preacher. In 1771 he settled with his family in London. Though he did vastly less work in prose than John, he is by far the most copious of English hymn-writers, and is also one of the best. He is said to have written six thousand five hundred hymns, the bulk of which were carefully revised and often corrected by John. Many of them are really great religious poetry; amongst the number are the well-known 'Jesu, Lover of my Soul;' 'O for a thousand tongues to sing;' 'Hark the herald angels sing;' 'Love divine, all loves excelling;' 'O for a heart to praise my God;' 'O Love divine, how sweet thou art;' 'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild.' And of 'Come, O thou traveller unknown,' Watts said, too enthusiastically, that it was worth all the hymns he himself had ever written.

The poetical works of the two brothers, edited for the Wesleyan Conference, fill thirteen volumes (1868-72). There are Lives of Charles by Jackson (1841-49) and Telford (1886); of Samuel, the elder brother, by Tyerman (1866); of their mother, by Kirk (1866) and Clark (1886); and of the Wesley family, by Stevenson (1876).

George Whitefield (1714-70), born in the Bell Inn, Gloucester, came to Oxford when the Wesleys had laid the foundations of Methodism, and he became conspicuous for zeal. He took deacon's orders in 1736, and in 1738 joined Wesley in Georgia, returning to be admitted to priest's orders. The religious level of the age was low, and Whitefield found amongst his brethren the most active opposition. But when the parish pulpits were denied him he preached in the open air; and thenceforth spent his life in constant travel and incessant preaching, everywhere moving audiences by his irresistible earnestness and eloquence. About 1741 differences on predestination led to his separation as a strict Calvinist from John Wesley as an Arminian. His supporters now built him a large 'Tabernacle' at Moorfields; and his preaching gathered immense audiences. But he founded no distinct sect, many of his adherents following the Countess of Huntingdon (q.v.) in Wales, and ultimately helping to form the Calvinistic Methodists. The Countess appointed Whitefield her chaplain, and built and endowed many chapels for him. He made seven evangelistic visits to America, and spent the rest of his life in preaching tours through England, Scotland (1741), and Wales. Hume said he was worth travelling twenty miles to hear. He died at Newbury in New England. His writings are strangely tame and commonplace, and sincere admirers regretted that he should have injured his fame by publishing sermons, journals, and letters which, with the Memoir by Gillies, fill seven volumes (1771-72). There are also Lives by Philip (1838), Andrews (1864), Hursta (1860), and Tyerman (1876).

James Hervey (1714-58), rector of Weston-Favell near Northampton, was educated at Oxford and influenced by the Methodist movement. His *Meditations among the Tombs, Reflections on a Flower-garden*, &c. had an extraordinary sale, and the author is said to have received £700 for the copyright of the first part of his work—a sum he distributed in charity. The *Meditations* (1745-47; 25th ed. 1791) appealed in prose to the same tastes as Young's *Night Thoughts* in poetry. Hervey was also author of *Theron and Aspasio, or a Series of Letters and Dialogues on the most important Subjects*, a marvellously popular work, though there is little real thought or originality, and the substance of the book is largely composed, like the *Meditations*, of sentimentalism and truisms. He really appreciated the beauties of nature, and his evangelical theology met the temper of the time. His Calvinism exposed him to an assault from John Wesley, who criticised his style as severely as his matter; and Hervey replied in *Eleven Letters*. He wrote against Bolingbroke; and after his death collections of his letters and sermons were printed, and these, with his works, are comprised in six volumes octavo. When Johnson, on one occasion, ridiculed Hervey's *Meditations*, Boswell could not join in this treatment of the admired volume. 'I am not an impartial judge,' he says, 'for Hervey's *Meditations* engaged my affections in my early years.' This apology might have been pleaded by many readers, for the *Meditations* are written in a flowery, ornate style, which used to captivate the young and persons of immature taste. The inflated description and overstrained pathos with which the work abounds render it distasteful to critical readers; but there is no doubt that Hervey's works have served to soothe many an invalid and mourner.

Joseph Spence (1699-1768), anecdotist, born at Kingsclere, Hants, from Winchester passed to New College, Oxford, and became a Fellow in 1722 and professor of Poetry in 1727. Later he was rector of Birchanger and Great Harwood, professor of Modern History (1737), and a prebendary of Durham (1754). He secured Pope's friendship by his *Essay on Pope's Odyssey* (1727), and began to record Pope's conversation and anecdotes of other friends and notabilities. In 1736 he edited Sackville's *Gorboduc*, and in 1747 published his *Polymetis*. He was drowned at Byfleet in Surrey. The standard edition of the *Anecdotes* is by Singer (1820; 2nd ed. 1858) with Memoir.

Charles Coffey, 'a native of Ireland' who died in 1745, produced nine or ten stage-pieces described as farces, operas, ballad operas, ballad farces, and farcical operas, of which the best known was *The Devil to Pay, or the Wives Metamorphosed* (1731), on a plot said to have been suggested by Sidney's *Arcadia*.

Abraham Tucker (1705-74), born in London, educated at Merton College, Oxford, and entered of the Inner Temple, was wealthy and unambitious. In 1727 he bought an estate near Dorking, where, instead of pursuing the pleasures of the chase, he devoted himself to philosophical studies, and under the fictitious name of Edward Search, wrote *The Light of Nature Pursued* (7 vols. 1768-78), which Paley said contained more original thinking and observation than any other work of the kind. His book is not a systematic work, but, as he himself says, 'a tissue of loose essays;' a melange of disquisitions on psychology, metaphysics, theology, and especially morals. In some parts he follows Locke; he adopts Hartley's view of the significance of association; and, in ethics, anticipates largely the mild utilitarianism of Paley, the pursuit of our own satisfaction being by the will of God calculated also to subserve the well-being of the race. In one short sentence he described his favourite studies: 'The science of abstruse learning, when completely attained, is like Achilles's spear, that healed the wounds it had made before. It casts no additional light upon the paths of life, but disperses the clouds with which it had overspread them; it advances not the traveller one step on his journey, but conducts him back again to the spot from whence he had wandered.'

Tucker's grandson, Sir H. P. S. Mildmay, published in 1805 a new edition of *The Light of Nature*, with a Life of Tucker; in 1807 Hazlitt issued (anonymously) an abridgment of the bulky work.

David Hartley (1705-57) was born at Luddenden, Halifax, a clergyman's son, and at twenty-two was a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. He studied for the Church, but, dissenting from some points in the Thirty-nine Articles, turned to medicine. In his mature years he impugned the eternity of hell-punishment; in all other points he remained a devout member of the Church of England. As a medical practitioner he attained eminence at Newark, Bury St Edmunds, London, and Bath. In his *Observations on Man* (1749) are expounded two famous hypotheses—one 'The Doctrine of Vibrations,' or a theory of nervous action analogous to the propagation of sound (whence he was charged—unjustly, he maintained—with materialism); the other the doctrine that the Association of Ideas explains almost all mental phenomena. His theory of vibrations, suggested by a speculation in Newton's *Principia*, led, though inadequate and inaccurate in itself, to more careful study of the interaction of brain and mind; the association theory, found by Hartley in an undeveloped form in a paper on morals by a little-known clergyman called Gay, has been conspicuous ever since in English psychology. Hartley and James Mill were discussed in a monograph by Mr G. S. Bower (1881).

Henry Fielding.

Although modern genealogy declines to connect the lineage of Henry Fielding (1707-54) with the Hapsburgs, the passage which Gibbon, in a fragment of his *Autobiography*, gives to the author of *Tom Jones* still remains a splendid compliment. Fielding's father, General Edmund Fielding, was the third son of a son of the Earl of Desmond, whose elder brother was second Earl of Denbigh. His mother was the daughter of Sir Henry Gould, Knight, of Sharpham Park near Glastonbury in Somerset, and a Judge of the King's Bench. At Sharpham Park, on the 22nd of April 1707, the future novelist was born. His childhood was spent at East Stour in Dorsetshire, where other children, three girls (for one of them, Sarah, the novelist, see page 417) and a boy, were added to the family. When, in April 1718, Mrs Fielding died, her eldest son was about eleven. His education had been confined to the tuition of a Mr Oliver of Motcombe, whose Falstaffian proportions and pig-loving propensities we are asked to recognise in the Parson Trulliber of *Joseph Andrews*. From Mr Oliver, Henry Fielding passed to Eton, probably as an oppidan. Among his schoolfellows were George (afterwards Lord) Lyttelton, Charles Hanbury Williams, and Thomas Winnington. According to his first biographer, Arthur Murphy, he left Eton 'uncommonly versed in the Greek authors, and an early master of the Latin classics.' After, and perhaps on account of, a youthful love-affair with a Lyme Regis heiress, Miss Sarah Andrew, he was despatched to Leyden to study civil law under the 'learned Vitriarius,' and his name is recorded in the books of the university as late as March 1728.

By this date his father, never a rich man, had married again, and the allowance of two hundred a year he professed to make his eldest son was not paid. Early in 1728 Henry Fielding was in London, a tall youth of one-and-twenty, with a handsome face, a magnificent constitution, and an unlimited appetite for those pleasures of the town which (as Gibbon says) are 'within the reach of every man who is regardless of his health, his money, and his company.' It was lack of pence which turned young Fielding speedily to stage production. Already at Leyden, with that bias towards Cervantes which was to be his lifelong characteristic, he had sketched a play called *Don Quixote in England;* and it must have been at Leyden that he prepared his first acted comedy, *Love in Several Masques*. This was produced at Drury Lane in February 1728, immediately after Cibber's *Provoked Husband*. It obtained some success, mainly owing to the acting of Anne Oldfield, and perhaps also to the friendly aid of the author's relative, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, to whom it was dedicated. For the next few years Fielding continued to produce farces and plays with careless rapidity, sometimes under his own name, sometimes under a pseudonym. None of these has survived as a masterpiece. In comedy he worked an exhausted vein, the 'wit-traps' of Wycherley and Congreve, without rivalling their brilliancy, though certainly not falling below their indelicacy. His best efforts lay in social satire or mock-heroic, and the most notable examples of these are *The Author's Farce* (1730) and *Tom Thumb* (1730)—afterwards revised and annotated as *The Tragedy of Tragedies* a burlesque in the *genre* of Buckingham's *Rehearsal* containing much clever raillery of contemporary tragedies. He also succeeded with two adaptations of Molière, *The Mock-Doctor* (1732) and *The Miser* (1733), which latter version obtained the approval of Voltaire. But, as Lady Mary said, he himself would have thrown his work into the fire 'if meat could have been got without money, and money without scribbling.' He never took the stage seriously. Whether he possessed the dramatic faculty or not, his plays are deservedly forgotten; and the 'prolifick *Mr Fielding*,' as the *Prompter* called him, made no enduring contribution to dramatic literature.

HENRY FIELDING.

From a Print in the British Museum engraved by S. Basire after W. Hogarth.

In the preface to one of the last and hastiest of these performances, *The Universal Gallant; or, the Different Husbands*, produced at Drury Lane in February 1735, he seems to hint at a family. However this may be, there is at this point a manifest interval in his labours as a playwright, which his biographers have occupied with his marriage. His wife was one of three sisters of Salisbury, and her name was Charlotte Cradock. From her husband's description of her in *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*, she must have been as amiable as she was beautiful, and she, moreover, brought him £1500 of that pelf which alone preserved him from producing hurried plays. It is also alleged that concurrently he inherited something from his mother; but this is questionable, as in 1735 his mother had long been dead. In any case, he migrated for the time to East Stour, where his childhood had been spent. Legend has freely gathered around this retreat upon the country, and he has been described as leading the life of a lavish fox-hunting squire, with hounds, liveries, and all the regulation honours. But it is demonstrable that in a twelvemonth he was back again in London, managing the little French theatre in the Haymarket, and running there a Lucianic satire on the times called *Pasquin*. This was a considerable success, and it was followed in 1737 by a similar effort, *The Historical Register for the Year 1736*. The *Historical Register* was inferior to *Pasquin*, but its strokes at Walpole are believed to have aided in precipitating the severe Licensing Act of 1737, which, among other vexatious restrictions, made the consent of the Lord Chamberlain an indispensable preliminary to the production of any play. Its passing was fatal to Fielding's 'scandal shop,' as the Haymarket had come to be popularly called, and it effectually terminated his efforts to 'ridicule Vice and Imposture' through the medium of the stage. His own admission, in later life, that he left off playwriting when he ought to have begun, may be taken to indicate that he himself fully appreciated the haphazard and premature character of his achievement in this kind. Yet it may be reasonably doubted whether, even with wider experience and larger leisure, he would ever have excelled in pure comedy. His satiric and ironic gifts were better employed in the vocation he eventually adopted.

In 1737 he was in his thirty-first year, and on the 1st of November he was admitted a student of the Middle Temple, being still described as of East Stour. For the next three years, or until he was called to the Bar in June 1740, we know but little of his life. His biographers speak of political tracts; and he certainly worked with James Ralph—the Ralph who 'howls to Cynthia' in the *Dunciad*—upon two volumes of the 'Spectator' essays known as the *Champion* (1739-40). Then, in November of the latter year, appeared Richardson's *Pamela*. The origin of this book has been sufficiently discussed in speaking of its author; it remains to trace its connection with the work of Fielding, to whose manly, if somewhat coarse-grained, common-sense, nourished in the school of Molière and Cervantes, its opportunist morality seemed particularly nauseous. Probably to amuse himself at first, and also to work off an obscure but long-standing grudge against the author of another success of 1740, the *Apology* of the actor Colley Cibber, Fielding presently set about a burlesque of *Pamela*, intended to combine the manners of Cibber and Richardson. By a happy stroke of the pen, he turned the ''Squire B.' of *Pamela* into ''Squire Booby,' and, inventing a brother for Richardson's heroine, exhibited him exposed to the solicitations of the 'Squire's aunt by marriage, a dissolute woman of quality. The scenes resulting from this beginning are the least pleasing of *Joseph Andrews*. But at the end of the second chapter the author introduced Parson Adams, and, quickly warming to his task, soon discarded his original plan. After Chapter x. the book became practically what it professes to be in its full title—namely, ***The History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews, and his Friend Mr Abraham Adams: Written in Imitation of the Manner of Cervantes.*** That is to say, it became the first example of a till-then-unattempted type of English Novel. For not only by its 'Character of perfect Simplicity,' the absent-minded, finger-snapping, Æschylus-loving clergyman, did it add a new portrait to the perpetual National Portrait Gallery of English Literature, but it inaugurated a new method in fiction which its author styled the 'comic Epic-Poem in Prose.' In a lengthy Preface, which was probably an afterthought, or perhaps, to speak more accurately, a premonition of something different from his first idea which had gradually dawned upon him during the progress of the volumes, Fielding develops his theory. His aim, he says in effect, was to produce something which should differ from serious romance, not only by its substitution of 'light and ridiculous' incidents for 'grave and solemn' ones, but by its admission among its *dramatis personæ* of characters of inferior rank, and by its employment of ludicrous and even burlesque diction in place of elevated language. These characteristics, partly present in *Joseph Andrews*, were to receive fuller exemplification in his next novel, *Tom Jones* (see also above at page 7).

Meanwhile, the reception accorded to *Joseph Andrews*, although encouraging, was not sufficient to make the author's fortune, or even to supplement materially the meagre income he derived from his profession. He brought out a farce, *Miss Lucy in Town*, in which he had a collaborator; he projected with the Rev. William Young, the reputed original of Parson Adams, a translation of Aristophanes, which got no farther than one play; he issued, by subscription, three volumes of *Miscellanies*, which, among other things, included a youthful comedy, *The Wedding Day*. This Garrick produced in 1743, with Mrs Woffington for heroine. But the most important items in the *Miscellanies*, after deduction of a good deal of occasional verse and prose, were a Lucianic fragment entitled 'A Journey from this World to the Next,' and (occupying the entire third volume) the remarkable exercise in sustained irony known as *The History of the Life of the late Mr Jonathan Wild the Great*, the ostensible hero of which was a notorious thief taker who had swung at Tyburn some eighteen years before. The avowed object of this book, which, from internal evidence, apparently preceded *Joseph Andrews* in point of composition, is to demonstrate that Greatness unaccompanied by Goodness differs little from rascality; and that the 'true Sublime' in Human Nature consists in the combination of the two. This thesis is worked out with a relentless persistency which, to not a few readers, is so rarely relieved by softer touches as to be almost unendurable. But as an intellectual conception and a study in satire, *Jonathan Wild* must always be regarded as a masterpiece.

After the *Miscellanies*, Fielding produced no work of any importance until the appearance of *Tom Jones*. The story of his life at this date is obscure; but although the 'garrets' and 'spunging-houses' of Lady Louisa Stuart are not improbably the mere exaggerations of an aristocratic pen, there can be little doubt that, as she says, he was 'almost always miserably poor, and seldom in a state of quiet and safety.' His means were uncertain, his splendid constitution was impaired, and he was a martyr to gout. To add to his distresses, and perhaps by reason of them, his beautiful wife died, leaving him plunged in despair. 'So vehement was his grief,' says Murphy, 'that his friends began to think him in danger of losing his reason.' This must have been at the close of 1743. In 1744 he prefaced the second edition of his sister Sarah's novel of *David Simple*; and the year after began a weekly Whig paper, the *True Patriot*, which was followed in 1747 by another, the *Jacobite's Journal*, enterprises which earned for him, either rightly or wrongly, as regards the adjective, the stigma of 'pension'd scribbler.' In November 1747 he married again, his second wife being his first wife's maid, Mary Daniel. She had been devoted to her mistress; she was equally devoted to her husband, to whose children as well as her own she made an excellent mother. A year later, by the interest of his old schoolfellow Lyttelton, to whom he was already much indebted (Preface to *Tom Jones*), Fielding was appointed a Justice of the Peace for Middlesex and Westminster, and took up his abode in Bow Street, Covent Garden. A month or two later still, on the 28th of February 1749, was published the famous novel of *Tom Jones*.

The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling, is Fielding's masterpiece. The old tradition that he wrote it as a Bow Street magistrate is exploded, and the 'Thousands of Hours' he spent in its composition had probably been dispersed over most of the interval which had elapsed between the publication of the *Miscellanies* and the date of its issue. Some of it had no doubt been penned at the Lyttelton seat of Hagley; some at Prior Park, the home, near Bath, of Ralph Allen, the benevolent Allworthy of the book. In *Tom Jones*, Fielding set himself deliberately to perfect the 'comic Epic-Poem in Prose' as he had conceived it during the progress of *Joseph Andrews*. Besides making it three times as long, he paid much closer attention to the evolution of the plot, which still, with some reservations as to hurry at the close, remains a model in its way. In place of a general critical 'Introduction,' he inserted at the beginning of each book one of those delightful 'prolegomenous' Essays, in which, ever and anon, as George Eliot says, 'he seems to bring his arm-chair to the proscenium and chat with us in all the lusty ease of his fine English'—that English by which, in the words of another admirer, 'one seems to be carried along, like a swimmer in a strong, clear stream, trusting one's self to every whirl and eddy, with a feeling of safety, of comfort, or delightful ease in the motion of the elastic water.' The book, indeed, has no one character which can quite compete with Parson Abraham Adams. But it has a dozen which are admirably wrought. Squire Western first; Partridge the barber; the philosopher Square; Thwackum, his rival; Miss Western, Miss Bridget Allworthy, Lady Bellaston, Mrs Honour, the lady's-maid—all these are living and moving human beings. It is true that the morality of certain incidents—the scene at Upton, the Bellaston episode which roused the ire of Colonel Newcome—has not passed unchallenged. Probably Mr Lowell's contention that these passages—an inconsiderable portion, after all, in a lengthy novel—shock rather than corrupt will eventually obtain; and it is a defence which cannot always be advanced in favour of some of the performances of Fielding's modern descendants. *Pour qui sait lire, Tom Jones* must remain, for experience of life, observation of character, invention, humour, irony, and inexhaustible humanity, one of the finest specimens of the English novel of manners. Its author himself never excelled it, nor could he; for, as a French critic observes, it is the summary and abstract of an entire existence.

In 1749 Fielding had but five years to live. He was still poor, and his income of £300 as a Westminster Justice was some 'of the dirtiest money upon earth.' He seems, nevertheless, to have been zealous and efficient in his office, and one at least of his pamphlets, the *Enquiry into the Increase of Robbers* (1751), is to this day recognised as authoritative by political economists. But the work which most concerns literature is his third novel, *Amelia*, also published in 1751. In its central character, as in the Sophia Western of *Tom Jones*, he delineates his beautiful first wife, whose goodness and forbearance were still a cherished recollection. Written in the intervals of a wearisome and exact-ing profession, *Amelia* has little of the leisurely qualities of *Tom Jones*, nor has it the same fundamental richness of material. Moreover, it is preoccupied to an exceptional extent with the social problems, prison discipline and what not, which were daily obtruding themselves on the writer's attention. These drawbacks admitted, it has other qualities which have led some to prefer it to the earlier book. Amelia herself, whom even that sturdy Richardsonian, Dr Johnson, declared to be 'the most pleasing heroine of all the romances,' is a delightful type of generous, unselfish womanhood; and many of the subordinate characters Dr Harrison, Colonel Bath, Mrs Bennet – are only second, if second, to the *Tom Jones* gallery. After *Amelia*, Fielding's chief efforts of moment were the *Covent Garden Journal* (1752); another pamphlet, the *Proposal for the Poor* (1753); and a pamphlet on Elizabeth Canning. At the end of June 1754, worn out with the labours of his office, and utterly broken in constitution, he started for Lisbon, like Peterborough and Doddridge before him, in the forlorn hope of finding health. He reached his destination on the 14th of August. Two months later, on the 8th of October 1754, he died, and was buried in the English cemetery on the Estrella. *Luget Britannia gremio non dari Fovere natum* is inscribed upon his tomb. The story of his tedious and painfully prolonged journey to the Portuguese capital is related in a touching posthumous tract published by Andrew Millar in February 1755, together with a fragment of a Comment on the *Essays* of Bolingbroke, which Mallet had issued in March of the previous year. Long after Fielding's death, in 1778, was produced at Drury Lane a play called *The Fathers; or, The Good-natured Man*. It was printed, and ran for a few nights, but has never been revived.

The only trustworthy portrait of Fielding is that prefixed to Murphy's edition of his works (1762). It was drawn from memory by Hogarth, whom he had known, and whom he greatly admired. Of his life, as may have been gathered from the above, but few authentic particulars remain. Not more than three or four of his letters have been preserved; while modern research, by disposing of much merely picturesque tradition, has appreciably reduced the scanty body of material upon which his first biographers based their labours. It is now generally admitted that the reckless Bohemianism attributed to his youth was not continued in middle age, though he was at no time of a temper to grow either rich or careful. But in spite of ill-health and uncertain means, he retained to the end his joy of life; and his hopefulness was as inveterate as his improvidence. He was a loving father and a kind husband; he exerted his last energies in philanthropy and benevolence; he expended his last ink in defence of Christianity; and he went to a foreign grave with the fortitude of a hero and the resignation of a philosopher.

Hunting Song.

The dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn:
And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms, and begs his stay;
My dear, it rains, and hails, and snows,
You will not hunt to-day.
But a hunting we will go.

A brushing fox in yonder wood,
Secure to find we seek;
For why, I carry'd, sound and good,
A cartload there last week
And a hunting we will go.

Away he goes, he flies the rout,
Their steeds all spur and switch;
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
And some thrown in the ditch:
But a hunting we will go.

At length his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Renard ceases fight;
Then hungry, homeward we return,
To feast away the night:
Then a drinking we will go.

(From *Don Quixote in England*, Act ii.)

This goes to the tune 'There was a Jovial Beggar.' Verse 3 refers to a practice favoured by Sir Roger de Coverley (*Spectator* No. 116, July 13, 1711).

Roast Beef.

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts, and enriched our blood;
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good.
Oh the roast beef of Old England,
And Old England's roast beef!

Then, Britons, from all nice dainties refrain,
Which effeminate Italy, France, and Spain;
And mighty roast beef shall command on the Main.
Oh the roast beef, &c.
Oh the roast beef, &c.

(From *Don Quixote in England*, Act i.)

Richard Leveridge took Fielding's first verse, added others, and set the whole to music (Hullah's *Song Book*, 1866, No. xxxiv.)

An Interview between Parson Adams and Parson Trulliber.

Parson Adams came to the house of Parson Trulliber, whom he found stripped in to his waistcoat, with an apron on, and a pail in his hand, just come from serving his hogs; for Mr Trulliber was a parson on Sundays, but all the other six might more properly be called a farmer. He occupied a small piece of land of his own, besides which he rented a considerable deal more. His wife milked his cows, managed his dairy, and followed the markets with butter and eggs. The hogs fell chiefly to his care, which he carefully waited on at home, and attended to fairs; on which occasion he was liable to many jokes, his own size being, with much ale, rendered little inferior to that of the beasts he sold. He was, indeed, one of the largest men you should see, and could have acted the part of Sir John Falstaff without stuffing. Add to this, that the rotundity of his belly was considerably increased by the shortness of his stature, his shadow ascending very near as far in height when he lay on his back, as when he stood on his legs. His voice was loud and hoarse, and his accents extremely broad; to complete the whole, he had a stateliness in his gait, when he walked, not unlike that of a goose, only he stalked slower.

Mr Trulliber being informed that somebody wanted to speak with him, immediately slipped off his apron, and clothed himself in an old night gown, being the dress in which he [illegible] saw his company at home. His wife, who informed him of Mr Adams's arrival, had made a small mistake; for she had told her husband, 'She believed here was a man come for some of his hogs.' This supposition made Mr Trulliber hasten with the utmost expedition to attend his guest. He no sooner saw Adams, than, not in the least doubting the cause of his errand to be what his wife had imagined, he told him 'He was come in very good time; that he expecte[illegible] dealer that very afternoon;' and added, 'they w[illegible] pure and fat, and upwards of twenty score apiece.'

Adams answered, 'he believed he did not kn[illegible] 'Yes, yes,' cried Trulliber, 'I have seen you [illegible] fair: why, we have dealt before now, mun [illegible] you; yes, yes,' cries he: 'I remember [illegible] well, but won't mention a word more till [illegible] them, though I have never sold thee [illegible] bacon as is now in the stye.' Upon [illegible] violent hands on Adams, and dragged hi[illegible] stye, which was indeed but two steps f[illegible] window. They were no sooner arrived th[illegible] cried out, 'Do but handle them: step in, [illegible] welcome to handle them, whether dost buy or no.' [illegible] which words, opening the gate, he pushed Adams [illegible] the pig-stye, insisting on it that he should handle th[illegible] before he would talk one word with him.

Adams, whose natural complaisance was beyond any artificial, was obliged to comply before he was suffered to explain himself; and, laying hold of one of their tails, the unruly beast gave such a sudden spring, that he threw poor Adams all along in the mire. Trulliber, instead of assisting him to get up, burst into a laughter, and, entering the stye, said to Adams, with some contempt, 'Why, dost not know how to handle a hog?' and was going to lay hold of one himself; but Adams, who thought he had carried his complaisance far enough, was no sooner on his legs, than he escaped out of the reach of the animals, and cried out, '*Nihil habeo cum porcis*: I am a clergyman, sir, and am not come to buy hogs.' Trulliber answered, 'he was sorry for the mistake; but that he must blame his wife:' adding, 'she was a fool, and always committed blunders.' He then desired him to walk in and clean himself, that he would only fasten up the stye, and follow him. Adams desired leave to dry his great coat, wig, and hat by the fire, which Trulliber granted. Mrs Trulliber would have brought him a basin of water to wash his face, but her husband bid her be quiet like a fool as she was, or she would commit more blunders; and then directed Adams to the pump. While Adams was thus employed, Trulliber, conceiving no great respect for the appearance of his guest, fastened the parlour-door, and now conducted him into the kitchen; telling him he believed a cup of drink would do him no harm, and whispered his wife to draw a little of the worst ale. After a short silence, Adams said, 'I fancy, sir, you already perceive me to be a clergyman.'—'Ay, ay,' cries Trulliber, grinning, 'I perceive you have some cassock: I will not venture to *caale* it a whole one.' Adams answered, it was, indeed, none of the best; but he had the misfortune to tear it about ten years ago in passing over a stile. Mrs Trulliber, returning with the drink, told her husband 'she fancied the gentleman was a traveller, and that he would be glad to eat a bit.' Trulliber bid her 'hold her impertinent tongue,' and asked her, 'if parsons used to travel without horses;' adding, 'he supposed the gentleman had none, by his having no boots on.'—'Yes, sir, yes,' says Adams; 'I have a horse, but I have left him behind me.'—'I am glad to hear you have one,' says Trulliber; 'for I assure you I don't love to see clergymen on foot; it is not seemly, nor suiting the dignity of the cloth.' Here Trulliber made a long oration on the dignity of the cloth (or rather gown), not much worth [illegible]ting, till his wife had spread the table, and set a mess [illegible]dge on it for his breakfast. He then said to [illegible]ms, 'I don't know, friend, how you came to *caale* on [illegible] are here, if you think proper to [illegible] Adams accepted the invitation, [illegible] down together; Mrs Trulliber [illegible] and a chair, as was, it seems, [illegible]e heartily, but scarce put any [illegible]t finding fault with his wife's [illegible] poor woman bore patiently. [illegible]lute an admirer of her husband's [illegible]ance, of which she had frequent [illegible]outh, that she almost carried her [illegible]n of his infallibility. To say the [illegible]ad exercised her more ways than one; [illegible]n had been so well edified by her [illegible] that she had resolved to receive the [illegible] world together with the bad. She had [illegible] at first a little contentious; but he had long since got the better; partly by her love for this, partly by her fear of that; partly by her religion; partly by the respect he paid himself, and partly by that which he received from the parish: she had, in short, absolutely submitted, and now worshipped her husband, as Sarah did Abraham, calling him not lord, but master. Whilst they were at table, her husband gave her a fresh example of his greatness; for as she had just delivered a cup of ale to Adams, he snatched it out of his hand, and crying out, 'I *caal'd vurst*,' swallowed down the ale. Adams [illegible]nied it; it was referred to the wife, who, though her conscience was on the side of Adams, durst not give it against her husband. Upon which he said, 'No, sir, no: I should not have been so rude to have taken it from you, if you had *caal'd vurst*; but I'd have you know I'm a better man than to suffer the best he in the kingdom to drink before me [illegible] my own house, when I *caale vurst*.'

As soon as their breakfast [illegible] ended Adams began in the following manner: 'I think, sir, it is high time to inform you of the business of my embassy. I am a traveller, and am passing this way in company with two young people, a lad and a damsel, my parishioners, towards my own cure: we stopped at a house of hospitality in the parish, where they directed me to you, as having the cure.'—'Though I am but a curate,' says Trulliber, 'I believe I am as warm as the vicar himself, or perhaps the rector of the next parish too: I believe I could buy them both.'—'Sir,' cries Adams, 'I rejoice thereat. Now, sir, my business is, that we are by various accidents stripped of our money, and are not able to pay our reckoning, being seven shillings. I therefore request you to assist me with the loan of those seven shillings, and also seven shillings more, which, peradventure, I shall return to you; but if not, I am convinced you will joyfully embrace such an opportunity of laying up a treasure in a better place than any this world affords.'

Suppose a stranger, who entered the chambers of a lawyer, being imagined a client, when the lawyer was preparing his palm for the fee, should pull out a writ against him. Suppose an apothecary, at the door of a chariot containing some great doctor of eminent skill, should, instead of directions to a patient, present him with a potion for himself. Suppose a minister should, instead of a good round sum, treat my lord ——, or sir ——, or Esq. ——, with a good broomstick. Suppose a civil companion, or a led captain, should, instead of virtue, and honour, and beauty, and parts, and admiration, thunder vice and infamy, and ugliness, and folly, and contempt, in his patron's ears. Suppose, when a tradesman first carries in his bill, the man of fashion should pay it; or suppose, if he did so, the tradesman should abate what he had overcharged on the supposition of waiting. In short, suppose what you will, you never can nor will suppose anything equal to the astonishment which seized on Trulliber, as soon as Adams had ended his speech. A while he rolled his eyes in silence, sometimes surveying Adams, then his wife; then casting them on the ground, then lifting them to heaven. At last he burst forth in the following accents:—

'Sir, I believe I know where to lay my little treasure up as well as another: I thank G——, if I am not so warm as some, I am content; that is a blessing greater than riches; and he to whom that is given need ask no more. To be content with a little, is greater than to possess the world; which a man may possess without being so. Lay up my treasure! what matters where a man's treasure is, whose heart is in the Scriptures? there is the treasure of a Christian.' At these words the water ran from Adams's eyes; and, catching Trulliber by the hand in a rapture, 'Brother,' says he, 'Heavens bless the accident by which I came to see you; I would have walked many a mile to have communed with you; and believe me, I will shortly pay you a second visit: but my friends, I fancy, by this time wonder at my stay, so let me have the money immediately.' Trulliber then put on a stern look, and cried out, 'Thou dost not intend to rob me?' At which the wife, bursting into tears, fell on her knees, and roared out, 'O dear sir! for heaven's sake don't rob my master: we are but poor people.'—'Get up for a fool as thou art, and go about thy business,' said Trulliber: 'dost think the man will venture his life? he is a beggar, and no robber.' 'Very true, indeed,' answered Adams. 'I wish with all my heart the tithing-man was here,' cries Trulliber: 'I would have thee punished as a vagabond for thy impudence. Fourteen shillings indeed! I won't give thee a farthing. I believe thou art no more a clergyman than the woman there' (pointing to his wife); 'but if thou art, dost deserve to have thy gown stripped over thy shoulders, for running about the country in such a manner.' 'I forgive your suspicions,' says Adams: 'but suppose I am not a clergyman, I am nevertheless thy brother; and thou, as a Christian, much more as a clergyman, art obliged to relieve my distress.' 'Dost preach to me?' replied Trulliber: 'dost pretend to instruct me in my duty?'—'Ifacks, a good story,' cries Mrs Trulliber, 'to preach to my master!'—'Silence, woman,' cries Trulliber: 'I would have thee know, friend' (addressing himself to Adams), 'I shall not learn my duty from such as thee; I know what charity is, better than to give to vagabonds.'—'Besides, if we were inclined, the poor's rate obliges us to give so much charity,' cries the wife. 'Pugh! Thou art a fool. Poor's rate! hold thy nonsense,' answered Trulliber; and then, turning to Adams, he told him, he would give him nothing. 'I am sorry,' answered Adams, 'that you do know what charity is, since you practise it no better; I must tell you if you trust to your knowledge for your justification, you will find yourself deceived, though you should add faith to it, without good works.'—'Fellow,' cries Trulliber, 'dost thou speak against faith in my house? Get out of my doors: I will no longer remain under the same roof with a wretch who speaks wantonly of faith and the Scriptures.'—'Name not the Scriptures,' says Adams. 'How! not name the Scriptures! Do you disbelieve the Scriptures?' cries Trulliber. 'No; but you do,' answered Adams, 'if I may reason from your practice; for their commands are so explicit, and their rewards and punishments so immense, that it is impossible a man should steadfastly believe, without obeying. Now there is no command more express, no duty more frequently enjoined, than charity. Whoever, therefore, is void of charity, I make no scruple of pronouncing that he is no Christian.'—'I would not advise thee,' says Trulliber, 'to say that I am no Christian: I won't take it of you; for I believe I am as good a man as thyself;' (and, indeed, though he was now rather too corpulent for athletic exercises, he had in his youth, been one of the best boxers and cudgel-players in the county). His wife, seeing him clench his fist, interposed, and begged him not to fight, but show himself a true Christian, and take the law of him. As nothing could provoke Adams to strike, but an absolute assault on himself or his friend, he smiled at the angry look and gestures of Trulliber: and, telling him he was sorry to see such men in orders, departed without further ceremony.

(From *Joseph Andrews*, Book ii Chap. 14.)

Wild proceeds to the Highest Consummation of Human Greatness.

At length the morning came, which Fortune at his birth had resolutely ordained for the consummation of our hero's GREATNESS: he had, himself, indeed, modestly declined the public honours she intended him, and had taken a quantity of laudanum, in order to retire quietly off the stage; but we have already observed in the course of our wonderful history, that to struggle against this lady's decrees is vain and impotent; and whether she hath determined you shall be hanged or be a prime minister, it is, in either case, lost labour to resist. Laudanum, therefore, being unable to stop the breath of our hero, which the fruit of hemp-seed, and not the spirit of poppy seed, was to overcome, he was, at the usual hour, attended by the proper gentleman appointed for that purpose, and acquainted that the cart was ready. On this occasion he exerted that greatness of courage, which hath been so much celebrated in other heroes; and knowing it was impossible to resist, he gravely declared, he would attend them. He then descended to that room where the fetters of great men are knocked off, in a most solemn and ceremonious manner. Then shaking hands with his friends (to-wit, those who were conducting him to the tree), and drinking their healths in a bumper of brandy, he ascended the cart, where he was no sooner seated than he received the acclamations of the multitude, who were highly ravished with his GREATNESS.

The cart now moved slowly on, being preceded by a troop of horse-guards bearing javelins in their hands, through streets lined with crowds, all admiring the great behaviour of our hero, who rode on sometimes sighing, sometimes swearing, sometimes singing or whistling, as his humour varied.

When he came to the tree of glory, he was welcomed with an universal shout of the people, who were there assembled in prodigious numbers, to behold a sight much more rare in populous cities than one would reasonably imagine it should be, viz. the proper catastrophe of a great man.

But though envy was, through fear, obliged to join the general voice in applause on this occasion, there were not wanting some who maligned this completion of glory, which was now about to be fulfilled to our hero, and endeavoured to prevent it by knocking him on the head as he stood under the tree, while the ordinary was performing his last office. They therefore began to batter the cart with stones, brick bats, dirt, and all manner of mischievous weapons, some of which erroneously playing on the robes of the ecclesiastic, made him so expeditious in his repetition, that, with wonderful alacrity, he had ended almost in an instant, and conveyed himself into a place of safety in a hackney coach, where he waited the conclusion with the temper of mind described in these verses:

Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra alterius magnum spectare laborem.

We must not, however, omit one circumstance, as it serves to show the most admirable conservation of character in our hero to his last moment, which was, that whilst the ordinary was busy in his ejaculations, Wild, in the midst of the shower of stones, &c., which played upon him, applied his hands to the parson's pocket, and emptied it of his bottle screw, which he carried out of the world in his hand.

The ordinary being now descended from the cart, Wild had just opportunity to cast his eyes around the crowd, and to give them a hearty curse, when immediately the horses moved on, and with universal applause our hero swung out of this world.

Thus fell Jonathan Wild the GREAT, by a death as glorious as his life had been, and which was so truly agreeable to it, that the latter must have been deplorably maimed and imperfect without the former; a death which hath been alone wanting to complete the characters of several ancient and modern heroes, whose histories would then have been read with much greater pleasure by the wisest in all ages. Indeed, we could almost wish, that whenever Fortune seems wantonly to deviate from her purpose, and leaves her work imperfect in this particular, the historian would indulge himself in the licence of poetry and romance, and even do a violence to truth, to oblige his reader with a page, which must be the most delightful in all his history, and which could never fail of producing an instructive moral.

Narrow minds may possibly have some reason to be ashamed of going this way out of the world, if their consciences can fly in their faces, and assure them they have not merited such an honour; but he must be a fool who is ashamed of being hanged, who is not weak enough to be ashamed of having deserved it.

(From *Jonathan Wild*, Book iv. Chap. 14.)

Of the Serious in Writing, and the Initial Essays in 'Tom Jones.'

Peradventure there may be no parts in this prodigious work which will give the reader less pleasure in the perusing, than those which have given the author the greatest pains in composing. Among these probably may be reckoned those initial essays which we have prefixed to the historical matter contained in every book; and which we have determined to be essentially necessary to this kind of writing, of which we have set ourselves at the head.

For this our determination we do not hold ourselves strictly bound to assign any reason: it being abundantly sufficient that we have laid it down as a rule necessary to be observed in all prosai-comi-epic writing. Who ever demanded the reasons of that nice unity of time or place which is now established to be so essential to dramatic poetry? What critic hath been ever asked why a play may not contain two days as well as one, or why the audience (provided they travel like electors without any expense) may not be wafted fifty miles as well as five? Hath any commentator well accounted for the limitation which an ancient critic hath set to the drama, which he will have contain neither more nor less than five acts? Or hath anyone living attempted to explain, what the modern judges of our theatres mean by that word *low*; by which they have happily succeeded in banishing all humour from the stage, and have made the theatre as dull as a drawing-room? Upon all these occasions, the world seems to have embraced a maxim of our law, viz., *Cuicunque in arte sua perito credendum est*: for it seems, perhaps, difficult to conceive that anyone should have had enough of impudence, to lay down dogmatical rules in any art or science without the least foundation. In such cases, therefore, we are apt to conclude, there are sound and good reasons at the bottom, though we are unfortunately not able to see so far.

Now, in reality, the world have paid too great a compliment to critics, and have imagined them men of much greater profundity than they really are. From this complaisance, the critics have been emboldened to assume a dictatorial power, and have so far succeeded, that they are now become the masters, and have the assurance to give laws to those authors, from whose predecessors they originally received them.

The critic, rightly considered, is no more than the clerk, whose office it is to transcribe the rules and laws laid down by those great judges, whose vast strength of genius hath placed them in the light of legislators, in the several sciences over which they presided. This office was all which the critics of old aspired to, nor did they ever dare to advance a sentence, without supporting it by the authority of the judge from whence it was borrowed.

But in process of time, and in ages of ignorance, the clerk began to invade the power and assume the dignity of his master. The laws of writing were no longer founded on the practice of the author, but on the dictates of the critic. The clerk became the legislator, and those very peremptorily gave laws, whose business it was, at first, only to transcribe them.

Hence arose an obvious, and, perhaps, an unavoidable error: For these critics being men of shallow capacities, very easily mistook mere form for substance. They acted as a judge would, who should adhere to the lifeless letter of law and reject the spirit. Little circumstances which were, perhaps, accidental in a great author, were, by these critics, considered to constitute his chief merit, and transmitted as essentials to be observed by all his successors. To these encroachments, time and ignorance, the two great supporters of imposture, gave authority; and thus, many rules for good writing have been established, which have not the least foundation in truth or nature, and which commonly serve for no other purpose than to curb and restrain genius, in the same manner as it would have restrained the dancing-master, had the many excellent treatises on that art laid it down as an essential rule, that every man must dance in chains.

To avoid, therefore, all imputation of laying down a rule for posterity, founded only on the authority of *ipse dixit*, for which, to say the truth, we have not the profoundest veneration: we shall here waive the privilege above contended for, and proceed to lay before the reader, the reasons which have induced us to intersperse these several digressive essays in the course of this work.

And here we shall of necessity be led to open a new vein of knowledge, which, if it hath been discovered, hath not, to our remembrance, been wrought on by any ancient or modern writer. This vein is no other than that of contrast, which runs through all the works of the creation, and may, probably, have a large share in constituting in us the idea of all beauty, as well natural as artificial; for what demonstrates the beauty and excellence of anything but its reverse? Thus the beauty of day and that of summer, is set off by the horrors of night and winter. And I believe, if it was possible for a man to have seen only the two former, he would have a very imperfect idea of their beauty.

But to avoid too serious an air. Can it be doubted, but that the finest woman in the world would lose all benefit of her charms in the eye of a man who had never seen one of another cast? The ladies themselves seem so sensible of this, that they are all industrious to procure foils, nay, they will become foils to themselves; for I have observed (at Bath particularly) that they endeavour to appear as ugly as possible in the morning, in order to set off that beauty which they intend to show you in the evening.

Most artists have this secret in practice, though some, perhaps, have not much studied the theory. The jeweller knows that the finest brilliant requires a foil, and the painter, by the contrast of his figures, often acquires great applause.

A great genius among us will illustrate this matter fully. I cannot, indeed, range him under any general head of common artists, as he hath a title to be placed among those

> Inventas, qui vitam excoluere per artes.
>
> 'Who by invented arts have life improved.'

I mean here the inventor of that most exquisite entertainment called the English pantomime.

This entertainment consisted of two parts, which the inventor distinguished by the names of *the serious* and *the comic*. The serious exhibited a certain number of heathen gods and heroes, who were certainly the worst and dullest company into which an audience was ever introduced; and (which was a secret known to few) were actually intended so to be, in order to contrast the *comic* part of the entertainment, and to display the tricks of harlequin to the better advantage.

This was, perhaps, no very civil use of such personages; but the contrivance was, nevertheless, ingenious enough, and had its effect. And this will now plainly appear, if instead of *serious* and *comic*, we supply the words *duller* and *dullest*; for the comic was certainly duller than anything before shown on the stage, and could only be set off by that superlative degree of dulness, which composed the serious. So intolerably serious, indeed, were these gods and heroes, that harlequin (though the *English* gentleman of that name is not at all related to the *French* family, for he is of a much more serious disposition) was always welcome on the stage, as he relieved the audience from worse company.

Judicious writers have always practised this art of contrast, with great success. I have been surprised that Horace should cavil at this art in Homer: but indeed he contradicts himself in the very next line.

> 'Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus,
> Verum operi longo fas est obripere somnum.'
>
> 'I grieve if e'er great Homer chance to sleep,
> Yet slumbers on long works have right to creep.

For we are not here to understand, as, perhaps, some have, that an author actually falls asleep while he is writing. It is true that readers are too apt to be so overtaken; but if the work was as long as any of Oldmixon, the author himself is too well entertained to be subject to the least drowsiness. He is, as Mr Pope observes,

> 'Sleepless himself, to give his readers sleep.'

To say the truth, these soporific parts are so many scenes of *serious* artfully interwoven, in order to contrast and set off the rest; and this is the true meaning of a late facetious writer, who told the public, that whenever he was dull, they might be assured there was a design in it.

In this light then, or rather in this darkness, I would have the reader to consider these initial essays. And after this warning, if he shall be of opinion that he can find enough of serious in other parts of this history, he may pass over these, in which we profess to be laboriously dull, and begin the following books at the second chapter. (From *Tom Jones*, Book v. Chap. 1.)

Partridge on Courage.

At length Jones, being weary of soliloquy, addressed himself to his companion, and blamed him for his taciturnity; for which the poor man very honestly accounted, from his fear of giving offence. And now, this fear being pretty well removed by the most absolute promises of indemnity, Partridge again took the bridle from his tongue; which perhaps rejoiced no less at regaining its liberty, than a young colt, when the bridle is slipt from his neck, and he is turned loose into the pasture.

As Partridge was inhibited from that topic which would have first suggested itself, he fell upon that which was next uppermost in his mind, namely, the Man of the Hill. 'Certainly, sir,' says he, 'that could never be a man, who dresses himself, and lives after such a strange manner, and so unlike other folks. Besides, his diet, as the old woman told me, is chiefly upon herbs, which is a fitter food for a horse than a Christian: nay, landlord at Upton says, that the neighbours thereabouts have very fearful notions about him. It runs strangely in my head, that it must have been some spirit, who perhaps might be sent to forewarn us; and who knows but all that matter which he told us, of his going to fight, and of his being taken prisoner, and of the great danger he was in of being hanged, might be intended as a warning to us, considering what we are going about: besides, I dreamt of nothing all last night, but of fighting: and methought the blood ran out of my nose as liquor out of a tap. Indeed, sir, *infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem*.'

'Thy story, Partridge,' answered Jones, 'is almost as ill applied as thy Latin. Nothing can be more likely to happen than death to men who go into battle. Perhaps we shall both fall in it,—and what then?' 'What then!' replied Partridge: 'Why then there is an end of us, is there not? when I am gone, all is over with me. What matters the cause to me, or who gets the victory, if I am killed? I shall never enjoy any advantage from it. What are all the ringing of bells, and bonfires, to one that is six foot under ground? there will be an end of poor Partridge.' 'And an end of poor Partridge,' cries Jones, 'there must be one time or other. If you love Latin, I will repeat you some fine lines out of Horace, which would inspire courage into a coward.

> "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.
> Mors et fugacem persequitur virum
> Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
> Poplitibus, timidoque tergo."'

'I wish you would construe them,' cries Partridge; 'for Horace is a hard author, and I cannot understand as you repeat them.'

'I will repeat you a bad imitation or rather paraphrase of my own,' said Jones; 'for I am but an indifferent poet.

> "Who would not die in his dear country's cause!
> Since, if base fear his dastard step withdraws,
> From death he cannot fly. One common grave
> Receives, at last, the coward and the brave."'

'That's very certain,' cries Partridge. 'Ay, sure *Mors omnibus communis*: but there is a great difference between dying in one's bed a great many years hence, like a good Christian, with all our friends crying about us, and being shot to-day or to-morrow, like a mad dog; or perhaps hacked in twenty pieces with a sword, and that too before we have repented of all our sins. O Lord, have mercy upon us! to be sure the soldiers are a wicked kind of people. I never loved to have any thing to do with them. I could hardly bring myself ever to look upon them as Christians. There is nothing but cursing and swearing among them. I wish your honour would repent: I heartily wish you would repent, before it is too late, and not think of going among them.

Evil communication corrupts good manners. That is my principal reason. For, as for that matter, I am no more afraid than another man, not I; as to matter of that, I know all human flesh must die, but yet a man may live many years for all that. Why, I am a middle-aged man now, and yet I may live a great number of years. I have read of several who have lived to be above a hundred, and some a great deal above a hundred. Not that I hope, I mean that I promise myself, to live to any such age as that neither. But, if it be only to eighty or ninety, Heaven be praised, that is a great way off yet; and I am not afraid of dying then, no more than another man: but surely to attempt death before a man's time is come, seems to be downright wickedness and presumption. Besides, if it was to do any good indeed; but let the cause be what it will, what mighty matter of good can two people do? and for my part, I understand nothing of it. I never fired off a gun above ten times in my life; and then it was not charged with bullets. And for the sword, I never learned to fence, and know nothing of the matter. And then there are those cannons, which certainly it must be thought the highest presumption to go in the way of, and nobody but a madman—I ask pardon; upon my soul I meant no harm; I beg I may not throw your honour into another passion.'

'Be under no apprehension, Partridge,' cries Jones; 'I am now so well convinced of thy cowardice, that thou couldst not provoke me on any account.' 'Your honour,' answered he, 'may call me a coward, or any thing else you please. If loving to sleep in a whole skin makes a man a coward, *non immunes ab illis malis sumus*. I never read in my grammar, that a man can't be a good man without fighting. *Vir bonus est quis? Qui consulta patrum, qui leges juraque servat.* Not a word of fighting; and I am sure the scripture is so much against it, that a man shall never persuade me he is a good Christian, while he sheds Christian blood.'

(From *Tom Jones*, Book xii. Chap. 3.)

Opening of 'The Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon.'

Wednesday, June 26, 1754. On this day, the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doted with a mother-like fondness, guided by nature and passion, and uncured and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school where I had learned to bear pains and to despise death.

In this situation, as I could not conquer nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever: under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me into suffer the company of my little ones, during eight hours; and I doubt whether in that time I did not undergo more than in all my distemper.

At twelve precisely my coach was at the door, which was no sooner told me, than I kissed my children round, and went into it with some little resolution. My wife, who behaved more like a heroine and philosopher, though at the same time the tenderest mother in the world, and my eldest daughter, followed me; some friends went with us, and others here took their leave; and I heard my behaviour applauded, with many murmurs and praises to which I well knew I had no title; as all other such philosophers may, if they have any modesty, confess on the like occasions.

The connection of the Denbighs and the Hapsburgs is discussed by Mr J. H. Round at pp. 216-49 of his *Studies in Peerage and Family History* (1901); and his conclusions have been adopted by Burke. It has been suggested (Thomson's *Richardson*, 1900, p. [illegible]) that the *Apology for the Life of Mrs Shamela Andrews* (1741) should be added to the works of Fielding. Richardson believed Fielding to be the author (*Corr.* 1804, iv. 286), and there is some internal evidence, notably, the fact that, both in *Shamela* and *Joseph Andrews*, the 'Mr B.' of *Pamela* is converted into 'Mr Booby,' which supports this belief. But hitherto the book has not been claimed for Fielding by Fielding's biographers.

Fielding's 'Works' were first published in 1762 in 4to and 8vo by Andrew Millar, with an Essay on his Life and Genius by Arthur Murphy. In 1821 the novels appeared in Ballantyne's *Novelist's Library*, with a biographical sketch by Sir Walter Scott. In 1882 an *édition de luxe* in ten volumes was published by Messrs Smith and Elder, with a prefatory study by Mr Leslie Stephen; in 1893 Messrs Dent issued an edition in twelve volumes edited by Professor Saintsbury; and in 1898 Messrs Archibald Constable & Co. issued a further edition with a preliminary Essay by Mr Edmund Gosse. An annotated edition of the *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon* was published by the Chiswick Press in 1892. There are Lives of Fielding by Watson (1807), Lawrence (1855), and in the 'Men of Letters' series by the present writer (1883, 1889, and revised American edition, 1900). Among separate articles may be noted *Revue des Deux Mondes* (Gustave Planche), 1832; *Fraser's Magazine* (Keightley), January and February 1858; *Athenæum*, 2nd June 1883; Thackeray's *English Humourists* (1858), pp. 266-85; Lang's *Letters on Literature* (1889), pp. 29-42; Traill's *New Lucian* (1900), pp. 268-86. A bust of Fielding by Miss Margaret Thomas was unveiled at the Shire Hall, Taunton, 4th September 1883, by James Russell Lowell, whose address on that occasion is reproduced in *Democracy* (1887), pp. 67-88. Fielding's will was printed in the *Athenæum*, 1st February 1890. The assignment of *Joseph Andrews* to Millar for £183, 11s. is in the Forster Collection at South Kensington; the receipt and agreement for *Tom Jones* are in the Huth Collection.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams (1709-59) enjoyed great popularity as satirical poet, courtier, and diplomatist during the latter part of the reign of George II. Lord Hervey, Lord Chesterfield, Pulteney, and others threw off political squibs and light satires; but Williams eclipsed them all in liveliness and pungency. On the death of his father, Mr Hanbury, he took the name of Williams in respect of an estate in Monmouthshire left to him by a godfather, and in 1733 entered Parliament by Walpole's favour and as his supporter. Croker says that after lampooning Isabella, Duchess of Manchester, with her second husband, Mr Hussey, he 'retreated, with too little spirit, from the storm that threatened him into Wales, whence he was afterwards glad to accept missions to the courts of Dresden, Berlin, and Russia.' One verse of this truculent satire runs:

But careful Heaven reserved her Grace
For one of the Milesian race
  On stronger parts depending;
Nature, indeed, denies them sense,
But gives them legs and impudence
  That beats all understanding.

When Pulteney, in 1741, had succeeded in procuring Walpole's defeat and resignation, and was himself elevated to the peerage as Earl of Bath some of Williams's bitterest verses were levelled at him. In the *Statesman* the new peer is pilloried:

When you touch on his lordship's high birth,
  Speak Latin as if you were tipsy;
Say we're all but the sons of the earth,
  Et genus non fecimus ipsi.

Proclaim him as rich as a Jew,
  Yet attempt not to reckon his bounties;
You may say he is married, 'tis true,
  Yet speak not a word of the countess.

Leave a blank here and there in each page,
  To enrol the fair deeds of his youth;
When you mention the acts of his age,
  Leave a blank for his honour and truth.

Say he made a great monarch change hands;
  He spake—and the minister fell;
Say he made a great statesman of Sands—
  Oh, that he had taught him to spell.

In another poem Williams rails at Sandys (or Sands), who by Pulteney's procurement was made Chancellor of the Exchequer:

How Sands, in sense and person queer,
Jumped from a patriot to a peer
  No mortal yet knows why;
How Pulteney trucked the fairest fame
For a Right Honourable name
  To call his vixen by.

His pasquinades are at least as personal and virulent as the political poetry of the *Rolliad* or the *Anti-Jacobin*. The following is a specimen of Williams's more careful character-painting—part of a sketch of General Churchill, in several points suggesting Thackeray's Major Pendennis:

None led through youth a gayer life than he,
Cheerful in converse, smart in repartee.
But with old age its vices came along,
And in narration he 's extremely long,
Exact in circumstance, and nice in dates,
On every subject he his tale relates.
If you name one of Marlbro's ten campaigns,
He tells you its whole history for your pains,
And Blenheim's field becomes by his reciting
As long in telling as he was in fighting;
His old desire to please is well expressed,
His hat 's well cocked, his periwig 's well dressed;
He rolls his stockings still, white gloves he wears,
And in the boxes with the beaux appears;
His eyes through wrinkled corners cast their rays,
Still he bows graceful, still soft things he says:
And, still remembering that he once was young,
He strains his crippled knees and struts along.
The room he entered smiling, which bespoke
Some worn-out compliment or threadbare joke;
For, not perceiving loss of parts, he yet
Grasps at the shade of his departed wit.

In 1822 the fugitive poetry of Williams was collected and published in three volumes; but some at least of the grossest pieces were probably not written by him.

George, Lord Lyttelton (1709-73), was the son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton of Hagley in Worcestershire; and after distinguishing himself at Eton and Oxford, he passed some time in France and Italy. On his return he obtained a seat in Parliament, and opposed the measures of Sir Robert Walpole. As secretary to the Prince of Wales, he was able to secure favours for his literary friends, Thomson and Mallet. Pope admired his talents and opinions, commemorated him in his verse, and remembered him in his will; and his poetry gained him a place in Johnson's collection and his *Lives of the Poets*. From 1735 he took a conspicuous part in the House of Commons. When Walpole and the Whigs were vanquished, Lyttelton was successively one of the Lords of the Treasury, a Privy-Councillor, Chancellor of the

Exchequer, and, finally, a peer. He was a good, kindly, absent-minded, awkward, and pious man, a friend and patron of poets and literary men. Thomson was his intimate; Fielding dedicated *Tom Jones* to him; Horace Walpole sneered at him; and Chesterfield and Smollett said unpleasant things about him, his manners and mental equipment. An honest politician, he was not a great statesman. He was publishing poetry as early as 1730, and in 1735 produced the *Letters from a Persian in England to his Friend at Ispahan* (Montesquieu's *Lettres Persanes*, the model, dated from 1721), in which Selim describes and naively criticises the opera, an indecorous stage play, bear-baiting, card-parties, balls, and the pastimes, manners, and political factions of England and of London society. Some of the letters are novelettes with a purpose. Lyttelton's treatise (1746) on the *Conversion of St Paul* was written with 'a particular view to the satisfaction' of Thomson the poet. His *Dialogues of the Dead* (1760) enjoyed much popularity. He also wrote an elaborate *History of the Reign of Henry II.*, to which he brought ample information and a spirit of impartiality and justice; but the work is dry and tedious—'not illuminated,' as Gibbon very truly said, 'by a ray of genius.' Among the poems are eclogues on love and jealousy, epistles and addresses to Pope and many other friends, odes, translations, and a good many real songs. Two of the best date from 1732 and 1733 respectively, one surveying the symptoms of love in this fashion:

> Whene'er she speaks my ravished ear
> No other voice but hers can hear,
> No other wit but hers approve;
> Tell me, my heart, if this be love,

and returning always to the same query; and the other beginning:

> The heavy hours are almost past
> That part my love and me;
> My longing eyes may hope at last
> Their only wish to see

The 'Advice to a Lady' is too fairly representative of most of his work. Gray praised his 'Monody' on his wife's death, which remains a truly touching elegy; the Prologue to Thomson's *Coriolanus* was then accepted as his best poetic effort, and certainly contains felicitous lines and couplets. Before the play could be brought out Thomson was dead. The tragedy was acted for the benefit of the poet's relations, and when Quin spoke Lyttelton's prologue many of the audience wept.

From the 'Monody'

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
Where oft we used to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretched prospect's ample bound,
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie. . . .

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns,
By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To every virtue would have formed your youth,
And strewed with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O loss beyond repair!
O wretched father, left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune and thy own!
How shall thy weakened mind, oppressed with woe,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
Now she, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?

From 'Advice to a Lady.'

The councils of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I shew
What female vanity might fear to know:
Some merit's mine to dare to be sincere,
But greater your sincerity to bear.
Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends pursue;
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays:
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amused,
When most you tyrannise, you're most abused.
What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair.
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys;
For this, hands, lips, and eyes are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule.
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind, as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.
Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain:
Of those who claim it more than half have none;
And half of those who have it are undone.
Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts:
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule:
A cunning woman is a knavish fool.
Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene;
Without, all beauty; and all peace within;

The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form;
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.
Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

Prologue to the Tragedy of Coriolanus.

I come not here your candour to implore
For scenes whose author is, alas! no more;
He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confined,
No sect—alike it flowed to all mankind.
He loved his friends—forgive this gushing tear:
Alas! I feel I am no actor here—
He loved his friends with such a warmth of heart,
So clear of interest, so devoid of art,
Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.
O candid truth! O faith without a stain!
O manners gently firm, and nobly plain!
O sympathising love of others' bliss
Where will you find another breast like his?
Such was the man: the poet well you know;
Oft has he touched your hearts with tender woe:
Oft in this crowded house, with just applause,
You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws;
Fo[illegible] chaste muse employed her heaven-taught lyre
N[illegible] the noblest passions to inspire;
N[illegible] immoral, one corrupted thought,
O[illegible] which, dying, he could wish to blot
[illegible] night your favourable doom
[illegible] aurel add to grace his tomb:
[illegible] superior now to praise or blame,
[illegible] the feeble voice of human fame.
[illegible] those whom most on earth he loved,
[illegible] om his pious care is now removed,
[illegible] om his liberal hand, and bounteous heart,
[illegible] ll his little fortune could impart:
[illegible] friend[illegible] ur kind regard shall give
[illegible] no [illegible] can from his receive,
[illegible] even [illegible], above yon starry pole,
[illegible] h wit[illegible] ure his immortal soul.

I[illegible] *[illegible]dolence* Lyttelton contributed the [illegible] famous portrait of Thomson, who [illegible] however, Lyttelton did not hesi[illegible] and curtail in editions of Thomson [illegible] shed in 1750 and 1752; but the [illegible] en with the poet's text disappeared fr[illegible] later editions. The friendly and playful pen-portrait of a friend runs thus:

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems,
Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
[illegible] forth his unpremeditated strain
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here [illegible] careless in his [illegible] seat;
H[illegible] with the joyous train,
O[illegible] his ditty sweet
He loathed [illegible] cared to repeat.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

John Armstrong (1709?-79), the friend of Thomson, of Mallet, Wilkes, and other public and literary characters of that period, is now only known as the author of an unread didactic poem, the *Art of Preserving Health*. A son of the minister of Castleton, a pastoral parish in Liddesdale, he studied medicine in Edinburgh, and took his M.D in 1732. Three years later he was practising in London, and became known by the publication of several fugitive pieces and medical essays. A nauseous anonymous poem, the *Œconomy of Love* (1736), gave promise of poetical powers, but marred his practice as a physician. In 1744 appeared his *Art of Preserving Health*, which was followed by two other poems, *Benevolence* (1751) and *Taste* (1753), and a pseudonymous volume of *Sketches or Essays* (1758). In 1760 he was appointed physician to the forces in Germany; and on the peace in 1763 he returned to London, where he practised, but with little success, till his death, 7th September 1779. Armstrong seems to have been an indolent and splenetic but kind-hearted man—shrewd, caustic, and careful: he left £3000, saved out of a small income. His portrait in the *Castle of Indolence* is in Thomson's happiest manner:

With him was sometimes joined in silent walk
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk:
Oft stung by spleen, at once away he broke
To groves of pine and broad o'ershadowing oak;
There, inly thrilled, he wandered all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Nor ever uttered word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—'Thank Heaven, the day is done.'

Warton praised the *Art of Preserving Health* for its classical correctness and closeness of style, and its numberless poetical images. In general, however, it is stiff and laboured, with occasional passages of tumid extravagance; and the similes are not infrequently echoes of those of Thomson and other poets. Of these two extracts from the *Art of Preserving Health* (from the close of the second and third books respectively), the second, the most energetic passage in the whole poem and not least characteristic of its medical author, describes the 'sweating sickness' which appeared in London in September 1485, after the victorious entry of the troops of Henry VII. who had a week or two before fought at Bosworth field.

Wrecks and Mutations of Time

Wh[illegible] fade? The tower that long had stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the [illegible] destroyer [illegible]
Now hangs [illegible]
And [illegible] walls of [illegible]
[illegible]
Achaia, Rome, and [illegible]
[illegible]
And tottering empires [illegible] weight
[illegible]
And [illegible]

The sun himself shall die, and ancient night
Again involve the desolate abyss,
Till the great Father, through the lifeless gloom,
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.

The Sweating Sickness.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage at Bosworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incestuous murders mixed
And daily horrors; till the fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profused:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose, a monster never known before,
Reared from Cocytus its portentous head;
This rapid fury not, like other pests,
Pursued a gradual course, but in a day
Rushed as a storm o'er half the astonished isle,
And strewed with sudden carcasses the land.
First through the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seized the first, a fervid vapour sprung;
With rash combustion thence the quivering spark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Through all the yielding pores the melted blood
Gushed out in smoky sweats; but not assuaged
The torrid heat within, nor aught relieved
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They tossed from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear; they burnt, and thirsted still.
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetched, and with huge labourings heaved.
At last a heavy pain oppressed the head,
A wild delirium came: their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harassed with toil on toil, the sinking powers
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous sleep
Wrapt all the senses up: they slept and died.
In some a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till by art provoked
The sweats o'erflowed, but in a clammy tide;
Now free and copious, now restrained and slow;
Of tinctures various, as the temperature
Had mixed the blood, and rank with fetid streams:
As if the pent up humours by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes (though little hope remained),
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they lingered not in pain.
For, who survived the sun's diurnal race,
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeemed:
Some the sixth hour oppressed, and some the third.
Of many thousands, few untainted 'scaped;
Of those infected, fewer 'scaped alive;
Of those who lived, some felt a second blow;
And whom the second spared, a third destroyed.
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
The infected city poured her hurrying swarms:
Roused by the flames that fired her seats around,
The infected country rushed into the town.
Some sad at home, and in the desert some
Abjured the fatal commerce of mankind:
In vain; where'er they fled, the fates pursued.
Others, with hopes more specious, crossed the main,
To seek protection in far-distant skies:
But none they found. It seemed the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the east,
Was then at enmity with English blood;
For but the race of England all were safe
In foreign climes; nor did this fury taste
The foreign blood which England then contained.
Where should they fly? The circumambient heaven
Involved them still, and every breeze was bane.
Where find relief? The salutary art
Was mute, and, startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
To Heaven, with suppliant rites they sent their prayers;
Heaven heard them not. Of every hope deprived,
Fatigued with vain resources, and subdued
With woes resistless, and enfeebling fear,
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard,
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell; and oft one bed, they say,
The sickening, dying, and the dead contained.

Richard Glover (1712-85), a London merchant who sat in Parliament for Weymouth (1761-68), published two elaborate poems in blank verse, *Leonidas* and the *Athenaid*: the former on the defence of Thermopylæ, and the latter continuing the story of the war between the Greeks and Persians. The length of these poems, their want of sustained interest, and lack of genuine poetic quality have led to their being next to unknown in the present day. *Leonidas* (1737) was hailed with acclamations by the Opposition, or Prince of Wales's party, of which Glover was an active member. *London, or the Progress of Commerce* (1739), was a poem written to excite the national spirit against the Spaniards; and in 1742 Glover appeared before the bar of the House of Commons as delegate of the London merchants, complaining of the neglect of their interests. In 1744 he declined to join Mallet in writing a Life of the Duke of Marlborough, though his affairs had become somewhat embarrassed. A fortunate speculation in copper enabled him to retrieve his position, and he was returned to Parliament for Weymouth. He continued to maintain mercantile interests, and during his leisure enlarged his poem of *Leonidas* from nine to twelve books (1770). The *Athenaid* was published posthumously in 1787. His two tragedies, *Boadicea* (1753) and *Medea* (1761), are but indifferent performances. In 1726 a naval expedition against the Spanish West Indies had miscarried, and the commander, Admiral Hosier, whose orders prevented him from fighting, is said to have died of a broken heart. The disgrace was not wiped out till 1739, when, on the commencement of the 'War of Jenkins's Ear,' Admiral Vernon bombarded and took Portobelo on the Colombian coast. On this victory Glover wrote a ballad which had a great vogue; Horace Walpole thought it 'very easy and consequently pretty, but from the ease should never have guessed it Glover's.'

Address of Leonidas.

He alone
Remains unshaken. Rising, he displays
His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, where manly beauty joins
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shine
Sublimest virtue and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel; in his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valour, and contempt of death
Serene he cast his looks around, and spake:
'Why this astonishment on every face,
Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends!
Why do we labour through the arduous paths
Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil.
Above the reach of human feet were placed
The distant summit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But a frown
Of unavailing terror he assumes
To shake the firmness of the mind which knows
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe;
That, wanting liberty, even virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain.
Then speak, O Sparta! and demand my life;
My heart, exulting, answers to thy call,
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame
The gods allow to many; but to die
With equal lustre is a blessing Jove
Among the choicest of his boons reserves,
Which but on few his sparing hand bestows.
Salvation thus to Sparta he proclaimed.
Joy, wrapt awhile in admiration, paused,
Suspending praise; nor praise at last resounds
In high acclaim to rend the arch of heaven:
A reverential murmur breathes applause.

Admiral Hosier's Ghost.

As near Portobello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode.
There while Vernon sat all glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet,

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then each heart with fear confounding
A sad troop of ghosts appeared:
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their watery grave.
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford reared her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

'Heed, oh heed our fatal story!
I am Hosier's injured ghost;
You who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost:
Though in Portobello's ruin,
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.

'See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping;
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold;
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

'I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders—not to fight!
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obeyed my heart's warm motion,
To have quelled the pride of Spain!

'For resistance I could fear none:
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the seas the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

'Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemned for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom:
To have fallen, my country crying,
"He has played an English part,"
Had been better far than dying
Of a grieved and broken heart.

'Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

'Hence with all my train attending,
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feel my constant woe
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom

'O'er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam, deprived of rest,
If, to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request;
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England shamed in me.'

William Shenstone (1714-63), though author of 'elegies, odes and ballads, humorous sallies and moral pieces,' wanted, as Johnson said, 'comprehension and variety;' even more did he lack depth, spontaneity, true naturalness. Though ambitious of poetic fame, he spent much of his time and squandered most of his means on landscape-gardening and ornamental agriculture. He essayed to lead a too romantic idyllic life in an eighteenth century artificial Arcadia, and reared up around him a sort of rural paradise, exercising his dilettante tastes and fancies in laying out and embellishing his grounds, till at length money difficulties and distresses threw a cloud over the fair prospect and darkened the latter days of the poet's life. The estate which he thus laboured to adorn was the Leasowes in the parish of Hales-Owen, Worcestershire, where he was born, and where, too, he died. He was taught to read at a dame school, and has immortalised his venerable preceptress in his *Schoolmistress*. In 1732 he was sent to Pembroke College, Oxford, where he remained four years. In 1745 the paternal estate fell to his own care, and he began from this time, as Johnson characteristically describes it, 'to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with such judgment and fancy, as made his little domain the envy of the great and the admiration of the skilful; a place to be visited by travellers and copied by designers.' Descriptions of the Leasowes were penned by Dodsley, Goldsmith, and 'Jupiter' Carlyle; and Shenstone has a place in the history of landscape gardening when by no means at its zenith. The property was altogether not worth more than £300 per annum, and Shenstone had devoted so much of his means to out-of-doors improvements that he was compelled to live in a dilapidated house, not fit, as he acknowledges, to receive 'polite friends.' An unfortunate attachment and disappointed ambition conspired with his passion for landscape gardening to bind him down to solitude and 'Shenstone's Folly,' as the Leasowes was called. He became querulous and dejected, pined at the unequal gifts of fortune, and even contemplated with a gloomy joy the prospect that terrified Swift when he spoke of being 'forced to die in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.' Yet Shenstone must often have experienced very genuine pleasure in the Arcadian retreat which a century afterwards attracted pilgrims: it is described as 'an exquisite poem' by Hugh Miller in his *First Impressions of England*, and compared with Abbotsford in its disastrous consequences. 'The works of a person that builds,' the owner said, 'begin immediately to decay, while those of him who plants begin directly to improve.' But Shenstone sighed for more than inward peace and satisfaction: he died in solitude a votary of the world.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.
From the Portrait by Edward Alcock in the National Portrait Gallery.

His works were collected and published after his death by his friend Dodsley, in three volumes (1764-69), the first containing his poems, the second his prose essays, and the third his letters and other pieces. Gray remarks of his correspondence that it is 'about nothing else but the Leasowes, and his writings with two or three neighbouring clergymen who wrote verses too.' The essays display ease and grace of style united to judgment and discrimination. They have not the mellow thought and learning of Cowley's essays, but they resemble them. In poetry Shenstone tried different styles: his elegies, melodious enough in a fashion, barely reach mediocrity; his levities, or pieces of humour, are dull and spiritless. His highest effort is *The Schoolmistress*, published in 1742, but said to be 'written at college, 1736;' it was altered and enlarged after its first publication. This poem is a descriptive sketch offered as 'in imitation of Spenser' really with elements of the burlesque, and earlier than Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, delightfully quaint, yet true to nature. His *Pastoral Ballad*, in four parts, too, [illegible] as the finest English poem of that order. But his pathos is apt to become sentimentality; the simplicity is not seldom artificial, like the poet's garden. Campbell sensibly enough regretted the affected Arcadianism of the pastoral pieces, which undoubtedly present an incongruous mixture of pastoral life and modern manners.

Johnson and Goldsmith both praised the *Schoolmistress;* but Walpole unkindly dubbed Shenstone 'the water-gruel bard.' His poetry, in spite of its many shortcomings and defects, has resemblances to Goldsmith's; his characteristic use of anapestic verse was imitated by Cowper; and though the other aspect of him is the more conspicuous some critics have found in him touches that warrant them in linking him with Thomson as in some degree a herald of the 'return to nature.' One stanza of the *Schoolmistress* has the special interest of having probably suggested to Gray the thought in his Elegy about the 'mute inglorious Milton'

Yet, nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
Even now sagacious foresight points to shew
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellour in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall die!
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf! his paper kite may fly.

Shenstone was an early favourite of Burns, who in a letter of 1783 names him first amongst his favourites, 'all of the sentimental order,' specially commending the elegies. And Shenstone's influence on Burns is too often clearly traceable

From 'The Schoolmistress.'

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies;
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise,
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprize,
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chaunced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame:
And ofttimes, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stow;
Whilome a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low;
And as they looked, they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field;
And in her hand, for scepter, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled;
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind. . . .

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear,
Goody, good woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did bear:
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear;
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honoured eld with these revere;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favour did her past deportment claim;
And, if neglect had lavished on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same,
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew;
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak,
But herbs for use and physic, not a few,
Of gray renown, within those borders grew;
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh balm, and marygold of chearful hue:
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme. . . .

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king
While taunting foemen did a song entreat
All for the nonce untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And passed much time in truly virtuous deed;
And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times when truth by popish rage did bleed,
And tortuous death was true devotion's meed;
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn:
Ah, dearest Lord, forefend thilk days should e'er return!

In elbow chair, like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is placed,
The matron sat; and some with rank she graced
(The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!),
Redressed affronts—for vile affronts there passed;
And warned them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise,
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
Even absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarned, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo! now with state she utters her command;
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair,
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St George's high achievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

The four extracts which follow are from *A Pastoral Ballad* (1743).

Absence

Ye shepherds, so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I,
I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell!

Since Phyllis vouchsafed me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I prized every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleased me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I prized them no more. . . .

When forced the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gazed as I slowly withdrew,
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely removed from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe;
Soft hope is the relic I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

Hope

My banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all bordered with moss,
Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-briar entwines it around.
Not my fields in the prime of the year
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have laboured to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves,
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
Who could rob a poor bird of his young:
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue. . . .

Solicitude

Why will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I shew you the charms of my love:
She is fairer than you can believe.

With her mien she enamours the brave,
  With her wit she engages the free,
With her modesty pleases the grave;
  She is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
  Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the swain,
  That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
  Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown,
  But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
  Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
  Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
  And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—O my Phyllis, beware
  Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow,
  'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold
'How her face is as bright as the snow,
  And her bosom, be sure, is as cold.
How the nightingales labour the strain,
  With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
  Repine at her triumphs and die.' . . .

Disappointment.

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
  And take no more heed of my sheep.
They have nothing to do but to stray;
  I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
  She was fair, and my passion begun;
She smiled, and I could not but love;
  She is faithless, and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought:
  Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
  By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire;
  It banishes wisdom the while:
And the lip of the nymph we admire
  Seems for ever adorned with a smile. . . .

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
  The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
  Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight,
  But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestowed such delight,
  As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
  To your deepest recesses I fly:
I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
  I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
  With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smiled, and I could not but love;
  Was faithless, and I am undone!

Jemmy Dawson: A Ballad.

Come listen to my mournful tale,
  Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
  Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
  Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
  And pity every plaint but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
  A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he loved one charming maid,
  And dearly was he loved again.

One tender maid she loved him dear,
  Of gentle blood the damsel came:
And faultless was her beauteous form,
  And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
  That led the favoured youth astray;
The day the rebel clans appeared,
  O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
  And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
  Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek,
  When Jemmy's sentence reached her ear?
For never yet did Alpine snows
  So pale or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said:
  'O Dawson, monarch of my heart!
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
  For thou and I will never part.

'Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
  And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O George! without a prayer for thee
  My orisons should never close.

'The gracious prince that gave him life
  Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
  Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

'But though, dear youth, thou shouldst be dragged
  To yon ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
  To share the cruel fate's decree.'

O then her mourning-coach was called,
  The sledge moved slowly on before;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
  She had not loved her favourite more.

She followed him, prepared to view
  The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
  With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
  Which she had fondly loved so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
  Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And severed was that beauteous neck,
  Round which her arms had fondly closed;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
  On which her love-sick head reposed:

And ravished was that constant heart,
  She did to every heart prefer:
For though it could its king forget,
  'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
  She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas mouldered into dust,
  'Yet, yet,' she cried, 'I follow thee.

'My death, my death alone can show
  The pure, the lasting love I bore:
Accept, O Heaven! of woes like ours,
  And let us, let us weep no more.'

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
  The lover's mournful hearse retired;
The maid drew back her languid head,
  And, sighing forth his name, expired.

Though justice ever must prevail,
  The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
  So sad, so tender, and so true.

Captain James Dawson was one of the eight officers of the Manchester volunteers in the service of the Young Chevalier who were hanged, drawn, and quartered on Kennington Common in 1746. The pathetic story is given in vol. xviii. of Howell's *State Trials*. A pardon was expected, and in that case Dawson was to have been married the same day. His bride-elect followed him to the field. 'She got near enough,' as reported in a letter written at the time, 'to see the fire kindled which was to consume that heart which she knew was so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without being guilty of any of those extravagances which her friends had apprehended. But when all was over, and that she found he was no more, she drew her head back into the coach, and crying out: "My dear, I follow thee—I follow thee! Sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together," fell on the neck of her companion, and expired while speaking.'

Written at an Inn at Henley.

To thee, fair Freedom, I retire
  From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
  Than the low cot or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
  And every health which I begin
Converts dull port to bright champagne:
  Such freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
  I fly from falsehood's specious grin;
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
  And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
  Which lackeys else might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in store,
  It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
  Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
  The warmest welcome at an inn.

Shenstone's *Works in Prose and Verse* appeared in three volumes in 17[illegible] from 1854. There is an article on 'A Forgotten Poet' by Mr R. H. Hutton in the *Cornhill* for January 19[illegible].

William Whitehead (1715-85) succeeded in 1757 to the laureateship vacated by Colley Cibber, after it had been refused by Gray. He was the son of a baker in Cambridge, and from Winchester School obtained a scholarship at Clare Hall. From 1745 onwards he spent much of his life as tutor in the family of the Earl of Jersey, cherishing literature and writing for the stage. His *Roman Father* and *Creusa* were indifferent plays. *The Enthusiast, an Ode*, states the case between Nature and Society. *Variety, a Tale for Married People*, is the story of a too devoted couple. (The laureate had no connection with Paul Whitehead, 1710-74, scurrilous satirist and 'kept bard' of the infamous 'Monks of Medmenham Abbey.')

From 'Variety.'

  Two smiling springs had waked the flowers
That paint the meads, or fringe the bowers—
Ye lovers, lend your wondering ears,
Who count by months, and not by years—
Two smiling springs had chaplets wove
To crown their solitude, and love:
When, lo! they find, they can't tell how,
Their walks are not so pleasant now.
The seasons sure were changed; the place
Had, somehow, got a different face.
Some blast had struck the cheerful scene;
The lawns, the woods were not so green.
The purling rill, which murmured by,
And once was liquid harmony,
Became a sluggish, reedy pool;
The days grew hot, the evenings cool.
The moon, with all the starry reign,
Were melancholy's silent train.
And then the tedious winter night
They could not read by candle-light.
  Full oft, unknowing why they did,
They called in adventitious aid.
A faithful favourite dog—'twas thus
With Tobit and Telemachus—
Amused their steps; and for a while
They viewed his gambols with a smile.
The kitten, too, was comical,
She played so oddly with her tail,
Or in the glass was pleased to find
Another cat, and peeped behind.
  A courteous neighbour at the door,
Was deemed intrusive noise no more.
For rural visits, now and then,
Are right, as men must live with men.
Then cousin Jenny, fresh from town,
  A new recruit, a dear delight!
Made many a heavy hour go down,
  At morn, at noon, at eve, at night:
Sure they could hear her jokes for ever,
She was so sprightly and so clever!
  Yet neighbours were not quite the thing—
What joy, alas! could converse bring
With awkward creatures bred at home—
The dog grew dull, or troublesome,
The cat had spoiled the kitten's merit,
And, with her youth, had lost her spirit.
And jokes repeated o'er and o'er,
Had quite exhausted Jenny's store.

—'And then, my dear, I can't abide,
This always sauntering side by side.'
'Enough,' he cries; 'the reason's plain:
For causes never rack your brain.
Our neighbours are like other folks:
Skip's playful tricks, and Jenny's jokes,
Are still delightful, still would please,
Were we, my dear, ourselves at ease.
Look round, with an impartial eye,
On yonder fields, on yonder sky;
The azure cope, the flowers below,
With all their wonted colours glow:
The rill still murmurs; and the moon
Shines, as she did, a softer sun.
No change has made the seasons fail,
No comet brushed us with his tail.
The scene's the same, the same the weather—
We live, my dear, too much together.'
  Agreed. A rich old uncle dies,
And added wealth the means supplies.
With eager haste to town they flew,
Where all must please, for all was new. . . .
  Advanced to fashion's wavering head,
They now, where once they followed, led;
Devised new systems of delight,
Abed all day, and up all night,
In different circles reigned supreme;
Wives copied her, and husbands him;
Till so *à la mode* life ran on,
So separate, so quite *bon-ton*,
That, meeting in a public place,
They scarcely knew each other's face.
  At last they met, by his desire,
A *tête-à-tête* across the fire;
Looked in each other's face a while,
With half a tear, and half a smile.
The ruddy health, which wont to grace
With manly glow his rural face,
Now scarce retained its faintest streak,
So sallow was his leathern cheek.
She, lank and pale, and hollow eyed,
With rouge had striven in vain to hide
What once was beauty, and repair
The rapine of the midnight air.
  Silence is eloquence, 'tis said.
Both wished to speak, both hung the head.
At length it burst. ''Tis time,' he cries,
'When tired of folly, to be wise.
Are you, too, tired?'—then checked a groan.
She wept consent, and he went on. . . .
  'True to the bias of our kind,
'Tis happiness we wish to find.
In rural scenes retired we sought
In vain the dear, delicious draught,
Though blest with love's indulgent store,
We found we wanted something more.
'Twas company, 'twas friends to share
The bliss we languished to declare;
'Twas social converse, change of scene,
To soothe the sullen hour of spleen;
Short absences to wake desire,
And sweet regrets to fan the fire.
  'We left the lonesome place, and found,
In dissipation's giddy round,
A thousand novelties to wake
The springs of life, and not to break.
As, from the nest not wandering far,
In light excursions through the air,
The feathered tenants of the grove
Around in mazy circles move,
Sip the cool springs that murmuring flow,
Or taste the blossom on the bough;
We sported freely with the rest;
And still, returning to the nest,
In easy mirth we chatter'd o'er
The trifles of the day before.
  'Behold us now, dissolving quite
In the full ocean of delight;
In pleasures every hour employ,
Immersed in all the world calls joy;
Our affluence easing the expense
Of splendour and magnificence;
Our company, the exalted set
Of all that's gay, and all that's great:
Nor happy yet! and where's the wonder!
We live, my dear, too much asunder!'
  The moral of my tale is this:
Variety's the soul of bliss;
But such variety alone
As makes our home the more our own.
As from the heart's impelling power
The life-blood pours its genial store;
Though taking each a various way,
The active streams meandering play
Through every artery, every vein,
All to the heart return again;
From thence resume their new career,
But still return and centre there:
So real happiness below
Must from the heart sincerely flow;
Nor, listening to the siren's song,
Must stray too far, or rest too long.
All human pleasures thither tend;
Must there begin, and there must end;
Must there recruit their languid force,
And gain fresh vigour from their source.

James Harris of Salisbury (1709-80) was a man of rank and fortune; he was educated at Wadham, Oxford, sat several years in Parliament, and was successively a Lord of the Admiralty and Lord of the Treasury. In 1774 he was made secretary and comptroller to the queen, and these posts he held till his death in 1780. In 1744 he published three treatises on art, on music and painting, and on happiness; and in 1751 produced his celebrated *Hermes, or a Philosophical Inquiry concerning Universal Grammar.* The work is an elaborate attempt to discover the inevitable basis of all grammatical forms from an analysis of the thoughts to be conveyed. The method is impossible, and the results false and useless; but Harris's varied learning and ingenuity enabled him to produce a curious and interesting book. He clung to Aristotle in the reign of Locke, and his *Philosophical Arrangements* (1775) treats modern problems by Aristotelian methods. *Philological Inquiries* (1781), the least tedious of his works, is on style and literary criticism. His son, Lord Malmesbury, published in 1801 a complete edition of his works in two quarto volumes.

Thomas Gray

was born at Cornhill in London, 26th December 1716. His father, Philip Gray (a money-scrivener, like Milton's father), was a 'respectable citizen,' but a man of harsh and violent disposition. His wife was forced to separate from him; and it was to her exertions as partner with her sister in a millinery business that the poet owed the advantages of a learned education, first at Eton and afterwards at Peterhouse, Cambridge. The painful domestic circumstances of his youth doubtless helped to develop the melancholy traceable in his poetry. At Eton he had made the friendship of Horace Walpole, son of the Prime Minister; and when his college education was completed, Walpole carried him off as companion on a tour through France and Italy. They had been two years and a half together, exploring the natural beauties, antiquities, and picture-galleries of Florence, Rome, and Naples, when a quarrel took place at Reggio, and the travellers separated, Gray returning to England. Walpole took the blame of this difference on himself, as he was vain and volatile, and not disposed to trust in the better knowledge or fall in with the somewhat fastidious tastes and habits of his associate; and by his repentant efforts the breach was healed within three years. Gray went to Cambridge to take his degree in civil law, but without intending to follow up the profession. His father had died, his mother's means were small, and the poet was more intent on learning than on riches. He made his home in Cambridge, and amidst its noble libraries and learned society passed the greater part of his remaining life. Heartily hating mathematics, he was ardently devoted to classical learning, *belles-lettres*, architecture, antiquities, heraldry, and natural history (especially botany and entomology); he rejoiced in voyages, travels, and books on geography, and showed good taste in painting, music, and gardening. His friend Temple said he 'was perhaps the most learned man in Europe;' and his chief relaxation was sought in pleasant company and in writing letters—letters such as only that age could produce. This retired life was varied by occasional residence in London, where he revelled among the treasures of the British Museum; and by frequent excursions to the country on visits to learned and attached friends. At Cambridge, Gray was considered an unduly fastidious man, and this and the fact that he had a nervous horror of fire gave occasion to practical jokes being played on him by his fellow-inmates of Peterhouse. One of these—a false alarm of fire, by which he was induced to climb down from his window to the ground by a rope—so annoyed him that he moved (1756) to Pembroke Hall. In 1765 he made a journey into Scotland, and met Beattie at Glamis Castle. Wales too he visited, and Cumberland and Westmorland, for the lakes' sake. His letters describing these excursions are remarkable for their grace, acute observation, and dry scholastic humour, as well as for insight into the picturesque and a joy in mountain scenery till then extremely rare—though John Brown (see page 392) and 'Jupiter' Carlyle still earlier visited the Lakes as 'celebrated.' Mackintosh said Gray 'was the first discoverer of the beauties of nature in England.' After these unexciting holidays Gray re-established himself in his college retreat—pored over his favourite authors, compiled tables of chronology or botany, moralised 'on all he felt and all he saw' in correspondence with his friends, and occasionally ventured into the realms of poetry and imagination. He had studied the Greek poets with such devotion and care that their spirit informed all his work.

Gray's first public appearance as a poet was made in 1747, when his *Ode to Eton College* was published by Dodsley; it had, however, been written in 1742, as also the *Ode to Spring*. In 1751 his *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard* secured an enthusiastic hearing. His *Pindaric Odes*, written in 1750–57, met with small success; but his name was now so well known that he was offered the laureateship (1757), vacant by the death of Colley Cibber. This he declined; but in 1768 he accepted the more important post of Professor of Modern History, which brought him in about £400 per annum. In 1760–61 he devoted himself to early English poetry; later he studied Icelandic and Celtic poetry, which bore fruit in his Eddaic poems, *The Fatal Sisters* and *The Descent of Odin*—authentic precursors of Romanticism. For some years he had been subject to hereditary gout as well as to depression of spirits, and as his circumstances improved his health declined. While at dinner one day in the college hall he was seized with severe illness, and after six days of suffering he died on the 30th of July 1771. By his own wish he was buried by the side of his mother at Stoke Poges near Windsor, and thus another poetic association was added to that beautiful scene of the *Elegy*. His epitaph on his mother has an interesting touch of his peculiar melancholy: 'Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her.'

The poetry of Gray is all comprised in a few pages—surprisingly few; yet he was very soon accounted worthy to rank in the first order of poets, to be reverenced as one of the *dii majores* of English poetry. He still stands in the front rank of the second order. His two great odes, the *Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard*, published in 1757, are amongst the finest things we have in the so-called Pindaric style: his stanzas, in their varied versification, flow with lyrical ease and perfect harmony. Gray said of his own verse that the 'style he aimed at was extreme conciseness of expression, yet pure, perspicuous, and musical,' and it has been generally agreed that he attained his ambition, especially in lyrical work such as the Pindarics. All his verse is marked by dignity and distinction, by a rarely attained artistic perfection. The *Bard* is perhaps more dramatic and picturesque than the *Progress of Poesy*, which nevertheless has some of the poet's most resonant strains. Some of his most splendid lines, alongside official flatteries that seem ludicrous and commonplace, are in the Cambridge Installation Ode.

The *Ode to Eton College*, the *Ode to Adversity*, and the far-famed *Elegy* show the same careful and elaborate finish: but the thought is simpler and more touching. In a letter to Beattie, Gray says: 'As to description, I have always thought that it made the most graceful ornament of poetry, but never ought to make the subject.' He practised what he taught: there is constantly some reflection arising out of the poet's descriptive passages, some solemn or touching association. Byron and others have attached, perhaps, undue value to the *Elegy* as the main prop of Gray's reputation. It is doubtless the most frequently read and repeated of all his works, because, in Johnson's words, it 'abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo.' But the loftiest type of poetry can never be very extensively popular. A simple ballad air will give pleasure to a larger number than the most triumphant display of musical genius; and poetry which deals with subjects of familiar, everyday occurrence will find more readers than the most inspired flights of imagination, however graced with such recondite allusion and suggestion as can only be enjoyed by persons of kindred taste and culture with the poet. Gray himself recognised that the popularity of the *Elegy* was largely due to the subject, although he ought to have known better than say that 'the public would have received it as well if it had been written in prose.' And even his best poetry did not find universal approval: on the whole, he has been approved by the public rather than by the critics. Johnson was tempted into a harsh and unjust criticism of Gray largely because the critic admired no poetry which did not contain some weighty moral truth or some chain of reasoning. And Macaulay, with good reason, said that Johnson's Gray is the worst of his *Lives*. The universal admiration of Pope was adverse to Gray's acceptance, yet he became increasingly popular. Beattie said at the end of the century that he was the most admired of the poets of the age; Cowper thought him the only poet since Shakespeare who could fairly be called sublime. Swinburne agrees with Johnson that Collins is greater than Gray. So did Coleridge; so did Mrs Browning. But it is surely by a temporary aberration of the Zeitgeist, by a too violent reaction against earlier overpraise, that recent anthologists such as Mr Henley and Mrs Meynell wholly omit Gray's verses, and either implicitly or explicitly deny his claim to be a true poet. Mrs Meynell even denounces him as glib and voluble, securing dapper and even fatuous effects, and says of the *Elegy* that in it 'mediocrity said its own true word.' Matthew Arnold is the chief exception—a very weighty exception—to the chorus of depreciatory recent critics. Mr Arnold (whom Professor Saintsbury has called, not very aptly, 'an industrious, sociable, and moderately cheerful Gray of the nineteenth century,' while Gray was 'an indolent, recluse, more melancholy Arnold of the eighteenth') more truly held that while Gray had almost inevitably retained much of the spirit of an age of prose (unhappily his own age—something too much of its ratiocinations, its conceits, and its 'poetic diction') he yet had the genuine poetic gift, the gift of insight and feeling. Collins had a full measure of the same spirit: save for Collins, Gray stood alone in his age. Mr Gosse, too, does full justice

THOMAS GRAY.

From the Portrait by J. G. Eccardt in the National Portrait Gallery.

to his artistic skill, and praises the 'originality of structure' in his odes, 'the varied music of their balanced strophes, as of majestic antiphonal choruses answering one another in some solemn temple and the extraordinary skill with which the evolution of the theme is observed and restrained.'

In Gray's character there were odd inconsistencies. He was nice, reserved, and proud a haughty, retired scholar; yet we find him in his letters full of English idiom and English feeling, with a spice of the gossip, sometimes not over-fastidious in his allusions. He was indolent, yet a severe student hating Cambridge and its college discipline, yet constantly residing there. He loved intellectual ease and luxury, and wished, as in a sort of Mohammedan paradise, to 'lie on a sofa, and read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon.' All he could say of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence* when it was first published was that there were some good verses in it. He had studied in the school of the ancient and Italian poets, labouring like an artist to infuse part of their spirit, their melody, and even some of their expressions, into his own English verse; while as a Latin versifier he ranks among the best of his countrymen. In his country tours the poet carried with him a convex mirror for gathering into one spot the forms and tints of the surrounding landscape. His imagination performed a like service in fixing for a moment the materials of poetry. Despite his classic taste and models, Gray was among the first to welcome and admire the Celtic or pseudo-Celtic strains of Macpherson's *Ossian*; and he could also delight in the stern superstitions of the Scandinavian nations, in translating from the Norse tongue the *Fatal Sisters* and the *Descent of Odin*, he revived the rude energy and abruptness of the ancient ballad minstrels. In different circumstances his genius would doubtless have soared higher and taken a wider sweep. Mr Arnold explains what is sometimes called his 'sterility' by the fact that he was born a genuine poet into the age of prose, and could never breathe its atmosphere freely. For the place of Gray and Collins in the movement of the century, see above at page 11

The subdued humour and fancy of Gray are perpetually breaking out in his letters, with brief picturesque touches that mark the poet. In a letter to a friend, then on tour in Scotland, he playfully summed up

The Advantages of Travel.

Do not you think a man may be the wiser—I had almost said the better—for going a hundred or two of miles; and that the mind has more room in it than most people seem to think, if you will but furnish the apartments? I almost envy your last month, being in a very insipid situation myself; and desire you would not fail to send me some furniture for my Gothic apartment, which is very cold at present. It will be the easier task, as you have nothing to do but transcribe your little red books, if they are not rubbed out; for I conclude you have not trusted everything to memory, which is ten times worse than a lead-pencil. Half a word fixed upon or near the spot is worth a cart-load of recollection. When we trust to the picture that objects draw of themselves on our mind, we deceive ourselves: without accurate and particular observation, it is but ill drawn at first, the outlines are soon blurred, the colours every day grow fainter, and at last, when we would produce it to anybody, we are forced to supply its defects with a few strokes of our own imagination.

Netley Abbey

My health is much improved by the sea; not that I drank it, or bathed in it, as the common people do: no, I only walked by it, and looked upon it. The climate is remarkably mild even in October and November: no snow has been seen to lie there for these thirty years past, the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey lilies bloom in every window, the town clean and well-built, surrounded by its old stone walls, with their towers and gateways, stands at the point of a peninsula, and opens full south to an arm of the sea, which, having formed two beautiful bays on each hand of it, stretches away in direct view, till it joins the British Channel; it is skirted on either side with gently rising grounds, clothed with thick wood, and directly across its mouth rise the high lands of the Isle of Wight at some distance, but distinctly seen. In the bosom of the woods—concealed from profane eyes—lie hid the ruins of Netley Abbey; there may be richer and greater houses of religion, but the Abbot is content with his situation. See there, at the top of that hanging meadow, under the shade of those old trees that bend into a half-circle about it, he is walking slowly (good man!), and bidding his beads for the souls of his benefactors, interred in that venerable pile that lies beneath him. Beyond it—the meadow still descending—nods a thicket of oaks that mask the building, and have excluded a view too garish and luxuriant for a holy eye; only on either hand they leave an opening to the blue glittering sea. Did you not observe how, as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself to drive the tempter from him that had thrown that distraction in his way? I should tell you that the ferry-man who rowed me, a lusty young fellow, told me that he would not for all the world pass a night at the Abbey—there were such things seen near it—though there was a power of money hid there! From thence I went to Salisbury, Wilton, and Stonehenge; but of these I say no more; they will be published at the University press.

P.S. I must not close my letter without giving you one principal event of my history, which was that—in the course of my late tour—I set out one morning before five o'clock, the moon shining through a dark and misty autumnal air, and got to the sea-coast time enough to be at the sun's levee. I saw the clouds and dark vapours open gradually to right and left, rolling over one another in great smoky wreaths, and the tide—as it flowed gently in upon the sands—first whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue; and all at once a little line of insufferable brightness that—before I can write these five words—was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one, too glorious to be distinctly seen. It is very odd it makes no figure on paper; yet I shall remember it as long as the sun, or at least as long as I endure. I wonder whether anybody ever saw it before? I hardly believe it.

Grasmere

Passed by the little chapel of Wiborn, out of which the Sunday congregation were then issuing. Passed a beck near Dunmailrouse, and entered Westmoreland a second time; now begin to see Helmcrag, distinguished from its rugged neighbours, not so much by its height, as by the strange, broken outline of its top, like some gigantic building demolished, and the stones that composed it flung across each other in wild confusion. Just beyond it, opens one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The bosom of the mountains spreading here into a broad basin, discovers in the midst Grasmere water; its margin is hollowed into small bays with bold eminences, some of them rocks, some of soft turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command. From the shore, a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village, with the parish church rising in the midst of it; hanging inclosures, corn fields, and meadows green as an emerald with their trees, hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water. Just opposite to you is a large farmhouse, at the bottom of a steep, smooth lawn embosomed in old woods, which climb half-way up the mountain's side, and discover above them a broken line of crags, that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no glaring gentleman's house or garden-walls, break in upon the repose of this little, unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its neatest and most becoming attire.

The Grande Chartreuse.

It is a fortnight since we set out hence upon a little excursion to Geneva. We took the longest road, which lies through Savoy, on purpose to see a famous monastery, called the Grande Chartreuse, and had no reason to think our time lost. After having travelled seven days very slow—for we did not change horses, it being impossible for a chaise to go post in these roads—we arrived at a little village among the mountains of Savoy, called Echelles; from thence we proceeded on horses, who are used to the way, to the mountain of the Chartreuse. It is six miles to the top; the road runs winding up it, commonly not six feet broad; on one hand is the rock, with woods of pine trees hanging overhead; on the other, a monstrous precipice, almost perpendicular, at the bottom of which rolls a torrent, that sometimes tumbling among the fragments of stone that have fallen from on high, and sometimes precipitating itself down vast descents with a noise like thunder, which is still made greater by the echo from the mountains on each side, concurs to form one of the most solemn, the most romantic, and the most astonishing scenes I ever beheld. Add to this the strange views made by the crags and cliffs on the other hand, the cascades that in many places throw themselves from the very summit down into the vale and the river below, and many other particulars impossible to describe, you will conclude we had no occasion to repent our pains. This place St Bruno chose to retire to, and upon its very top founded the aforesaid convent, which is the superior of the whole order. When we came there, the two fathers who are commissioned to entertain strangers—for the rest must neither speak one to another, nor to any one else—received us very kindly, and set before us a repast of dried fish, eggs, butter, and fruits, all excellent in their kind, and extremely neat. They pressed us to spend the night there, and to stay some days with them; but this we could not do, so they led us about their house, which is, you must think, like a little city, for there are a hundred fathers, besides three hundred servants, that make their clothes, grind their corn, press their wine, and do everything among themselves. The whole is quite orderly and simple; nothing of finery but the wonderful decency, and the strange situation more than supply the place of it. In the evening we descended by the same way, passing through many clouds that were then forming themselves on the mountain's side.

(From a Letter to his Mother.)

In the album of the monks he wrote an Alcaic ode on the subject; and in a subsequent letter to his friend West he again adverts to this memorable visit: 'In our little journey up the Grande Chartreuse, I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation that there was no restraining. Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noonday. You have Death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed as to compose the mind without frightening it.'

On turning from these fine fragments of description to Gray's poetry, one is almost moved to say that the difference lies mainly in rhyme and measure: in imaginative warmth and vividness of expression the prose is well-nigh equal to the verse.

Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade; Henry VI., founder of the college.
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey;
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver winding way:

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,
 Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
 A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth [*sic*],
And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green,
 The paths of pleasure trace.

Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty.
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind;
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possessed;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively chear of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murtherous band;
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that sculks behind:
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more: where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

The Glories of Cambridge.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay;
There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,
The few whom genius gave to shine
Thro' every unborn age and undiscover'd clime
Rapt in celestial transport they;
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy,
To bless the place where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardour stole.
'Twas Milton struck the deep-toned shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme

'Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
That contemplation loves,
Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn,
Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver bright
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed Melancholy.'

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates and dames of royal birth
And mitred fathers in long order go;
Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare,
And Anjou's heroine, and the paler rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And either Henry there,
The murdered saint, and the majestic lord
That broke the keys of Rome.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb.)

All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty poured,
And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies:
What is grandeur, what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?

The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude.'

(From 'Ode for Music,' on the Installation of the Duke of Grafton as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, 1769.)

King Edward III., the Countesses of Pembroke and Clare, Queen Margaret of Anjou, and Queen Elizabeth, wife of Edward IV., King Henry VI. and King Henry VIII., were all founders or benefactors of colleges at Cambridge.

From 'The Progress of Poesy.'

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers that round them blow
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar. . . .

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The muse has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured chiefs and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue and generous shame,
Th' unconquerable mind and Freedom's holy flame. . . .

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
'This pencil take,' she said, 'whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy:
Of Horrour that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.'

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy:
He passed the flaming bounds of space and time:
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw: but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloathed, and long resounding pace.

The Bard: A Pindaric Ode.

This ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward I., when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait,
Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
'To arms!' cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie, Caernarvon
Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;
The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries —
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonising King! Edward II
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs, Queen Isabella
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,

From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs   Edward III
  The scourge of Heaven! What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

'Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
  Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
  A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?   the Black Prince
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
  While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
  Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

'Fill high the sparkling bowl,
  The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast: Richard II.
  Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
  A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,   the Wars of the Roses
  Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
  Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,   [illegible]
  With many a foul and midnight murther fed,   [illegible]
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,   Henry V
  And spare the meek usurper's holy head!   Henry VI
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled boar in infant gore   Richard III
  Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

'"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
  (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate   Eleanor of Castile,
  (The web is wove. The work is done.)"   Edward I's queen
Stay, O stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes, on Snowdon's height
  Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight;
  Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.   the Tudors
All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue, hail!

'Girt with many a baron bold,
  Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
  In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,   Queen Elizabeth
Attempered sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
  What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear!   the Welsh bard
  They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many coloured wings.

'The verse adorn again
  Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dressed.
  In buskined measures move   Shakespeare
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the cherub-choir,   Milton
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
  And distant warblings lessen on my ear,   Later poets
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond, impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
  Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
  And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
  The different doom our Fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care;
  To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
  The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
  And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
  And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
  And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
  The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
  Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
  Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
  The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The b[illegible] incense-breathing morn,
  The [illegible] the straw-built shed,
The cock's [illegible] echoing horn
  N[illegible] lowly bed.

For them no [illegible] hearth [illegible],
  [illegible] evening [illegible]
N[illegible]
  [illegible] his k[illegible]

Oft [illegible] the harve[illegible]
  Their furrow o[illegible] broke;
How jocund did t[illegible] field!
  How bowed th[illegible] sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition [illegible]
  Their homely [illegible]
Nor Grandeur hear [illegible]
  The short and simp[illegible]

The boast of heraldry, th[illegible]
  And all that beauty, all [illegible]
Await alike the inevitable ho[illegible]
  The paths of glory lead but [illegible]

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
  If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
  The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
  Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
  Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
  Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
  Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
  And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
  The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
  The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
  Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
  The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
  And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone
  Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
  And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
  To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
  With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
  Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
  They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
  Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
  Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
  The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
  That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
  This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
  Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
  Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
  E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
  Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
  Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
  'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
  To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
  That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
  And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
  Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
  Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

'One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
  Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
  Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
  Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
  Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
  A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
  And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
  Heaven did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
  He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
  Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
  The bosom of his Father and his God.

The first draft of the fifteenth stanza, instead of the names of Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell, has those of Cato, Tully, and Cæsar. In Gray's first MS. this stanza followed the twenty-fifth:

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
  While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell song,
  With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

In early editions this fine stanza preceded the epitaph:

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
  By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
  And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

An[illegible] verse in Mason's [illegible] of the poem runs:

Hark! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,
  Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground
  A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

The Alliance of Education and Government.

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her generous birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins:
And, as in climes where Winter holds his reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,

Forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies:
So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Unformed, unfriended by those kindly cares,
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart.
So fond Instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
If equal justice, with unclouded face,
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, though frugal hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land;
But tyranny has fixed her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.
This spacious animated scene survey,
From where the rolling orb that gives the day,
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds,
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds,
How rude soe'er the exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike to all the kind impartial Heaven
The sparks of truth and happiness has given
With sense to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain;
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
The event presages, and explores the cause;
The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repel the foe;
While mutual wishes mutual woes endear,
The social smile, the sympathetic tear.
Say, then, through ages by what fate confined
To different climes seem different souls assigned?
Here measured laws and philosophic ease
Fix and improve the polished arts of peace.
There industry and gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds, and tame the unwilling deep.
Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
There languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breathed the living cloud of war;
And, where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway,
Their arms, their kings, their gods were rolled away.
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast.
The prostrate south to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields;
With grim delight the brood of winter view
A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue,
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom still withstands
The encroaching tide that drowns her lessening lands;
And sees far off, with an indignant groan
Her native plains, and empires once her own?
Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire that animates our frame;
As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
Need we the influence of the northern star
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?
And where the face of nature laughs around,
Must sickening virtue fly the tainted ground?
Unmanly thought! what seasons can control,
What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
Who, conscious of the source from whence she springs,
By reason's light, on resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
O'er Libya's deserts and through Zembla's snows?
She bids each slumbering energy awake,
Another touch, another temper take,
Suspends the inferior laws that rule our clay:
The stubborn elements confess her sway;
Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
And raise the mortal to a height divine.
Not but the human fabric from the birth
Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth:
As various tracts enforce a various toil,
The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
An iron race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain;
For where unwearied sinews must be found,
With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,
To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
What wonder, if to patient valour trained
They guard with spirit what by strength they gained;
And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
The rough abode of want and liberty,
(As lawless force from confidence will grow)
Insult the plenty of the vales below?
What wonder, in the sultry climes that spread,
Where Nile, redundant o'er his summer bed,
From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his watery wings,
If with adventurous oar and ready sail
The dusky people drive before the gale;
Or on frail floats to neighbouring cities ride,
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide. . . . .

Mason preserved as 'much too beautiful to be lost' a couplet intended to have been included in this 'fragment' or unfinished poem:

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And gospel-light first dawned from Bullen's eyes.

The earlier Lives of Gray and editions of his works by Mason and by Mitford were superseded by Mr Gosse's [illegible] the 'Men of Letters' [illegible] by Mr D. C. Tovey [illegible].

William Collins,

accounted by most modern critics the only great English lyrist of the eighteenth century, was the son of a well-to-do hatter at Chichester, and there he was born on the Christmas of 1721. He received a liberal education, first in the prebendal school of Chichester, then as a scholar on the foundation of Winchester College, and afterwards at Queen's College and Magdalen College in Oxford, where he was distinguished for 'his genius and indolence,' but took his degree of B.A. in November 1743. Joseph Warton and Gilbert White of Selborne were fellow-students and friends. He left college abruptly, and afterwards visited an uncle, at that time with his regiment in Flanders. On his return to England Collins thought of entering the Church, but he soon abandoned this design, and applied himself to literature. While at college he published his *Persian Eclogues* (1742), afterwards republished with the title of *Oriental Eclogues*, and next year his *Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer on his Edition of Shakspeare*. Collins, as Johnson remarks, 'had many projects in his head.' He planned several tragedies, and issued *Proposals for a History of the Revival of Learning*, a work which he never accomplished. He was full of high hopes and magnificent schemes, but wanted steadiness of purpose and application. Through Johnson he obtained an advance from a bookseller for a projected translation of Aristotle's *Poetics*. In 1746 he published his *Odes*, which were purchased by Millar the bookseller, but failed to attract attention. The poet in disgust burnt the unsold copies, sank under the disappointment, and became still more indolent and dissipated. The fine promise of his youth, his ardour and ambition, melted away under this baneful and depressing influence. Once again, however, he strung his lyre. Thomson died in 1748; Collins (who lived some time at Richmond) knew and loved him, and seems to have been thus sketched by Thomson in a stanza of the *Castle of Indolence*:

> Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
> There was a man of special grave remark;
> A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
> Pensive, not sad, in thought involved, not dark.
> Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
> Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind;
> But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

When Thomson died Collins quitted Richmond, and commemorated his brother-poet in a touching ode. Among his friends was also Home, the author of *Douglas*, to whom he addressed an ode, found unfinished after his death, on the *Superstitions of the Highlands*. It was communicated by Carlyle of Inveresk to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and printed in their Transactions in 1788, not without alterations and additions by Carlyle and Henry Mackenzie. Collins loved to dwell on these dim and visionary objects, and the compliment he pays to Tasso might almost be applied to himself:

> Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
> Believed the magic wonders which he sung.

In the midst of the poet's difficulties and distresses, his uncle died (1749) and left him about £2000; 'a sum,' says Johnson, 'which Collins could scarcely think exhaustible, and which he did not live to exhaust.' He had sunk into a state of nervous prostration; all hope or power of exertion had fled. Johnson met him one day, carrying with him as he travelled an English Testament. 'I have but one book,' said Collins, 'but it is the best.' A voyage to France failed to dissipate his melancholy, and for a time he was the inmate of a madhouse. In his later days he was tended by his sister in Chichester. He used, when at liberty, to wander day and night among the aisles and cloisters of Chichester Cathedral, accompanying the music with sobs and moans. After passing six years in this condition, he died in utter obscurity on 12th June 1759. Two odes written in his later years, on the *Music of the Grecian Theatre* and the *Bell of Aragon*, have been lost.

For long the *Oriental Eclogues* were the most esteemed of Collins's works; he himself thought otherwise, and the world soon came to be of his opinion. Southey remarked that, though utterly neglected on their first appearance, the *Odes* of Collins in one generation and without any adventitious aid, were acknowledged to be the best of their kind in the language. 'Silently and imperceptibly they had risen by their own buoyancy, and their power was felt by every reader who had any true poetic feeling.' This true estimate is fully established, though there is in Collins some lack of human interest and of action. The *Eclogues* are free from the occasional obscurity and remoteness of the *Odes*, though they too are rather tame, and, with the exception of the second, rather pointless and defective in story. Collins, like Gray, holds a middle position between the school of Pope and the school of Wordsworth. In his maturer work he is almost completely free from the so-called 'poetic diction' of the eighteenth century. He has not the passionate feeling for nature of later poets, but his feeling is at least real and not conventional. In respect of natural poetic gifts, Johnson, in spite of prejudices, recognised in Collins something lacking in Gray, whom it was usual to set beside Collins or even rank as his superior. Coleridge and Mrs Browning place him above Gray. Mr Swinburne vehemently denounces all linking of the two contemporaries together; as a lyric poet, Gray is not worthy to unloose Collins's shoe-latchet. Collins had, and Gray had not, the gift of lyric song, a purity of music and clarity not found from Marvell to Blake. 'The muse gave verse to Collins: she did but give luck to Gray.' Collins could put more music into a note than could all the rest of his generation into all the labours of their lives. But his range was narrow. He had not Goldsmith's power of compelling human emotion; and his choice of subjects, and his subtler modes of treatment, debar him from the popularity of the author of the *Elegy*. His most highly finished ode is that *To Evening*, which is unsurpassed for exalted tone and exquisite diction. The ode on *The Passions* has merits of a different order, but shows genius of even wider scope. The allegorical character of this ode and its companion pieces, *To Liberty*, *To Mercy*, and *To Pity*, removes them from direct human sympathy. The *Ode to Liberty* first after Milton 'blows the clarion of republican faith.' No poet made more use of metaphors and personification. Pity is presented with 'eyes of dewy light;' and Danger is described with the distinctness of sculpture

Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fixed behold?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep.

That Collins was capable of simplicity and pathos is shown by his two most popular poems, *On the Death of the Poet Thomson*, and the ode quoted below beginning 'How sleep the brave.'

The scene of the following eclogue, the second of the series, is the desert at midday:

Hassan; or the Camel-driver.

In silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his camels past;
One cruse of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contained a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gained the middle sky,
And not a tree and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roared the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, the affrighted man
Thrice sighed, thrice struck his breast, and thus begun:
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign,
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

'Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crowned fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest or verdant vales bestow:
Here rocks alone and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea:
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah why was ruin so attractive made,
Or why fond man so easily betrayed?
Why heed we not, whilst mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'O cease, my fears! All frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumbered scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet;
And fearful oft, when Day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
By hunger roused he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train;
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep;
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth and dread of death secure!
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Zara, will be most undone.
Big swelled my heart, and owned the powerful maid,
When fast she dropped her tears, as thus she said:
"Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain!
Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise
Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
Safe o'er the wild no perils mayst thou see,
No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me."
O let me safely to the fair return,
Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
O let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recalled by Wisdom's voice and Zara's tears.'
He said, and called on Heaven to bless the day
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

Ode written in 1745.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

Ode to Evening.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales,

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove, braid
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,
Or upland fallows gray
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, sure found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipped Health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favourite name!

The Passions, an Ode for Music

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords, bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,
Low, sullen, sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air:
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delightful measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong:
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair:

And longer had she sung, but with a frown
Revenge impatient rose;
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed;
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of different themes the veering song was mixed,
And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known;

The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest;
But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing:
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that loved Athenian bower,
You learned an all-commanding power;
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording sister's page;
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound:
O bid our vain endeavours cease;
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state;
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

Dirge in Cymbeline, sung by Guiderius and Arviragus

To fair F[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
Or midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourned till Pity's self be dead.

Ode on the Death of Mr Thomson.

(The scene is on the Thames near R[illegible])

In yonder grave a Druid lies
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Remembrance oft [illegible]
[illegible]
And oft [illegible]
[illegible]

And oft as Ease and Health retire
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

Gosse has said that it contains passages which are 'unrivalled for rich melancholy fullness' between Milton and Keats. But it deals only very lightly, and in about half of its thirteen stanzas, with specific superstitions; about half are compliment to Home and praise of Scotland generally. One stanza puts the will-o'-the-wisp at the service of the kelpie; two stanzas are devoted to the melancholy fate of the swain who becomes the victim, and the distress of his bereaved widow and children. Then follow these stanzas:

Unbounded is thy range; with varied skill
  Thy muse may, like those feathery tribes which spring
  From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
  To that hoar pile, which still its ruin shows:
In whose small vaults a pigmy folk is found,
  Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
And culls them, wondering, from the hallowed ground!
Or thither, where, beneath the showery west,
  The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid;
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
  No slaves revere them, and no wars invade.
Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn hour,
  The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
  In pageant robes, and wreathed with sheeny gold,
And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold.

But, oh, o'er all, forget not Kilda's race,
  On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting tides,
  Fair nature's daughter, virtue, yet abides.
Go! just, as they, their blameless manners trace!
  Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
  Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
And all their prospect but the wintry main.
  With sparing temperance, at the needful time,
They drain the scented spring; or, hunger-prest,
  Along the Atlantic rock, undreading climb,
And of its eggs despoil the solan's nest.
  Thus, blest in primal innocence, they live
Sufficed, and happy with that frugal fare
  Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give.
Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare;
  Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there![1]

Mark Akenside (1721-70), author of *The Pleasures of Imagination*, was the son of a respectable butcher at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and in boyhood the fall of one of his father's cleavers on his foot rendered him lame for life. At the Newcastle schools he showed precocity and promise, and was already writing verse. The Society of Dissenters advanced a sum to educate him for the ministry, but after a session of theology at Edinburgh he changed his views, and, returning the money, entered himself as a student of medicine. His (far from brilliant) *Hymn to Science* was apparently written about this time. He took his degree of M.D. at Leyden in 1744, and in the same year he had issued anonymously his *Pleasures of Imagination*. The price demanded for the copyright was £120; and Pope advised Dodsley not to make a niggardly offer, 'for this is no every-day writer.' The success of the work justified poet, critic, and publisher—though Gray dissented and Warburton condemned. The same year, after having in a poetical epistle attacked Pulteney under the name of Curio, Akenside commenced physician at Northampton, but did not succeed. He then (1746) engaged to contribute to Dodsley's *Museum*, began to practise in London as a physician, and published several medical treatises. At Edinburgh and at Leyden he had formed an intimacy with a young Englishman of fortune, Jeremiah Dyson, which ripened into an enthusiastic friendship; and Mr Dyson—afterwards Clerk of the House of Commons and a Lord of the Treasury—was free-handed enough to allow his poet-friend £300 a year. After writing a few *Odes* and attempting a reconstruction of his great poem, Akenside made no further efforts in literature, save a few occasional poems and some medical works. In 1757 appeared the expanded and altered form of the First Book of what was now called, by way of distinction, *The Pleasures of the Imagination*; of the Second Book in 1765; and a fragment of an intended Fourth Book was published after his death. He became distinguished as a physician; his society was courted for his taste, knowledge, and eloquence; but his solemn sententiousness of manner, his romantic ideas of liberty, and his unbounded admiration of the ancients exposed him occasionally to ridicule. The physician in *Peregrine Pickle*, who gives a feast in the manner of the ancients, was universally understood to be a caricature of Akenside. He irritated the Whigs by becoming a Tory after he was appointed queen's physician; and as doctor to one of the London hospitals obtained an unpleasant repute for carelessness towards poor patients. In his later days Akenside reverted with delight to his native landscape on the banks of the Tyne. In his fragment of a Fourth Book of his *Imagination*, written in the last year of his life, there is one striking passage:

            O ye dales
Of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands; where
Oft, as the giant flood obliquely strides,
And his banks open and his lawns extend,
Stops short the pleased traveller to view,
Presiding o'er the scene, some rustic tower
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands:
O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook
The rocky pavement and the mossy falls
Of solitary Wensbeck's limpid stream;
How gladly I recall your well known seats
Beloved of old, and that delightful time
When all alone, for many a summer's day,
I wandered through your calm recesses, led
In silence by some powerful hand unseen.
Nor will I e'er forget you; nor shall e'er
The graver tasks of manhood, or the advice
Of vulgar wisdom, move me to disclaim

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[1] See the memoir of Collins by Dyce in his edition of the Works (1827); and that prefixed by W. Moy Thomas to the Aldine edition ([illegible]).

Those studies which possessed me in the dawn
Of life, and fixed the colour of my mind
For every future year: whence even now
From sleep I rescue the clear hours of morn,
And, while the world around lies overwhelmed
In idle darkness, am alive to thoughts
Of honourable fame, of truth divine
Or moral, and of minds to virtue won
By the sweet magic of harmonious verse

The *Pleasures of Imagination* is a didactic poem in three books of blank verse. Gray censured the mixture in it of philosophy from Hutcheson and Shaftesbury; Plato, Lucretius, and even the papers by Addison in the *Spectator* were also laid under contribution by the imaginer. The pleasures his poem professes to treat 'proceed,' he says, 'either from natural objects, as from a flourishing grove, a clear and murmuring fountain, a calm sea by moonlight, or from works of art, such as a noble edifice, a musical tune, a statue, a picture, a poem.' But in reality Akenside dealt chiefly with abstract subjects, and rarely succeeded in grafting upon them human or poetic interest. The work is an uninspired but dignified and graceful melange of reflection and illustration, reason and imagination, deism, optimism, and commonplace eighteenth-century philosophising. There is too much exposition, too much rhetoric, and, on the other hand, sometimes too much ornament. The constant admiration of virtue and lofty ideals, though probably sincere, is not stimulating. And many long passages are less alluring than sections of an abridged handbook of psychology and æsthetics:

Suffice it to have said,
Where'er the power of ridicule displays
Her quaint-eyed visage, some incongruous form,
Some stubborn dissonance of things combined,
Strikes on the quick observer: whether Pomp
Or Praise or Beauty mix their partial claim
Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul Deformity are wont to dwell.

But his highest flights have variety and energy. For him, familiarity with physical science enhanced the charms of nature. Unlike Campbell, who repudiated these 'cold material laws,' he viewed the rainbow with new pleasure after he had studied the Newtonian theory of light and colours:

Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctured hues
To me have shown so pleasing, as when first
The hand of Science pointed out the path
In which the sunbeams gleaming from the west
Fall on the watery cloud, whose darksome veil
Involves the orient...

The diffuse and florid descriptions of the *Pleasures of Imagination* are the natural outcome of Akenside's youthful exuberance. He was afterwards conscious of the defects of his poem, and saw that there was too much leaf for the fruit; but in cutting off these luxuriances he sacrificed some of the finest blossoms. Posterity has been kinder to his fame by disregarding the later version. Akenside's blank verse is free and well modulated.

Aspirations.

Say, why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation; why ordained
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast;

MARK AKENSIDE.

From an Engraving after a Portrait by Arthur Pond

And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding smile of Heaven? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind
With such resistless ardour to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross control of wilful might,
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To Heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade,
And continents of sand, will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul

Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing,
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens;
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and, hovering round the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of Time. Thence far effused,
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now, amazed she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travelled the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrived in sight of mortal things.
Even on the barriers of the world, untired
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till half-recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelmed and swallowed up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of Renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

True Beauty.

Thus doth beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, even in outward shape
Where dawns the high expression of a mind
By steps conducting our enraptured search
To that eternal origin, whose power,
Through all the unbounded symmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
This endless mixture of her charms diffused.
Mind, mind alone—bear witness, earth and heaven!—
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand
Sit paramount the Graces; here enthroned,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look, then, abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel.
And bade the father of his country, hail!
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free! Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper, or the morn,
In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams from others' woes,
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where Peace, with ever-blooming olive, crowns
The gate; where Honour's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of Innocence and Love protect the scene?

(Book i. ll. 473-511.)

The Sense for Beauty.

This, nor gems nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul
He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming, as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutored airs.
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart. . . .
O blest of heaven! whom not the languid songs
Of luxury, the siren! not the bribes
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of nature fair Imagination culls
To charm the enlivened soul. What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marble and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. From him the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreproved. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm

Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspired delight: her tempered powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weighed
The world's foundations: if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous power;
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what the eternal Maker has ordained
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan,
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

(From the close of Book [illegible])

Inscription for a Statue of Chaucer at Woodstock.

Such was old Chaucer: such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life; through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance
From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero; who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land!

In the ode *On Leaving Holland*, after a farewell to the 'sober [illegible] of the Muse at Leyden' [illegible] fogs and 'gross [illegible] the air of Holland [illegible] never [illegible] eastern blow,' are these [illegible] verses on England, a veritable return to [illegible] in the concrete:

O my lov'd England, when with thee
Shall I sit down, to part no more?
Far from this pale, discolour'd sea,
That sleeps upon the reedy shore:
When shall I plough thy azure tide?
When on thy hills the flocks admire,
Like mountain snows; till down their side
I trace the village and the sacred spire,
While bowers and copses green the golden slope divide?

Ye nymphs who guard the pathless grove,
Ye blue-eyed sisters of the streams,
With whom I wont at morn to rove,
With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams;
Oh! take me to your haunts again,
The rocky spring, the greenwood glade;
To guide my lonely footsteps deign,
To prompt my slumbers in the murmuring shade,
And soothe my vacant ear with many an airy strain.

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn
Thy drooping master's inauspicious hand:
Now brighter skies and fresher gales return,
Now fairer maids thy melody demand.
Daughters of Albion, listen to my lyre!
O Phœbus, guardian of the Aonian choir,
Why sounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
When all the virgin deities above
With Venus and with Juno move
In concert round the Olympian father's throne?

The last verse unfortunately ends in bathos, and the answer of Phœbus is not even suggested. In another ode of a grateful convalescent this strikes a sympathetic chord:

How gladly, 'mid the dews of dawn,
My weary lungs thy healing gale,
The balmy west or the fresh north, inhale!
How gladly, while my musing footsteps rove
Round the cool orchard or the sunny lawn,
Awaked I stop, and look to find
What shrub perfumes the pleasant wind,
Or what wild songster charms the Dryad of the grove!

The standard edition of Akenside's poetical works is that of Dyce (18[illegible]), with a Life prefixed; and there is another by [illegible] (18[illegible]).

James Grainger (1721?-66) was probably born at Dunse in Berwickshire, the son of a ruined Jacobite gentleman of Cumberland, who had had to take a berth in the excise. He studied medicine at Edinburgh, was an army surgeon (1745-48), made the tour of Europe, and after 1753 established himself in practice in London, but had to support himself largely by his pen. His poem of *Solitude* appeared in 1755, and was praised by Johnson, who considered the opening 'very noble.' Grainger wrote several other pieces, translated Tibullus, and was a critic in the *Monthly Review*. In 1759 he went to St Christopher in the West Indies, married a lady of fortune, and continued practising as a physician. During his residence there he wrote his poem of the *Sugar-Cane* (1764), which Shenstone thought 'capable of being *rendered* a good poem,' and the arguments in which Southey said were 'flat and formal.' Some passages are [illegible] the very [illegible] the poor negro [illegible] rats [illegible] a stock example [illegible] West Indies, and so escaped the attentions of the Muse. Grainger died in St Christopher

Ode to Solitude.

O Solitude, romantic maid!
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half-year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or, at the purple dawn of day
Tadmor's marble wastes survey,
You, recluse, again I woo,
And again your steps pursue.

Plumed Conceit himself surveying,
Folly with her shadow playing,
Purse-proud, elbowing Insolence,
Bloated empiric, puffed Pretence,
Noise that through a trumpet speaks,
Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
Intrusion with a fopling's face
Ignorant of time and place
Sparks of fire Dissension blowing,
Ductile, court-bred Flattery, bowing,
Restraint's stiff neck, Grimace's leer,
Squint-eyed Censure's artful sneer,
Ambition's buskins, steeped in blood,
Fly thy presence, Solitude.

Sage Reflection, bent with years,
Conscious Virtue, void of fears,
Muffled Silence, wood-nymph shy,
Meditation's piercing eye,
Halcyon Peace on moss reclined,
Retrospect that scans the mind,
Wrapt earth-gazing Reverie,
Blushing, artless Modesty,
Health that snuffs the morning air,
Full-eyed Truth with bosom bare,
Inspiration, Nature's child,
Seek the solitary wild.

You, with the tragic muse retired,
The wise Euripides inspired;
You taught the sadly pleasing air
That Athens saved from ruins bare.
You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
And unlocked the springs of woe;
You penned what exiled Naso thought,
And poured the melancholy note.
With Petrarch o'er Vaucluse you strayed,
When death snatched his long-loved maid;
You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
You strewed with flowers her virgin urn.
And late in Hagley you were seen,
With blood-shot eyes and sombre mien;
Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.
But chief your own the solemn lay
That wept Narcissa young and gay;
Darkness clapped her sable wing,
While you touched the mournful string;
Anguish left the pathless wild,
Grim-faced Melancholy smiled,
Drowsy Midnight ceased to yawn,
The starry host put back the dawn;
Aside their harps even seraphs flung
To hear thy sweet Complaint, O Young!
When all nature's hushed asleep,
Nor Love nor Guilt their vigils keep,
Soft you leave your cavernèd den
And wander o'er the works of men;
But when Phosphor brings the dawn
By her dappled coursers drawn,
Again you to the wild retreat
And the early huntsman meet,
Where, as you pensive pace along,
You catch the distant shepherd's song
Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the rising primrose view
Devotion lends her heaven-plumed wings,
You mount, and nature with you sings.
But when mid-day fervours glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never sunburnt woodman came,
Nor sportsman chased the timid game;
And there beneath an oak reclined,
With drowsy waterfalls behind,
You sink to rest,
Till the tuneful bird of night
From the neighbouring poplar's height,
Wake you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleased Echo to complain.

With you roses brighter bloom,
Sweeter every sweet perfume;
Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wilding grows.
Let those toil for gold who please,
Or for fame renounce their ease.
What is fame? an empty bubble.
Gold? a transient shining trouble.
Let them for their country bleed,
What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed?
Man's not worth a moment's pain,
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
Then let me, sequestered fair,
To your sibyl grot repair;
On yon hanging cliff it stands,
Scooped by nature's salvage hands,
Bosomed in the gloomy shade
Of cypress not with age decayed;
Where the owl still-hooting sits,
Where the bat incessant flits,
There in loftier strains I'll sing
Whence the changing seasons spring;
Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale;
Bend, great God, before thy shrine,
The bournless macrocosm's thine.

Simonides of Ceos was specially famous for his elegies and dirges.
Hagley Hall was the home of the Lyttletons (see page [illegible]).

Richard Graves (1715-1804), poet, novelist, and friend of Shenstone, was the son of Richard Graves of Mickleton, antiquary; studied at Pembroke College, Oxford; and became rector of Claverton near Bath. Of his score of poems, tales, and other works, the best known are his translation of Marcus Aurelius, and his 'comic romance,' *The Spiritual Quixote* (1772), satirising the illiteracy and fanaticism of certain Methodist types.

David Hume,

the second son of Joseph Home (as the name was formerly spelled), laird of Ninewells, near Dunse, Berwickshire, was born in Edinburgh, 26th April (O.S.) 1711. After attending the University of Edinburgh, he was put to the study of law, but, as he tells us himself, he was reading Cicero and Virgil when he should have been poring over Voet and Vinnius. A [illegible] Bristol he found [illegible] ing to France, he passed [illegible] and La Flèche, in [illegible] reading [illegible] Italian, and [illegible] the [illegible] He returned [illegible] first philosophical [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] *History* [illegible]

empiricism, and by very acute argument seeks to subvert the self-subsistence of mind or the soul as Berkeley had subverted the substantiality of matter. Ideas are but weakened copies of impressions of the senses; mind is but a succession of ideas; and there is no necessary connection between cause and effect. Hume profoundly influenced European thought. The Scottish sceptical philosopher wakened Kant (also of Scottish descent) 'from his dogmatic slumber,' and by Kant's own confession gave a new direction to his researches in speculative philosophy; Hume may be said to have moved the man that moved the universe of modern thought. Kant said that since metaphysic first took shape there had been no more pregnant contribution to it than Hume's 'skepsis.' Hume was probably the keenest and most original thinker of his time: his revolutionary and destructive speculations provoked a complete reconstruction of philosophy by Kant on one hand and the Scottish school on the other. Hume, not Bacon, marks the change from the old to the new; and in our own time Green treated him as the most perfect exponent of empiricism. His ethical system was utilitarian, based mainly on unselfish sympathy, and provided Smith with the basis of his moral theory. The famous argument against the credibility of miracles, which for long provoked much keener controversy than any part of his philosophical system, turned on the doctrine that miracles are incapable of proof because they rest on testimony; since no testimony can be so strong and convincing as our own experience of the uniformity of nature.

The *History* of Hume is not a work of authority, but it is an admirably clear and well-written narrative, and fully entitled to supersede Rapin and Carte (see page 244), whose materials and collections he largely relied on. He was constantly eliminating Scotticisms and otherwise subjecting it to revision in point of style, but was content to take his authorities at second hand. It has been said that up to 1750 no great historical work had appeared in any modern language, the most valuable books prior to that date being rather contemporary memoirs, biographical sketches, and the materials for history rather than history itself; the temper for dealing with long periods of the past, and informed by a sense of the social progress and development of the interrelation of events, did not yet exist. To annalists and chroniclers the wide outlook, the synthetic vision, are unknown. The spirit of real scientific research was yet unborn; and if it had been born, the materials to work on were not yet accessible. Manuscripts began to be edited by the antiquaries in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; the great historic collections of Rymer, Leibnitz, and Muratori all date from the early eighteenth century. In France the historic spirit first awoke; and French influence told directly on Scotland. Hume and Robertson were both directly influenced by the contemporary French historical methods (Voltaire's Life of Louis XIV. appeared in 1751; Hume's first volume in 1754); and the earlier writers of this school, though gifted with the power of dealing with large masses of facts and wide surveys, and with the graces of style, are not yet scientific historians. They are read for pleasure, but not as authorities or for purposes of research.

The striking parts of his subject are related by Hume with picturesqueness; and it is seldom indeed that he fails so ludicrously as in the scene of the slaughter of Comyn, where he makes Kirkpatrick ask the hesitating Bruce, 'And is that a matter to be left to conjecture?' In his dissertations on the state of parties and the tendency of particular events, he shows a philosophical tone and method hitherto unknown in English history. He was too indifferent to sympathise heartily with any political party, and too sceptical on matters of religion to appreciate the full force of religious principles in directing the course of public events. An enemy to all turbulence and 'enthusiasm,' he naturally leaned to the side of settled government, even when it was united to arbitrary power; and though he could 'shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I. and the Earl of Strafford,' the struggles of his poor countrymen for conscience' sake against the tyranny of the Stuarts excited in him no other feelings than those of ridicule or contempt. He could even forget Raleigh's merits and exaggerate his faults to shelter the sordid injustice of a weak and contemptible sovereign. No hatred of oppression burns through his pages. The epicurean repose of the philosopher was not disturbed by visions of liberty or ardent aspirations for the improvement of mankind. 'He had early in life,' said Sir James Mackintosh, 'conceived an antipathy to the Calvinistic divines, and his temperament led him at all times to regard with disgust and derision that religious enthusiasm or bigotry with which the spirit of English freedom was, in his opinion, inseparably associated.' He defended the paradox that the history of the English constitution justified the despotic and absolute system of the Stuarts. Irritation at English prejudices against Scotland and Scotsmen made him become, during the progress of the *History*, more patriotically Scotch and Tory, more pronouncedly anti-English and anti-Whig; and in altering he debated what he conceived to be concessions to 'villainous Whiggism.' But Tory though he was, he wished success to the American revolution.

Love of effect betrayed him into inconsistencies, exaggeration, and inaccuracies. Thus in speaking of the end of Charles I., he says that 'the height of all iniquity and fanatical extravagance yet remained—the public trial and execution of the sovereign.' Yet three pages farther on we find: 'The pomp, the dignity, the ceremony of this transaction, corresponded to the greatest conception that is suggested in the annals of humankind; the delegates of a great people sitting in judgment upon their supreme magistrate, and trying him for his misgovernment and breach of trust.' He in one part admits, and in another denies, that Charles was insincere in dealing with his opponents. To illustrate his theory of the sudden elevation of Cromwell into importance, he states that about the meeting of Parliament in 1640 the name of Oliver is not to be found oftener than twice upon any committee, whereas the journals of the House of Commons show that, before the time specified, Cromwell was on forty-five committees and twelve special messages to the Lords. Hundreds of such errors were pointed out [illegible] Hume was careless as to facts. But on [illegible] of the *History* as a contribution to literature we must look at its clear and admirable narrative, the dignity of its style, the sagacity [illegible] views of conflicting sects and parties [illegible] mated and developed, the large admissions [illegible] the author makes to his opponents, and the high importance he everywhere assigns to the interests of learning and literature. The [illegible] keenness of his mind is admirably shown in the oft-quoted remark that 'an English Whig [illegible] asserts the reality of the Popish Plot, an Irish Catholic who denies the Massacre of 1641, and a Scotch Jacobite who maintains the innocence of Queen Mary must be considered as men beyond the reach of argument or reason, [illegible]

The Middle Ages. Progress of Freedom

[illegible]

genius itself, by which alone the immense fabric of the empire could be supported. The irruption of the barbarous nations which soon followed overwhelmed all [illegible] knowledge which was already far in its decline [illegible]

[illegible]

of granting leases to the peasant began to prevail, which entirely broke the bonds of servitude, already much relaxed from the former practices. After this manner villenage went gradually into disuse throughout the more civilised parts of Europe: the interest of the master as well as that of the slave concurred in this alteration. The latest laws which we find in England for enforcing or regulating this species of servitude were enacted in the reign of Henry VII. And though the ancient statutes on this head remain unrepealed by parliament, it appears that, before the end of Elizabeth, the distinction of villain and freeman was totally, though insensibly, abolished, and that no person remained in the state to whom the former laws could be applied.

Thus personal freedom became almost general in Europe; an advantage which paved the way for the increase of political or civil liberty, and which, even where it was not attended with this salutary effect, served to give the members of the community some of the most considerable advantages of it. [illegible]

([illegible] History [illegible])

State of Parties at the Reformation in England

The friends of the reformation asserted that nothing could be more absurd than to conceal, in an unknown tongue, the word of God itself, and thus to counteract the will of Heaven, which, for the purpose of universal salvation, had published that salutary doctrine to all nations; that if this practice were not very absurd, the artifice at least was very gross, and proved a consciousness that the glosses and traditions of the clergy stood in direct opposition to the original text dictated by Supreme Intelligence: that it was now necessary for the people, so long abused by interested pretensions, to see with their own eyes, and to examine whether the claims of the churchmen were founded on that charter which was on all hands acknowledged to be derived from Heaven: and that, as a spirit of research and curiosity was happily revived, and men were now obliged to make a choice among the contending doctrines of different sects, the proper materials for decision, and, above all, the Holy Scriptures, should be set before them; and the revealed will of God, which the change of language had somewhat obscured, be again by their means revealed to mankind.

The favourers of the ancient religion maintained, on the other hand, that the pretence of making the people see with their own eyes was a mere cheat, and was itself a very gross artifice, by which the new preachers hoped to obtain the guidance of them, and to seduce them from the pastors, whom the laws, whom ancient establishments, whom Heaven itself had appointed for their spiritual direction: that the people were, by their ignorance, their stupidity, their necessary avocations, totally unqualified to choose their own principles; and it was a mockery to set materials before them, of which they could not possibly make any proper use: that even in the affairs of common life, and in their temporal concerns, which lay more within the compass of human reason, the laws had, in a great measure, deprived them of the right of private judgment, and had, happily for their own and the public interest, regulated their conduct and behaviour: that theological questions were placed far beyond the sphere of vulgar comprehension, and ecclesiastics themselves, though assisted by all the advantages of education, erudition, and an assiduous study of the science, could not be fully assured of a just decision, except by the promise made them in Scripture, that God would be ever present with His church, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against her: that the gross errors adopted by the wisest heathens prove how unfit men were to grope their own way through this profound darkness; nor would the Scriptures, if trusted to every man's judgment, be able to remedy, on the contrary, they would much augment, those fatal illusions: that Sacred Writ itself was involved in so much obscurity, gave rise to so many difficulties, contained so many appearing contradictions, that it was the most dangerous weapon that could be intrusted into the hands of the ignorant and giddy multitude: that the poetical style in which a great part of it was composed, at the same time that it occasioned uncertainty in the sense, by its multiplied tropes and figures, was sufficient to kindle the zeal of fanaticism, and thereby throw civil society into the most furious combustion: that a thousand sects must arise, which would pretend, each of them, to derive its tenets from the Scripture, and would be able, by specious arguments, or even without specious arguments, to seduce silly women and ignorant mechanics into a belief of the most monstrous principles: and that if ever this disorder, dangerous to the magistrate himself, received a remedy, it must be from the tacit acquiescence of the people in some new authority; and it was evidently better, without further contest or inquiry, to adhere peaceably to ancient, and therefore the more secure, establishments.

([illegible] the History, Chap. xxxi.)

Character of Queen Elizabeth

The council being assembled, sent the keeper, admiral, and secretary to know her [the queen's] will with regard to her successor. She answered with a faint voice that as she had held a regal sceptre, she desired no other than a royal successor. Cecil requesting her to explain herself more particularly, she subjoined that she would have a king to succeed her; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman, the king of Scots? Being then advised by the archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts upon God, she replied that she did so, nor did her mind in the least wander from Him. Her voice soon after left her; her senses failed; she fell into a lethargic slumber, which continued some hours, and she expired gently, without further struggle or convulsion (March 24, 1603), in the seventieth year of her age, and forty-fifth of her reign.

So dark a cloud overcast the evening of that day, which had shone out with a mighty lustre in the eyes of all Europe. There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies and the adulation of friends than Queen Elizabeth, and yet there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices, and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and what is more, of religiou

[illegible]

Detached Thoughts

[illegible]

From the Autobiographical Fragment

[illegible]

William Robertson

was born 19th September 1721 at Borthwick in Midlothian, son of the then minister of Borthwick, who was afterwards called to Old Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh. The son was also educated for the Church, and in 1743 was appointed minister of the small parish of Gladsmuir in Haddingtonshire, whence he removed in 1758 to Lady Yester's parish in Edinburgh. He had distinguished himself in the General Assembly and in a 'Select Society' which had Adam Smith, David Hume, Adam Fergusson, and Lord Kames amongst its members; but it was not till 1759 that he became known as a historian. In that year he published his *History of Scotland during the Reigns of Queen Mary and of King James VI. till his Accession to the Crown of England* (begun in 1753), for the copyright of which he received £600. No first work was ever more successful. The author was congratulated by Hume, Burke, Gibbon, Horace Walpole, Chesterfield, and the most conspicuous of his contemporaries though Dr Johnson did not join in the chorus. He was appointed chaplain of Stirling Castle and one of His Majesty's chaplains in ordinary for Scotland; and he was successively made minister of Old Greyfriars, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and historiographer for Scotland. Stimulated by such success, and undeterred by the dissuasions of Hume, in 1769 he produced his *History of the Reign of Charles V.* in three volumes quarto, for which he received from the booksellers the princely sum of £4500. It was equally well received with his former work, made his fame European, and ranked Voltaire and Catherine II. of Russia amongst his admirers. In 1777 he published his *History of America*, which just at the time of the war was at least as popular as the earlier works, but, because of the war, was left unfinished. His *Historical Disquisition* about ancient India (1791) is a slight work, to which he had been led by Major Rennell's *Memoirs of a Map of Hindostan* (1783). For many years Dr Robertson was leader of the moderate party in the Church of Scotland, exhibiting in the General Assembly an extraordinary readiness and eloquence. He died on the 11th of June 1793, in the seventy-second year of his age.

The *History of Scotland* has all the interest of a memoir of Mary Queen of Scots. Though Robertson is not among the number of her indiscriminate admirers and apologists, he labours rather with the writer's art to produce a romantic narrative than with the historian's zeal to establish truth, to arouse the sympathies of the reader strongly in her behalf. Walpole and Hume thought him partial to Mary; Tytler charged him with unfairness to her. As histories all Robertson's works have been superseded; in his day the materials [illegible] were comparatively slender, and the modern conception of the scope of history had not yet dawned. He philosophised on defective data with all the complacency, dignity, and elegance of the eighteenth century. But as literature his histories are still excellent reading. His English style surprised his southern contemporaries; and Horace Walpole, in a letter to the author, expresses the feeling with his usual point and vivacity. 'Before I read your *History*, I should probably have been glad to dictate to you, and (I will venture to say it—it satirises nobody but myself) should have thought I did honour to an obscure Scotch clergyman by directing his studies by my superior lights and abilities. How you have saved me, sir, from making a ridiculous figure, by making so great a one yourself! But could I suspect that a man I believe much younger, and whose dialect I scarce understood, and who came to me with all the diffidence and modesty of a very middling author, and who I was told had passed his life in a small living near Edinburgh—could I then suspect that he had not only written what all the world now allows the best modern history, but that he had written it in the purest English, and with as much seeming knowledge of men and courts as if he had passed all his life in important embassies?' This condescending eulogy was perhaps a little out of place. Hume had already proved by his *Essays*, his *Inquiry*, his *Political Discourses*, and the first two volumes of his *History* that an Edinburgh-bred man could write English to some purpose, and the intimate of Hume and Adam Smith had not lived heretofore amongst boors.

Robertson has few salient points and no careless beauties; his style is clear but formal and monotonous, somewhat laboured and Latinised, and without idiomatic vigour or variety. Yet it was of him that Johnson quoted the tutor's advice, 'Read over your compositions, and wherever you meet with a passage which you think is particularly fine strike it out.' His pompous manner at times becomes ridiculous, as when he apologises for the introduction of Rizzio, whose 'low birth and indigent condition placed him in a station in which he ought naturally to have remained unknown to posterity,' but whose fortune and sufferings oblige 'history to descend from its dignity and to record his adventures.' When he sums up the character of a sovereign, or traces the progress of society and the influence of laws and government, we recognise the mind and language of a master in historical composition. The artificial graces of his style are also largely displayed in scenes of tenderness and pathos, or in picturesque description, as in his story of the beauty and sufferings of Mary, or the account of Columbus's first glimpses of the New World. His *History of the Reign of Charles V.* is undoubtedly his masterpiece. The prefixed 'View of the State of Society in Europe from the subversion of the Roman Empire to the beginning of the Sixteenth Century' impressed Hallam and amazed Carlyle by its sagaciousness and broad generalisation; and in virtue of it (though suggested or influenced by Voltaire's *Essai sur les Mœurs*) Cotter Morison affirmed that Robertson had a wider and more synthetic conception of history than either Hume or Gibbon. Buckle, too, declares that what he effected with his materials was wonderful; though, as has been pointed out, his view of the Middle Ages is inevitably marked by eighteenth-century prejudices and limitations. The errors in *Charles V.* and in the *America* have been abundantly commented on (as by Southey and Prescott); but, as Stirling-Maxwell said, his inaccuracies are more due to his lack of materials than to lack of diligence. He holds a place of his own in the history of history-writing. If the 'pomp and strut' which Cowper imputes to Robertson be sometimes apparent in the orderly succession of well-balanced and flowing periods, it must be acknowledged that there is also much real dignity and power. Moreover, in the development of English history he holds an honoured place. His *Charles V.* was the earliest successful attempt in the language to treat any part of the history of Europe on broad historic lines, while his treatment of Queen Mary marks him out as the first Scotsman to write the history of his country with literary grace and liberality of view.

Character of Mary Queen of Scots.

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form, she added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments; because her heart was warm and unsuspicious. Impatient of contradiction; because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a Queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation; which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities which we love, not with the talents that we admire; she was an agreeable woman, rather than an illustrious Queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befel her; we must likewise add, that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive; and though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme, was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality, yet neither these, nor Bothwell's artful address and important services, can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and shocking scene which followed upon it, with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute some of her actions to her situation, more than to her dispositions; and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than excuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties, we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the Queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance, and elegance of shape, of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark grey; her complexion was exquisitely fine; and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of an height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life, long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she had been imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which often deprived her of the use of her limbs. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.

Martin Luther.

While appearances of danger daily increased, and the tempest which had been so long a gathering was ready to break forth in all its violence against the Protestant church, Luther was saved, by a seasonable death, from feeling or beholding its destructive rage. Having gone, though in a declining state of health, and during a rigorous season, to his native city of Eysleben, in order to compose, by his authority, a dissension among the counts of Mansfield, he was seized with a violent inflammation in his stomach, which in a few days put an end to his life, in the sixty third year of his age. As he was raised up by Providence to be the author of one of the greatest and most interesting revolutions recorded in history, there is not any person perhaps whose character has been drawn with such opposite colours. In his own age, one party, struck with horror and inflamed with rage, when they saw with what a daring hand he overturned every thing which they held to be sacred, or valued as beneficial, imputed to him not only all the defects and vices of a man, but the qualities of a dæmon. The other, warmed with the admiration and gratitude which they thought he merited as the restorer of light and liberty to the Christian church, ascribed to him perfections above the condition of humanity, and viewed all his actions with a veneration bordering on that which should be paid only to those who are guided by the immediate inspiration of Heaven. It is his own conduct, not the undistinguishing censure or the exaggerated praise of his contemporaries, that ought to regulate the opinions of the present age concerning him. Zeal for what he regarded as truth, undaunted intrepidity to maintain his own system, abilities, both natural and acquired, to defend his principles, and unwearied industry in propagating them, are virtues which shine so conspicuously in every part of his behaviour, that even his enemies must allow him to have possessed them in an eminent degree. To these may be added, with equal justice, such purity and even austerity of manners, as became one who assumed the character of a Reformer; such sanctity of life as suited the doctrine which he delivered; and such perfect disinterestedness as affords no slight presumption of his sincerity. Superior to all selfish considerations, a stranger to the elegancies of life, and despising its pleasures, he left the honours and emoluments of the church to his disciples, remaining satisfied himself in his original state of professor in the university, and pastor of the town of Wittemberg, with the moderate appointments annexed to these offices. His extraordinary qualities were allayed with no inconsiderable mixture of human frailty and human passions. These, however, were of such a nature, that they cannot be imputed to malevolence or corruption of heart, but seem to have taken their rise from the same source with many of his virtues. His mind, forcible and vehement in all its operations, roused by great objects, or agitated by violent passions, broke out, on many occasions, with an impetuosity which astonishes men of feebler spirits, or such as are placed in a more tranquil situation. By carrying some praiseworthy dispositions to excess, he bordered sometimes on what was culpable, and was often betrayed into actions which exposed him to censure. His confidence that his own opinions were well-founded, approached to arrogance; his courage in asserting them, to rashness; his firmness in adhering to them, to obstinacy; and his zeal in confuting his adversaries, to rage and scurrility. Accustomed himself to consider everything as subordinate to truth, he expected the same deference for it from other men; and, without making any allowances for their timidity or prejudices, he poured forth against such as disappointed him in this particular, a torrent of invective mingled with contempt. Regardless of any distinction of rank or character when his doctrines were attacked, he chastised all his adversaries indiscriminately, with the same rough hand; neither the royal dignity of Henry VIII. nor the eminent learning and abilities of Erasmus, screened them from the same gross abuse with which he treated Tetzel or Eccius.

PRINCIPAL ROBERTSON

From an Engraving by [illegible] after Portrait by Reynolds

But these indecencies of which Luther was guilty, must not be imputed wholly to the violence of his temper. They ought to be charged in part on the manners of the age. Among a rude people, unacquainted with those maxims, which by putting continual restraint on the passions of individuals, have polished society and rendered it agreeable, disputes of every kind were managed with heat, and strong emotions were uttered in their natural language, without reserve or delicacy. At the same time, the works of learned men were all composed in Latin, and they were not only authorized, by the example of eminent writers in that language, to use their antagonists with the most illiberal scurrility; but, in a dead tongue, indecencies of every kind appear less shocking than in a living language, whose idioms and phrases seem gross, because they are familiar.

In passing judgment upon the characters of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age, not by those of another. For, although virtue and vice are at all times the same, manners and customs vary continually. Some parts of Luther's behaviour, which to us appear most culpable, gave no disgust to his contemporaries. It was even by some of those qualities, which we are now apt to blame, that he was fitted for accomplishing the great work which he undertook. To rouse mankind, when sunk in ignorance or superstition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry armed with power, required the utmost vehemence of zeal, as well as a temper daring to excess. A gentle call would neither have reached, nor have excited those to whom it must have been addressed. A spirit more amiable, but less vigorous than Luther's, would have shrunk back from the dangers which he braved and surmounted.

(*History of Charles V.*)

Discovery of America

Next morning, being Friday the third day of August, in the year one thousand four hundred and ninety-two, Columbus set sail, a little before sun-rise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there [Aug. 13] without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion. But, in a voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention. . . .

Upon the first of October they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries; but lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot, nor those of the other ships, had skill sufficient to correct this error, and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearances of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. These reflections occurred often to men who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression, at first, upon the ignorant and timid; and, extending by degrees, to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings, they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity, in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty, by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow, any longer, a desperate adventurer to certain destruction. . . .

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed, with great uneasiness, the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavoured to work upon their ambition or avarice, by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions, he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign, if, by their dastardly behaviour, they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God, and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence, were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided, in several of their discoveries, by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object, during thirty days, but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair, appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost: the officers who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and to return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which having been tried so often had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men, in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him, and obey his command for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable. Nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising, that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nigna* took up the branch of a tree with red berries, perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance, the air was more mild and warm, and, during night, the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch, lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had been so long the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Guttierez, a page of the Queen's wardrobe. Guttierez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight the joyful sound of *Land! Land!* was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned [Oct. 12], all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man, whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot in the New World which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind, in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed, in silent admiration, upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror, that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children from the Sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb, and shrub, and tree, was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses around their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper colour, their features singular rather than disagreeable, their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their body, were fantastically painted with glaring colours. They were shy at first through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them hawks-bells, glass beads, or other baubles, in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value that they could produce. Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called *canoes*, and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds, every thing was conducted amicably, and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from the regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight to the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country.

Chivalry.

The feudal state was a state of almost perpetual war, rapine, and anarchy; during which the weak and unarmed were exposed to insults or injuries. The power of the sovereign was too limited to prevent these wrongs; and the administration of justice too feeble to redress them. The most effectual protection against violence and oppression, was often found to be that which the valour and generosity of private persons afforded. The same spirit of enterprise which had prompted so many gentlemen to take arms in defence of the oppressed pilgrims in Palestine, incited others to declare themselves the patrons and avengers of injured innocence at home. When the final reduction of the Holy Land under the dominion of infidels put an end to these foreign expeditions, the latter was the only employment left for the activity and courage of adventurers. To check the insolence of overgrown oppressors; to rescue the helpless from captivity; to protect, or to avenge women, orphans, and ecclesiastics, who could not bear arms in their own defence; to redress wrongs, and to remove grievances, were deemed acts of the highest prowess and merit. Valour, humanity, courtesy, justice, honour, were the characteristic qualities of chivalry. To these were added religion, which mingled itself with every passion and institution during the middle ages, and by infusing a large proportion of enthusiastic zeal, gave them such force, as carried them to romantic excess. Men were trained to knighthood by a long previous discipline; they were admitted into the order by solemnities no less devout than pompous; every person of noble birth courted that honour; it was deemed a distinction superior to royalty; and monarchs were proud to receive it from the hands of private gentlemen.

This singular institution, in which valour, gallantry, and religion were so strangely blended, was wonderfully adapted to the taste and genius of martial nobles; and its effects were soon visible in their manners. War was carried on with less ferocity, when humanity came to be deemed the ornament of knighthood no less than courage. More gentle and polished manners were introduced, when courtesy was recommended as the most amiable of knightly virtues. Violence and oppression decreased, when it was reckoned meritorious to check and to punish them. A scrupulous adherence to truth, with the most religious attention to fulfil every engagement, became the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman, because chivalry was regarded as the school of honour, and inculcated the most delicate sensibility with respect to those points. The admiration of these qualities, together with the high distinctions and prerogatives conferred on knighthood in every part of Europe, inspired persons of noble birth on some occasions with a species of military fanaticism, and led them to extravagant enterprises. But they deeply imprinted on their minds the principles of generosity and honour. These were strengthened by every thing that can affect the senses or touch the heart. The wild exploits of those romantic knights who sallied forth in quest of adventures are well known, and have been treated with proper ridicule. The political and permanent effects of the spirit of chivalry have been less observed. Perhaps, the humanity which accompanies all the operations of war, the refinements of gallantry, and the point of honour, the three chief circumstances which distinguish modern from ancient manners, may be ascribed in a great measure to this institution, which has appeared whimsical to superficial observers, but by its effects has proved of great benefit to mankind. The sentiments which chivalry inspired, had a wonderful influence on manners and conduct during the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. They were so deeply rooted, that they continued to operate after the vigour and reputation of the institution itself began to decline.

Francis I. and Charles V.

During twenty-eight years of that time, an avowed rivalship subsisted between him and the Emperor, which involved not only their own dominions, but the greater part of Europe, in wars, which were prosecuted with more violent animosity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known in any former period. Many circumstances contributed to this. Their animosity was founded in opposition of interest, heightened by personal emulation, and exasperated not only by mutual injuries, but by reciprocal insults. At the same time, whatever advantage one seemed to possess towards gaining the ascendant, was wonderfully balanced by some favourable circumstance peculiar to the other. The Emperor's dominions were of great extent, the French King's lay more compact; Francis governed his kingdom with absolute power; that of Charles was limited, but he supplied the want of authority by address: the troops of the former were more impetuous and enterprising; those of the latter better disciplined, and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities of the two Monarchs were as different as the advantages which they possessed, and contributed no less to prolong the contest between them. Francis took his resolutions suddenly, prosecuted them at first with warmth, and pushed them into execution with a most adventurous courage; but being destitute of the perseverance necessary to surmount difficulties, he often abandoned his designs, or relaxed the vigour of pursuit, from impatience, and sometimes from levity. Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolness; but having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obstinacy, and neither danger nor discouragement could turn him aside from the execution of it. The success of their enterprises was as different as their characters, and was uniformly influenced by them. Francis, by his impetuous activity, often disconcerted the Emperor's best laid schemes; Charles, by a more calm but steady prosecution of his designs, checked the rapidity of his rival's career, and baffled or repulsed his most vigorous efforts. The former, at the opening of a war or of a campaign, broke in upon his enemy with the violence of a torrent, and carried all before him; the latter, waiting until he saw the force of his rival begin to abate, recovered in the end not only all that he had lost, but made new acquisitions. Few of the French Monarch's attempts towards conquest, whatever promising aspect they might wear at first, were conducted to an happy issue; many of the Emperor's enterprises, even after they appeared desperate and impracticable, terminated in the most prosperous manner. Francis was dazzled with the splendour of an undertaking; Charles was allured by the prospect of its turning to his advantage.

R[illegible] historical works appeared [illegible] twelve [illegible] tive [illegible] or reprints including those [illegible] and were translated into French and German. There are Lives of him by Dugald Stewart (1801) and [illegible] (1845), as well as [illegible] Brougham [illegible] and there is much interesting matter about him in Jupiter Carlyle's Autobiography and Cockburn's Memorials.

Minor Historians.

Abel Boyes (1667–1729), a Protestant refugee from Languedoc, wrote histories of William III. and of Queen Anne, a Life of Sir William Temple, and other historical and miscellaneous works filling nearly four folio pages in the British Museum catalogue. It was he who founded the *Political State of Great Britain*, a monthly magazine that ran to thirty-eight volumes (1711-29); he earned the hatred of Swift by his whiggery, and secured a place in the *Dunciad*. **Archibald Bower** (1686-1766), born near Dundee and bred at Douay and Rome, became a Jesuit and a professor in Italy, but broke his vows and became a Protestant; and having again become a Jesuit and again left the Roman communion, was not unnaturally charged with duplicity and worse by controversialists on both sides. He was one of the contributors to the huge *Universal History*, projected by the booksellers, of which the ancient part (1730-44) filled seven volumes folio, the modern part (1759-65) sixteen folios. His *History of the Popes* (5 vols. 1748-61) is ill-proportioned and far from authoritative. Another contributor to the *Universal History* was **Dr John Campbell** of Glenlyon (1708-75), who wrote also a Life of Prince Eugene, the *Lives of the Admirals*, a political survey of Great Britain, a novel, and other works. Equally industrious was **William Guthrie** (1708-70), son of an Episcopalian minister at Brechin, who compiled histories of England and of Scotland, a general history of the world, and a geographical, historical, and commercial geography. A very important collaborator on the *Universal History* was the otherwise notorious **George Psalmanazar**, 'the Formosan,' born presumably in Languedoc about 1680, who, after a vagabond life in Germany and the Low Countries, came to London in 1703 and gave himself out for a native of Formosa, issued a partly compiled, partly concocted, history of the island, and translated the Church Catechism into what he pretended was the regular and sonorous Formosan language. After a spell of tutoring, fan-painting, &c., he finally settled down to honest and creditable hackwork till his death in 1763. Another of the company of collaborators was **George Sale** (1697–1736), Oriental scholar, born in Kent and bred to the law. Besides helping with the *Universal History*, he was author of the *General Dictionary*, but is best known by his unrivalled translation of the Koran, with notes and introduction (1734; new ed. 1882–86). **James Granger** (1723–76), out of whose name has been coined the term for a collectors' fad, was born at Shaftesbury, and died vicar of Shiplake, Oxfordshire. He published a *Biographical History of England* (1769; 5th ed. 1824), and insisted much 'on the utility of a collection of engraved portraits.' His advice led to extraordinary zeal in collecting portraits, and 'grangerised copies' of books of biography, history, topography, &c. were 'embellished' with engravings gathered from all quarters. **William Tytler** (1711–92) of Woodhouselee, an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet, combated Robertson's views on Queen Mary in his *Inquiry into the Evidence against Mary Queen of Scots*. It was a son of this Tytler (1747–1813), another lawyer, raised to the Bench as Lord Woodhouselee, who compiled a general history of the world; and his grandson was author of the well-known *History of Scotland*. **Robert Henry** (1718–90) was an Edinburgh minister who produced a history of England 'on a new plan' (6 vols. 1771–93), including sections on the constitution, learning, commerce, and social aspects of the period. **Robert Watson** (1730?–81), Principal of St Salvator's College at St Andrews, prepared a history of Philip II. of Spain that was long a standard work. **Gilbert Stuart** (1742–86), son of an Edinburgh professor, became notorious as an unscrupulous reviewer, and wrote a history of the Reformation in Scotland, and a history of Scotland from the Reformation to the death of Queen Mary, well written but not trustworthy. **William Russell** (1741–93), a Selkirk farmer's son, made a character for himself in London as author of a history of America, and of an unfinished but meritorious history of modern Europe (1779–84).

Thomas Reid (1710–96), the principal light of the Scottish school of philosophy, was born at the manse of Strachan in Kincardineshire, studied at Marischal College, Aberdeen; and became minister of New Machar, Aberdeenshire. In 1752 he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in King's College, Aberdeen, a post he quitted in 1763 for the chair of moral philosophy in Glasgow. His *Inquiry into the Human Mind*, published in 1764, was an attack on the 'ideal theory' of Berkeley, and on the sceptical conclusions which Hume deduced from it. The author had the candour to submit it to Hume before publication; and Hume, with his usual complacency and good nature, acknowledged its merit. In 1785 Reid published his *Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man*, and in 1788 those on the *Active Powers*. The ideal theory which he combated taught that 'nothing is perceived but what is in the mind which perceives it; that we really do not perceive things that are external, but only certain images and pictures of them imprinted upon the mind, which are called impressions and ideas.' This doctrine Reid had himself believed, till, finding it led to alarmingly negative consequences in Hume's hands, he was startled as Kant also was, and asked himself the question: 'What evidence have I for this doctrine, that all the objects of my knowledge are ideas in my own mind?' He set about an inquiry, but could find no evidence for the principle, he says, excepting the authority of philosophers. He took refuge in the verdict of what he called, rather unfortunately, common-sense. For it was not to the summary conclusions of ordinary unreasoned consciousness that he appealed, but to the common reason of mankind as constituted by a series of fundamental judgments expressed in the very structure of human language and intuitively recognised by the mind as true. His successor at the head of the Scottish school, Dugald Stewart, said of Reid, that it was by the logical rigour of his method of investigating metaphysical subjects (imperfectly understood even by the disciples of Locke) still more than by the importance of his particular conclusions, that he stood conspicuously distinguished among those who had hitherto prosecuted analytically the study of man.

Hamilton [illegible] Stewart's [illegible] Reid [illegible] the [illegible] works (1846 [illegible] completed by Mansel in [illegible]), which became known in France through Royer-Collard and Cousin, and were translated into French by Jouffroy. [illegible] on Reid (1898), Professor Campbell Fraser.

Alexander Gerard (1728–95), born at the manse of Chapel of Garioch in Aberdeenshire, who from 1750 was professor in Marischal or in King's College, Aberdeen, deserves a place here as having influenced many subsequent writers on æsthetics, taste, and criticism at home and abroad. In 1759 he published an essay to which the Philosophical Society of Edinburgh had given a prize, its main contention being that taste consists chiefly in the improvement of those principles which are commonly called the powers of imagination, including the sense of novelty, beauty, sublimity, imitation, harmony, ridicule, virtue, and giving scope to the principle of association, further followed out by Alison.

Lord Kames, Henry Home (1696–1782), was the son of George Home of Kames in Berwickshire; was called to the Bar in 1723; in 1752 was raised to the Bench, assuming the title of Lord Kames; and in 1763 he was made one of the Lords of Justiciary. In 1728 he published *Remarkable Decisions of the Court of Session*. In his *Essays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion* (1751), he combated those theories of human nature which deduce all actions from some single principle, and attempted to establish several principles of action. He maintained philosophical necessity in support of morality and religion, and, like so many others, was directly or indirectly writing against Hume; yet he narrowly escaped a citation before the Edinburgh Presbytery on account of this book. In 1762 appeared his most notable work, *The Elements of Criticism*, in three volumes, which, discarding all arbitrary rules of literary criticism derived from authority, sought for rules in the fundamental principles of human nature itself. Dugald Stewart held this to be the first systematic attempt to investigate the metaphysical principles of the fine arts, and declared that it had, 'in spite of numerous defects both in point of taste and philosophy, infinite merits.' Its style was heavy and crabbed; Dr Johnson pooh-poohed it; and it was superseded by Campbell's book. When nearly eighty years of age Kames published *Sketches of the History of Man* (2 vols. 4to, 1774), containing many curious disquisitions on society. In his *Historical Law Tracts* (1758) he anticipated some doctrines which have since been popular, and he was a copious writer on law and constitutional history. As an amateur agriculturist and improver of land, he was moved to produce *The Gentleman Farmer* (1777), which he described as 'an attempt to improve agriculture by subjecting it to the test of rational principles.'

Walter Goodall (1706?-66), a Banffshire man, educated at King's College, Aberdeen, became assistant librarian to the Advocates at Edinburgh under Ruddiman and Hume, and published in 1754 an *Examination of the Letters said to have been written by Mary Queen of Scots*, which has the distinction of starting one of the most lively and inveterate of Scottish historical controversies. It embodies the first systematic attempt to prove the spuriousness of the famous Casket Letters, and it was so far successful as to show that the published French versions were not originals but merely translations. An imperfect scholar and a truculent controversialist, Goodall was yet a man of some ability and acuteness, although Mr Skelton was guilty of ridiculous extravagance in comparing his work with that of Scaliger and Bentley. His edition of the chronicles of Fordun and Walter Bower, published in 1759, was a great improvement on that of Hearne.

Robert Lowth (1710-87), born at Winchester, was educated there and at New College, Oxford, where in 1741 he became Professor of Poetry. Appointed successively Archdeacon of Winchester, rector of East Woodhay, prebendary of Durham, and rector of Sedgefield, he was in 1766 called to fill the see first of St Davids and then of Oxford, and in 1777 that of London. He published his long and widely famous treatise, *De Sacra Poesi Hebræorum* (1753), a Life of William of Wykeham, and a new translation of Isaiah. A Fellow of the Royal Society from 1765 on, he was one of the first to treat the Bible poetry as literature.

The Earl of Chatham. William Pitt 'the elder' (1708-78), was the younger son of Robert Pitt of Boconnoc in Cornwall. Educated at Eton and Trinity College, Oxford, he obtained a cornetcy in the Blues, and in 1735 entered Parliament for the family borough Old Sarum. His talents for debate were soon conspicuous; and erelong, as leader of the young 'Patriot' Whigs, he joined in the opposition to Walpole. In 1756 Pitt was made Secretary of State, a position which, next year, under the nominal leadership of the Duke of Newcastle, became virtually that of Premier; and henceforward his life is part of the history of Britain. His war policy was characterised by unusual vigour, sagacity, and success. French armies were beaten everywhere by Britain and her allies—in India, in Africa, in Canada, on the Rhine—and British fleets drove the few French ships they did not capture or destroy from almost every sea. Driven from office after the accession of George III., Pitt again became a Minister in 1766 in the Duke of Grafton's Cabinet; but in 1768 he resigned to hold office no more. He spoke strongly against the arbitrary and harsh policy towards the American colonies, and warmly urged an amicable settlement of the differences. But when it was proposed to make peace on any terms, ill though he was, Chatham came down to the House of Lords (2nd April 1778), and by a powerful address secured a majority against the motion. But exhausted by speaking, on rising again to reply to a question, he fell back into the arms of his friends, and died in the following month. His imposing appearance and his magnificent voice added greatly to the attractions of his oratory; his haughtiness irritated even his friends. In 1740 he made a memorable reply to the elder Horatio Walpole (brother of Sir Robert), who had taunted him for his youth; a reply quoted on the authority of Dr Johnson, who then reported the parliamentary debates for the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The substance of the speech may be Chatham's; the form is obviously in large measure Johnson's. But the speech is too famous a fragment in literature to be omitted, though the contrast to Chatham's own style, as illustrated in the next extract, is marked enough.

Reply to the Charge of being Young

SIR, The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves; nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment: age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious, without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbers. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

Against Employing Indians in the War with the American Colonies.

I cannot, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment; it is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them: measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt? But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world: now, none so poor to do her reverence! The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy, and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the English troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent: doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms: Never, never, never! But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorise and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage; to call into civilised alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; 'for it is perfectly allowable,' says Lord Suffolk, 'to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands.' I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity! That God and nature have put into our hands! What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the Genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty and establish the religion of Britain against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom? your Protestant brethren! to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hell-hounds of war! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin. My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

At his last tragic appearance in the House of Lords, emaciated and swathed to the knees in flannel, Chatham on rising lamented that his bodily infirmities had so long and at so important a crisis prevented his attendance on the duties of Parliament. He declared that he had made an effort almost beyond the powers of his constitution to come down to the House on this day, perhaps the last time he should ever be able to enter its walls, to express the indignation he felt at the idea which he understood was gone forth of yielding up the sovereignty of America.

'My Lords,' continued he, 'I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me, that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and noble monarchy. Pressed down as I am by the load of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture; but, my lords, while I have sense and memory, I never will consent to tarnish the lustre of this nation by an ignominious surrender of its rights and fairest possessions. Shall a people so lately the terror of the world now fall prostrate before the House of Bourbon? It is impossible! In God's name, if it is absolutely necessary to declare either for peace or war, and if peace cannot be preserved with honour, why is not war commenced without hesitation? I am not, I confess, well informed of the resources of this kingdom, but I trust it has still sufficient to maintain its just rights, though I know them not. Any state, my lords, is better than despair. Let us at least make one effort, and if we must fall, let us fall like men.'

[illegible] in 1827 [illegible] Correspondence [illegible] 1838-40 (4 vols.). More attractive and accessible are Macaulay's two brilliant essays and the monograph by W. D. Green (1901).

William Melmoth (1710-99), the son of William Melmoth the elder (1666-1743), a lawyer who wrote a book on *A Religious Life*, is chiefly known as author of an exceptionally graceful and accurate translation of Pliny's *Letters*. Under the name of 'Sir Thomas Fitzosborne,' Melmoth also published a volume of *Letters on Several Subjects*, remarkable for elegance of style (1742, and often reprinted; best edition 1805). He also translated Cicero's Letters and the treatises *De Oratoribus*, *De Amicitia*, and *De Senectute*. His style, though sometimes feeble from excess of polish and ornament, is generally correct, perspicuous, and musical.

Jacob Bryant (1715-1804) engaged the attention of the learned world throughout a long life by his erudition, inventive fancy, and love of paradox. His most celebrated works are *A New System or Analysis of Ancient Mythology* (1774-76), *Observations on the Plain of Troy* (1795), and a *Dissertation concerning the War of Troy* (1796). The object of Bryant was to show that the expedition of the Greeks as described by Homer is fabulous, and that no such city as Troy existed. A host of adversaries rose up against him, and his theory never obtained any considerable support—though comparatively modern attempts were made to resolve Homeric incidents and persons into solar mythology. Bryant also wrote theological treatises, papers on classical subjects, books against Tom Paine, on the Land of Goshen, and the gypsies. Though this able and amiable man doubted and denied concerning Homer, he was so confident a believer in Chatterton's fabrications that he took up his pen to prove the authenticity of the Rowley poems.

John Brown (1715-66), son of the curate of Rothbury, became minor canon of Carlisle and chaplain to the Bishop, and held livings near Colchester and in Newcastle. He was popular in his own day as author of *Essays on the Characteristics of the Earl of Shaftesbury* (1751); and of an *Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times* (1757), written when there was general dissatisfaction with public men and measures, which by its caustic severity and animated appeals excited much attention. In Cowper's words—

> The inestimable Estimate of Brown
> Rose like a paper kite, and charmed the town.

But Pitt was called to the helm, things looked brighter, and down came the paper Estimate

> For measures planned and executed well,
> Shifted the wind that raised it, and it fell.

Brown wrote also on *The Union of Poetry and Music* and *The Progress of Poetry*, and had early in life shown his command of verse by a poem on *Honour* (1743) and by an *Essay on Satire*, addressed to Warburton, and prefixed by Warburton to his edition of Pope. From this *Essay* comes the famous line 'And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley with a grin,' as also the couplet:

Dauntless pursues the path Spinoza trod,
To man a coward and a brave to God,

quoted imperfectly from memory by Burns ('the daring path Spinoza trod') in an autobiographical letter. In almost every department of literature this versatile and indefatigable writer ventured with tolerable success. His two tragedies, *Barbarossa* and *Athelstane* (1754 and 1756), were brought out by Garrick, and he himself was praised by Wordsworth as one of the first in leading the way to a worthy admiration of the scenery of the English Lakes. This was in 1753; Gray, usually ranked amongst the earliest explorers of our romantic districts, did not visit the Lake country till 1769. Some suggestions of Brown's on a school system for Russia were submitted to the Empress Catharine, who straightway summoned him to St Petersburg, paying his expenses beforehand. But his health was broken, his friends and his doctor protested, and in his disgust at the collapse of his scheme Brown committed suicide. He had long been known to be verging on insanity.

The Vale of Keswick.

In my way to the north from Hagley, I passed through Dovedale; and, to say the truth, was disappointed in it. When I came to Buxton, I visited another or two of their romantic scenes; but these are inferior to Dovedale. They are all but poor miniatures of Keswick, which exceeds them more in grandeur than you can imagine; and more, if possible, in beauty than in grandeur.

Instead of the narrow slip of valley which is seen at Dovedale, you have at Keswick a vast amphitheatre, in circumference about twenty miles. Instead of a meagre rivulet, a noble living lake, ten miles round, of an oblong form, adorned with a variety of wooded islands. The rocks indeed of Dovedale are finely wild, pointed, and irregular; but the hills are both little and unanimated; and the margin of the brook is poorly edged with weeds, morass, and brushwood. But at Keswick, you will, on one side of the lake, see a rich and beautiful landscape of cultivated fields, rising to the eye in fine inequalities, with noble groves of oak happily dispersed, and climbing the adjacent hills, shade above shade, in the most various and picturesque forms. On the opposite shore, you will find rocks and cliffs of stupendous height, hanging broken over the lake in horrible grandeur; some of them a thousand feet high, the woods climbing up their steep and shaggy sides, where mortal foot never yet approached. On these dreadful heights the eagles build their nests; a variety of waterfalls are seen pouring from their summits, and tumbling in vast sheets from rock to rock in rude and terrible magnificence: while on all sides of this immense amphitheatre, the lofty mountains rise round, piercing the clouds in shapes as spiry and fantastic as the very rocks of Dovedale. To this I must add the frequent and bold projection of the cliffs into the lake, forming noble bays and promontories: in other parts, they finely retire from it; and often open in abrupt chasms or clefts, through which at hand you see rich and cultivated vales; and beyond these, at various distances, mountain rising over mountain; among which new prospects present themselves in mist, till the eye is lost in an agreeable perplexity:

'Where active fancy travels beyond sense,
And pictures things unseen.'

Were I to analyse the two places into their constituent principles, I should tell you that the full perfection of Keswick consists of three circumstances, beauty, horror, and immensity united; the second of which alone is found in Dovedale. Of beauty it hath little, nature having left it almost a desert; neither its small extent, nor the diminutive and lifeless form of the hills, admit magnificence. But to give you a complete idea of these three perfections, as they are joined in Keswick, would require the united powers of Claude, Salvator, and Poussin. The first should throw his delicate sunshine over the cultivated vales, the scattered cots, the groves, the lake, and wooded islands; the second should dash out the horror of the rugged cliffs, the steeps, the hanging woods, and foaming waterfalls, while the grand pencil of Poussin should crown the whole with the majesty of the impending mountains.

So much for what I would call the permanent beauties of this astonishing scene. Were I not afraid of being tiresome, I could now dwell as long on its varying or accidental beauties. I would sail round the lake, anchor in every bay, and land you on every promontory and island. I would point out the perpetual change of prospect; the woods, rocks, cliffs, and mountains, by turns vanishing or rising into view: now gaining on the sight, hanging over our heads in their full dimensions, beautifully dreadful; and now, by a change of situation, assuming new romantic shapes; retiring and lessening on the eye, and insensibly losing themselves in an azure mist. I would remark the contrast of light and shade, produced by the morning and evening sun; the one gilding the western, the other the eastern, side of this immense amphitheatre; while the vast shadow projected by the mountains, buries the opposite part in a deep and purple gloom, which the eye can hardly penetrate. The natural variety of colouring which the several objects produce is no less wonderful and pleasing; the ruling tints in the valley being those of azure, green, and gold; yet ever various, arising from an intermixture of the lake, the woods, the grass, and corn fields; these are finely contrasted by the gray rocks and cliffs; and the whole heightened by the yellow streams of light, the purple hues and misty azure of the mountains. Sometimes a serene air and clear sky disclose the tops of the highest hills; at other times, you see the clouds involving their summits, resting on their sides, or descending to their base, and rolling among the valleys, as in a vast furnace. When the winds are high, they roar among the cliffs and caverns like peals of thunder; then, too, the clouds are seen in vast bodies sweeping along the hills in gloomy greatness, while the lake joins the tumult, and tosses like a sea. But in calm weather, the whole scene becomes new; the lake is a perfect mirror, and the landscape in all its beauty; islands, fields, woods, rocks, and mountains are seen inverted and floating on its surface. By still moonlight (at which time the distant waterfalls are heard in all their variety of sound), a walk among these enchanting dales opens such scenes of delicate beauty, repose, and solemnity, as exceed all description.

(From a Letter.)

Robert Paltock (1697–1767), of Clement's Inn, attorney, was author of the famous story *Peter Wilkins*. His authorship was long unknown; but in 1835, at a sale by auction of books and manuscripts which had belonged to Dodsley the publisher, the original agreement for the copyright of the work was found. The tale was dedicated to the same Countess of Northumberland to whom Percy inscribed his *Reliques*, and Goldsmith the first printed copy of his *Edwin and Angelina*. Dates of different editions are 1750, 1751, 1783, 1784, 1816, 1839, 1884. To the countess Paltock had been indebted for "a late instance of benignity"; and it was after the pattern of her virtues that he drew the maid of his heroine Youwarkee. Little more is known of [illegible] except that he was married, and left two [illegible] and two daughters; that he was buried at [illegible] Intrinseca near Sherborne, Dorset; and that he was perhaps the author of another work, a dull one, *Memoirs of the Life of Par[illegible] a Spanish Lady: Translated from the Spanish MS. by R. P. Gent.* (1751). The title of Paltock's masterpiece may serve for an index to its nature and incidents: *The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins, a Cornish Man*: "relating particularly, his Shipwreck near the South Pole; his wonderful Passage thro' a subterraneous Cavern into a kind of new World; his there meeting with a Gawry, or flying woman, whose Life he preserv'd, and afterwards married her; his extraordinary Conveyance to the Country of Glumms and Gawrys, or Men and Women that fly. Likewise a Description of this strange Country, with the [illegible] Customs, and Manners of its Inhabitants, [illegible] Author's remarkable Transactions among [illegible] Taken from his own Mouth, in his [illegible] England from off Cape Horn in America, [illegible] Ship Hector. With an Introduction, [illegible] Account of the surprising Manner of his coming on board that Vessel, and his Death on his landing at Plymouth in the year 1739. By R. S., a Passenger in the Hector." The name of the hero and the germinal idea would seem to have been suggested by Bishop Wilkins's *[illegible]* (see Vol. I. p. 685), in which there are speculations on the possibility of a man being [illegible] by help of wings. For the rest, Paltock [illegible] his story on *Robinson Crusoe*, making his [illegible] shipwrecked voyager cast upon a [illegible] which he was for a time the [illegible] same virtues of fortitude, resignation, and [illegible] ingenuity are assigned to both. Peter is [illegible] devout even than Robinson. Paltock's [illegible] might be described as the first of the long [illegible] of what the Germans call *[illegible]*, [illegible] *The Swiss Family Robinson* belongs. The [illegible] minute, matter-of-fact style of Defoe is copied with success; but save in his description of the flying heroine, Paltock is greatly inferior. At least half of the tale is utterly tedious; when Wilkins de[illegible] the flying nation, their family alliances, laws, [illegible] and mechanic arts, romance disappears, and we see only a poor imitation of the manner of [illegible] The name of the country, [illegible], was doubtless chosen as being [illegible] able, and *glumm* and *gawry*, man and woman, have little to recommend them. [illegible] makes a grotto in a grassy plain by the side of a lake, surrounded by a woody amphitheatre, [illegible] which rises a towering rock. [illegible] One evening at the [illegible] he hears strange voices, and [illegible] finds a beautiful woman near his door. [illegible] other youths and maidens of the [illegible] on the other side of the great rock [illegible] merrily flying about, when [illegible] branches of a tree, her [illegible] became useless, and [illegible] stunned and senseless. [illegible] Hunt in *The Seer* asks his readers to [illegible] lovely woman, set in front of an ethereal [illegible] and wafted about like a Venus. [illegible] best general idea that can be [illegible] of Peter Wilkins. [illegible] Southey [illegible] [illegible] from [illegible]

Peter Wilkins and his Flying Bride

[illegible]

Methought I was in Cornwall, at my wife's aunt's; and inquiring after her and my children, the old gentlewoman informed me both my wife and children had been dead some time, and that my wife, before her departure, desired her (that is, her aunt) immediately upon my arrival to tell me she was only gone to the lake, where I should be sure to see her, and be happy with her ever after. I then, as I fancied, ran to the lake to find her. In my passage she stopped me, crying, 'Whither so fast, Peter? I am your wife, your Patty.' Methought I did not know her, she was so altered; but observing her voice, and looking more wistfully at her, she appeared to me as the most beautiful creature I ever beheld. I then went to seize her in my arms, but the hurry of my spirits awakened me. . . .

I then heard a sort of shriek, and a rustle near the door of my apartment, all which together seemed very terrible. I, therefore, having before determined to see what and who it was, resolutely opened my door and leaped out. I saw nobody; all was quite silent, and nothing that I could perceive but my own fears a moving. I went then softly to the corner of the building, and there, looking down by the glimmer of my lamp, which stood in the window, I saw something in human shape lying at my feet. I gave the word: 'Who is there?' Still no one answered. My heart was ready to force a way through my side. I was for a while fixed to the earth like a statue. At length recovering, I stepped in, fetched my lamp, and returning, saw the very beautiful face my Patty appeared under in my dream; and not considering that it was only a dream, I verily thought I had my Patty before me, but she seemed to be stone dead. Upon viewing her other parts, for I had never yet removed my eyes from her face, I found she had a sort of brown chaplet, like lace, round her head, under and about which her hair was tucked up and twined; and she seemed to me to be clothed in a thin hair-coloured silk garment, which, upon trying to raise her, I found to be quite warm, and therefore hoped there was life in the body it contained. I then took her into my arms, and treading a step backwards with her, I put out my lamp; however, having her in my arms, I conveyed her through the doorway, in the dark, into my grotto.

I thought I saw her eyes stir a little. I then set the lamp further off, for fear of offending them if she should look up; and warming the last glass I had reserved of my Madeira, I carried it to her, but she never stirred. I now supposed the fall had absolutely killed her, and was prodigiously grieved, when laying my hand on her breast, I perceived the fountain of life had some motion. This gave me infinite pleasure; so, not despairing, I dipped my finger in the wine, and moistened her lips with it two or three times, and I imagined they moved a little. Upon this I bethought me, and taking a teaspoon, I gently poured a few drops of the wine by that means into her mouth. Finding she swallowed it, I poured in another spoonful, and another, till I brought her to herself so well as to be able to sit up.

I then spoke to her, and asked divers questions, as if she had really been Patty, and understood me; in return of which, she uttered a language I had no idea of, though in the most musical tone, and with the sweetest accent I ever heard. It grieved me I could not understand her. However, thinking she might like to be upon her feet, I went to lift her off the bed, when she felt to my touch in the oddest manner imaginable; for while in one respect it was as though she had been cased in whalebone, it was at the same time as soft and warm as if she had been naked.

You may imagine we stared heartily at each other, and I doubted not but she wondered as much as I, by what means we came so near each other. I offered her everything in my grotto which I thought might please her, some of which she gratefully received, as appeared by her looks and behaviour. But she avoided my lamp, and always placed her back toward it. I observing that, and ascribing it to her modesty in my company, let her have her will, and took care to set it in such a position myself as seemed agreeable to her, though it deprived me of a prospect I very much admired.

After we had sat a good while, now and then, I may say, chattering to one another, she got up and took a turn or two about the room. When I saw her in that attitude, her grace and motion perfectly charmed me, and her shape was incomparable. . . .

I treated her for some time with all the respect imaginable, and never suffered her to do the least part of my work. It was very inconvenient to both of us only to know each other's meaning by signs; but I could not be otherwise than pleased to see that she endeavoured all in her power to learn to talk like me. Indeed I was not behindhand with her in that respect, striving all I could to imitate her. What I all the while wondered at was, she never shewed the least disquiet at her confinement; for I kept my door shut at first, through fear of losing her, thinking she would have taken an opportunity to run away from me, for little did I then think she could fly.

After my new love had been with me a fortnight, finding my water run low, I was greatly troubled at the thought of quitting her any time to go for more; and having hinted it to her, with seeming uneasiness, she could not for a while fathom my meaning; but when she saw me much confused, she came at length, by the many signs I made, to imagine it was my concern for her which made me so; whereupon she expressively enough signified I might be easy, for she did not fear anything happening to her in my absence. On this, as well as I could declare my meaning, I entreated her not to go away before my return. As soon as she understood what I signified to her by actions, she sat down with her arms across, leaning her head against the wall, to assure me she would not stir.

I took my boat, net, and water cask as usual, desirous of bringing her home a fresh fish dinner, and succeeded so well as to catch enough for several good meals and to spare. What remained I salted, and found she liked that better than the fresh, after a few days' salting. As my salt grew very low, though I had been as sparing of it as possible, I now resolved to try making some; and the next summer I effected it.

Thus we spent the remainder of the winter together, till the days began to be light enough for me to walk abroad a little in the middle of them; for I was now under no apprehensions of her leaving me, as she had before this time had so many opportunities of doing so, but never once attempted it. I did not even then know that the covering she wore was not the work of art but the work of nature, for I really took it for silk, though it must be premised, that I had never seen by any other light than of my lamp. Indeed, the modesty of her carriage, and sweetness of her behaviour to me, had struck into me a dread of offending her.

When the weather cleared up a little, by the lengthening of daylight, I took courage one afternoon to invite her to walk with me to the lake; but she sweetly excused herself from it, whilst there was such a frightful glare of light as she said; but, looking out at the door, told me if I would not go out of the wood, she would accompany me, so we agreed to take a turn only there. I first went myself over the stile of the door, and thinking it rather too high for her, I took her in my arms, and lifted her over. But even when I had her in this manner, I knew not what to make of her clothing, it sat so true and close; but seeing her by a steadier and truer light in the grove, though a heavy gloomy one, than my lamp had afforded, I begged she would let me know of what silk or other composition her garment was made. She smiled, and asked me if mine was not the same under my jacket. 'No, lady,' says I, 'I have nothing but my skin under my clothes.' 'Why, what do you mean?' replies she, somewhat tartly: 'but, indeed, I was afraid something was the matter, by that nasty covering you wear, that you might not be seen. Are you not a glumm?' (a man). 'Yes,' says I, 'fair creature.' (Here, though you may conceive she spoke part English, part her own tongue, and I the same, as we best understood each other, yet I shall give you our discourse, word for word, in plain English.) 'Then,' says she, 'I am afraid you must have been a very bad man, and have been crashee, which I should be very sorry to hear.' I told her I believed we were none of us so good as we might be, but I hoped my faults had not at most exceeded other men's; but I had suffered abundance of hardships in my time, and that at last Providence having settled me in this spot, from whence I had no prospect of ever departing, it was none of the least of its mercies to bring to my knowledge and company the most exquisite piece of all his works in her, which I should acknowledge as long as I lived [illegible].

'Sir,' says she, 'pray, answer me first how you came here?' 'Madam,' replied I, 'will you please to take a walk to the verge of the wood, and I will shew you the very passage?' 'Sir,' says she, 'I perfectly know the range of the rocks all round, and by the least description, without going to see them, can tell from which you descended.' 'In truth,' said I, 'most charming lady, I descended from no rock at all; nor would I, for a thousand worlds, attempt what could not [illegible] but by my destruction.' 'Sir,' says she in [illegible] 'it is false, and you impose upon me.' 'I [illegible] you,' says I, 'madam, what I tell you is strictly true; I never was near the summit of any of the [illegible] rocks, or anything like it. But as you are not far from the verge of the wood, be so good as to [illegible] further, and I will shew you my entrance in hither.' 'Well,' says she, 'now this odious dazzle of light is lessened, I do not care if I do go with you.'

When we came far enough to see the bridge, 'There, madam,' says I, 'there is my entrance, where the sea [illegible] into this lake from yonder cavern.' . . We arrived at the lake, [illegible] going to my wet dock, 'Now, madam,' says I, 'pray [illegible] yourself whether I spake true or no.' She looked at my boat, but could not yet frame a proper notion of it. Says I: 'Madam, in this very boat I sailed from the main ocean through that cavern into this lake; and shall at last think myself the happiest of all men if you continue with me, love me, and credit me; and I promise you I will never deceive you, but think my life happily spent in your service.' I found she was hardly content yet to believe what I told her of my boat to be true, until I stepped into it, and unlashing it from the dock, took my oars in my hand, and sailed along the lake by her as she walked on the shore. At last she seemed so well reconciled to me and my boat that she desired I would take her in. I immediately did so, and we sailed a good way, and as we returned to my dock, I described to her how I procured the water we drank, and brought it to shore in that vessel.

'Well,' says she, 'I have sailed, as you call it, many a mile in my lifetime, but never in such a thing as this. I own it will serve very well where one has a great many things to carry from place to place; but to be labouring thus at an oar, when one intends pleasure in sailing, is, in my mind, a most ridiculous piece of slavery.'

'Why, pray, madam, how would you have me sail? for getting into the boat only will not carry us this way or that, without using some force.' 'But,' says she, 'pray, where did you get this boat, as you call it?' 'O madam,' says I, 'that is too long and fatal a story to begin upon now: this boat was made many thousand miles from hence, among a people coal black, a quite different sort from us; and when I first had it, I little thought of seeing this country; but I will make a faithful relation of all to you when we come home.'

As we talked, and walked by the lake, she made a little run before me, and sprang into it. Perceiving this, I cried out; whereupon she merrily called on me to follow her. The light was then so dim as prevented my having more than a confused sight of her when she jumped in; and looking earnestly after her, I could discern nothing more than a small boat on the water, which skimmed along at so great a rate that I almost lost sight of it presently; but running along the shore, for fear of losing her, I met her gravely walking to meet me, and then had entirely lost sight of the boat upon the lake. 'This,' says she, accosting me with a smile, 'is my way of sailing, which, I perceive, by the fright you were in, you are altogether unacquainted with; and as you tell me you came from so many thousand miles off, it is possible you may be made differently from us; but surely we are the part of the creation which has had most care bestowed upon it: and I suspect from all your discourse, to which I have been very attentive, that you may not be able to [illegible] as I do.' 'No, charming creature,' says I, 'that I cannot, I will assure you.' She then stepping to the edge of the lake, for the advantage of a descent before her, [illegible] farther than my eyes could follow her.

I was quite astonished. 'So,' says I, 'then all is over [illegible] a mere phantom! Better had it been for me never to have seen her, than thus to lose her again!' I had but very little time for reflection; for in about ten minutes after she had left me in this mixture of grief and amazement, she alighted just by me on her feet.

Her return, as she plainly saw, filled me with a transport not to be concealed, and which, as she afterwards told me, was very agreeable to her. Indeed, I was some moments in such an agitation of mind, that these paralleled incidents, that I was like one thunder struck; but coming presently to myself, and clasping her in my arms, with as much love and passion as I was capable of expressing, 'Are you returned again, kind angel,' said I, 'to bless a wretch who can only be happy in adoring you? Can it be that you, who have so many advantages over me, should quit all the pleasures that nature has formed you for, and all your friends and relations, to take an asylum in my arms? But I here make you a tender of all I am able to bestow, my love and constancy.' 'Come, come,' says she, 'no more raptures: I find you a worthier man than I thought I had reason to take you for; and I beg your pardon for my distrust when I was ignorant of your imperfections; but now, I verily believe all you have said is true; and I promise you, as you have seemed so much to delight in me, I will never quit you till death or other as fatal accident shall part us. But we will now, if you choose, go home, for I know you have been some time uneasy in this room, though agreeable to me. For, giving my eyes the pleasure of looking eagerly on you, it conceals my blushes from your sight.'

In this manner, exchanging mutual endearments and caresses, hand in hand, we arrived at the grotto.

[illegible]

Henry Brooke (1703?-83), born at Rantavan in County Cavan, the son of a wealthy clergyman, went (1724) from Trinity College, Dublin, to study law in London, and there became the chosen friend of Pope and Lyttelton. From the heart of this brilliant literary society he was recalled to Ireland by a dying aunt, who left him guardian of her child, a girl of twelve, whom he sent to school, and two years afterwards, to the consternation of his friends, secretly married. His child wife brought him three children before she was eighteen, but of the large family of twenty-two only one survived the father. Brooke's first notable work, the poem *Universal Beauty* (1735), a sort of Bridgewater Treatise in rhyme, was said to have been revised by Pope, and is supposed to have supplied the foundation for Erasmus Darwin's *Botanic Garden*. In 1739 he published his play *Gustavus Vasa*, full of the noblest sentiments and the most inconceivable characters, the acting of which was prohibited at Drury Lane on political grounds, Sir Robert Walpole suspecting himself to be the prototype of a very unamiable character in the play. Dr Johnson wrote an ironical vindication of the Licensers of the stage; but on its publication in book form the play was bought in large numbers, and it was afterwards produced in Dublin as *The Patriot*. Brooke translated part of Tasso, projected a series of old Irish tales and an Irish history, wrote an Irish historic fragment in a style closely resembling that afterwards adopted by Ossian Macpherson, and [illegible] finally returned to Ireland, was given [illegible] as barrack-master of Mullingar by Lord Chesterfield, largely in consideration of his *Farmer's Letters to the Protestants of Ireland*. *The Earl of Essex*, a tragedy, was produced both at Dublin and in London; from this play (and not, as Kingsley said, from *Gustavus*) came the line not too correctly quoted by Boswell as 'Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free,' parodied by Johnson in 'Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.' Near the close of the first act of *Essex*, Queen Elizabeth says:

> [illegible]
> For other lights to t[illegible]
> Justly to judge, w[illegible]
> To rule o'er freemen, [illegible]

Philanthropy and ag[illegible] compelled Brooke to sell [illegible] and he settled in Kildare (1763). Here he wrote the best remembered of all his books—the only one, indeed, not utterly dead—*The Fool of Quality, or the History of the Earl of Moreland* (5 vols. 1766-70). His first political pamphlets had been strongly anti-Catholic; later he wrote pleas for the fairer treatment of the Catholics and the relaxation of the penal laws. In 1774 he issued a poor novel, *Juliet Grenville, or the History of the Human Heart*. Several years before his death, when living at Dublin, he sank into a condition of increasing mental debility. His devoted daughter Charlotte (died 1793), who had seen the decay of her father's intellect in the last part of the *Fool of Quality*, was herself an authoress, and published in 1789 *The Reliques of Irish Poetry*.

The *Fool of Quality* so commended itself to John Wesley that amidst his multitudinous labours he found time to prepare an abridged edition of it (1780); and in 1859 Charles Kingsley, who was no Methodist, published a complete edition with an enthusiastic preface and sketch of Brooke's life. Of the story he has recorded this opinion:

> In it we have the whole man: the education of an ideal nobleman by an ideal merchant-prince has given him room for all his speculations on theology, political economy, the relations of sex and family, and the training, moral and physical, of a Christian gentleman: and to them plot and probability are too often sacrificed. Its pathos is, perhaps, of too healthy and simple a kind to be considered very touching by a public whose taste has been palled by the 'æsthetic brandy and cayenne' of French novels. . . . Nevertheless, overmuch striving for pathos is the defect of the book. . . . The cause of its failure . . . is patent. The plot is extravagant as well as ill woven, and broken, besides, by episodes as extravagant as itself. The moral was Quixotic, and practically impossible. The sermonising, whether theological or social, is equally clumsy and obtrusive. . . . By that time also one may hope the earnest reader will have begun to guess at the causes which have made this book forgotten for a while; and perhaps to find them, not in its defects but in its excellences: in its deep and sound ethics, in its broad and genial humanity, in the divine value which it attaches to the relations of husband and wife, father and child; and to the utter absence both of that sentimentalism and that superstition which

have been alternately debauching of late years the minds of the young. And if he shall have arrived at this discovery, he will be able possibly to regard at least with patience those who are rash enough to affirm that they have learnt from this book more which is pure, sacred, and eternal, than from any which has been published since Spenser's Fairy Queen.

Few will give the book this high praise; but if it is odd, it is a remarkable book. Some of its digressions are as surprising, if not quite as amusing, as Sterne's; the heroic fist battles are described with the zest of Borrow; the venerable man who 'drops the tear of generosity' on the smallest provocation, like Mackenzie's 'Man of Feeling,' nevertheless cheers and regales the athlete and the destitute with a brimming cup (or several cups) of good ale and a hearty meal, as Borrow might have done; and many of the scattered thoughts are sagacious and suggestive as Meredith's. Again one is reminded of Borrow's highly muscular Christianity when we find that, with the author's entire approbation, the philanthropical protector, Mr Fenton, 'had already provided his favourite with a dancing-master, the most approved for skill in his profession; as also with a noted fencing-master, who further taught him the noble science of the cudgel and quarter-staff. He was now on the search for the most distinguished champion of the Bear-garden, in order to accomplish our hero in the mysteries of boxing, of wrestling, and of tripping.' Then [illegible] as Borrow [illegible] the old dogmas, and the good man takes a very lenient view of all the mischievous tricks played off by his protégé on a cruel and pedantic schoolmaster. Within the story are many stories: the earlier adventures of the minor characters, classical and historical stories dramatically retold, and moral apologues or allegories. At the end of many of the chapters Brooke provides a curious kind of Greek chorus. Without warning, the reader finds himself listening to an animated debate between 'Author' and 'Friend,' many of the most interesting things coming in as defence by 'Author' against the criticisms of 'Friend,' who is a sort of Advocatus Diaboli. The humour is genuine if sometimes a little obvious, and the satire trenchant and effective. The style frequently combines simplicity, vigour, and point in singular degree. The prose extracts are all from the *Fool of Quality*.

From 'Universal Beauty.'

Emergent from the deep view nature's face,
And o'er the surface deepest wisdom trace;
The verdurous beauties charm our cherish'd eyes
But who'll unfold the root from whence they rise?
Infinity within the sprouting bower!
Next to enigma in Almighty power;
Who only could infinitude confine,
And dwell immense within the minim shrine;
The eternal species in an instant mould,
And endless worlds in seeming atoms hold.
Plant within plant, and seed enfolding seed,
For ever—to end never—still proceed;
In forms complete, essentially retain
The future semen, alimental grain;
And these again, the tree, the trunk, the root,
The plant, the leaf, the blossom, and the fruit;
Again the fruit and flower the seed enclose,
Again the seed perpetuated grows,
And beauty to perennial ages flows.

The Fool's Outset in Life.

With his lady, he again retreated to the country, where, in less than a year, she made him the exulting father of a fine boy, whom he called Richard. Richard speedily became the sole centre of all his mother's solicitudes and affections. And though within the space of the two succeeding years she was delivered of a second boy, yet, as his infant aspect was less promising and more uninformed than his brother's, she sent him forth to be nursed by the robust wife of a neighbouring farmer, where, for the space of upwards of four years, he was honoured with no token from father or mother, save some casual messages to know from time to time if the child was in health. This boy was called Henry, after his uncle by the father's side. The earl had lately sent to London to make inquiry after his brother, but could learn no manner of tidings concerning him. Meanwhile, the education of the two children was extremely contrasted. Richard, who was already entitled my little lord, was not permitted to breathe the rudeness of the wind. On his slightest indisposition, the whole house was in alarms; his passions had full scope in all their infant irregularities; his genius was put into a hotbed, by the warmth of applauses given to every flight of his opening fancy; and the whole family conspired, from the highest to the lowest, to the ruin of promising talents and a benevolent heart. Young Harry, on the other hand, had every member as well as feature exposed to all weathers; would run about, mother naked, for near an hour, in a frosty morning; was neither pampered into delicacy, nor flattered into pride; scarce felt the convenience, and much less understood the vanity of clothing; and was daily occupied in playing and wrestling with the pigs and two mongrel spaniels on the common; or in kissing, scratching, or boxing with the children of the village. When Harry had passed his fifth year, his father, on a festival day, humbly proposed to send for him to his nurse, in order to observe how the boy might turn out; and my lady, in a fit of good-humour, assented. Nurse accordingly, tricked him out in his holiday petticoat, and walked with our hero to the great house, as they called it. At this time there were present many of the neighbouring gentry, who were entertained in a vast parlour, that appeared to be executed after the model of Westminster Hall. . . . These were the principal characters. The rest could not be said to be of any character at all. The cloth had been lately removed, and a host of glasses and decanters glittered on the table, when in comes young Harry, preceded by his nurse. All the eyes of the company were instantly drawn upon him; but he advanced, with a vacant and unobserving physiognomy, and thought no higher of the assembly than as of so many peasants at a country wake.

Dicky, my dear, says my lady, go and welcome your brother; whereat Dick went up, took Harry by the hand, and kissed him with much affection. Harry, thereupon, having eyed his brother—I don't know you, said he, bluntly, but at the same time held up his little mouth to kiss him again. Dick, says my lady, put your laced hat upon Harry, that we may see how it becomes him, which he immediately did; but Harry, feeling an unusual encumbrance on his head, took off the hat, and, having for some time looked contemptuously at it, he cast it from him with a sudden and agile jerk, as he used to cast flat stones to make ducks and drakes in the mill-pond. The hat took the glasses and decanters in full career; smash go the glasses, abroad pours the wine on circling laces, Dresden aprons, silvered silks, and rich brocades; female screams filled the parlour; the rout is equal to the uproar; and it was long ere most of them could be composed to their places. In the meanwhile, Harry took no kind of interest in their outcries or distresses; but spying a large Spanish pointer, that just then came from under the table, he sprung at him like lightning, seized him by the collar, and vaulted on his back with [illegible] agility. The dog, wholly disconcerted by so unaccustomed a burden, capered and plunged about in a violent manner; but Harry was a better horseman than to be so easily dismounted; where [illegible] outrageous, and, rushing into a group of little misses and masters, the children of the visitants, he overthrew them like nine-pins; thence proceeding with equal rapidity between the legs of Mrs Dowdy, a very fat and elderly lady, she instantly fell back with a violent shriek, and in her fall, unfortunately overthrew Frank the fox hunter, who overthrew Andrew the angler, who overthrew Bob the beau, who closed the catastrophe. Our hero, meantime, was happily dismounted by the intercepting petticoats, and fairly laid, without damage, in Mrs Dowdy's lap. From thence he arose at his leisure, and strolled about the room with as unconcerned an aspect as if nothing had happened amiss, and as though he had neither art nor part in this tragical [illegible]. When matters were once more, in some measure, set to rights—My heavens! exclaimed my lady, [illegible] positively an [illegible] perception of places or things. [illegible] she cried, with an angry tone; [illegible] Harry cast on her a look [illegible]

[illegible]

company expressed with regard to our hero; let it suffice to observe, that they generally agreed that, though the boy did not appear to be endowed by nature with a single faculty of the *animal rationale*, he might, nevertheless, be rendered capable, in time, of many places of very honourable and lucrative employment. Mr Meekly alone, though gentle and complying at other times, now presumed to dissent from the sense of the company. I rather hold, said he, that this infant is the promise of the greatest philosopher and hero that our age is likely to produce. By refusing his respect to those superficial distinctions which fashion has inadequately substituted as expressions of human greatness, he approves himself the philosopher; and by the quickness of his feelings for injured innocence, and his boldness in defending those to whom his heart is attached, he approves himself at once the hero and the man.

The Gentleman.

Friend. This, I presume, must be some very respectable personage, some extraordinary favourite of yours; since, within a few lines, you style him three or four times by your 'most venerable of all titles, the title of a gentleman.'

Author. Sir, I would not hold three words of conversation with any man who did not deserve the appellation of gentleman by many degrees better than this man does.

Friend. Why, then, do you write or speak with such acknowledged impropriety?

Author. I think for myself, but I speak for the people. I may think as I please, for I understand my own thoughts; but, would I be understood when I speak to others also, I must speak with the people; I must speak in common terms, according to their common or general acceptation. There is no term in our language more common than that of gentleman; and, whenever it is heard, all agree in the general idea of a man some way elevated above the vulgar. Yet, perhaps, no two living are precisely agreed respecting the qualities they think requisite for constituting this character. When we hear the epithets of a 'fine gentleman,' a 'pretty gentleman,' 'much of a gentleman,' 'gentleman-like,' 'something of the gentleman,' 'nothing of a gentleman,' and so forth; all these different appellations must intend a peculiarity annexed to the ideas of those who express them, though [illegible]

[illegible]

the court of Syracuse to be—the most of a gentleman. But, seriously, I apprehend that this character is pretty much upon the modern. In all ancient or dead languages we have no term any way adequate whereby we may express it. In the habits, manners, and characters of old Sparta and old Rome, we find an antipathy to all the elements of modern gentility. Among those rude and unpolished people, you read of philosophers, of orators, patriots, heroes, and demigods; but you never hear of any character so elegant as that of—a pretty gentleman. When those nations, however, became refined into what their ancestors would have called corruption; when luxury introduced, and fashion gave a sanction to certain sciences, which cynics would have branded with the ill-mannered appellations of debauchery, drunkenness, gambling, cheating, lying, &c., the practitioners assumed the new title of gentlemen, till such gentlemen became as plenteous as stars in the milky way, and lost distinction merely by the confluence of their lustre. Wherefore, as the said qualities were found to be of easy acquisition, and of easy descent to the populace from their betters, ambition judged it necessary to add further marks and criterions for severing the general herd from the nobler species of gentlemen. Accordingly, if the commonalty were observed to have a propensity to religion, their superiors affected a disdain of such vulgar prejudices, and a freedom that cast off the restraints of morality, and a courage that spurned at the fear of God, were accounted the distinguishing characteristics of a gentleman. If the populace, as in China, were industrious and ingenious, the grandees, by the length of their nails and the cramping of their limbs, gave evidence that true dignity was above labour or utility, and that to be born to no end was the prerogative of a gentleman. If the common sort by their conduct declare a respect for the institutions of civil society and good government, their betters despise such pusillanimous conformity, and the magistrates pay becoming regard to the distinction, and allow of the superior liberties and privileges of—a gentleman. If the lower set show a sense of common honesty and common order, those who would figure in the world think it incumbent to demonstrate that complaisance to inferiors, common manners, common equity, or any thing common, is quite beneath the attention or sphere of—a gentleman. Now, as underlings are ever ambitious of imitating and usurping the manners of their superiors, and as this state of mortality is incident to perpetual change and revolution; it may happen, that when the populace, by encroaching on the province of gentility, have arrived to their *ne plus ultra* of insolence, debauchery, irreligion, &c., the gentry, in order to be again distinguished, may assume the station that their inferiors had forsaken, and, however ridiculous the supposition may appear at present, humanity, equity, utility, complaisance and piety, may in time come to be the distinguishing characteristics of—a gentleman.

Friend. From what you have said, it appears that the most general idea which people have formed of a gentleman is that of a person of fortune, above the vulgar, and embellished by manners that are fashionable in high life. In this case, fortune and fashion are the two constituent ingredients in the composition of modern gentlemen; for, whatever the fashion may be, whether moral or immoral, for or against reason, right or wrong, it is equally the duty of a gentleman to conform.

Author. And yet I apprehend that true gentility is altogether independent of fortune or fashion, of time, customs, or opinions of any kind. The very same qualities that constituted a gentleman in the first age of the world, are permanently, invariably, and indispensably necessary to the constitution of the same character to the end of time.

The Lawyer.

It is greatly to be lamented that the learned in our laws are not as immortal as the suits for which they are retained. It were therefore to be wished that an act of parliament might be especially passed for that purpose; a matter no way impracticable, considering the great interest those gentlemen have in the House. In truth, it seems highly expedient that an infinity of years should be assigned to each student of the *black letter* of our laws, to enable them to read over that infinity of volumes which have already been published; to say nothing of the infinity that are yet to come, which will be held equally necessary for understanding the profession, of critically distinguishing and oratorically expatiating on law against law, case against case, authority against authority, precedent against precedent, statute against statute, and argument against reason. In matters of no greater moment than life and death, juries, as at the beginning, are still permitted to enter directly on the hearing and decision; but in matters so sacred as that of property, our courts are extremely cautious of too early an error in judgment. In order, therefore, to sift and boult them to the very bran, they are delivered over to the lawyers, who are equally the refiners and disputers, the pleaders and impleaders, representers and misrepresenters, explainers and confounders of our laws: our lawyers, therefore, maintain the right of being paid for their ingenuity in putting an end to all properties in debate. Debated properties consequently become the properties of the lawyers, as long as answers can be given to bills, or replies to answers, or rejoinders to replies, or rebutters to rejoinders: as long as the battledores can strike and bandy, and till the shuttlecock falls of itself to the ground. Soberly and seriously speaking, English property, when once debated, is merely a carcase of contention, upon which interposing lawyers fall as customary prize and prey during the continuance of the contests. While any flesh remains on a bone, it continues a bone of contention; but so soon as the learned practitioners have picked it quite clean, the quarrel is over, and all again is peace and settled neighbourhood.

It is worthy of much pleasantry and shaking of sides to observe that, in intricate, knotty, and extremely perplexing cases, when the sages of the gown and coif are so puzzled as not to know what to make of the matter, they then [illegible] to the arbitration and award of two or three plain men, or, by record, to the judgment of twelve simple honest fellows, who, casting aside all regard to the form of writs and citations, to the lapse of monosyllables, verbal mistakes and misnomers, enter at once upon the pith and marrow of the business, and in three hours determine, according to equity and truth, what had been suspending in the dubious scales of recrimination, quotation, altercation, and pecuniary consideration, for three and twenty years. Neither do I see any period to the progress of this evil; the avenue still opens, and leads on to further mischiefs: for the distinctions in law are, like the Newtonian particles of matter, divisible *ad infinitum*. They have been dividing and subdividing for some centuries past, and the subdivisions are as likely to be subdividing for ever; insomuch that law, thus divisible, debateable, and delayable, is become a [illegible] greater grievance than all that it was intended to [illegible]. I lately asked a pleasant gentleman of the coat [illegible] thought it possible for a poor man to obtain [illegible], in a matter of property, against a rich man. He smiled, and answered, according to scripture, that 'with man it was impossible, but that all things were possible to God.' I suppose he meant that the [illegible] courts of Westminster were hereafter to be [illegible].

Edward Moore (1712-57), author of *Fables for the Female Sex*, was a native of Abingdon in Berkshire, son of a Dissenting minister. He was for some years a linen-draper, but having failed in business, adopted literature as a profession. He wrote several plays, of which *The Foundling* (1748) and *Gil Blas* (1751) were not successes, whereas *The Gamester* (1753) was translated into French, Dutch, and German, and is still sometimes performed. The prologue and some of the best parts of it were by Garrick, who played in it. Moore, under the name of Adam Fitz-adam, edited a series of essays called *The World* (1753-56), for which he himself wrote only some sixty out of two hundred and ten numbers, the rest being by patrons and wits such as Lyttelton, Chesterfield, Soame Jenyns, and Horace Walpole. Moore's poem, *The Trial of Selim the Persian*, is largely flattery of Lyttelton. The *Fables* of Moore rank next to those of Gay, but are inferior to them both in choice of subject and in poetical merit; they are rather didactic. The three last are by Henry Brooke. Goldsmith thought that justice had not been done to Moore as a poet: 'It was upon his *Fables* he founded his reputation, but they are [illegible] *The Gamester*, even apart from Garrick's [illegible]

The Happy Marriage

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair,
In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

As a *jeu d'esprit*, the following is sprightly enough, and not without some basis in truth:

A Hymn to Poverty

O Poverty! thou source of human art,
Thou great inspirer of the poet's song!
In vain Apollo dictates, and the Nine
Attend in vain unless thy mighty hand
Direct the tuneful lyre. Without thy aid
The canvas breathes no longer. M[illegible]
Uninfluenced by thee, forget to pl[illegible]
Thou giv'st the organ sound; by thee the flute
Breathes harmony; the tuneful viol owes
[illegible] The warbling voice is thine.
[illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]
Is nerved by thee. Thy power the gown-man feels,
And urged by thee unfolds heaven's mystic truths.
Hail, Power omnipotent! M[illegible]
Thou deign'st to visit, far alas! [illegible]
To bear thy awful presence. O retire!
At distance let me view thee, lest too nigh
I sink beneath the terrors of thy face.

It is a curious fact that Moore died while the last number of the collected edition of his periodical, the *World*, which described the feigned imaginary illness of the author, was passing through the press.

Isaac Bickerstaffe, play-writer, was born in Ireland about 1735, and at eleven became page to Lord Chesterfield, the Lord Lieutenant. He was afterwards an officer of marines, but was dismissed the service, and in 1772 had to flee the country on a capital charge. Nothing is certainly known of his [illegible] afterwards, but he is supposed to have died on the Continent in or soon after 1812. Of his [illegible] pieces, produced between 1760 and 1771, the best known is *The Maid of the Mill*. He constantly works into his plays all manner of proverbial sayings, familiar scraps from the poets, and tags of every kind. In *The Sultan* we have

Let men say whate'er they will,
Woman, woman rules them still.

'We all love a pretty girl under the rose' is a song in *Love in a Village*. There is no known connection between this playwright, odd though it seems, and the *nom de guerre* of 'Isaac Bickerstaff' used by Swift in his attacks on Partridge the bookseller and quack concoctor of prophecy almanacs (1707-9). Swift took the name, he says, from a locksmith's sign in Longacre; and with Swift's assent Steele adopted the pseudonym for the eponymous hero of his *Tatler*, started in 1709 while the pamphlet-war was still being waged. It is of course quite [illegible] to suppose that in an Dublin family of the name of Bickerstaffe the *Tatler's* Christian name might have been given to a boy born a few years after Steele's death.

Laurence Sterne.

a clergyman of most unclerical disposition, followed in his profession the most notable recent members of his family, though not his father, who was a captain in the army. The Sternes were a family of good antiquity, who bore as crest the bird celebrated by their son, the starling; and Sterne's great-grandfather Richard, a strong Cavalier, was first Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, then Bishop of Carlisle, and Archbishop of York from 1664 till his death in 1683. His sons obtained establishments as squires and ecclesiastics in the district; and the third son married an heiress, Mary Jaques of Elvington near York. This pair had a large family, of which Roger was the second. He married Agnes, the daughter or step-daughter of a sutler named Nuttle (A.Z.). 'He was in debt to him,' says the graceless offspring of this union; and Laurence, their eldest son, was born at Clonmel in Ireland on the 24th of November 1713. The Peace of Utrecht (1713) for a time deprived Captain Sterne of his occupation; but he was soon put on the establishment again, and the family 'followed the drum' in divers parts of England and Ireland for years, many children being born but few surviving, till at last (1731) Captain Roger died in Jamaica of the effects of fever following upon a duel wound at Gibraltar. Sterne had been sent to school at Halifax in Yorkshire; and though his father's means were always small, and perished with him, his cousin, Sterne of Elvington, and his uncle, Jaques Sterne, who became a powerful pluralist in the archdiocese of York, behaved to the boy with a kindness which was either more amiably given or more amiably taken than in the similar case of Swift. He was admitted to Jesus College (where his relationship to the Archbishop procured him a scholarship) in July 1733, and took his degrees (B.A. 1736 and M.A. 1740) at the usual time, though he does not seem to have resided, as was still not uncommon, for the whole seven years. He was ordained deacon in the same year in which he took his degree, and priest in 1738, being immediately appointed by his uncle to the benefice of Sutton-in-the-Forest, a few miles from York. Hardly the slightest fact or anecdote exists in reference to his Cambridge sojourn, except that he there made the acquaintance (an agreeable if not wholly profitable one) of the future 'Eugenius.' John Hall, who had not yet taken the additional name of Stevenson, a member of the same college and a distant connection of the Sternes. Before he obtained his living he had begun to court, and on Easter Monday 1741 he married, Elizabeth Lumley, who had very good blood, a small fortune, and family influence sufficient to procure her husband the additional living of Stillington. His uncle, whose favour he retained till much later, was able also to give him divers prebendal and other appointments more connected with the chapter of York. No single one of these endowments was of much value; but, taken together, their income must have been comfortable. It might have been supposed that a man of such intense literary idiosyncrasy as Sterne would have soon turned to writing in the vacant hours of which he must have had so many. For the 'duty' which he says (and doubtless truly) he did was, in the first half of the eighteenth century, of the least exhausting or absorbing kind. But no one of the very few and by no means certain fragments that we have of his is early (putting a sermon or two out of the question); and his own brief account, which there is no reason to question, is that 'he spent near twenty years' doing the said duty, with 'books, painting, fiddling, and shooting' for his amusements. It is pretty certain that we may add 'fluting;' but even of this we have no

LAURENCE STERNE.

From an Engraving by Fisher after Reynolds.

certain record till close upon the year 1760, when he 'broke out ten thousand strong' with *Tristram Shandy*. Hardly the slightest information is available as to the reasons which made a man of nearly fifty thus suddenly become an author, and one of the first rank. He tells us that he wanted money to repair some losses by unlucky farming experiments; we know that for some time he had had access, in the library of Hall Stevenson at Skelton ('Crazy') Castle, to a large collection of out-of-the-way books, especially French of the sixteenth century; and we know further that the success of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett had for some little time past established the novel in something like the old place of the drama, as an appeal to public favour at once fashionable and profitable.

The first two volumes of the book were published simultaneously in York and London on New Year's Day 1760; their extraordinary originality (partly genuine, partly artificial) took the town at once, and Sterne, who had gone up to see after the publication, was 'lionised' by society in a manner which was probably as welcome to him as either fame or profit. The pompous and orthodox Warburton gave him (with some not superfluous cautions) a present of money; Lord Falconbridge gave him yet another Yorkshire living (Coxwold); everybody asked him to dinner. He was encouraged to print some sermons of a tolerably serious kind, and when summer came he returned to Yorkshire determined to repeat his success at the opening of the next year. With rather unusual luck he did so; sold the third and fourth volumes for nearly £400 to Dodsley, and had another season of glory in London as a bachelor. In the third winter, 1761-62, he published the third pair rather earlier (in December), and, obtaining leave of absence from his duties, took his wife and daughter Lydia to France. Here they spent the rest of the winter and the spring in Paris, and nearly two years in the south at Toulouse and elsewhere. Mrs and Miss Sterne, indeed, remained in France for several years; but Sterne came back in the middle of 1764, and got a fourth pair of volumes ready for January 1765, when he repeated his old enjoyment of success in London, besides drawing subscriptions for a fresh batch of sermons, more in character. In October of this year he went abroad again, extending his journey to Rome and even Naples, and meeting his family in France, but still not bringing them home with him. In the latter part of 1766 and the early part of 1767 he once more followed his old order of writing, publishing, and going up to London to enjoy the success of an instalment of *Tristram* (in this case one volume only, the ninth and last. And he then carried on his once admired, now slightly ridiculous, philandering with 'Eliza,' the 'Bramine' (in other words, Mrs Draper, the 'grass-widow' of an Indian functionary. By this time Sterne's health (which in early manhood had been, he says, very good, but about the time of his first successes had broken, so as to give more than pretext for his journeys to the South) was very seriously impaired. His wife and daughter spent the winter with him at York; and he then made, alone, his usual publishing and merry-making expedition to London, with the *Sentimental Journey* in *Tristram's* place. It was published on 28th February 1768, and Sterne himself died of consumption on 18th March in his Bond Street lodgings, without any relation, friend, or person of his own degree to look after him. His dead body is said to have been robbed, which is not at all improbable; and his grave in the burial-ground of St George's at Paddington, to have been violated by body-snatchers, which is not at all impossible. His wife, who was left in bad circumstances, did not survive him many years; his daughter married a Frenchman named Medalle, published her father's letters with extraordinary want of decency or want of care, and is said to have atoned for this by being guillotined under the French Revolution. Quite recently details have been published respecting her conduct at school, which show that she must have had not a little of the mischievous wit of her father. Not very much can be said for Sterne's moral character except that he does not seem to have been at all ill-natured; that he had none of the underhand tricks which have rather too often distinguished men of letters, and for which his great contemporaries Pope and Voltaire are specially infamous; that he was most sincerely and unselfishly fond of his daughter; and that, though anything but a good husband in some ways, he seems to have done his utmost to supply his wife liberally, in her independent wanderings, out of means which were certainly far from abundant. How far his exorbitant philanderings transgressed the orbit of admitted morality, as well as that of propriety in the general sense, charity may forbear from deciding in the lucky absence of positive evidence. But unluckily these philanderings, though they are free from the callous brutality which smirches the love-making of the Restoration, are made almost more distasteful to moderns by the sickly sentimentality and the sniggering prurience which pervade both his published and his private writings.

These writings themselves, however, are very remarkable things, and may even be called great, though they are by no means faultless. Among their faults, that ugly one which has just been glanced at needs no further mention and admits of no defence; but some others of their characteristics present an interesting though difficult mixture of the attractive and the irritating. In form, the two main works (the Sermons and the few minor pieces need little notice; and the interest of the *Letters*, though great, is wholly biographical) are, as has been said, novels; but novels of a very peculiar kind. The consecutive narrative interest of *Tristram Shandy* is almost nil. The book purports to give an account of the hero's life and opinions: but as a matter of fact he rarely appears at all *in propria persona*, though his birth and the events directly preceding and succeeding it are dealt with at great length. The three principal actors of this comedy are Walter Shandy, Tristram's father, a whimsical humourist and eccentric philosopher of the type which, rightly or wrongly, was already accepted all over Europe as specially English; his wife, a lady as matter-of-fact as her husband is eccentric; and his brother Toby, a veteran of Marlborough's wars, a gentleman to his finger-ends, amiable almost to the angelic, and guileless to a point which is sometimes rather dangerously near the imbecile. Round these gather or disperse, in groupings now vivid, now shadowy, the servants of the Shandy household: Dr Slop, a Papist practitioner; Corporal Trim, one of the greatest of the whole company, Uncle Toby's body-servant, admirer, and shrewder analogue; and Mrs Wadman, a wily widow with designs on Toby. But though certain portions, or at least episodes of the action which the whole company of performers may be easily supposed to work out, do actually make their appearance, they are very rarely of much substantive importance, and generally mere occasions for endless digression and rigmarole—humorous, sentimental, pathetic, purely nonsensical, as the thing may strike the writer's fancy and as he conceives it likely to satisfy or merely to raise the reader's appetite.

The *Sentimental Journey*, on the other hand, though the general characteristics of its method are much the same, consists of rather more uniform beads strung much more closely on a thread which, though shorter, is far more continuous and of stouter texture. Much of it certainly is an embellished and fancifully coloured narrative of Sterne's actual experiences in his two foreign journeys; it can hardly be said that any of the actual incidents is impossible or even highly improbable in itself; and the central figure, subject and object at once, is not merely a pretty obvious portrait of Sterne partly as he was, partly as he would have liked to be, but also one of the most authentic and carefully worked out personages of the world of fiction. The solidity, light as it seems, of the frame of the book is best proved by the scores and hundreds of subsequent books which have been modelled upon it, with a success varying only with the extent of the writer's talent.

In both books, however, and especially in *Tristram*, the very last thing that the author has wished, or has been contented to do, is to follow any single and simple scheme. A constant flicker of variety, not a steady glow of illustration, is what he aims at, and no means are too odd, too apparently childish, too merely mechanical for him. In the original editions of *Tristram Shandy* one page, instead of being printed, is marbled like the end-papers of a bound book, and another is simply blacked all over. Blanks of various dimensions abound; asterisks and points are constant; dashes come at almost every line. Immediately above this mere machinery come the contortions and oddities of the style itself, a very admirable and, when the author chooses, a very pure style at its best, but constantly fretted by breaks and aposiopeses—now conversational, now grandiloquent, now positively vulgar, lapsing now into regular dialogue with the supposed reader, now into soliloquy; in short, into anything that may sufficiently twist and vary the thread of humdrum narration or exposition.

As a yet further means of securing variety and attraction, Sterne resorted to a practice which for some time escaped notice to a large extent, but which, when it was fully exposed many years after his death by the investigations of a Manchester physician, Dr Ferrier, became for a time, and has not altogether ceased to be, the occasion of rather unintelligent censure. Either because, in the long interval between his youth and the publication of his first book, he had so packed his mind with reading that relief was natural; or from the scarcely less natural diffidence which a late-writing author might feel in his power to interest 'out of his own head;' or most probable of all from a certain impishness which took delight in passing off other people's property as his own, Sterne, while by no means stingy of actual quotation and reference, sometimes real, sometimes imaginary, was exceedingly free in borrowing from other writers without any acknowledgment. His chief creditor was Rabelais—a case in which there could be no disguise. But he was also largely indebted to Burton's *Anatomy*, a treasure which, after being well appreciated for nearly the whole of the seventeenth century, had become one of those neglected by the eighteenth. And he also conveyed from a host of obscurer writers of different times—authors of French *fatrasie*, like the *Moyen de Parvenir*, Latin canonists and schoolmen, miscellanists of all kinds from whom something odd could be obtained. Although there may have been unnecessary mystification in his manner of executing these conveyances, it is in his case, as in some if not most others, only those ignorant enough not to suspect or recognise the borrowing who will be ill-judging enough to use harsh language about it. As has been often and most justly said, a writer of Sterne's genius simply cannot steal—because he cannot help making the stolen things his own in the process. He does not kidnap, he adopts; and, in adopting, endows what is adopted with his own position and wealth.

Certain limitations, however, are of necessity imposed on a mosaic of this kind: first of all a certain artificiality; and secondly, the exclusion of at least some sources of the touches of nature by which the author succeeds in enlivening the artificial. Sterne could hardly be—he certainly never is sublime; he is never passionate; he is never profound. Pathos and humour are the two great springs upon which he works. Both are real; but the first is to modern tastes perhaps of a more dubious kind than the last. Sterne can be purely pathetic—of that there is no doubt; but his pathos constantly passes into the singular variety of emotion called 'sentiment' or—generally in the country which invented it, and sometimes in England while it was popular—'sensibility.' This may best be described as a cultivated pathos, extremely self-conscious, and working itself up and out according to an elaborate and rather conventional set of rules. It has much to do with the artificial gallantry and bravado of the 'heroic' plays and romances of the previous century, from which, indeed, it was an almost direct offshoot. It had been practised in France for nearly a hundred years before Sterne's time; but he himself was by far its greatest artist, and his popularity in France itself was almost as great as in England, while his direct influence there was almost greater. But in France there was also growing up, with Rousseau as its prophet, a new kind of sentiment crossed and heightened with the new nature-worship. Of this last, though contemporaries in England like Gray display it, we find scarcely a trace in Sterne, whose donkeys and starlings are brought into direct relation with *human* sentiment; while the scenes which serve as backgrounds for all the figures are backgrounds and decorations merely. For us, therefore his sentiment always, and even his pathos, where he transcends sentiment sometimes, smells too much of the lamp. To no one perhaps does a celebrated caution of Professor Bain's better apply—'that both with the embrace and the lachrymal flow the occasion should be adequate and the actuality rare.' It is a question whether even the world-famous deathbed of Le Fèvre does not now require something of distinct effort and preparation in order thus to enjoy it. The great companion scene of the dead donkey is given up even by some who hold to Le Fèvre; and Maria of Moulins—the 'young woman as kept a goat'—can at best hold a place between. Only the starling passage perhaps can completely pass muster; and Sterne has by no means improved it by crossing the *t*'s and dotting the *i*'s sentimentally in the subsequent application to the human captive.

His humour is safer for those who can appreciate humour—not perhaps a very large class. Some foreign critics, not to the manner born, have even gone so far as to see in Sterne *the* humourist *par excellence*, the typical example or exponent of this specially English product. This is of course a mistake, though not an inexcusable one. We have at least half-a-dozen humourists, from Chaucer to Carlyle, who are greater examples of the quality. But Sterne is undoubtedly the chief of no small province in the great kingdom of Humour. What has been said above of his general will apply capitally here to his particular merits and drawbacks. His humour is usually a little, and often extremely, artificial; and he is distinguished from most of the greater humourists—*not* perhaps from Carlyle, who owed him more than is always recognised—by being unable to let his humorous strokes produce their effect without meddling. He seems to watch himself in the performance of the trick, to introduce fresh twists and touches in the very doing of it. In other words, he is intensely, nervously, feverishly self-conscious; he cannot wear his mask or his motley steadily, but is always shifting the one to peep from behind it, and fiddling with the other to make it set more becomingly and show its colours better.

Hence it is possible for Sterne to be, to some moods, a rather teasing writer; but in these moods it is best simply to lay him down. Other things being equal, and the reader well disposed, there is no fear of his failing to give satisfaction by the restless glancing play of his intellect; while the contrasted introduction of feeling supplies again—with a certain allowance—a not disagreeable set-off and escapement. Nor, for those who want somewhat more of the psychological interest in literature, are the shadowings forth of Toby and Trim and the rest in *Tristram*, of Sterne himself in the *Journey*, negligible things. The 'gentleman in the black silk smalls' is for thoughts that are not soon exhausted. He is, however, not an easy writer to understand by specimens, nor is he in all respects easy to select from. In one sense, no doubt, he is 'made up of extracts.' But these extracts are by no means always so separable as they look: they constantly require the knowledge of a not always contiguous context; and, in the more humorous passages especially, there is always the danger of slipping into one of Sterne's puddles of dirty water, which do not allow themselves to be filled up or blocked out without risk to the comprehension of the whole. More especially is this the case in *Tristram Shandy*, where the incidents attending the author-hero's birth, and the eccentricities and misfortunes of Dr Slop, and my uncle Toby's wound, and the siege of Namur where it was inflicted, and the fancy sieges in little with which he and Corporal Trim beguiled their half pay, and the far more formidable siege laid by Widow Wadman to my uncle Toby himself, and the first sketch of the *Sentimental Journey* supposed to be made by Tristram and occupying an entire volume—not to mention such pure extravagances as the curse of Ernulphus, and the humours of Yorick and Eugenius and the [illegible] and the story of Diego, and a dozen other things—have a genuine metaphysical connection for all their apparent desultoriness and deviation. The *Sentimental Journey*, much shorter, is also somewhat more closely connected; and the successive tableaux have a real periodic bond like that of an elaborate sentence. Thus it is rather Sterne's manner as a writer, than the complete nature of his writings that can be judged from specimens. Those, however, which follow have been carefully selected with a view to obtain as much diversity as possible, and they will therefore all the better illustrate the singular unity of character which underlies this apparent diversity. The only characteristics of importance which remain unillustrated are those which it is in the circumstances impossible to illustrate.

Trim and Toby Planning the Fortifications

When a man gives himself up to the government of a ruling passion,—or, in other words, when his HOBBY-HORSE grows head-strong,—farewell cool reason and fair discretion!

My uncle Toby's wound was near well, and as soon as the surgeon recovered his surprise, and could get leave to say as much, he told him 'twas just beginning to incarnate; and that if no fresh exfoliation happened, which there was no sign of, it would be dried up in five or six weeks. The sound of as many Olympiads, twelve hours before, would have conveyed an idea of shorter duration to my uncle Toby's mind. The succession of his ideas was now rapid; he broiled with impatience to put his design in execution;—and so, without consulting further with any soul living, which, by the bye, I think is right when you are predetermined to take no one soul's advice, he privately ordered Trim, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dressings, and hire a chariot-and-four to be at the door exactly by twelve o'clock that day, when he knew my father would be upon 'Change. So, leaving a bank-note upon the table for the surgeon's care of him, and a letter of thanks for his brother's, he packed up his maps, his books of fortification, his instruments, &c., and, by the help of a crutch on one side, and Trim on the other, my uncle Toby embarked for Shandy Hall.

The reason, or rather the rise, of this sudden emigration was as follows:—

The table in my uncle Toby's room, and at which, the night before this change happened, he was sitting with his maps, &c., about him,—being somewhat of the smallest, for that infinity of great and small instruments of knowledge which usually lay crowded upon it;—he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco-box, to throw down his compasses, and, in stooping to take the compasses up, with his sleeve he threw down his case of instruments and snuffers;———and as the dice took a run against him, in his endeavouring to catch the snuffers in falling,——he thrust Monsieur Blondel off the table, and Count de Pagan o' top of him.

It was to no purpose for a man, lame as my uncle Toby was, to think of redressing these evils by himself: he rung his bell for his man Trim;—Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, prithee see what confusion I have here been making. I must have some better contrivance, Trim.——Canst not thou take my rule, and measure the length and breadth of this table, and then go and bespeak me one as big again? Yes, an' please your Honour, replied Trim, making a bow;——but I hope your Honour will be soon well enough to get down to your country seat, where,—as your Honour takes so much pleasure in fortification, we could manage this matter to a T.

I must here inform you that this servant of my uncle Toby's, who went by the name of Trim, had been a corporal in my uncle's own company;—his real name was James Butler;—but having got the nick-name of Trim in the regiment, my uncle Toby, unless when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been disabled for the service by a wound on his left knee by a musket-bullet, at the battle of Landen, which was two years before the affair of Namur;—and as the fellow was well beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain, my uncle Toby took him for his servant; and of an excellent use was he, attending my uncle Toby in the camp and in his quarters, as a valet, groom, barber, cook, sempster, and nurse; and, indeed, from first to last, waited upon him and served him with great fidelity and affection.

My uncle Toby loved the man in return; and what attached him more to him still was the similitude of their knowledge. For Corporal Trim (for so for the future, I shall call him), by four years' occasional attention to his master's discourse upon fortified towns, and the advantages of prying and peeping continually into his Master's plans, &c., exclusive and besides what he gained HOBBY-HORSICALLY as a body-servant, *non Hobby-horsical per se*, had become no mean proficient in the science; and was thought, by the cook and chamber-maid, to know as much of the nature of strongholds as my uncle Toby himself.

I have but one more stroke to give to finish Corporal Trim's character, and it is the only dark line in it. The fellow loved to advise, or rather to hear himself talk; his carriage, however, was so perfectly respectful 'twas easy to keep him silent when you had him so; but set his tongue a-going,—you had no hold of him; he was voluble; the eternal interlardings of your Honour, with the respectfulness of Corporal Trim's manner, interceding so strongly in behalf of his elocution—that, though you might have been incommoded,—you could not well be angry. My uncle Toby was seldom either the one or the other with him, or, at least, this fault in Trim broke no squares with 'em. My uncle Toby, as I said, loved the man;—and, besides, as he ever looked upon a faithful servant as an humble friend—he could not bear to stop his mouth.——Such was Corporal Trim.

If I durst presume, continued Trim, to give your Honour my advice, and speak my opinion in this matter.—Thou art welcome, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby;——speak,—speak what thou thinkest upon the subject, man, without fear.... Why, then, replied Trim, not hanging his ears, and scratching his head, like a country lout, but stroking his hair back from his forehead, and standing erect as before his division.... I think, quoth Trim, advancing his left, which was his lame leg, a little forwards,—and pointing with his right hand open towards a map of Dunkirk, which was pinned against the hangings, I think, quoth Corporal Trim, with humble submission to your Honour's better judgment, that these ravelins, bastions, curtins, and hornworks, make but a poor, contemptible, fiddle-faddle piece of work of it here upon paper, compared to what your Honour and I could make of it were we out in the country by ourselves, and had but a rood, or a rood and a half of ground to do what we pleased with. As summer is coming on, continued Trim, your Honour might sit out of doors, and give me the ichnography—[Call it ichnography, quoth my uncle]—of the town or citadel your Honour was pleased to sit down before,—and I will be shot by your Honour upon the glacis of it, if I do not fortify it to your Honour's mind.—I dare say thou would'st, Trim, quoth my uncle.—For if your Honour, continued the Corporal, could but mark me the polygon, with its exact lines and angles—That I could do very well, quoth my uncle.—I would begin with the fossé, and if your Honour could tell me the proper depth and breadth—I can to a hair's breadth, Trim, replied my uncle.—I would throw out the earth upon this hand towards the town for the scarp,—and on that hand towards the campaign for the counterscarp.—Very right, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby.—And when I had sloped them to your mind,—an' please your Honour, I would face the glacis, as the finest fortifications are done in Flanders, with sods,—and as your Honour knows they should be,—and I would make the walls and parapets with sods too.—The best engineers call them gazons, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—Whether they are gazons or sods, is not much matter, replied Trim; your Honour knows they are ten times beyond a facing either of brick or stone.—I know they are, Trim, in some respects,—quoth my uncle Toby, nodding his head;—for a cannon-ball enters into the gazon right onwards, without bringing any rubbish down with it, which might fill the fossé (as was the case at St Nicholas's Gate) and facilitate the passage over it.

Your Honour understands these matters, replied Corporal Trim, better than any officer in his Majesty's service;—but would your Honour please to let the bespeaking of the table alone, and let us but go into the country, I would work, under your Honour's directions, like a horse, and make fortifications for you something like a tansy, with all their batteries, saps, ditches, and palisadoes, that it should be worth all the world's riding twenty miles to go and see it.

My uncle Toby blushed as red as scarlet, as Trim went on;—but it was not a blush of guilt, of modesty, or of anger;—it was a blush of joy;—he was fired with Corporal Trim's project and description.—Trim! said my uncle Toby, thou hast said enough.—We might begin the campaign, continued Trim, on the very day that his Majesty and the Allies take the field, and demolish 'em, town for town, as fast as—Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, say no more.—Your Honour, continued Trim, might sit in your arm-chair (pointing to it) this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would—Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby.—Besides, your Honour would get not only pleasure and good pastime, but good air, and good exercise, and good health, and your Honour's wound would be well in a month.—Thou hast said enough, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby (putting his hand into his breeches pocket)—I like thy project mightily.—And, if your Honour pleases, I'll this moment go and buy a pioneer's spade to take down with us, and I'll bespeak a shovel and a pick-axe, and a couple of … Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, leaping up upon one leg, quite overcome with rapture,—and thrusting a guinea into Trim's hand.—Trim, said my uncle Toby, say no more;—but go down, Trim, this moment, my lad, and bring up my supper this instant.

Trim ran down and brought up his master's supper,—to no purpose;—Trim's plan of operation ran so much in my uncle Toby's head, he could not taste it.—Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, get me to bed.—'Twas all one.—Corporal Trim's description had so fired his imagination, my uncle Toby could not shut his eyes.—The more he considered it, the more bewitching the scene appeared to him;—so that, two full hours before daylight, he had come to a final determination, and had concerted the whole plan of his and Corporal Trim's decampment.

My uncle Toby had a neat little country-house of his own, in the village where my father's estate lay at Shandy, which had been left him by an old uncle, with a small estate of about one hundred pounds a year. Behind this house, and contiguous to it, was a kitchen-garden of about half an acre;—and at the bottom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yew hedge, was a bowling-green containing just about as much ground as Corporal Trim wished for;—so that as Trim uttered the words, 'A rood and a half of ground to do what they would with,' this identical bowling-green instantly presented itself, and became curiously painted, all at once, upon the retina of my uncle Toby's fancy;—which was the physical cause of making him change colour, or, at least, of heightening his blush to that immoderate degree I spoke of.

Never did lover post down to a beloved mistress with more heat and expectation than my uncle Toby did to enjoy this self-same thing in private;—I say private;—for it was sheltered from the house, as I told you, by a tall yew hedge, and was covered on the other three sides from mortal sight, by rough holly, and thick-set flowering shrubs;—so that the idea of not being seen did not a little contribute to the idea of pleasure preconceived in my uncle Toby's mind.……Vain thought! however thick it was planted about,—or private soever it might seem,—to think, dear uncle Toby, of enjoying a thing which took up a whole rood and a half of ground,—and not have it known.

How my uncle Toby and Corporal Trim managed this matter,—with the history of their campaigns, which were no way barren of events,—may make no uninteresting under-plot in the epitasis and working up of this drama.…At present the scene must drop,—and change for the parlour fire-side.

(From *Tristram Shandy*, ii. 5.)

Mr Shandy on his Son's Death.

————————And a chapter it shall have, and a devil of a one too;—so look to yourselves.

'Tis either Plato, or Plutarch, or Seneca, or Xenophon, or Epictetus, or Theophrastus, or Lucian,—or some one, perhaps, of later date, either Cardan or Budæus, or Petrarch, or Stella,—or, possibly, it may be some divine or father of the church; St Austin, or St Cyprian, or Barnard—who affirms that it is an irresistible and natural passion to weep for the loss of our friends or children; and Seneca (I'm positive) tells us somewhere that such griefs evacuate themselves best by that particular channel; and, accordingly, we find that David wept for his son Absalom, Adrian for his Antinous, Niobe for her children, and that Apollodorus and Crito both shed tears for Socrates before his death.

My father managed his affliction otherwise; and indeed differently from most men, either ancient or modern; for he neither wept it away, as the Hebrews and the Romans, nor slept it off, as the Laplanders,—nor [illegible] applied it, to the Greek [illegible] nor excom[illegible] [illegible]

II.

W[illegible] W[illegible] [illegible]

W[illegible] [illegible] O, my [illegible] M[illegible] [illegible] things, quoth he, and [illegible] mind [illegible]

My [illegible] of his eloquence as Marcus T[illegible] C[illegible] [illegible] ty, at present, with as [illegible] his strength,—and his weakness [illegible] He [illegible] for he was by nature [illegible] success, for he was heartily a dupe to [illegible] occasion in life would but permit him to show his [illegible] ty, either a wise thing, a [illegible] recruiting the case of a systematic [illegible] he wanted.—A blessing which tied up my father's [illegible] misfortune which set it [illegible] ty equal; sometimes, [illegible] of the two; for instance, [illegible] the harangue was as ten, and [illegible] misfortune but as five, my father gained [illegible] ently was as well again off [illegible]

In[illegible] what otherwise would seem very inconsistent in my father's domestic character: [illegible] the provocations arising from the [illegible] blunders of servants, or other mishaps, un[illegible] his anger, or rather the duration of it, [illegible] conjecture.

My [illegible] mare, which he had consigned over to a most beautiful Arabian horse, in order to have a [illegible] of her for his own riding. He was sanguine in all his projects; so talked about his pad every day with [illegible] a security as [illegible] had been reared, broke, bridled and saddled at his [illegible]. By some neglect or other in Obadiah, it [illegible] that my father's expectations were [illegible] and [illegible]

My [illegible] Toby expected my father would [illegible] Obadiah, and that there never w[illegible] of the disaster.—See here! you rascal, cried my [illegible] pointing to the mule, what you [illegible] I, said Obadiah.—How do I know [illegible] my father.

[illegible] father's eyes, at the repartee,— [illegible] Obadiah [illegible]

Now let us go back to my brother's death.

Philosophy has a fine saying for everything.—For Death, it has an entire set; the misery was they all at once [illegible] to string them together, so as to make anything of a consistent [illegible] of them.—He took them as they came.—

'Tis an inevitable chance,—the first statute in Magna Charta; it is an everlasting act of parliament, [illegible]

If my son could not have died, it had been matter of [illegible]

Monarchs and princes dance in the same ring with us.

'To die is the great debt and tribute due unto nature; [illegible] monuments [illegible] themselves; and the proudest pyramids [illegible], Wealth and Science have erected, h[illegible]

My[illegible]

K[illegible] towns and cities, have they not their periods? and when those [illegible] them together have performed their several evolutions, they fall back.'—Brother Shandy, said my uncle Toby, laying down his pipe at the word evolution—Revolutions, I meant, quoth my father,—by Heaven! I meant revolutions, brother Toby; evolutions is nonsense.—

'Tis not nonsense,—said my uncle Toby.—But is it not nonsense to break the thread of such a discourse upon such an occasion? cried my father;—do not, dear Toby, continued he, taking him by the hand, do not—do not, I beseech thee, interrupt me at this crisis.——My uncle Toby put his pipe into his mouth.

'Where is Troy and Mycenæ, and Thebes and Delos, Persepolis and Agrigentum?' continued my father, taking up his book of post roads, which he had laid down.—'What is become, brother Toby, of Nineveh and Babylon, of Cizycum and Mitylenæ? the fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon are now no more; the names only are left; and those (for many of them are wrong spelt) are falling themselves by piecemeal to decay, and in length of time will be forgotten, and involved with everything in a perpetual night.—The world itself, brother Toby, must—must come to an end.

'Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from Ægina towards Megara,' (when can this have been, thought my uncle Toby,) 'I began to view the country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara was before, Pyræus on the right hand, Corinth on the left.—What flourishing towns, now prostrate upon the earth! Alas! alas! said I to myself, that man should disturb his soul for the loss of a child, when so much as this lies awfully buried in his presence! Remember, said I to myself again, remember thou art a man.'

Now, my uncle Toby knew not that this last paragraph was an extract of Servius Sulpicius's consolatory [illegible] to Tully:—he had as little skill, honest man, in the fragments as he had in the whole pieces of antiquity;—and as my father, whilst he was concerned in the Turkey trade, had been three or four different times in the Levant, in one of which he had stayed a whole year and a half at Zant, my uncle Toby naturally concluded that, in some one of these periods, he had taken a trip across the Archipelago into Asia; and that all this sailing affair, with Ægina behind, and Megara before, and Pyræus on the right hand, &c., was nothing more than the true course of my father's voyage and reflections.—'Twas certainly in his *manner*, and many an undertaking critic would have built two stories higher upon [illegible]—And pray, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, laying the end of his pipe upon my father's hand, in a kindly way of interruption—but waiting till he finished the account,—What year of our Lord was

'Twas no year of our Lord, replied my father. That's impossible, cried my uncle Toby. Simpleton! said my father, 'twas forty years before Christ was born.

My uncle Toby had but two things for it; either to suppose his brother to be the Wandering Jew, or that his misfortunes had disordered his brain. 'May the Lord God of heaven and earth protect him and restore him,' said my uncle Toby, praying silently for my father, and with tears in his eyes.

My father placed the tears to a proper account, and went on with his harangue with great spirit.

'There is not such great odds, brother Toby, betwixt good and evil, as the world imagines.' (This way of setting off, by the bye, was not likely to cure my uncle Toby's suspicions.) 'Labour, sorrow, grief, sickness, want, and woe, are the sauces of life.' Much good may it do them, said my uncle Toby to himself.

'My son is dead!' so much the better: 'tis a shame, in such a tempest, to have but one anchor.

'But he is gone for ever from us!' be it so. He is got from under the hands of his barber before he was bald; he is but risen from a feast before he was surfeited, from a banquet before he had got drunken.

'The Thracians wept when a child was born,'... (And we were very near it, quoth my uncle Toby) 'and feasted and made merry when a man went out of the world; and with reason. Death opens the gate of Fame, and shuts the gate of Envy after it; it unlooses the chain of the captive, and puts the bondsman's task into another man's hands.

'Shew me the man, who knows what life is, who dreads it, and I'll show thee a prisoner who dreads his liberty.'

Is it not better, my dear brother Toby—(for mark our appetites are but diseases) is it not better not to hunger at all, than to eat? —not to thirst, than to take physic to cure it?

Is it not better to be freed from cares and agues, from love and melancholy,—and the other hot and cold fits of life, than, like a galled traveller who comes weary to his inn, to be bound to begin his journey afresh?

There is no terror, brother Toby, in its looks but what it borrows from groans and convulsions and the blowing of noses and the wiping away of tears with the bottoms of curtains in a dying man's room. Strip it of these. What is it? .. 'Tis better in battle than in bed, said my uncle Toby.—Take away its hearses, its mutes, and its mourning, its plumes, escutcheons, and other mechanic aids. What is it? *Better in battle!* continued my father, smiling; for he had absolutely forgot my brother Bobby; it is terrible no way, for consider, brother Toby, when we *are*, death is *not*; —and when death *is*, we are *not*. —My uncle Toby laid down his pipe to consider the proposition; my father's eloquence was too rapid to stay for any man; away it went, and hurried my uncle Toby's ideas along with it.

For this reason, continued my father, 'tis worthy to recollect how little alteration, in great men, the approaches of death have made. Vespasian died in a jest upon his close-stool; Galba with a sentence; Septimius Severus in a dispatch; Tiberius in dissimulation; and Cæsar Augustus in a compliment. I hope 'twas a sincere one, quoth my uncle Toby.

'Twas to his wife, said my father.

(From Tristram Shandy.)

The Kitchen Sorrowing

My young master in London is dead! said Obadiah.

A green satin night-gown of my mother's, which had been twice scoured, was the first idea which Obadiah's exclamation brought into Susannah's head. Well might Locke write a chapter upon the imperfections of words. Then, quoth Susannah, we must all go into mourning. — But note a second time: the word *mourning*, notwithstanding Susannah made use of it herself, failed also of doing its office; it excited not one single idea, tinged either with grey or black. All was green. The green satin night-gown hung there still.

Oh! 'twill be the death of my poor mistress, cried Susannah. My mother's whole wardrobe followed. What a procession! her red damask, her orange tawny, her white and yellow lute-strings, her brown taffeta, her bone-laced caps, her bed-gowns, and comfortable under-petticoats. Not a rag was left behind. 'No, *she never will look up again!*' said Susannah.

We had a fat foolish scullion; my father, I think, kept her for her simplicity; she had been all autumn struggling with a dropsy. He is dead! said Obadiah, he is certainly dead! So am not I, said the foolish scullion.

Here is sad news, Trim! cried Susannah, wiping her eyes as Trim stepped into the kitchen, master Bobby is dead and *buried*, the funeral was an interpolation of Susannah's; we shall have all to go into mourning, said Susannah.

I hope not, said Trim. You hope not! cried Susannah, earnestly. The mourning ran not in Trim's head, whatever it did in Susannah's. I hope, said Trim, explaining himself, I hope in God the news is not true. I heard the letter read with my own ears, answered Obadiah; and we shall have a terrible piece of work of it in stubbing the Ox-moor. Oh! he's dead, said Susannah. As sure, said the scullion, as I'm alive.

I lament for him from my heart and my soul, said Trim, fetching a sigh. Poor creature! poor boy! poor gentleman!

He was alive last Whitsuntide! said the coachman. Whitsuntide! alas! cried Trim, extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon,—what is Whitsuntide, Jonathan (for that was the coachman's name), or Shrovetide, or any tide or time past, to this! Are we not here now, continued the Corporal (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability); —and are we not (dropping his hat on the ground) gone! in a moment. 'Twas infinitely striking. Susannah burst into a flood of tears. We are not stocks and stones. Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook-maid, all melted. The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was roused with it. The whole kitchen crowded about the Corporal.

Now, as I perceive plainly that the preservation of our constitution in church and state, and, possibly, the preservation of the whole world, or, what is the same thing, the distribution and balance of its property and power, may in time to come depend greatly upon the right understanding of this stroke of the Corporal's eloquence,—I do demand your attention, your Worships and Reverences, for any ten pages together, take [illegible] of work [illegible] that [illegible] all [illegible] has the [illegible]

[illegible] upon the [illegible]

[illegible] had he dropped [illegible] had he looked [illegible] had [illegible] had been lost.

[illegible] and its mighty [illegible] who beat it, [illegible] and then harden [illegible]

[illegible] with this great [illegible] of them [illegible]

[illegible] with a stick and [illegible] you, upon [illegible]

The Starling

[illegible] drawn me [illegible] taken care for? [illegible] genius shook his [illegible] pulled out his purse, [illegible] enough, in con[illegible] Indeed, Yorick, you have [illegible] I know France and Italy better [illegible] seen three days in [illegible]

[illegible] fare, I shall take care to say or do something or other [illegible] I had got clapped up into the Bastile, and [illegible] I had lived there a couple of months entirely at [illegible] King of France's expense. — I beg pardon, said [illegible]

Now the event I had treated gaily came seriously to me.

Is it folly, or *nonchalance*, or philosophy, or pertinacity — or what is it in me, that after all, when La Fleur had gone down stairs, and I was quite alone, I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwise [illegible]

[illegible] the Bastile, the terror is in the word [illegible] I to myself, the [illegible] tower; and a tower [illegible] in the word for a house you can't get out of. Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year. But with nine livres a day, and pen and ink and paper [illegible] a man can't get out, he may do very [illegible] for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence [illegible] he comes out a better and wiser man than [illegible]

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard, as I settled this account; and remember I [illegible] down stairs in no small triumph with the con[illegible] my reasoning. — Beshrew the *sombre* pencil! [illegible] I, vauntingly, for I envy not [illegible] power, which [illegible] the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring [illegible] the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened; reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them. 'Tis true, [illegible] correcting the proposition, the Bastile is not an evil to be despised. But strip it of its towers, fill up the [illegible] unbarricade the doors, call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper, and [illegible] of a man, which holds you in it — the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out." I look'd up and down the passage, and, seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and, looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage. "I can't get out — I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity. "I can't get out," said the starling.

— God help thee! said I, but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get the door: it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and, thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient. I fear, poor creature, said I, I cannot set thee at liberty. — "No," said the starling; "I can't get out — I can't get out."

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened [illegible] do I remember an incident in my life where the [illegible] spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly call'd home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, said I, still thou art a bitter draught! and, though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to *Liberty*, whom all, in public or in private, worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change. No *tint* of words can spot thy snowy mantle, nor chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron; —with thee, to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose Court thou art exiled.—Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion,—and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy Divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them!

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close by my table, and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow creatures born to no inheritance but slavery: but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me,

I took a single captive; and, having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood: —he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time;—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice! His children! —

But here my heart began to bleed; and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calender of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there: —he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and, with a rusty nail, he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh. I saw the iron enter into his soul! I burst into tears. I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

(From *A Sentimental Journey*.)

There is an edition of Sterne's works by the present writer (with the letters and sermons, 6 vols. 1894), of *Tristram Shandy* by Messrs Henley and Whibley (1894), and of *Tristram Shandy* and the *Sentimental Journey* in Macmillan's Library of English [illegible] Percy Fitzgerald's *Life of Sterne* (new ed. 1896); H. D. Traill's monograph in the English Men of Letters Series (1882); the French Life by Paul Stapfer (1881), Scherer's Essay (trans. 1891), and Mr Sidney Lee's article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. It ought, perhaps, to be said that this last adds very largely, from sources mostly unpublished and sometimes accessible with great difficulty, to our previous information. The particulars, however, though sometimes interesting, are in no single instance of great importance; and in a good many cases probably represent merely the gossip to which, unluckily, Sterne seems to have given more than sufficient handles. But on the whole they may be said materially to confirm and enliven, without in any way altering, the portrait of the author of *Tristram Shandy* that we derive from his own books and his long-known letters.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

James Townley (1714-78) was author of *High Life below Stairs*, a burlesque on the extravagance and affectation of servants in aping the manners of their masters, ultimately detected by the master in disguise. The play was said actually to have had some effect in correcting this abuse; at all events it provoked organised and violent protest from all the liveried servants in the gallery when it was produced in the Edinburgh theatre. Townley, son of a wealthy London merchant and brother of Sir Charles Townley, Garter King of Arms, was born at Barking and bred at St John's, Cambridge. From 1760 he was head-master of Merchant Taylors' School, and latterly he also held clerical preferments. Other two farces of his were failures. But it was said that from one of them came much of a piece produced by Garrick and Colman, and that many of the best things by Garrick, Townley's intimate, benefited greatly by Townley's suggestion and revision.

John Hawkesworth (c. 1715-73), born in London, in 1744 succeeded Dr Johnson on the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and in 1752 started, with Johnson and others, *The Adventurer*, half of whose 140 numbers were from Hawkesworth's pen, and show a not wholly unsuccessful imitation of the Johnsonian manner. Hawkesworth, who became LL.D., published a volume of fairy tales (1761), edited Swift, and prepared the account of Captain Cook's first voyage, which formed vols. ii. and iii. of Hawkesworth's *Voyages* (3 vols. 1773).

Charles Johnstone (c. 1719-1800) amused the town in 1760-65 by the clever contemporary satire of his *Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea*. Born of Annandale ancestry in County Limerick, Johnstone studied at Dublin, and was debarred by deafness from success as a lawyer. He went to India in 1782, was a proprietor of one of the Bengal newspapers, and died at Calcutta. Several other novels from his pen are now even more completely forgotten than *Chrysal*. Dr Johnson, to whom the manuscript was shown by the bookseller, advised the publication of *Chrysal*, whose author, Sir Walter Scott afterwards said, might safely be ranked as a prose Juvenal. The adventures are related somewhat in the style of Le Sage and of Smollett, but the satirical portraits are overcharged; the author exaggerated the vices of his age and of its public men, and his book was not altogether unjustly called the best scandalous chronicle of the day.

Horace Walpole (formally HORATIO), fourth Earl of Orford, was born 24th September 1717 (O.S.) in London, the third son of Sir Robert Walpole. At Eton and at King's College, Cambridge, he had Gray the poet as a friend, and while still at the university was appointed by his father to sinecures worth £1200 a year. He and Gray set out together on the grand tour, but after two years quarrelled and parted at Reggio, where Walpole fell ill. Returning to England (1741), he took his seat for Callington in Cornwall; but although he interested himself in cases like the Byng trial of 1757, his function in politics was that of the chronicling spectator rather than the energetic actor. He exchanged his Cornish seat in 1754 for the family borough of Castle Rising, and this in 1757 for that of King's Lynn. In 1745 his father died, leaving him with ample means; and he continued to live the life of collector and connoisseur, dabbling lightly in familiar verse and *jeux d'esprit*, trifling with history and art criticism, and corresponding voluminously. In 1747 he purchased, near Twickenham, the cottage which he gradually elaborated into the well-known 'Gothic Castle' and 'curiosity shop' of Strawberry Hill. This transformation, authorship, visits to Paris (1765, 1767, 1775, where he came to know Madame du Deffand), the establishment of a private press (1757), and correspondence with Sir Horace Mann and others constituted the occupations of his life. His acquaintance with the two Misses Berry, his 'twin wives,' dated from 1788; he died in London 2nd March 1797, and was buried at Houghton, the Norfolk seat of his family. In 1791, by the death of his eldest brother's son, he had become fourth Earl of Orford; he was never married. His essays in Moore's *World* exhibit a deft hand, and he had gifts as a verse-writer. In such squibs as the *Letter from Xo Ho to his friend Lien Chi at Pekin* (1757), in which he follows Montesquieu and Lyttelton and anticipates Goldsmith, he is at his best. His *Castle of Otranto* (1764), professedly a translation from the MS. of an Italian cleric, was, with its mediæval and supernatural machinery, a forerunner of the romantic movement. Lauded by Sir Walter Scott and denounced by Hazlitt, this romance had undoubtedly the honour, such as it is, of leading up to the 'School of Terror,' to Clara Reeve and Mrs Radcliffe, to Beckford and Monk Lewis and Maturin. Walpole's tragedy of *The Mysterious Mother* (1768), pronounced 'of the highest order' by Byron, is 'strong' but gruesome. Other works often quoted are the *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors* (1758; best ed. 1806), *Fugitive Pieces in Verse and Prose* (1758), *Anecdotes of Painting in England* (1761-71, a standard work for more than a century), a *Catalogue of Engravers* (1763), *Historic Doubts on Richard III.* (1768), an *Essay on Modern Gardening* (1785), *Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of George II.* (1822), *Memoirs of the Reign of George III.* (1845; good ed. by G. F. Russell Barker, 1892), &c. He also printed at the Strawberry Hill Press the *Odes* of Gray (1757), Grammont's *Memoires* (1772), *Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury* (1764), Lucan's *Pharsalia*, with Bentley's notes (1760), &c. Walpole's literary reputation rests chiefly upon his published letters, which, nearly 2700 in number, rival in interest those of his friend Gray, and deal in the most vivacious way with party politics, foreign affairs, literature, art, and personal gossip. His criticisms, frequently caustic, at times merely capricious, often show real literary insight.

Strawberry Hill.

You perceive by my date [1747] that I am got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything house that I got out of Mrs Chenevix's shop [the place was sub-let to him by Mrs Chenevix, a toy-woman], and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges

> A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
> And little finches wave their wings of gold.

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises; barges as solemn as Barons of the Exchequer move under my window; Richmond Hill and Ham Walks bound my prospects; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers, as plenty as flounders, inhabit all around; and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight.

The Scottish Rebellion.

Nov. 15, 1745.

I told you in my last what disturbance there had been about the new regiments: the affair of rank was again disputed on the report till ten at night, and carried by a majority of twenty three. The King had been persuaded to appear for it, though Lord Granville made it a party-point against Mr Pelham. Winnington did not speak. I was not there, for I could not vote for it, and yielded not to give any hindrance to a public measure (or at least what was called so) just now. The Prince acted openly, and influenced his people against it; but it only served to let Mr Pelham see, what, like everything else, he did not know, how strong he is. The King will scarce speak to him, and he cannot yet get Pitt into place.

The Rebels are come into England: for two days we believed them near Lancaster, but the Ministry now own that they don't know if they have passed Carlisle. Some think they will besiege that town, which has an old wall, and all the militia in it of Cumberland and Westmoreland; but as they can pass by it, I don't see why they should take it, for they are not strong enough to leave garrisons. Several desert them as they advance south; and altogether, good men and bad, nobody allows them ten thousand. By their marching westward to avoid Wade, it is evident that they are not strong enough to fight him. They may yet return back to their mountains, but if once they get to Lancashire, their retreat is cut off: for Wade will not stir from Newcastle till he has embarked them deep into England, and then he will be behind them. He has sent General Handasyde from Berwick with two regiments to take possession of Edinburgh. The Rebels are certainly in a very desperate situation: they dared not meet Wade; and if they had waited for him, their troops would have deserted. Unless they meet with great risings in their favour in Lancashire, I don't see what they can hope, except from a continuation of our neglect. That, indeed, has nobly exerted itself for them. They were suffered to march the whole length of Scotland, and take possession of the capital, without a man appearing against them. Then two thousand men *sailed* to them, to run from them. Till the flight of Cope's army, Wade was not sent. Two roads still lay into England, and till they had chosen that which Wade had not taken, no army was thought of being sent to secure the other. Now Ligonier, with seven old regiments, and six of the new, is ordered to Lancashire: before this first division of the army could get to Coventry, they are forced to order it to halt, for fear the enemy should be up with it before it was all assembled. It is uncertain if the Rebels will march to the north of Wales, to Bristol, or towards London. If to the latter, Ligonier must fight them: if to either of the other, which I hope, the two armies may join and drive them into a corner, where they must all perish. They cannot subsist in Wales but by being supplied by the papists in Ireland. The best is, that we are in no fear from France: there is no preparation for invasions in any of their ports. Lord Clancarty, a Scotchman [not so; he was Irish] of great parts, but mad and drunken, and whose family forfeited £90,000 a year for King James, is made vice-admiral at Brest. The Duke of Bedford goes in his little round person with his regiment; he now takes to the land, and says he is tired of being a pen-and-ink man. Lord Gower insisted too upon going with his regiment, but is laid up with the gout.

With the Rebels in England, you may imagine we have no private news, nor think of foreign. From this account you may judge that our cause is far from desperate, though disagreeable.

The Prince [Frederick, Prince of Wales], while the Princess lies-in, has taken to give dinners, to which he asks two of the ladies of the bed-chamber, two of the maids of honour, &c. by turns, and five or six others. He sits at the head of the table, drinks and harangues to all this medley till nine at night; and the other day, after the affair of the regiments, drank Mr Fox's health in a bumper, with three huzzas, for opposing Mr Pelham:

'Si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris!'

You put me in pain for my eagle, and in more for the Chutes, whose zeal is very heroic, but very ill placed. I long to hear that all my Chutes and eagles are safe out of the Pope's hands! Pray, wish the Suareses joy of all their espousals. Does the Princess pray abundantly for her friend the Pretender? Is she extremely *abattue* with her devotion; and does she fast till she has got a violent appetite for supper? And then, does she eat so long, that old Sarrasin is quite impatient to go to cards again? Good-night! I intend you shall still be Resident from King George.

P.S. I forgot to tell you that the other day I concluded the Ministry knew the King was well served; for the Duke of Newcastle ventured to have the Pretender's declaration burnt at the Royal Exchange.

[illegible] Walpole's [illegible] at [illegible] found near the Baths [illegible] at Strawberry Hill.

Nov. 22, 1745.

For these two days we have been expecting news of a battle. Wade marched last Saturday from Newcastle, and must have got up with the Rebels if they stayed for him, though the roads are exceedingly bad and great quantities of snow have fallen. But last night there was some notice of a body of Rebels being advanced to Penryth. We were put into great spirits by an heroic letter from the Mayor of Carlisle, who had fired on the Rebels and made them retire; he concluded with saying, 'And so I think the town of Carlisle has done his Majesty more service than the great city of Edinburgh, or than all Scotland together.' But this hero, who was grown the whole fashion for four-and-twenty hours, had chosen to stop all other letters. The King spoke of him at his levée with great encomiums; Lord Stair said: 'Yes, sir, Mr Paterson has behaved very bravely.' The Duke of Bedford interrupted him—'My Lord, his name is not *Paterson;* that is a Scotch name; his name is *Pattinson.*' But alack! the next day the Rebels returned, having placed the women and children of the country in waggons in front of their army, and forcing the peasants to fix the scaling-ladders. The great Mr Pattinson, or Paterson (for now his name may be which one pleases), instantly surrendered the town, and agreed to pay two thousand pounds to save it from pillage.

Aug. 1, 1746.

I am this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever yet saw! you will easily guess it was the trials of the rebel Lords. As it was the most interesting sight, it was the most solemn and fine: a coronation is a puppet-show, and all the splendour of it, idle; but this sight at once feasted one's eyes and engaged all one's passions. It began last Monday; three parts of Westminster hall were inclosed with galleries, and hung with scarlet; and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency, except in the one point of leaving the prisoners at the bar, amidst the idle curiosity of some crowd, and even with the witnesses who had sworn against them, while the Lords adjourned to their own house to consult. No part of the Royal Family was there, which was a proper regard to the unhappy men, who were become their victims. One hundred and thirty-nine Lords were present, and made a noble sight on their benches *frequent and full!* The Chancellor was Lord High Steward; but though a most comely personage with a fine voice, his behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasion to bow to the Minister that is no peer, and consequently applying to the other Ministers, in a manner, for their order; and not even ready at the ceremonial. To the prisoners he was peevish; and instead of keeping up to the humane dignity of the law of England, whose character it is to point out favour to the criminal, he crossed them, and almost scolded at any offer they made towards defence. I had armed myself with all the resolution I could, with the thought of their crimes and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian in weepers for his son who fell at Culloden—but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me! their behaviour melted me! Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartie are both past forty, but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine person: his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission; if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation; but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to shew how little fault there was to be found. Lord Cromartie is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen: he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell. For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw: the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have his wife, his pretty Peggy, with him in the Tower. Lady Cromartie only sees her husband through the grate, not choosing to be shut up with him, as she thinks she can serve him better by her intercession without. . . . When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go—old Balmerino cried, 'Come, come, put it with me.' At the bar, he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman gaoler; and one day, somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial, a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; he made room for the child and placed him near himself. . . .

When the peers were going to vote, Lord Foley withdrew, as too well a wisher: Lord Moray, as nephew of Lord Balmerino—and Lord Stair, as, I believe, uncle to his great grandfather. Lord Windsor, very affectedly, said, 'I am sorry I must say, *guilty upon my honour*.' Lord Stamford would not answer to the name of *Henry*, having been christened *Harry*—what a great way of thinking on such an occasion! I was diverted too with old Norsa, . . . an old Jew that kept a tavern. My brother, as Auditor of the Exchequer, has a gallery along one whole side of the court. I said, 'I really feel for the prisoners!' Old Issachar replied, 'Feel for them! pray, if they had succeeded, what would have become of *all us*?' When my Lady Townshend heard her husband vote, she said, 'I always knew *my* lord was *guilty*, but I never thought he would own it *upon his honour*.' Lord Balmerino said, that one of his reasons for pleading *not guilty*, was, that so many ladies might not be disappointed of their show. . . . He said, 'They call me Jacobite: I am no more a Jacobite than any that tried me: but if the Great Mogul had set up his standard, I should have followed it, for I could not starve.'

London Earthquakes and London Gossip.

March 11, 1750.

Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name.
Dryden.

My text is not literally true; but as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of wonderful commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second, much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if by next post you hear of a burning mountain sprung up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last (exactly a month since the first shock) the earth had a shivering fit between one and two, but so slight, that if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head; I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted near half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rung my bell; my servant came in, frightened out of his senses: in an instant we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up. I got up and found people running into the street, but saw no mischief done: there has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much china-ware. The bells rung in several houses. Admiral Knowles, who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them: Francesco prefers it to the dreadful one at Leghorn. The wise say, that if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London: they say they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, 'Lord! one can't help going into the country!' . . . A parson, who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder mills, went away exceedingly scandalised, and said: 'I protest they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet show against Judgment.' . . .

HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD.
From Portrait by Nathaniel Hone in National Portrait Gallery.

The Middlesex election is carried against the Court: the Prince, in a green frock (and I won't swear but in a Scotch plaid waistcoat), sat under the park-wall in his chair, and hallooed the voters on to Brentford. The Jacobites are so transported, that they are opening subscriptions for all boroughs that shall be vacant.

The Round of London Life.

Dec. 23, 1759.

We are a very absurd nation (though the French are so good at present as to think us a very wise one, only because they themselves are now a very weak one); but then that absurdity depends upon the almanac. Posterity, who will know nothing of our intervals, will conclude that this age was a succession of events. I could tell them that we know as well when an event, as when Easter, will happen. Do but recollect these last ten years. The beginning of October, one is certain that everybody will be at Newmarket, and the Duke of Cumberland will lose, and Shafto win, two or three thousand pounds. After that, while people are preparing to come to town for the winter, the Ministry is suddenly changed, and all the world comes to learn how it happened, a fortnight sooner than they intended; and fully persuaded that the new arrangement cannot last a month. The Parliament opens: everybody is bribed; and the new establishment is perceived to be composed of adamant. November passes, with two or three self-murders, and a new play. Christmas arrives; everybody goes out of town; and a riot happens in one of the theatres. The Parliament meets again: taxes are warmly opposed, and some citizen makes his fortune by a subscription. The Opposition languishes: balls and assemblies begin: some master and miss begin to get together, are talked of, and give occasion to forty more matches being invented; an unexpected debate starts up at the end of the session, that makes more noise than anything that was designed to make a noise, and subsides again in a new peerage or two. Ranelagh opens and Vauxhall; one produces scandal, and t'other a drunken quarrel. People separate, some to Tunbridge, and some to all the horse-races in England; and so the year comes again to October.

From 'The Castle of Otranto.'

The marquis was not surprised at the silence that reigned in the princess's apartment. Concluding her, as he had been advertised, in her oratory, he passed on. The door was a-jar; the evening gloomy and overcast. Pushing open the door gently, he saw a person kneeling before the altar. As he approached nearer, it seemed not a woman, but one in a long woollen weed, whose back was towards him. The person seemed absorbed in prayer. The marquis was about to return, when the figure, rising, stood some moments fixed in meditation, without regarding him. The marquis, expecting the holy person to come forth, and meaning to excuse his uncivil interruption, said, Reverend father, I sought the Lady Hippolita.—Hippolita! replied a hollow voice; camest thou to this castle to seek Hippolita? and then the figure turning slowly round, discovered to Frederic the fleshless jaws and empty sockets of a skeleton, wrapt in a hermit's cowl. Angels of grace protect me! cried Frederic, recoiling.—Deserve their protection! said the spectre.—Frederic, falling on his knees, adjured the phantom to take pity on him. Dost thou not remember me? said the apparition. Remember the wood of Joppa!

Art thou that holy hermit? cried Frederic, trembling. Can I do aught for thy eternal peace?—Wast thou delivered from bondage, said the spectre, to pursue carnal delights? Hast thou forgotten the buried sabre, and the behest of Heaven engraven on it?—I have not, I have not, said Frederic: but say, blest spirit, what is thy errand to me? what remains to be done?—To forget Matilda! said the apparition, and vanished.

Frederic's blood froze in his veins. For some minutes he remained motionless. Then, falling prostrate on his face before the altar, he besought the intercession of every saint for pardon. A flood of tears succeeded to this transport; and the image of the beauteous Matilda rushing, in spite of him, on his thoughts, he lay on the ground in a conflict of penitence and passion. Ere he could recover from this agony of his spirits, the Princess Hippolita, with a taper in her hand, entered the oratory alone. Seeing a man, without motion, on the floor, she gave a shriek, concluding him dead. Her fright brought Frederic to himself. Rising suddenly, his face bedewed with tears, he would have rushed from her presence; but Hippolita, stopping him, conjured him, in the most plaintive accents, to explain the cause of his disorder, and by what strange chance she had found him there in that posture. —Ah! virtuous princess! said the marquis, penetrated with grief——and stopped.—For the love of heaven, my lord, said Hippolita, disclose the cause of this transport! What mean these doleful sounds, this alarming exclamation on my name? What woes has Heaven still in store for the wretched Hippolita?—Yet silent!—By every pitying angel, I adjure thee, noble prince, continued she, falling at his feet, to disclose the purport of what lies at thy heart—I see thou feelest for me; thou feelest the sharp pangs that thou inflictest—speak, for pity!—does ought thou knowest concern my child?—I cannot speak, cried Frederic, bursting from her—Oh! Matilda!

Walpole's *Works* were edited by Mary Berry (5 vols. 1798); Peter Cunningham's is the best edition of the Letters (9 vols. 1857-59), but a new edition by Mrs Paget Toynbee was in progress in 1902. See also *Memoirs of Horace Walpole*, edited by Eliot Warburton (1851), and the Life by Mr Austin Dobson (2nd ed. 1893). Macaulay's Essay is brilliant but unsympathetic. Sainte Beuve's essays on Madame du Deffand (*Causeries*, vols. i. and xiv.) give an interesting account of Walpole's relations with the Parisian salons. Some *Unpublished Letters* were edited by Sir Spencer Walpole in 1902.

Alexander Carlyle (1722-1805) was born at Cummertrees manse near Annan, whence in 1724 his father was called to Prestonpans. Educated at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Leyden, he was minister of Inveresk from 1748 till his death. He was a divinity student when he volunteered for the defence of Edinburgh against Prince Charlie (the defence the authorities did not attempt); and he saw the flight of the defeated royal troops from his father's manse garden. The friend of Hume, Adam Smith, Smollett, John Home, &c., he was present in the theatre when Home's *Douglas* was first performed; and he belonged emphatically to the Broad Church party in the Scotland of the eighteenth century. With Robertson the historian he led the Moderates in the Church of Scotland; he was Moderator of the General Assembly, and was made Dean of the Chapel Royal in 1789. His imposing presence earned him the name of 'Jupiter' Carlyle; 'he was,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'the grandest demigod I ever saw.' His very interesting *Autobiography* was first edited in 1860 by John Hill Burton.

Prestonpans.

I directed the maid to awake me the moment the battle began, and fell into a profound sleep in an instant. I had no need to be awaked, though the maid was punctual, for I heard the first cannon that was fired, and started to my clothes; which, as I neither buckled nor gartered, were on in a moment, and immediately went to my father's, not a hundred yards off. All the strangers were gone, and my father had been up before daylight, and had resorted to the steeple. While I was conversing with my mother, he returned to the house, and assured me of what I had guessed before, that we were completely defeated. I ran into the garden, where there was a mount in the south-east corner, from which one could see the fields almost to the verge of that part where the battle was fought. Even at that time, which could hardly be more than ten or fifteen minutes after firing the first cannon, the whole prospect was filled with runaways, and Highlanders pursuing them. Many had their coats turned as prisoners, but were still trying to reach the town in hopes of escaping. The pursuing Highlanders, when they could not overtake, fired at them, and I saw two fall in the glebe. By-and-by a Highland officer whom I knew to be Lord Elcho passed with his train, and had an air of savage ferocity that disgusted and alarmed. He inquired fiercely of me where a public-house was to be found; I answered him very meekly, not doubting but that, if I had displeased him with my tone, his reply would have been with a pistol bullet.

The crowd of wounded and dying now approached with all their followers, but their groans and agonies were nothing compared with the howlings, and cries, and lamentations of the women, which suppressed manhood and created despondency. Not long after the Duke of Perth appeared with his train, who asked me, in a very different tone, the way to Collector Cheap's, to which house he had ordered our wounded officers. Knowing the family were from home, I answered the questions of victorious clemency with more assurance of personal safety, than I had done to unappeased fury. I directed him the way to the house, which was hard by that where I had slept.

The rebel army had before day marched in three divisions, one of which went straight down the waggon-way to attack our cannon; the other two crossed the Morass near Seaton House, one of which marched north towards Port-Seaton, where the field is broadest, to attack our rear, but over marched themselves, and fell in with a few companies that were guarding the baggage in a small enclosure near Cockenzie, and took the whole. The main body marched west through the plains, and just at the break of day attacked our army. After firing once, they run on with their broadswords, and our people fled. The dragoons attempted to charge, under Colonel Whitney, who was wounded, but wheeled immediately, and rode off through the defile between Preston and Bankton, to Dolphingston, half a mile off. Colonel Gardiner, with his division, attempted to charge, but was only followed by eleven men, as he had foretold, Cornet Kerr being one. He continued fighting, and had received several wounds, and was at last brought down by the stroke of a broadsword over the head. He was carried to the minister's house at Tranent, where he lived till next forenoon. His own house, which was nearer, was made an hospital for the Highlanders, no person of our army being carried there but the Master of Torphichen, who was so badly wounded that he could be sent to no greater distance. Some of the dragoons fled as far as Edinburgh, and one stood all day at the Castle-gate, as General Guest would not allow him to be taken in. A considerable body of dragoons met at Dolphingston immediately after the rout, little more than half a mile from the field, where Cope joined them; and where it was said Lord Drummore offered to conduct them back, with assurance of victory when the Highlanders were busy with the booty. But they could not be prevailed on by his eloquence no more than by the youthful ardour of Earls Home and Loudon. After a short halt, they marched over Falside Hill to Lauder. Sir Peter Halket, a captain in Lee's regiment, acted a distinguished part on this occasion; for after the rout he kept his company together: and getting behind a ditch in Tranent Meadow, he kept firing away on the rebels till they were glad to let him surrender on terms.

In the meantime my father became very uneasy lest I should be ill-treated by the rebels, as they would discover that I had been a Volunteer in Edinburgh; he therefore ordered the horses to be saddled, and telling me that the sea was out, and that we could escape by the shore without being seen, we mounted, taking a short leave of my mother and the young ones, and took the way he had pointed out. We escaped without interruption till we came to Port-seton harbour, a mile off, where we were obliged to turn up on the land, when my father observing a small party of Highlanders, who were pursuing two or three carts with baggage that were attempting to escape, and coming up with the foremost driver, who would not stop when called to, they shot him on the spot. This daunted my father, who turned immediately, and took the way we came. We were back again soon after, when, taking off my boots and putting on shoes, I had the appearance of a person who had not been abroad. I then proposed to go to Collector Cheap's house, where I understood there were twenty-three wounded officers, to offer my assistance to the surgeons, Cunningham and Trotter, the first of whom I knew. They were surgeons of the dragoons, and had surrendered that they might attend the officers. When I went in, I told Cunningham (afterwards the most eminent surgeon in Dublin) that I had come to offer them my services, as, though no surgeon, I had better hands than a common servant. They were obliged to me; but the only service I could do to them was to try to find one of their medicine-chests among the baggage, as they could do nothing for want of instruments. I readily undertook this task, provided they would furnish me with a guard. This they hoped they could do; and knocking at the door of an inner room, a Highland officer appeared, whom they called Captain Stewart. He was good-looking, grave, and of polished manners. He answered that he would soon find a proper conductor for me, and despatched a servant with a message. In the meantime I observed a very handsome young officer lying in an easy-chair in a faint, and seemingly dying. They led me to a chest of drawers, where there lay a piece of his skull, about two fingers' breadth and an inch and a-half long. I said, 'This gentleman must die.' 'No,' said Cunningham, 'the brain is not affected, nor any vital part: he has youth and a fine constitution on his side; and could I but get my instruments, there would be no fear of him.' This man was Captain Blake. Captain Stewart's messenger arrived with a fine, brisk, little, well-dressed Highlander, armed cap-a-pie with pistols, and dirk, and broadsword. Captain Stewart gave him his orders, and we set off immediately.

Never did any young man more perfectly display the boastful temper of a raw soldier, new to conflict and victory, than this Highland warrior. He said he had that morning been armour-bearer to the Duke of Perth, whose valour was as conspicuous as his clemency; that now there was no doubt of their final success, as the Almighty had blessed them with this almost bloodless victory on their part; that He had made the sun to shine upon them uninterruptedly since their first setting out; that no brawling woman had cursed, nor even a dog had barked at them; that not a cloud had interposed between them and the blessings of Heaven, and that this happy morning—— Here he was interrupted in his harangue by observing in the street a couple of grooms leading four fine blood-horses. He drew a pistol from his belt, and darted at the foremost in a moment. 'Who are you, sir? and where are you going? and whom are you seeking?' It was answered with an uncovered head and a dastardly tone, 'I am Sir John Cope's coachman, and I am seeking my master.' 'You'll not find him here, sir, but you and your man and your horses are my prisoners. Go directly to the Collector's house, and put up your horses in the stable, and wait till I return from a piece of public service. Do this directly, as you regard your lives.' They instantly obeyed. A few paces further on he met an officer's servant with two handsome geldings and a large and full clothes-bag. Similar questions and answers were made, and we found them all in the place to which they were ordered, on our return.

It was not long before we arrived at Cockenzie, where, under the protection of my guard, I had an opportunity of seeing this victorious army. In general they were of low stature and dirty, and of a contemptible appearance. The officers with whom I mixed were gentleman like, and very civil to me, as I was on an errand of humanity. I was conducted to Locheil, who was polished and gentle, and who ordered a soldier to make all the inquiry he could about the medicine-chests of the dragoons. After an hour's search, we returned without finding any of them, nor were they ever afterwards recovered. This view I had of the rebel army confirmed me in the prepossession that nothing but the weakest and most unaccountable bad conduct on our part could have possibly given them the victory. God forbid that Britain should ever again be in danger of being overrun by such a despicable enemy, for, at the best, the Highlanders were at that time but a raw militia, who were not cowards.

On our return from looking for the medicine-chests, we saw walking on the sea-shore, at the east end of Prestonpans, all the officers who were taken prisoners. I then saw human nature in its most abject form, for almost every aspect bore in it shame, and dejection, and despair. They were deeply mortified with what had happened, and timidly anxious about the future, for they were doubtful whether they were to be treated as prisoners of war or as rebels. I ventured to speak to one of them who was nearest me, a Major Severn; for Major Bowles, my acquaintance, was much wounded, and at the Collector's. He answered some questions I put to him with civility, and I told him what errand I had been on, and with what humanity I had seen the wounded officers treated, and ventured to assert that the prisoners would be well used. The confidence with which I spoke seemed to raise his spirits, which I completed by saying that nothing could have been expected but what had happened, when the foot were so shamefully deserted by the dragoons.

Garrick and Golf

Garrick was so friendly to John Home that he gave a dinner to his friends and companions at his house at Hampton, which he did but seldom. He had told us to bring golf clubs and balls that we might play at that game on Molesly Hurst. We accordingly set out in good time, six of us in a landau. As we passed through Kensington, the Coldstream regiment were changing guard, and, on seeing our clubs, they gave us three cheers in honour of a diversion peculiar to Scotland; so much does the remembrance of one's native country dilate the heart, when one has been some time absent. The same sentiment made us open our purses, and give our countrymen wherewithal to drink the 'Land o' Cakes.' Garrick met us by the way, so impatient he seemed to be for his company. There were John Home, and Robertson, and Wedderburn, and Robert and James Adam, and Colonel David Wedderburn, who was killed when commander of the army in Bombay, in the year [1773]. He was held by his companions to be in every respect as clever and able a man as his elder brother the Chancellor, with a much more gay, popular, and social temper.

Immediately after we arrived, we crossed the river to the golfing ground, which was very good. None of the company could play but John Home and myself, and Parson Black from Aberdeen, who, being chaplain to a regiment during some of the Duke of Cumberland's campaigns, had been pointed out to his Royal Highness as a proper person to teach him the game of chess: the Duke was such an apt scholar that he never lost a game after the first day; and he recompensed Black for having beat him so cruelly, by procuring for him the living of Hampton, which is a good one. We returned and dined sumptuously. Mrs Garrick, the only lady, now grown fat, though still very lively, being a woman of uncommon good sense, and now mistress of English, was in all respects most agreeable company. She did not seem at all to recognise me, which was no wonder, at the end of twelve years, having thrown away my bag wig and sword, and appearing in my own grisly hairs, and in parson's clothes; nor was I likely to remind her of her former state.

Garrick had built a handsome temple, with a statue of Shakespeare in it, in his lower garden, on the banks of the Thames, which was separated from the upper one by a high-road, under which there was an archway which united the two gardens. Garrick, in compliment to Home, had ordered the wine to be carried to this temple, where we were to drink it under the shade of the copy of that statue to which Home had addressed his pathetic verses on the rejection of his play. The poet and the actor were equally gay, and well pleased with each other, on this occasion, with much respect on the one hand, and a total oblivion of animosity on the other; for vanity is a passion that is easy to be entreated, and unites freely with all the best affections. Having observed a green mount in the garden, opposite the archway, I said to our landlord, that while the servants were preparing the collation in the temple I would surprise him with a stroke at the golf, as I should drive a ball through his archway into the Thames once in three strokes. I had measured the distance with my eye in walking about the garden, and accordingly, at the second stroke, made the ball alight in the mouth of the gateway, and roll down the green slope into the river. This was so dexterous that he was quite surprised, and begged the club of me by which such a feat had been performed. We passed a very agreeable afternoon; and it is hard to say which were happier, the landlord and landlady, or the guests.

The visit to London was paid in 1758. Returning from Leyden in 1746, Carlyle had seen on the packet-boat, disguised in boy's clothes, the Viennese dancing girl whom Garrick married in 1749.

Sarah Fielding (1710-68), a sister of the great Henry Fielding (see page 339), also attained eminence in her generation as a novelist. Her best-known work was her first *David Simple*, published in 1744, of which, in a preface to the second edition, Henry Fielding said that 'some of her touches might have done honour to the pencil of the immortal Shakespeare;' and Richardson quoted to her the opinion of a judge who gave her credit for a more perfect knowledge of the human heart than her great brother—an opinion that was probably unusual even then, and is now without a supporter. Other novels of Miss Fielding were *The Governess* and *The Countess of Dellwyn*. She also translated from the Greek.

Mrs Elizabeth Carter (1717-1806), the daughter of a Kentish clergyman, published in 1758 *All the Works of Epictetus now Extant, translated from the Greek*, and the work was received with high favour by the critics of the time. This learned lady, familiar to the readers of Boswell's Johnson, had previously (1739) translated, anonymously, Crousaz's *Examination of Pope's Essay on Man*, and Algarotti's *Newton's Philosophy Explained*. She had also published a small collection of poems written by herself before her twentieth year, and was a frequent correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Hence her early acquaintance with Johnson, who commemorated her talents and virtues in pithy sayings as well as in a Greek and a Latin epigram. Her *Poems on Several Occasions* (1762) contained only two from the former volume. She knew Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Portuguese, and Arabic; studied astronomy, ancient geography and history; played on the spinet and the German flute, sewed beautifully, and made admirable puddings. Her attainments were by no means unpractical: Johnson said of a distinguished scholar, by way of compliment, that he understood Greek better than any one he had ever known except Elizabeth Carter. Her *Memoirs* (by her nephew, 1808) and several collections of her letters to Mrs Montagu and others maintained her repute for learning and sense. The friend of Burke, Reynolds, Richardson, Horace Walpole, Bishop Butler, Beattie, and Hannah More, she lived to read and admire Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Of her poems, the best known is an *Ode to Wisdom*, enshrined by Richardson in his *Clarissa*. It is in rather stilted style, and opens with these stanzas:

The solitary bird of night
Through the thick shades now wings his flight,
And quits his time-shook tower,
Where, sheltered from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay
Beneath his ivy bower.

With joy I hear the solemn sound
Which midnight echoes waft around,
And sighing gales repeat.
Favourite of Pallas! I attend,
And, faithful to thy summons, bend
At wisdom's awful seat.

Charlotte Lennox (1720-1804) was the daughter of Colonel Ramsay, Lieutenant-Governor of New York, came to England in 1735, and after the death of her father failed as an actress, married, and took to literature. Her novel *The Female Quixote* (1752) has for heroine a young lady who has half-crazed herself by reading the romances of Scudéry, and it was praised by Fielding as well as by Johnson. Mrs Lennox also published a feeble critical work, *Shakspear Illustrated*, and translated from the French Brumoy's *Greek Theatre*, *The Life of Sully*, *The Memoirs of Madame de Maintenon* and some other works. Her first novel, *Harriot Stuart* (1751), was celebrated by Johnson and a party of ladies and gentlemen in the Devil Tavern, where a sumptuous supper, including a prodigious apple-pie, was provided, and Johnson invested the authoress with a crown of laurel. Her novel *Henrietta* was dramatised by her as *The Sister*, plagiarised from by Burgoyne, and translated both into German and French. She wrote other novels, poems, a 'dramatic pastoral,' and a comedy based on Chapman's *Eastward Hoe* (see Vol. I. p. 378). The following is a conversation in the *Female Quixote*:

You had the boldness, said she, to talk to me of love; and you well know that persons of my sex and quality are not permitted to listen to such discourses; and if for that offence I banished you my presence, I did no more than decency required of me, and which I would yet do, were I mistress of my own actions.

But is it possible, cousin, said Glanville, that you can be angry with any one for loving you? Is that a crime of so high a nature as to merit an eternal banishment from your presence?

Without telling you, said Arabella, blushing, whether I am angry at being loved, it is sufficient, you know, that I will not pardon the man who shall have the presumption to tell me he loves me.

But, madam, interrupted Glanville, if the person who tells you he loves you, be of a rank not beneath you, I conceive you are not at all injured by the favourable sentiments he feels for you; and though you are not disposed to make any returns to his passion, yet you are certainly obliged to him for his good opinion.

Since love is not voluntary, replied Arabella, I am not obliged to any person for loving me; for, questionless, if he could help it, he would.

If it is not a voluntary favour, interrupted Glanville, it is not a voluntary offence; and if you do not think yourself obliged by one, neither are you at liberty to be offended with the other.

The question, said Arabella, is not whether I ought to be offended at being loved, but whether it is not an offence to be told I am so.

If there is nothing criminal in the passion itself, madam, resumed Glanville, certainly there can be no crime in declaring it.

However specious your arguments may appear, interrupted Arabella, I am persuaded it is an unpardonable crime to tell a lady you love her; and though I had nothing else to plead, yet the authority of custom is sufficient to prove it.

Custom, Lady Bella, said Glanville, smiling, is wholly on my side; for the ladies are so far from being displeased at the addresses of their lovers, that their chiefest care is to gain them, and their greatest triumph to hear them talk of their passion: so, madam, I hope you will allow that argument has no force.

I do not know, answered Arabella, what sort of ladies they are who allow such unbecoming liberties; but I am certain that Statira, Parisatis, Clelia, Mandane, and all the illustrious heroines of antiquity, whom it is a glory to resemble, would never admit of such discourses.

Ah! for Heaven's sake, cousin, interrupted Glanville, endeavouring to stifle a laugh, do not suffer yourself to be governed by such antiquated maxims! The world is quite different to what it was in those days; and the ladies in this age would as soon follow the fashions of the Greek and Roman ladies, as mimic their manners; and, I believe, they would become one as well as the other.

I am sure, replied Arabella, the world is not more virtuous now than it was in their days; and there is good reason to believe it is not much wiser; and I do not see why the manners of this age are to be preferred to those of former ones, unless they are wiser and better: however, I cannot be persuaded that things are as you say; but that when I am a little better acquainted with the world, I shall find as many persons who resemble Oroondates, Artaxerxes, and the illustrious lover of Clelia, as those who are like Teribases, Artaxes, and the presuming and insolent Glanville.

By the epithets you give me, madam, said Glanville, I find you have placed me in very bad company: but pray, madam, if the illustrious lover of Clelia had never discovered his passion, how would the world have come to the knowledge of it?

He did not discover his passion, sir, resumed Arabella, till by the services he did the noble Clelius and his incomparable daughter, he could plead some title to their esteem: he several times preserved the life of that renowned Roman; delivered the beautiful Clelia when she was a captive; and, in fine, conferred so many obligations upon them, and all their friends, that he might well expect to be pardoned by the divine Clelia for daring to love her. Nevertheless, she used him very harshly when he first declared his passion, and banished him also from her presence; and it was a long time before she could prevail upon herself to compassionate his sufferings.

Here the marquis coming in, interrupted Arabella; upon which she took occasion to retire, leaving Glanville more captivated with her than ever.

He found her usage of him was grounded upon examples she thought it her duty to follow; and, strange as her notions of life appeared, yet they were supported with so much wit and delicacy, that he could not help admiring her, while he foresaw the oddity of her humour would throw innumerable difficulties in his way before he should be able to obtain her.

However, as he was really passionately in love with her, he resolved to accommodate himself, as much as possible, to her taste, and endeavour to gain her heart by a behaviour most agreeable to her: he therefore assumed an air of great distance and respect; never mentioned his affections, nor the intentions of her father in his favour; and the marquis observing his daughter conversed with him with less reluctance than usual, leaving to time, and the merit of his nephew, to dispose her to comply with his desires, resolved not to interpose his authority in an affair upon which her own happiness so much depended.

Elizabeth Montagu (1720-1800) held a prominent place in the literary society of the period. The daughter of a wealthy Yorkshire squire, Mr Robinson, she married the wealthy grandson of the Earl of Sandwich; and both before and after her husband's death made her house the chief resort of persons of both sexes distinguished for rank, taste, and talent. Numerous references to this circle will be found in Boswell's *Johnson*, in the Life of Beattie, and in the works of Hannah More. Mrs Montagu became 'the Mme du Deffand of London;' and it was to her reunions and those of friends who imitated her in substituting conversation for the usual pastime of card-playing that Mr Benjamin Stillingfleet came with his famous blue worsted stockings, instead of the black silks of the card-playing assemblies—whence the application of the term to learned ladies. The 'blue-stocking' circle included Mrs Thrale, Mrs Chapone, Hannah More, and Fanny Burney, and a long series of famous men, from Dr Johnson to William Wilberforce. Mrs Montagu was authoress of a famous *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakspear, compared with the Greek and French Dramatic Poets, with some Remarks upon the Misrepresentations of M. de Voltaire* (1769). This essay had great success at home and abroad; was praised by Reynolds, Lyttelton, and Cowper; condemned by Johnson and Boswell; and is now interesting as showing the low state of poetical and Shakespearean criticism at the time it was written. A memoir, with letters, of Mrs Montagu was published in 1873 by Dr Doran, under the title of *A Lady of the Last Century*.

Hester Chapone (1727-1801), daughter of Thomas Mulso, a Northamptonshire squire, wrote a romance before she was ten; studied French, Italian, Latin, and music; contributed to Johnson's *Rambler;* and became the intimate friend of Richardson the novelist. Her married life lasted only a few months, her husband, an attorney, dying in 1761. In 1772 she wrote her best-known book, or rather a collection of essays, called *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind*, and in 1775 her *Miscellanies*. An edition of her works, with a Life, appeared in 1807, and extended to six volumes. The following from the *Improvement* is rather characteristic.

When I speak of the best company, I do not mean in the common acceptation of the word persons of high rank and fortune but rather the most worthy and sensible. It is however very important to a young woman to be introduced into life on a respectable footing, and to converse with those whose manners and style of life may polish her behaviour, refine her sentiments, and give her consequence in the eye of the world. Your equals in rank are most proper for intimacy, but to be sometimes amongst your superiors is every way desirable and advantageous, unless it should inspire you with pride, or with the foolish desire of emulating their grandeur and expense.

Above all things avoid intimacy with those of low birth and education! nor think it a mark of humility to delight in such society; for it much oftener proceeds from the meanest kind of pride, that of being the head of the company, and seeing your companions subservient to you. The servile flattery and submission which usually recommend such people and make amends for their ignorance and want of conversation, will infallibly corrupt your heart and make all company insipid from whom you cannot expect the same homage. Your manners and faculties, instead of improving, must be continually lowered to suit you to your companions; and, believe me, you will find it no easy matter to raise them again to a level with those of polite and well-informed people.

The greatest kindness and civility to inferiors [illegible] perfectly consistent with proper caution on this head. Treat them always with affability, and talk to them of their own affairs, with an affectionate interest; but never make them familiar, nor admit them as associates in your diversions: but, above all, never trust them with your secrets, which is putting yourself entirely in their power, and subjecting yourself to the most shameful slavery.

Catherine Macaulay (1731-91) was an ardent politician of outspokenly republican sentiments 'the hen-brood of faction,' according to Walpole. The daughter of John Sanbridge, a Kentish proprietor, she married a Scotch doctor Macaulay in 1760 and in 1778, after twelve years of widowhood, a brother of the famous quack doctor Graham, also a Scotsman. Her chief work was a *History of England from the Accession of James I. to the Elevation of the House of Hanover* (8 vols. 1763-83). Though a work of no authority, it has well-written passages, and was highly thought of by Mirabeau and Madame Roland. Lecky calls Mrs Macaulay 'the ablest writer of the new Radical school,' and Horace Walpole and Gray even put her *History* above Hume's. To ridicule Mrs Macaulay's republicanism, Johnson one day proposed that her footman, 'a very sensible, civil, well behaved fellow-citizen,' should be allowed to sit down to dinner with the party; and in a still less complimentary vein, said it was better she should redden her own cheeks than blacken other people's characters. Before her death she had visited George Washington in America, written against Burke's denunciation of the French Revolution, criticised Hobbes, and produced a treatise on morals and letters on education. What Mrs Macaulay had in common with her illustrious namesake, and what she had not, will be gathered from the following paragraphs from her account of the Revolution, on

The Bishops committed to the Tower.

There cannot be a stronger mark of that deep-rooted prejudice which the doctrines of passive obedience had fixed in the minds of James and his party, and the entire dependence they had in the sincerity of its professors, than the boldness of a step which must naturally excite the resentment of a people who had shewn such ample testimonies of a blind devotion to the interests and power of the church. Jeffries, who had hitherto been the foremost in all the violent councils of this and the preceding reign, remonstrated against the measure as impolitic and dangerous, and the anxiety and attention with which the public waited the issue of this business struck a terror in the minds of the most determined of the king's servants. Directions were given that the reverend fathers should be carried by water, in order to prevent the emotions which a sight of their humiliations in a passage through the city might occasion; but this caution was needless, for the inflamed populace rushed in innumerable crowds to the river to wait for their arrival: the banks were covered [illegible] both sides, and the rooms, and even the roofs of all adjoining houses, were filled with eager spectators: [illegible] shout of acclamation, which resounded from one end of the town to the other, was set up by the multitude when the bishops were discovered at a distance. This was immediately followed by a deluge of tears; fervent prayers were offered up to heaven for their deliverance; as they approached the ground was strewed with the protestant bodies of pious devotees; whilst others, yet more inflamed with zeal, ran up to the chin into the water to receive their blessing. The contagion caught even the soldiers, who threw themselves on their knees to their prisoners, nor could Daniel in the lion's den excite more terror and compassion in the breasts of the devout Jews, than a lodgment in the Tower for a few weeks excited in the minds of a people who had beheld often with the eye of indifference those cruel executions which sully the page of history during the last reign and in the beginning of the present; and who but a few months before had beheld without any extraordinary emotion the rigorous scourging of Samuel Johnson, an honest but zealous divine of the church of England, who had been given up by his brethren to the resentment of the court, which had been drawn on him for a publication entitled 'An humble and hearty address to all the English protestants in the army, in which they are intreated not to make themselves the tools of the papists, to enslave their country and subvert their religion.' Such are the effects of instigation over the human heart, that rancour and sympathy, indifference and passion, take their alternate rise from the mere phantoms of the brain, without being in any measure rationally regulated by the nature of circumstances or the complexion of facts. The behaviour of the bishops was equally calculated to correspond with their public professions, and at the same time to enflame the sympathy of the multitude. They distributed to all around them their blessings without reserve; they augmented the general favour by the most lowly submissive deportment; they exhorted the people to fear

God, honour the king, and to maintain their loyalty; and no sooner had they entered the precincts of the Tower, than they hurried to chapel, in order to return thanks for those afflictions which heaven in defence of its holy cause had thought them worthy to endure.

The triumph of the church over prerogative, the idol to which they had taught the multitude to bow, was yet more splendid on the day of their trial, than in their passage to the Tower. Twenty-nine peers, the far greater number of which were of the high Tory faction, and had been highly instrumental in exalting the power of the crown and fixing James on the throne, with a great number of commoners and divines of inferior rank, attended the bishops to Westminster-hall; and the populace who assembled in expectation of the event was more numerous than had ever been seen on any occasion.

Clara Reeve (1729-1807), born at Ipswich, the daughter of the rector of Freston, translated Barclay's *Argenis* (1772), and wrote *The Champion of Virtue, a Gothic Story* (1777), renamed *The Old English Baron*, which was avowedly an imitation of Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*. The *Old English Baron* used constantly to be printed along with the *Castle of Otranto*, and in virtue of her *chef d'œuvre*, Miss Reeve has an assured place in the history of the romantic movement in our literature; she was Mrs Radcliffe's literary godmother. It may even be said that in the management of the supernatural machinery so as to produce mystery and weird effect, she surpassed her prototype; but she had neither Walpole's pointed style nor his grace. Scott thought her weak in imagination, and criticised her style as sometimes tame and tiresome. But the book has gone through more than a dozen editions, and was three times reprinted between 1883 and 1888. Miss Reeve wrote four other novels, all forgotten, and *The Progress of Romance* (1785), a sort of history of fiction.

David Lewis (1683?-1760), a Welshman born, seems to have been an usher in Westminster School. He wrote a blank-verse tragedy on Philip of Macedon (1727), but is best known for a collection of *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (1726), which contained Dyer's 'Grongar Hill,' Pope's 'Vital Spark,' and a number of songs and poems, some of the best of which are attributed to himself, such as the following, reprinted in Percy's *Reliques*:

Away! let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors,
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And, to be noble, we'll be good.

Our name while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke;
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess?
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung!
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy Time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

James Merrick (1720-69) was a distinguished classical scholar. Born at Reading, and educated there and at Trinity College, Oxford, he gained a fellowship, and took holy orders, but was unable to do duty from delicate health. Merrick wrote some hymns, and, with no great success, attempted a version of the Psalms. Better known is

The Chameleon

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times perter than before,
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travelled fool your mouth will stop:
'Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
I've seen—and sure I ought to know'—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
And on their way in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that;
Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
'A stranger animal,' cries one,
'Sure never lived beneath the sun:
A lizard's body lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
Its tooth with triple claw disjoined;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue—
Whoever saw so fine a blue?'
'Hold there,' the other quick replies;
''Tis green: I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray;
Stretched at its ease, the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food.'

'I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast surveyed
Extended in the cooling shade.'
'"Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye.'
'Green!' cries the other in a fury:
'Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?'
'"Twere no great loss,' the friend replies;
'For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find 'em but of little use.'
So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows:
When luckily came by a third;
To him the question they referred,
And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
'Sirs,' cries the umpire, 'cease your pother;
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candlelight:
I marked it well; 'twas black as jet—
You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it.' 'Pray, sir, do;
I'll lay my life the thing is blue.'
'And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green.'
'Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,
Replies the man, 'I'll turn him out:
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him.'
He said; and full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo!—'twas white.
Both stared; the man looked wondrous wise—
'My children,' the Chameleon cries
(Then first the creature found a tongue),
'You all are right, and all are wrong:
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you:
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own.'

Francis Fawkes (1721-77) translated Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, Moschus, Musæus, and Theocritus, and wrote pleasing original verses. Born at Warmsworth near Doncaster, and educated at Bury and Jesus Colleges, Cambridge, he was vicar of Orpington and rector of Hayes in Kent. He enjoyed the friendship of Johnson and Warton; Johnson acknowledged that 'Frank Fawkes had done the Odes of Anacreon very finely;' but, however classic in his tastes and studies, Fawkes relished a cup of English ale, as is shown by his praise of

The Brown Jug

Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale
(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale)
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathomed a bowl;
In bousing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.

It chanced as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flower-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrows away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolved it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he formed this brown jug;
Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale!

John Gambold (1711-71), bred at Oxford, came under Wesley's influence, and in 1742 resigned his living at Stanton Harcourt in Oxfordshire to become a preacher, and ultimately a bishop, among the Moravian Brethren. He wrote religious and theological works, hymns, and poems. Erskine of Linlathen re-edited his works (1823), and an edition of his *Poetical Works* appeared in 1816. His principal poem was a dramatic piece (written 1740), in which he described himself in the character of Claudius, a Roman soldier.

The Mystery of Life.

So many years I've seen the sun,
And called these eyes and hands my own,
A thousand little acts I've done,
And childhood have, and manhood known:
O what is life! and this dull round
To tread, why was a spirit bound?

So many airy draughts and lines,
And warm excursions of the mind,
Have filled my soul with great designs,
While practice grovelled far behind:
O what is thought! and where withdraw
The glories which my fancy saw?

So many tender joys and woes
Have on my quivering soul had power;
Plain life with heightening passions rose,
The boast or burden of their hour:
O what is all we feel! why fled
Those pains and pleasures o'er my head?

So many human souls divine,
So at one interview displayed,
Some oft and freely mixed with mine,
In lasting bonds my heart have laid:
O what is friendship! why impressed
On my weak, wretched, dying breast?

So many wondrous gleams of light,
And gentle ardours from above,
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,
Some moments on a throne of love:
O what is virtue! why had I,
Who am so low, a taste so high?

Ere long, when sovereign wisdom wills,
My soul an unknown path shall tread,
And strangely leave, who strangely fills
This frame, and waft me to the dead:
O what is death! 'tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more;
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouched again;
Where in their bright result shall rise
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs, and joys.

James Hammond (1710-42), son of a Huntingdonshire squire, was educated at Westminster, became one of the friends of Frederick Prince of Wales, but did not shine in Parliament as member for Truro. According to the story, he fell deep in love with Miss Dashwood, a friend of Lady Bute, whose inexorable rejection of his suit inspired his once admired love-elegies, condemned by Johnson though praised by Thomson and Chesterfield; they are obvious imitations of Tibullus—smooth, tame, and frigid. In the following elegy Hammond imagines himself married to his Delia, and retired to the country.

Let others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields, with waving plenty crowned,
Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound:

While calmly poor, I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But, cheaply blest, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast!
Or, lulled to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest!

Or, if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur as they glide away!

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop and gaze on Delia as I go!
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know!

Thus pleased at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for Delia and myself alone.

Ah, foolish man, who thus of her possessed,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind!

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
Nor trust to happiness that's not our own;
The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
But here I know that I am loved alone. . . .

Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am blest,
The favourite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguished from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock;
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock.

Ah, what avails to press the stately bed,
And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep! . .

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind;
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason joined.

On her I'll gaze, when others' loves are o'er,
And dying press her with my clay-cold hand;
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

Oh, when I die, my latest moments spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill;
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Though I am dead, my soul shall love thee still:

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart;
Oh leave me, Delia, ere thou see me dead,
These weeping friends will do thy mournful part:

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corse in melancholy state,
Through all the village spread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

Richard West (1716-42), the friend of Gray and Walpole, was the only son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland and a grandson of Bishop Burnet. Bred at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, he wrote a number of fugitive poems and a lost drama. All his known poems are given in the Rev. D. C. Tovey's *Gray and his Friends* (1890), where many letters are printed for the first time, in addition to those in the Walpole and the Gray correspondence. The following is 'imitated' from Tibullus (iii. 5), the text differing in sundry minor points from the earlier form given by Tovey:

Ad Amicos.

Yes, happy youths, on Camus' sedgy side,
You feel each joy that friendship can divide;
Each realm of science and of art explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore.
Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend
To raise the genius, or the heart to mend;
Now pleased along the cloistered walk you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where social oft, and oft alone, ye choose
To catch the zephyr, and to court the muse.
Meantime at me—while all devoid of art
These lines give back the image of my heart—
At me the power that comes or soon or late,
Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate;
From you remote, methinks alone I stand,
Like some sad exile in a desert land:
Around no friends their lenient care to join
In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine.
Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,
For ever blot the sunshine of my days;

To sickness still, and still to grief a prey,
Health turns from me her rosy face away.
Just Heaven! what sin ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb?
Did e'er this hand against a brother's life
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murderous knife?
Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might know?
As yet just started from the lists of time,
My growing years have scarcely told their prime;
Useless as yet through life I've idly run,
No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
Ah, who, ere autumn's mellowing suns appear,
Would pluck the promise of the vernal year;
Or ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray?
Stern power of fate, whose ebon sceptre rules
The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,
Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;
Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing shade shall go.
How weak is man to reason's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die;
Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.
In vain our plans of happiness we raise,
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise;
Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,
Are what the wise would fear to call their own.
Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
And fair-faced youth is ever on the wing;
'Tis like the stream beside whose watery bed
Some blooming plant exalts his flowery head;
Nursed by the wave the spreading branches rise,
Shade all the ground, and flourish to the skies;
The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below;
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey;
Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And sinks untimely in the whelming tide.
But why repine? Does life deserve my sigh;
Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.
For those the wretches I despise or hate,
I neither envy nor regard their fate.
For me, whene'er all-conquering death shall spread
His wings around my unrepining head,
I care not; though this face be seen no more,
The world will pass as cheerful as before;
Bright as before the day-star will appear,
The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear;
Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor signs on earth, nor portents in the air;
Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
Nor nature e'er take notice of my death.
Yet some there are—ere spent my vital days—
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise.
Loved in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praise would crown me as their precepts mend:
To them may these fond lines my name endear,
Not from the Poet, but the Friend sincere.

Sir Gilbert Elliot (1722-77), author of *Amynta*, which Sir Walter Scott called 'the beautiful pastoral song,' was third baronet of Minto, and brother of Jean Elliot. Sir Gilbert was educated at Edinburgh and Leyden for the Scottish Bar; he was twenty years in Parliament as member successively for the counties of Selkirk and Roxburgh, and was distinguished as a speaker. He was in 1756 made a Lord of the Admiralty, in 1767 Keeper of the Signet in Scotland, and in 1770 Treasurer of the Navy. He died at Marseilles, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health, in 1777. He was the intimate friend of Home, author of *Douglas*, and David Hume, but disliked the sceptical tendency of Hume's philosophy; and it was he who kept Hume from publishing the *Dialogues* during his own lifetime.

Amynta

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?
Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love!
O fool! to imagine that aught could subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true!

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine.
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.

Christopher Smart, an unfortunate [illegible] genius, was born 11th April 1722 at Ship[illegible] near Tunbridge, whither his father had [illegible] from Durham as steward to Viscount [illegible] Through the influence of this nobleman, C[illegible] pher procured from the Duchess of Clevela[illegible] allowance of £40 per annum. He was adm[illegible] to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, in 1739, and [illegible] a Fellow in 1745. At college Smart was re[illegible] able for folly and extravagance, and his d[illegible] guished contemporary Gray prophesied truly [illegible] the result of his conduct would be a jail or be[illegible] In 1747 he wrote a comedy called a *Trip t[illegible] bridge, or the Grateful Fair*, which was [illegible] in Pembroke College Hall. No remains of [illegible] play have been found, excepting a few songs [illegible] a mock-heroic soliloquy containing this:

Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
The barber beats the luckless collier *white*;
The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber *black*.
In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,
And beats the collier and the barber *red*.
Black, red, and white, in various clouds are tossed,
And in the dust they raise the combatants are lost.

Having written several pieces for periodicals published by Newbery, Smart became acquainted with the bookseller's family, and married his step-daughter, Anna Maria Carnan, in 1753. He now removed to London and endeavoured to subsist by his pen. The notorious 'Sir' John Hill—whose wars with the Royal Society, with Fielding, Garrick, and others, are well known; an apothecary, hack-writer, and scurrilous pamphleteer who closed his life by becoming a quack-doctor—having insidiously attacked Smart, the latter replied by a spirited satire entitled *The Hilliad*. Among his various tasks was metrical translations of the *Fables* of Phædrus and of the Psalms and the parables, with a prose translation of Horace. In 1756 he was one of the conductors of a monthly periodical called *The Universal Visiter;* and to assist him, Johnson—who sincerely sympathised, as Boswell records, with Smart's unhappy mental crises—contributed a few essays. In 1763, as previously in 1751, the poor poet was confined in a madhouse. 'He has partly as much exercise,' said Johnson, 'as he used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the ale-house; but he was *carried* back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him—also falling upon his knees and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it.' During his confinement, it is said, writing materials were denied him, and Smart used to inscribe his poetical thoughts with charcoal on the walls of Bethlehem Hospital, or with a key on the wainscot. Obviously he could not have written down in this way the eighty-four six-line stanzas of the *Song to David*, composed during his saner intervals; the bulk of it presumably composed and carried in the memory. Smart was afterwards released from his confinement; but debt and ill-fortune still pursued him. He was committed to the King's Bench prison for debt, and died there, after a short illness, 21st May 1771.

The *Song to David* is every way one of the most remarkable things in English poetry, and not merely, as it might in virtue of its origin and history be called, a 'curiosity of literature.' Even if it be not, as D. G. Rossetti said, 'the only great accomplished poem of the last [i.e. the eighteenth] century,' and though we do not quite agree with Mr Gosse in calling it 'a portent of beauty and originality,' it is an amazing burst of devout imagination, in some passages attaining unmistakable splendour of thought and expression, marked by rich imagery, memorable phrasing, and majestic rhythms. Professor Palgrave and Mr Stopford Brooke are equally warm in commendation of the poem. Browning praised it in his *Parleyings*, and [illegible] Smart 'on either hand with Milton and with Keats.' There are evident traces in it of want of mental balance; but it is amazing to know that though it was printed by Smart in 1763 it was omitted from his collected poems in 1791 as 'exhibiting [only ?] too melancholy proof of the estrangement of Smart's mind.' Anderson and Chalmers in their collections gave large extracts from Smart, but could not find a copy of the *Song* to quote from. It was reprinted in 1819 and 1827, and the whole of it was given in the first edition of this work (1843). It has since then been repeatedly printed, a recent editor being Mr Tutin (1898).

Song to David.

O thou, that sit'st upon a throne,
With harp of high, majestic tone,
  To praise the King of kings:
And voice of heaven ascending swell,
Which, while its deeper notes excel,
  Clear as a clarion rings:

To bless each valley, grove, and coast,
And charm the cherubs to the post
  Of gratitude in throngs;
To keep the days on Zion's Mount,
And send the year to his account,
  With dances and with songs:

O servant of God's holiest charge,
The minister of praise at large,
  Which thou may'st now receive;
From thy blest mansion hail and hear,
From topmost eminence appear
  To this the wreath I weave.

Great, valiant, pious, good, and clean,
Sublime, contemplative, serene,
  Strong, constant, pleasant, wise!
Bright effluence of exceeding grace;
Best man! the swiftness and the race,
  The peril and the prize!

Great—from the lustre of his crown,
From Samuel's horn, and God's renown,
  Which is the people's voice:
For all the host, from rear to van,
Applauded and embraced the man—
  The man of God's own choice.

Valiant—the word, and up he rose;
The fight—he triumphed o'er the foes
  Whom God's just laws abhor;
And, armed in gallant faith, he took
Against the boaster, from the brook,
  The weapons of the war.

Pious—magnificent and grand,
'Twas he the famous temple planned,
  (The seraph in his soul).
Foremost to give the Lord his dues,
Foremost to bless the welcome news,
  And foremost to condole.

Good—from Jehudah's genuine vein,
From God's best nature, good in grain,
  His aspect and his heart.
To pity, to forgive, to save,
Witness En-gedi's conscious cave,
  And Shimei's blunted dart.

Clean—if perpetual prayer be pure,
And love, which could itself inure
  To fasting and to fear—
Clean in his gestures, hands, and feet,
To smite the lyre, the dance complete,
  To play the sword and spear.

Sublime—invention ever young,
Of vast conception, towering tongue,
  To God the eternal theme;
Notes from yon exaltations caught,
Unrivalled royalty of thought,
  O'er meaner strains supreme.

Contemplative—on God to fix
His musings, and above the six
  The Sabbath-day he blest;
'Twas then his thoughts self-conquest pruned,
And heavenly melancholy tuned,
  To bless and bear the rest.

Serene—to sow the seeds of peace,
Remembering when he watched the fleece,
  How sweetly Kidron purled—
To further knowledge, silence vice,
And plant perpetual paradise,
  When God had calmed the world.

Strong—in the Lord, who could defy
Satan, and all his powers that lie
  In sempiternal night;
And hell, and horror, and despair
Were as the lion and the bear
  To his undaunted might.

Constant—in love to God, the Truth,
Age, manhood, infancy, and youth—
  To Jonathan his friend
Constant beyond the verge of death;
And Ziba and Mephibosheth
  His endless fame attend.

Pleasant—and various as the year;
Man, soul, and angel without peer,
  Priest, champion, sage, and boy;
In armour or in ephod clad,
His pomp, his piety was glad;
  Majestic was his joy.

Wise—in recovery from his fall,
Whence rose his eminence o'er all,
  Of all the most reviled;
The light of Israel in his ways,
Wise are his precepts, prayer, and praise,
  And counsel to his child.

His muse, bright angel of his verse,
Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,
  For all the pangs that rage;
Blest light, still gaining on the gloom,
The more than Michal of his bloom,
  The Abishag of his age.

He sang of God—the mighty source
Of all things—the stupendous force
  On which all strength depends;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise
  Commences, reigns, and ends.

Angels—their ministry and meed,
Which to and fro with blessings speed,
  Or with their citterns wait;
Where Michael, with his millions, bows,
Where dwells the seraph and his spouse,
  The cherub and her mate.

Of man—the semblance and effect
Of God and love—the saint elect
  For infinite applause—
To rule the land, and briny broad,
To be laborious in his laud,
  And heroes in his cause.

The world—the clustering spheres he made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
  Dale, champaign, grove, and hill;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secrecy remains in bliss,
  And wisdom hides her skill.

Trees, plants, and flowers—of virtuous root;
Gem yielding blossom, yielding fruit,
  Choice gums and precious balm;
Bless ye the nosegay in the vale,
And with the sweetness of the gale
  Enrich the thankful psalm.

Of fowl—e'en every beak and wing
Which cheer the winter, hail the spring,
  That live in peace, or prey;
They that make music, or that mock,
The quail, the brave domestic cock,
  The raven, swan, and jay.

Of fishes—every size and shape,
Which nature frames of light escape,
  Devouring man to shun:
The shells are in the wealthy deep,
The shoals upon the surface leap,
  And love the glancing sun.

Of beasts—the beaver plods his task;
While the sleek tigers roll and bask,
  Nor yet the shades arouse;
Her cave the mining coney scoops;
Where o'er the mead the mountain stoops,
  The kids exult and browse.

Of gems—their virtue and their price,
Which, hid in earth from man's device,
  Their darts of lustre sheath;
The jasper of the master's stamp,
The topaz blazing like a lamp,
  Among the mines beneath.

Blest was the tenderness he felt,
When to his graceful harp he knelt,
  And did for audience call;
When Satan with his hand he quelled,
And in serene suspense he held
  The frantic throes of Saul.

His furious foes no more maligned
As he such melody divined,
  And sense and soul detained;
Now striking strong, now soothing soft,
He sent the godly sounds aloft,
  Or in delight refrained.

When up to heaven his thoughts he piled,
From fervent lips fair Michal smiled,
As blush to blush she stood;
And chose herself the queen, and gave
Her utmost from her heart—'so brave,
And plays his hymns so good.'

The pillars of the Lord are seven,
Which stand from earth to topmost heaven;
His wisdom drew the plan;
His Word accomplished the design,
From brightest gem to deepest mine,
From Christ enthroned to man. . . .

O David, scholar of the Lord!
Such is thy science, whence reward,
And infinite degree:
O strength, O sweetness, lasting ripe!
God's harp thy symbol, and thy type
The lion and the bee!

There is but One who ne'er rebelled,
But One by passion unimpelled,
By pleasures unenticed;
He from himself his semblance sent,
Grand object of his own content,
And saw the God in Christ.

'Tell them, I Am,' Jehovah said
To Moses; while earth heard in dread,
And, smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied: 'O Lord, Thou Art.' . . .

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes,
And drops upon the leafy limes;
Sweet Hermon's fragrant air:
Sweet is the lily's silver bell,
And sweet the wakeful tapers smell
That watch for early prayer.

Sweet the young nurse with love intense,
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence:
Sweet when the lost arrive:
Sweet the musician's ardour beats,
While his vague mind's in quest of sweets,
The choicest flowers to hive.

Sweeter in all the strains of love
The language of thy turtle dove
Paired to thy swelling chord;
Sweeter with every grace endued
The glory of thy gratitude
Respired unto the Lord.

Strong is the horse upon his speed;
Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,
Which makes at once his game:
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground;
Strong thro' the turbulent profound
Shoots xiphias to his aim

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eyeball—like a bastion's mole
His chest against the foes;
Strong, the gier eagle on his sail,
Strong against tide th' enormous whale
Emerges as he goes.

But stronger still, in earth and air,
And in the sea, the man of prayer;
And far beneath the tide;
And in the seat to faith assigned,
Where ask is have, where seek is find,
Where knock is open wide. . . .

Glorious the sun in mid career;
Glorious th' assembled fires appear;
Glorious the comet's train:
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;
Glorious th' almighty stretched-out arm;
Glorious th' enraptured main:

Glorious the northern lights astream;
Glorious the song, when God's the theme;
Glorious the thunder's roar:
Glorious hosanna from the den;
Glorious the catholic amen;
Glorious the martyr's gore:

Glorious—more glorious—is the crown
Of him that brought salvation down,
By meekness call'd thy Son;
Thou that stupendous truth believed,
And now the matchless deeds achieved,
Determined, dared, and done.

William Mason (1724-97), the friend and literary executor of Gray, long survived the association which did him so much honour, but he had appeared early as a poet. Born at Hull, the son of a clergyman, he took his B.A. from St John's College, Cambridge, in 1745, and was elected a Fellow of Pembroke through the influence of Gray, who had been attracted to him by his *Musæus* (1747), a lament for Pope in imitation of *Lycidas*. To his poem *Isis* (1748), an attack on the Jacobitism of Oxford, Thomas Warton replied in his *Triumph of Isis*. In 1753 appeared his tragedy of *Elfrida*, 'written,' as Southey said, 'on an artificial model, and in a gorgeous diction, because he thought Shakespeare had precluded all hope of excellence in any other form of drama.' Mason's model was the Greek drama, and he introduced into his play the classic accompaniment of the chorus. A second drama, *Caractacus* (1759), is of a higher cast than *Elfrida*: simpler in language, and of more sustained dignity in scenes, situations, and characters. Mason also wrote odes on *Independence*, *Memory*, *Melancholy*, and the *Fall of Tyranny*, in which his sonorous diction swells into extravagance and bombast. His longest poetical work is his *English Garden*, a descriptive poem in four books of blank verse (1772-82). He also indited odes to the naval officers of Great Britain, to the Honourable William Pitt, and in commemoration of the Revolution of 1688. Under the name of Malcolm Macgregor, he published in quite another vein *An Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, Knight* (1773), in which the taste for Chinese pagodas and Eastern bowers is cleverly ridiculed. Gray left him a legacy of £500, together with his books and manuscripts; and Mason in 1775 published his friend's poems with a memoir. In that memoir he made a greater and more important innovation than he had done in his dramas; instead of presenting the continuous narrative in which the biographer alone is heard, he incorporated the poet's journals and letters in chronological order, thus making the subject of the memoir in some degree his own biographer. This plan was afterwards adopted by Boswell in his *Life of Johnson.* Mason became vicar of Aston in Yorkshire in 1754, and Canon of York in 1762. When politics ran high he took an active part on the side of the Whigs, but retained the respect of all parties. His poetry is lamentably lacking in simplicity, yet at times his rich diction has a fine effect. In his *English Garden*, though it is verbose and languid as a whole, there are some fine things. Gray quoted as 'superlative' from one of the odes:

While through the west, where sinks the crimson day,
Meek twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners gray.

Apostrophe to England.

In thy fair domain,
Yes, my loved Albion! many a glade is found,
The haunt of wood-gods only, where if Art
E'er dared to tread, 'twas with unsandalled foot,
Printless, as if the place were holy ground.
And there are scenes where, though she whilom trod,
Led by the worst of guides, fell Tyranny,
And ruthless superstition, we now trace
Her footsteps with delight, and pleased revere
What once had roused our hatred. But to Time,
Not her, the praise is due: his gradual touch
Has mouldered into beauty many a tower
Which, when it frowned with all its battlements,
Was only terrible; and many a fane
Monastic, which, when decked with all its spires,
Served but to feed some pampered abbot's pride,
And awe the unlettered vulgar.

(From *The English Garden.*)

Snowdon.

Mona on Snowdon calls:
Hear, thou king of mountains, hear;
Hark, she speaks from all her strings:
Hark, her loudest echo rings:
King of mountains, bend thine ear:
Send thy spirits, send them soon,
Now, when midnight and the moon
Meet upon thy front of snow;
See, their gold and ebon rod,
Where the sober sisters nod,
And greet in whispers sage and slow.
Snowdon, mark! 'tis magic's hour
Now the muttered spell hath power;
Power to rend thy ribs of rock,
And burst thy base with thunder's shock:
But to thee no ruder spell
Shall Mona use, than those that dwell
In music's secret cells, and lie
Steeped in the stream of harmony.
Snowdon has heard the strain:
Hark, amid the wondering grove
Other harpings answer clear,
Other voices meet our ear,
Pinions flutter, shadows move,
Busy murmurs hum around,
Rustling vestments brush the ground;
Round and round, and round they go,
Through the twilight, through the shade,
Mount the oak's majestic head,
And gild the tufted misletoe.
Cease, ye glittering race of light,
Close your wings, and check your flight;
Here, arranged in order due;
Spread your robes of saffron hue;
For lo! with more than mortal fire,
Mighty Mador smites the lyre:
Hark, he sweeps the master-strings!

(From *Caractacus.*)

Epitaph on his Wife.

Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:
Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form; she bowed to taste the wave,
And died! Does youth, does beauty, read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from vanity as free;
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die
'Twas e'en to thee--yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

The last four lines, which form a worthy climax to the whole, were added by Gray.

George Campbell (1719-96), minister in Aberdeen and Principal of Marischal College, was a theologian and critic of vigorous intellect and various learning. His *Dissertation on Miracles* (1762), written in reply to Hume, was at the time greatly admired as a masterly piece of reasoning; and his *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, published in 1776, was praised (unreasonably) as perhaps the best book of the kind since Aristotle, but may yet be studied as an acute and well-written statement of contemporary critical opinion. Other works were a *Translation of the Four Gospels*, some sermons, and a series of *Lectures on Ecclesiastical History.* Hume admitted the ingenuity of Campbell's reply to his thesis on the impossibility of proving a miracle. Hume's contention was that no testimony for any kind of miracle can ever amount to a probability, much less to a proof. Miracles can only be proved by testimony, and no testimony can be so strong as our own experience of the uniformity of nature. Campbell argued that testimony has a natural and original influence on belief, antecedent to experience; and insisted that the earliest assent which is given to testimony by children, and which is previous to all experience, is in fact the most unlimited. The improbability of an event may be outweighed by slight direct evidence. His answer was divided into two parts: that miracles are capable of proof from testimony, religious miracles not less than others; and that the miracles on which the belief of Christianity is founded are sufficiently attested. The following paragraph is characteristic:

> I do not hesitate to affirm that our religion has been indebted to the *attempts*, though not to the *intentions*, of its bitterest enemies. They have tried its strength, indeed, and, by trying, they have displayed its strength; and that in so clear a light, as we could never have hoped, without such a trial, to have viewed it in. Let them, therefore, write; let them argue, and when arguments fail, even let them cavil against religion as much as they please; I should be heartily sorry that ever in this island, the asylum of liberty, where the spirit of Christianity is better understood—however defective the inhabitants are in the observance of its precepts—than in any other part of the Christian world; I should, I say, be sorry that in this island so great a disservice were done to religion as to check its adversaries in any other way than by returning a candid answer to their objections. I must at the same time acknowledge, that I am both ashamed and grieved when I observe any friends of religion betray so great a diffidence in the goodness of their cause—for to this diffidence alone can it be imputed—as to shew an inclination for recurring to more forcible methods. The assaults of infidels, I may venture to prophesy, will never overturn our religion. They will prove not more hurtful to the Christian system, if it be allowed to compare small things with the greatest, than the boisterous winds are said to prove to the sturdy oak. They shake it impetuously for a time, and loudly threaten its subversion; whilst in effect they only serve to make it strike its roots the deeper, and stand the firmer ever after.

Richard Hurd (1720-1808), called the 'Beauty of Holiness' on account of his comeliness and piety, was born at Congreve in Staffordshire, and became a Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1742. In 1750 he became a Whitehall preacher, in 1774 Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and in 1781 of Worcester. Among his many works, theological and other, were a *Commentary on Horace's Ars Poetica* (1749); *Dissertations on Poetry* (1755-57); *Dialogues on Sincerity* (1759), his most popular book; *Letters on Chivalry and Romance* (1762), which revived interest in an unfashionable subject, and promoted the tendency towards romanticism in literary taste; *Dialogues on Foreign Travel* (1764), and *An Introduction to the Prophecies* (1772). He was long a very conspicuous and 'representative' author; Gibbon knew 'few writers more deserving of the great though prostituted name of the critic;' but he is now rarely cited and more rarely read. A collected edition of his works appeared in eight volumes in 1811; there is a memoir by Kilvert (1860).

Richard Price (1723-91), a Nonconformist divine, published in 1758 *A Review of the Principal Questions and Difficulties in Morals*, which attracted attention as 'an attempt to revive the intellectual theory of moral obligation, which seemed to have fallen under the attacks of Butler, Hutcheson, and Hume, even before Smith.' The son of a minister at Tynton in Glamorgan, Price at seventeen went to a Dissenting academy in London, became a preacher at Newington Green and Hackney, and established a reputation by his *Review* and a work on the *Importance of Christianity* (1766). In 1769 he was made D.D. by Glasgow, and published his *Treatise on Reversionary Payments*, the celebrated *Northampton Mortality Tables*, and other books on finance and political economy. In 1771 appeared his *Appeal on the National Debt*; in 1776 his *Observations on Civil Liberty and the War with America*, which brought him an invitation from Congress to assist in regulating its finances. He took an active part in the political questions of the day at the time of the French Revolution. He was a republican in principle, and was attacked by Burke in his *Reflections on the Revolution*. In his great ethical treatise, Price, after Cudworth, supports the doctrine that moral distinctions being perceived by reason, or the understanding, are equally immutable with all other kinds of truth. Actions are in themselves right or wrong: right and wrong are simple ideas incapable of analysis, and are given us by the intuitive power of the reason or understanding. There is a Life of Price by Morgan (1815). The following extract from the chapter in the *Observations* on English policy towards America, published while the war was in progress, shows how hearty were some of the supporters the colonists found in the home division of the Empire, as Price already called the British dominions:

> Our governors, ever since I can remember, have been jealous that the Colonies, some time or other, would throw off their dependence. This jealousy was not founded on any of their acts or declarations. They have always, while at peace with us, disclaimed any such design; and they have continued to disclaim it since they have been at war with us. I have reason, indeed, to believe that independency is, even at this moment, generally dreaded among them as a calamity to which they are in danger of being driven, in order to avoid a greater. The jealousy I have mentioned was, however, natural; and betrayed a secret opinion that the subjection in which they were held was more than we could expect them always to endure. In such circumstances, all possible care should have been taken to give them no reason for discontent; and to preserve them in subjection, by keeping in that line of conduct to which custom had reconciled them, or at least never deviating from it, except with great caution; and particularly, by avoiding all direct attacks on their property and legislations. Had we done this, the different interests of so many states scattered over a vast continent, joined to our own prudence and moderation, would have enabled us to maintain them in dependence for ages to come.——But instead of this, how have we acted? It is in truth too evident, that our whole conduct, instead of being directed by that sound policy and foresight which in such circumstances were absolutely necessary, has been nothing (I say the best of it) but a series of the blindest rigour followed by retractation; of violence followed by concession; of mistake, weakness, and inconsistency.

A recital of a few facts within everybody's recollection will fully prove this.

In the 6th of George the Second, an act was passed for imposing certain duties on all foreign spirits, molasses and sugars imported into the plantations. In this act, the duties imposed are said to be given and granted by the Parliament to the King; and this is the first American act in which these words have been used. But notwithstanding this, as the act had the appearance of being only a regulation of trade, the colonies submitted to it; and a small direct revenue was drawn by it from them. —In the 4th of the present reign, many alterations were made in this act, with the declared purpose of making provision for raising a revenue in America. This alarmed the Colonies; and produced discontents and remonstrances, which might have convinced our rulers this was tender ground, on which it became them to tread very gently.——There is, however, no reason to doubt but in time they would have sunk into a quiet submission to this revenue act, as being at worst only the exercise of a power which then they seem not to have thought much of contesting; I mean, the power of taxing them externally. But before they had time to cool, a worse provocation was given them; and the Stamp-Act was passed. This being an attempt to tax them internally, and a direct attack on their property, by a power which would not suffer itself to be questioned; which eased itself by loading them; and to which it was impossible to fix any bounds; they were thrown at once, from one end of the continent to the other, into resistance and rage. Government, dreading the consequences, gave way; and the Parliament (upon a change of ministry) repealed the Stamp-Act, without requiring from them any recognition of its authority, or doing any more to preserve its dignity, than asserting, by the declaratory law, that it was possessed of full power and authority to make laws to bind them in all cases whatever.-- -Upon this peace was restored; and, had no further attempts of the same kind been made, they would undoubtedly have suffered us (as the people of Ireland have done) to enjoy quietly our declaratory law. They would have recovered their former habits of subjection; and our connection with them might have continued an increasing source of our wealth and glory. —But the spirit of despotism and avarice, always blind and restless, soon broke forth again. The scheme for drawing a revenue from America, by parliamentary taxation, was resumed; and in a little more than a year after the repeal of the Stamp-Act, when all was peace, a third act was passed, imposing duties payable in America on tea, paper, glass, painters colours, &c.— This, as might have been expected, revived all the former heats; and the Empire was a second time threatened with the most dangerous commotions. —Government receded again; and the Parliament (under another change of ministry) repealed all the obnoxious duties, except that upon tea. This exception was made in order to maintain a shew of dignity. But it was, in reality, sacrificing safety to pride, and leaving a splinter in the wound to produce a gangrene.-- —For some time, however, this relaxation answered its intended purposes. Our commercial intercourse with the Colonies was again recovered; and they avoided nothing but that tea which we had excepted in our repeal. In this state would things have remained, and even tea would perhaps in time have been gradually admitted, had not the evil genius of Britain stepped forth once more to embroil the Empire.

The East India Company having fallen under difficulties, partly in consequence of the loss of the American market for tea, a scheme was formed for assisting them by an attempt to recover that market. With this view an act was passed to enable them to export their tea to America free of all duties here, and subject only to 3d per pound duty, payable in America. By this expedient they were enabled to offer it at a low price; and it was expected the consequence would prove that the Colonies would be tempted by it; a precedent gained for taxing them, and at the same time the company relieved. Ships were, therefore, fitted out; and large cargoes sent. The snare was too gross to escape the notice of the Colonies. They saw it, and spurned at it. They refused to admit the tea; and at Boston some persons in disguise buried it in the sea.— Had our governors in this case satisfied themselves with requiring a compensation from the province for the damage done, there is no doubt but it would have been granted. Or had they proceeded no further in the infliction of punishment than stopping up the port and destroying the trade of Boston till compensation was made, the province might possibly have submitted, and a sufficient saving would have been gained for the honour of the nation. But having hitherto proceeded without wisdom, they observed now no bounds in their resentment. To the Boston port bill was added a bill which destroyed the chartered government of the province; a bill which withdrew from the jurisdiction of the province persons who in particular cases should commit murder; and the Quebec bill. At the same time a strong body of troops was stationed at Boston to enforce obedience to these bills.

All who knew any thing of the temper of the Colonies saw that the effect of this sudden accumulation of vengeance, would probably be not intimidating but exasperating them, and driving them into a general revolt. But our ministers had different apprehensions. They believed that the malecontents in the Colony of Massachusetts were a small party, headed by a few factious men; that the majority of the people would take the side of government, as soon as they saw a force among them capable of supporting them; that at worst the Colonies in general would never make a common cause with this province; and that the issue would prove in a few months order, tranquillity and submission.——Every one of these apprehensions was falsified by the events that followed.

When the bills I have mentioned came to be carried into execution, the whole Province was thrown into confusion. Their courts of justice were shut up, and all government was dissolved. The commander in chief found it necessary to fortify himself in Boston; and the other Colonies immediately resolved to make a common cause with this Colony.

Disappointed by these consequences, our ministers took fright. Once more they made an effort to retreat; but indeed the most ungracious one that can well be imagined. A proposal was sent to the Colonies, called Conciliatory; and the substance of which was, that if any of them would raise such sums as should be demanded of them by taxing themselves, the Parliament would forbear to tax them. It will be scarcely believed hereafter that such a proposal could be thought conciliatory. It was only telling them: 'If you will tax yourselves by our order, we will save ourselves the trouble of taxing you.'—They received the proposal as an insult; and rejected it with disdain.

At the time this concession was transmitted to America, open hostilities were not begun. In the sword our ministers thought they had still a resource which would immediately settle all disputes. They considered the people of New-England as nothing but a mob, who would be soon routed and forced into obedience. It was even believed that a few thousands of our army might march through all America, and make all quiet wherever they went. Under this conviction our ministers did not dread urging the Province of Massachusetts Bay into rebellion, by ordering the army to seize their stores, and to take up some of their leading men. The attempt was made. The people fled immediately to arms, and repelled the attack.—A considerable part of the flower of the British army has been destroyed.—Some of our best Generals, and the bravest of our troops, are now disgracefully and miserably imprisoned at Boston.—A horrid civil war is commenced;—And the Empire is distracted and convulsed.

Can it be possible to think with patience of the policy that has brought us into these circumstances? Did ever Heaven punish the vices of a people more severely by darkening their counsels? How great would be our happiness could we now recall former times, and return to the policy of the last reigns! But those times are gone. I will, however, beg leave for a few moments to look back to them; and to compare the ground we have left with that on which we find ourselves. This must be done with deep regret; but it forms a necessary part of my present design.

Adam Ferguson (1723-1816), son of the minister of Logierait in Perthshire, was educated at St Andrews; removing to Edinburgh for divinity studies, he became an associate of Robertson, Blair, and Home. As chaplain to the Black Watch he was present at Fontenoy, but in 1754 left the army (and the clerical profession), succeeding David Hume in 1757 as keeper of the Advocates' Library. He was afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy and of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. In 1778 he went to America as secretary to the commissioners appointed to negotiate with the revolted colonies. On his return he resumed the duties of his professorship. His latter days were spent in ease and affluence at St Andrews, where he died at the patriarchal age of ninety-two. The works of Ferguson are: *Essay on Civil Society* (published in 1766), *Institutes of Moral Philosophy* (1772), *A Reply to Dr Price on Civil and Religious Liberty* (1776), *The History of the Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic* (1783), and *Principles of Moral and Political Science* (1792). His *History of the Roman Republic* was translated into French and German, and long remained a standard authority (4th ed. 1825). Sir Walter Scott supplied some interesting information as to the latter years of this venerable professor, whom he considered the most striking example of a modern Stoic philosopher; in Ferguson's house Scott as a boy had met Burns. Lord Cockburn also left a graphic account of the venerable man. He had a warning of paralysis in the fiftieth year of his life, from which period he became a strict Pythagorean in his diet, eating nothing but vegetables, and drinking only water or milk. The deep interest which he took in the French war had long seemed to be the main tie which connected him with passing existence; Scott says, 'The news of Waterloo acted on the aged patriot as a *nunc dimittis*.' There is a Life of Ferguson by Small (1864).

Climate and Civilisation.

On this scene mankind have twice within the compass of history ascended from rude beginnings to very high degrees of refinement. In every age, whether destined by its temporary disposition to build or to destroy, they have left the vestiges of an active and vehement spirit. The pavement and the ruins of Rome are buried in dust, shaken from the feet of barbarians who trod with contempt on the refinements of luxury, and spurned those arts the use of which it was reserved for the posterity of the same people to discover and to admire. The tents of the wild Arab are even now pitched among the ruins of magnificent cities; and the waste fields which border on Palestine and Syria are perhaps to become again the nursery of infant nations. The chieftain of an Arab tribe, like the founder of Rome, may have already fixed the roots of a plant that is to flourish in some future period, or laid the foundations of a fabric that will attain to its grandeur in some distant age.

Great part of Africa has been always unknown; but the silence of fame on the subject of its revolutions is an argument, where no other proof can be found, of weakness in the genius of its people. The torrid zone everywhere round the globe, however known to the geographer, has furnished few materials for history; and though in many places supplied with the arts of life in no contemptible degree, has nowhere matured the more important projects of political wisdom, nor inspired the virtues which are connected with freedom, and which are required in the conduct of civil affairs. It was indeed in the torrid zone that mere arts of mechanism and manufacture were found, among the inhabitants of the new world, to have made the greatest advance: it is in India, and in the regions of this hemisphere which are visited by the vertical sun, that the arts of manufacture and the practice of commerce are of the greatest antiquity, and have survived, with the smallest diminution, the ruins of time and the revolutions of empire. The sun, it seems, which ripens the pine-apple and the tamarind, inspires a degree of mildness that can even assuage the rigours of despotical government: and such is the effect of a gentle and pacific disposition in the natives of the East, that no conquest, no irruption of barbarians, terminates, as they did among the stubborn natives of Europe, by a total destruction of what the love of ease and of pleasure had produced.

Man, in the perfection of his natural faculties, is quick and delicate in his sensibility; extensive and various in his imaginations and reflections; attentive, penetrating, and subtle in what relates to his fellow creatures; firm and ardent in his purposes; devoted to friendship or to enmity; jealous of his independence and his honour, which he will not relinquish for safety or for profit; under all his corruptions or improvements, he retains his natural sensibility, if not his force; and his commerce is a blessing or a curse, according to the direction his mind has received. But under the extremes of heat or of cold, the active range of the human soul appears to be limited; and men are of inferior importance, either as friends or as enemies. In the one extreme, they are dull and slow, moderate in their desires, regular and pacific in their manner of life; in the other, they are feverish in their passions, weak in their judgments, and addicted by temperament to animal pleasure. In both, the heart is mercenary, and makes important concessions for childish bribes: in both, the spirit is prepared for servitude; in the one, it is subdued by fear of the future; in the other, it is not roused even by its sense of the present.'

[illegible]

David Garrick (1717-79), the greatest of all English actors, was also author of some dramatic pieces. He was a native of Hereford, though his family belonged to Lichfield, where he got most of his schooling; for a few months only he was a pupil of Samuel Johnson at Edial, and with him he came to London in 1737 to push his fortune. He entered himself a student of Lincoln's Inn, but receiving a legacy of £1000 from an uncle who had been in the wine-trade in Lisbon, he commenced business, in partnership with an elder brother, as wine-merchant of London and Lichfield. A passion for the stage led him into a new life. In 1741 he appeared at Ipswich in Southerne's *Oroonoko*; in the same year his success as Richard III. in London was immense. His merits quickly raised him to the head of his profession; the traditional formality disappeared before the perfect naturalness of the new actor, great alike in tragedy, comedy, and farce. As the manager of Drury Lane Theatre for a long course of years (1747-76), he banished from the stage or reconstructed many plays of vulgar and immoral type; and his personal character, though marked by vanity and other foibles, gave a dignity and respectability to the profession of an actor. As an author he was more lively and various than imposing or original. He wrote some epigrams, and even ventured on an ode or two; his forty dramatic pieces, many of them adaptations, are of no great importance, indeed; but some of his many prologues and epilogues, to other people's plays as well as his own, are admirable. 'A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind' comes from Garrick's last prologue, and not from Shakespeare, though it is doubtless based on 'A touch of nature makes the whole world kin' in its usual acceptation; the credit of Garrick's line is often given to Byron, who quotes it in *English Bards* with 'one' changed to 'us.' 'The Devil's sooner raised than laid' is from Garrick's prologue to the *School for Scandal.* His best-known ode is that 'upon dedicating a Building and erecting a Statue to Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon;' his best song that called 'Peggy,' and addressed to Peg Woffington; and his most famous prologue that spoken by him on occasion of his last performance in 1776, when he played the part of Don Felix in Mrs Centlivre's play, *A Wonder* (see above at page 96).

An Occasional Prologue.

A Veteran see! whose last act on the stage
Intreats your smiles for sickness and for age;
Their cause I plead; plead it in heart and mind;
A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind!

DAVID GARRICK.
From the Portrait by R. E. Pine in the National Portrait Gallery.

Might we but hope your zeal would not be less,
When I am gone, to patronize distress,
That hope obtain'd the wish'd for end secures,
To soothe their cares, who oft have lighten'd yours.

Shall the great heroes of celestial line,
Who drank full bowls of Greek and Roman wine,
Cæsar and Brutus, Agamemnon, Hector,
Nay, Jove himself, who here has quaff'd his nectar!
Shall they, who govern'd fortune, cringe and court her,
Thirst in their age, and call in vain for porter?
Like Belisarius, tax the pitying street,
With '*Date obolum*,' to all they meet?
Shan't I, who oft have drench'd my hands in gore,
Stabb'd many, poison'd some, beheaded more,
Who numbers slew in battle on this plain,
Shan't I, the slayer, try to feed the slain?
Brother to all, with equal love I view
The men who slew me, and the men I slew:
I must, I will, this happy project seize,
That those too old and weak may live with ease.

Suppose the babes I smother'd in the tower,
By chance, or sickness, lose their acting power;
Shall they, once princes, worse than all be serv'd?
In childhood murder'd, and when murder'd, starv'd!
Matrons half ravish'd for your recreation,
In age should never want some consolation:
Can I, young Hamlet once, to nature lost,
Behold, O horrible! my father's ghost,
With grizzly beard, pale cheek, stalk up and down,
And he, the royal Dane, want half a crown?
Forbid it, ladies; gentlemen forbid it;
Give joy to age, and let 'em say—you did it.

To you, ye Gods! I make my last appeal; i.e. the gallery
You have a right to judge, as well as feel;
Will your high wisdom to our scheme incline,
That kings, queens, heroes, gods, and ghosts may dine?
Olympus shakes! that omen all secures;
May ev'ry joy you give, be tenfold yours.

In an edition of his *Dramatic Works* (sixteen plays) published by his own authority in 1768, one of the three volumes consists of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Cymbeline*, *Catharine and Petruchio* (i.e. *The Taming of the Shrew*), *Florizel and Perdita* (*The Winter's Tale*) described as 'altered from Shakespeare' and *Every Man in his Humour*, altered from Jonson. In altering he not merely cut out whole sections, but rewrote largely, and even (as to *Romeo and Juliet*) added a new scene on occasion. In the advertisement to the same play he (or his editor for him) explains how he sought 'to clear the original as much as possible from the jingle and quibbling which were always the objections to the reviving of it,' to remove a serious 'blemish in Romeo's character,' and to return to Bandello for parts of the story 'injudiciously left out'—such as Juliet's waking in the tomb before Romeo's death. Obviously he aimed deliberately to Bowdlerise Shakespeare half a century before Bowdler. And by taking the same freedom with Wycherley (where it was certainly needed) he made even the *Country Wife* presentable (as the *Country Girl*) to the taste of his contemporaries. Of his own plays probably the best were *The Lying Valet* and *Miss in her Teens*. But Garrick's chief strength lay in his powers as an actor, through which he gave a popularity and importance to the drama that it had not possessed since its palmy days in the reigns of Elizabeth and James.

There are Lives of Garrick by Percy Fitzgerald (1[illegible]) and Joseph Knight (1894), besides the older ones by Tom Davies (1780) and Murphy (1801); and to his Correspondence (2 vols. 4to, 1832) a memoir by Boaden was prefixed. (For his wife, see page 40[illegible].)

Samuel Foote (1720-77) was the greatest of the dramatic authors of the class he represented. He was born at Truro in Cornwall, of a good family, studied at Worcester College, Oxford, and entered the Temple; but squandering away his fortune, he became an actor and dramatic writer. In power of mimicry and broad humour Foote had few equals; and in 1747 he commenced as sole performer his very popular new entertainments in the Haymarket Theatre, which turned on humorous and whimsical portraits of character, many of them transcripts or caricatures of persons well known. *The Diversions of the Morning*, *The Auction of Pictures*, and *The Englishman in Paris* were the names of some of these pieces. Johnson disliked him for his easy morals and his making the burlesquing of private characters a profession, and threatened to chastise him on the stage if he caricatured him; but when he met him at dinner, 'though he was resolved not to be pleased,' 'the dog was so comical that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back upon my chair, and fairly laugh it out.' Of Foote's later and regular farces, *The Minor*—an unjustifiable attack upon the Methodists—was the most successful. It was followed by *The Liar*, an adaptation from Corneille, and by *The Mayor of Garratt*, a coarse but humorous sketch, including two characters—Major Sturgeon, the city militia officer, and Jerry Sneak—which can never be completely forgotten. Having lost his leg through an accident in riding, Foote produced plays—one of them *The Lame Lover* (1770)—in which his new personal disability might be rendered positively serviceable. His plays and pieces were about twenty in number, and he boasted at the close of his life that he had added sixteen quite new characters to the English stage.

From 'The Lame Lover.'

Charlotte. Sir, I have other proofs of your hero's vanity not inferior to that I have mentioned.

Serjeant Circuit. Cite them.

Char. The paltry ambition of levying and following titles.

Serj. Titles! I don't understand you.

Char. I mean the poverty of fastening in public upon men of distinction, for no other reason but because of their rank; adhering to Sir John till the baronet is superseded by my lord; quitting the puny peer for an earl; and sacrificing all three to a duke.

Serj. Keeping good company! a laudable ambition!

Char. True, sir, if the virtues that procured the father a peerage could with that be entailed on the son.

Serj. Have a care, hussy: there are severe laws against speaking evil of dignities.

Char. Sir!

Serj. Scandalum magnatum is a statute must not be trifled with: why, you are not one of those vulgar sluts that think a man the worse for being a lord?

Char. No, sir; I am contented with only not thinking him the better.

Serj. For all this, I believe, hussy, a right honourable proposal would soon make you alter your mind.

Char. Not unless the proposer had other qualities than what he possesses by patent. Besides, sir, you know Sir Luke is a devotee to the bottle.

Serj. Not a whit the less honest for that.

Char. It occasions one evil at least; that when under its influence, he generally reveals all, sometimes more than he knows.

Serj. Proofs of an open temper, you baggage; but come, come, all these are but trifling objections.

Char. You mean, sir, they prove the object a trifle.

Serj. Why, you pert jade, do you play on my words? I say Sir Luke is——

Char. Nobody.

Serj. Nobody! how the deuce do you make that out? He is neither a person attainted nor outlawed, may in any of his majesty's courts sue or be sued, appear by attorney or in propria personâ, can acquire, buy, procure, purchase, possess, and inherit, not only personalities, such as goods and chattels, but even realities, as all lands, tenements, and hereditaments, whatsoever and wheresoever.

Char. But, sir

Serj. Nay further, child, he may sell, give, bestow, bequeath, devise, demise, lease, or to farm let, ditto lands, to any person whomsoever and——

Char. Without doubt, sir; but there are, notwithstanding, in this town a great number of nobodies, not described by Lord Coke.

Sir Luke Limp (who has entered and joined in the conversation, reads a card presented by a servant). 'Sir Gregory Goose desires the honour of Sir Luke Limp's company to dine. An answer is desired.' Gadso! a little unlucky; I have been engaged for these three weeks.

Serj. What! I find Sir Gregory is returned for the corporation of Fleecem.

Sir Luke. Is he so? Oh, oh! that alters the case. George, give my compliments to Sir Gregory, and I'll certainly come and dine there. Order Joe to run to Alderman Inkle's in Threadneedle Street: sorry can't wait upon him, but confined to bed two days with the new influenza. [*Exit Servant.*

Char. You make light, Sir Luke, of these sort of engagements.

Sir Luke. What can a man do? These fellows--when one has the misfortune to meet them take scandalous advantage: when will you do me the honour, pray, Sir Luke, to take a bit of mutton with me? Do you name the day? They are as bad as a beggar who attacks your coach at the mounting of a hill; there is no getting rid of them without a penny to one, and a promise to t'other.

Serj. True; and then for such a time too three weeks! I wonder they expect folks to remember. It is like a retainer in Michaelmas term for the summer assizes.

Sir Luke. Not but upon these occasions no man in England is more punctual than

[*Enter Servant with letter.*

From whom?

Serv. Earl of Brentford. The servant waits for an answer.

Sir Luke. Answer! By your leave, Mr Serjeant and Charlotte. [*Read.*] 'Taste for music Mons. Duport fail dinner upon table at five.' Gadso! I hope Sir Gregory's servant an't gone.

Serv. Immediately upon receiving the answer

Sir Luke. Run after him as fast as you can tell him quite in despair recollect an engagement that can't in nature be missed, and return in an instant. [*Exit Servant.*

Char. You see, sir, the knight must give way for my lord.

Sir Luke. No, faith, it is not that, my dear Charlotte; you saw that was quite an extempore business. No, hang it, no, it is not for the title; but, to tell you the truth, Brentford has more wit than any man in the world it is that makes me fond of his house.

Char. By the choice of his company he gives an unanswerable instance of that.

Sir Luke. You are right, my dear girl. But now to give you a proof of his wit; you know Brentford's finances are a little out of repair, which procures him some visits that he would very gladly excuse.

Serj. What need he fear? His person is sacred; for by the tenth of William and Mary

Sir Luke. He knows that well enough; but for all that –

Serj. Indeed, by a late act of his own house--which does them infinite honour his goods or chattels may be

Sir Luke. Seized upon when they can find them; but he lives in ready furnished lodgings, and hires his coach by the month.

Serj. Nay, if the sheriff return 'non inventus.'

Sir Luke. A plague o' your law; you make me lose sight of my story. One morning a Welsh coachmaker came with his bill to my lord, whose name was unluckily Lloyd. My lord had the man up. You are called, I think, Mr Lloyd? At your lordship's service, my lord. What, Lloyd with an L! It was with an L, indeed, my lord. Because in your part of the world I have heard that Lloyd and Flloyd were synonymous, the very same names. Very often indeed, my lord. But you always spell yours with an L? Always. That, Mr Lloyd, is a little unlucky; for you must know I am now paying my debts alphabetically, and in four or five years you might have come in with an F; but I am afraid I can give you no hopes for your L. Ha, ha, ha!

Servant (entering). There was no overtaking the servant.

Sir Luke. That is unlucky: tell my lord I'll attend him. I'll call on Sir Gregory myself. [*Exit Servant.*

Serj. Why, you won't leave us, Sir Luke?

Sir Luke. Pardon, dear Serjeant and Charlotte; have a thousand things to do for half a million of people, positively; promised to procure a husband for Lady Cicely Sulky, and match a coach horse for Brigadier Whip; after that, must run into the city to borrow a thousand for young At all at Almack's; send a Cheshire cheese by the stage to Sir Timothy Tankard in Suffolk; and get at the Heralds' Office a coat of arms to clap on the coach of Billy Bengal, a nabob newly arrived; so you see I have not a moment to lose.

Serj. True, true.

Sir Luke. At your toilet to-morrow you may——[*Servant, entering abruptly, runs against Sir Luke.*] Can't you see where you are running, you rascal?

Serv. Sir, his grace the Duke of——

Sir Luke. Grace! Where is he? Where —

Serv. In his coach at the door. If you an't better engaged, would be glad of your company to go into the city, and take a dinner at Dolly's.

Sir Luke. In his own coach, did you say?

Serv. Yes, sir

Sir Luke. With the coronets on

Serv. I believe so

Sir Luke. There's no resisting of that. Bid Joe run to Sir Gregory Goose's.

Serv. He is already gone to Alderman Inkle's.

Sir Luke. Then do you step to the knight –hey!—no – you must go to my lord's – hold, hold, no –I have it – step first to Sir Greg's, then pop in at Lord Brentford's just as the company are going to dinner.

Serv. What shall I say to Sir Gregory?

Sir Luke. Anything—what I told you before.

Serv. And what to my lord?

Sir Luke. What!—Why, tell him that my uncle from Epsom—no—that won't do, for he knows I don't care a farthing for him—hey! Why, tell him—hold, I have it. Tell him that as I was going into my chair to obey his commands, I was arrested by a couple of bailiffs, forced into a hackney coach, and carried into the Pied Bull in the Borough; I beg ten thousand pardons for making his grace wait, but his grace knows my misfor——

[*Exeunt Sir* LUKE *and Servant.*

Char. Well, sir, what d'ye think of the proofs? I flatter myself I have pretty well established my case.

Serj. Why, hussy, you have hit upon points; but then they are but trifling flaws; they don't vitiate the title; that stands unimpeached.

There are Lives of Foote by William Cooke and by John Bee, prefixed to editions of his works (1805 and 1830). Forster's *Essays* and most of the books dealing with the stage in his time discuss Foote.

Christopher Anstey (1724-1805) was author of the *New Bath Guide*, a light satirical and humorous poem, which set an example often since followed with success. Smollett, in his *Humphry Clinker*, published five years later, might be almost said to have given us part of the *New Bath Guide* in prose. Many of the characters and situations are exactly the same as those of Anstey. The poem is pitched mainly in conversational tone, and is easy, sportive, and entertaining; its swinging rhythms and varying rhymes seem hardly less modern than the *Ingoldsby Legends*, of which the modern reader is instinctively reminded. The fashionable Fribbles of the day, the chat, scandal, and amusements, and the cant of some sectarians, are depicted with force and liveliness, if not without a touch of coarseness. Anstey was son of the Rev. Dr Anstey, rector of Brinkley in Cambridgeshire, who possessed a landed property the poet afterwards inherited. He was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, and in both places he distinguished himself as a classical scholar. He graduated B.A. in 1746, but in consequence of his refusal to deliver certain declamations, Anstey quarrelled with the heads of the university, and was denied the master's degree. In the epilogue to the *New Bath Guide* he alludes to this circumstance:

> Granta, sweet Granta, where studious of ease,
> Seven years did I sleep, and then lost my degrees.

In 1756 he married the sister of his friend John Calvert of Albury Hall, in Hertfordshire, through whose influence he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Hertford. He was a frequent resident in Bath, and a favourite in the fashionable and literary coteries of the place. In 1766 was published his famous *jeu d'esprit*, a letter in a variety of rhymes, in which the fun is more noticeable than the poetry. He wrote various other pieces; but while the *New Bath Guide* was 'the only thing in fashion,' and relished for its novel and original kind of humour, the other productions of Anstey (including elegies, occasional pieces, a Pindaric ode on prize-fighting, as well as a Latin version of Gray's *Elegy*) were neglected by the public, and have never been revived. On his paternal estate the poet was independent of a literary income, and he cheerfully took part in the sports of the field up to his eightieth year.

The Public Breakfast.

Now my lord had the honour of coming down post,
To pay his respects to so famous a toast;
In hopes he her ladyship's favour might win,
By playing the part of a host at an inn.
I'm sure he's a person of great resolution,
Though delicate nerves, and a weak constitution;
For he carried us all to a place 'cross the river,
And vowed that the rooms were too hot for his liver:
He said it would greatly our pleasure promote,
If we all for Spring Gardens set out in a boat:
I never as yet could his reason explain,
Why we all sallied forth in the wind and the rain;
For sure such confusion was never yet known;
Here a cap and a hat, there a cardinal blown:
While his lordship, embroidered and powdered all o'er,
Was bowing, and handing the ladies ashore:
How the Misses did huddle, and scuddle, and run;
One would think to be wet must be very good fun;
For by waggling their tails, they all seemed to take
pains
To moisten their pinions like ducks when it rains;
And 'twas pretty to see how, like birds of a feather,
The people of quality flocked all together;
All pressing, addressing, caressing, and fond,
Just the same as those animals are in a pond.
You've read all their names in the news, I suppose,
But, for fear you have not, take the list as it goes:
There was Lady Greasewrister,
And Madam Van-Twister,
Her ladyship's sister;
Lord Cram, and Lord Vulter,
Sir Brandish O'Culter,
With Marshal Carouzer,
And old Lady Mouzer,
And the great Hanoverian Baron Panzmowzer;
Besides many others who all in the rout went,
On purpose to honour this great entertainment:
The company made a most brilliant appearance,
And ate bread and butter with great perseverance:
All the chocolate too, that my lord set before 'em,
The ladies despatched with the utmost decorum.
Soft musical numbers were heard all around,
The horns and the clarions echoing sound.
Sweet were the strains, as odorous gales that blow
O'er fragrant banks, where pinks and roses grow.
The peer was quite ravished, while close to his side
Sat Lady Bunbutter, in beautiful pride!
Oft turning his eyes, he with rapture surveyed
All the powerful charms she so nobly displayed.
As when at the feast of the great Alexander,
Timotheus, the musical son of Thersander,
Breathed heavenly measures.
The prince was in pain,
And could not contain,
While Thais was sitting beside him;

But, before all his peers,
Was for shaking the spheres,
Such goods the kind gods did provide him;
Grew bolder and bolder,
And cocked up his shoulder,
Like the son of great Jupiter Ammon,
Till at length, quite opprest,
He sunk on her breast,
And lay there, as dead as a salmon.
Oh! had I a voice that was stronger than steel,
With twice fifty tongues to express what I feel,
And as many good mouths, yet I never could utter
All the speeches my lord made to Lady Bunbutter!
So polite all the time, that he ne'er touched a bit,
While she ate up his rolls and applauded his wit:
For they tell me that men of *true taste*, when they treat,
Should talk a great deal, but they never should eat;
And if that be the fashion, I never will give
Any grand entertainment as long as I live:
For I'm of opinion, 'tis proper to cheer
The stomach and bowels as well as the ear.
Nor me did the charming concerto of Abel
Regale like the breakfast I saw on the table:
I freely will own I the muffins preferred
To all the genteel conversation I heard,
E'en though I'd the honour of sitting between
My Lady Stuff-damask and Peggy Moreen,
Who both flew to Bath in the nightly machine.
Cries Peggy, 'This place is enchantingly pretty;
We never can see such a thing in the city:
You may spend all your lifetime in Cateaton Street,
And never so civil a gentleman meet! [through;
You may talk what you please; you may search London
You may go to Carlisle's, and to Almack's too;
And I'll give you my head if you find such a host,
For coffee, tea, chocolate, butter, and toast:
How he welcomes at once all the world and his wife,
And how civil to folk he ne'er saw in his life!'
'These horns,' cries my lady, 'so tickle one's ear,
Lard! what would I give that Sir Simon was here!
To the next public breakfast Sir Simon shall go,
For I find here are folks one may venture to know:
Sir Simon would gladly his lordship attend,
And my lord would be pleased with so cheerful a friend.'
So when we had wasted more bread at a breakfast
Than the poor of our parish have ate for this week past,
I saw, all at once, a prodigious great throng
Come bustling, and rustling, and jostling along:
For his lordship was pleased that the company now
To my Lady Bunbutter should curtsy and bow;
And my lady was pleased too, and seemed vastly proud
At once to receive all the thanks of a crowd:
And when, like Chaldeans, we all had adored
This beautiful image set up by my lord,
Some few insignificant folk went away,
Just to follow the employments and calls of the day;
But those who knew better their time how to spend,
The fiddling and dancing all chose to attend.
Miss Clunch and Sir Toby performed a cotillon,
Just the same as our Susan and Bob the postilion;
All the while her mamma was expressing her joy,
That her daughter the morning so well could employ.
Now, why should the Muse, my dear mother, relate
The misfortunes that fall to the lot of the great?
As homeward we came—'tis with sorrow you'll hear
What a dreadful disaster attended the peer:
For whether some envious god had decreed
That a Naiad should long to ennoble the breed;
Or whether his lordship was charmed to behold
His face in the stream, like Narcissus of old;
In handing old Lady B—— and daughter,
This obsequious lord tumbled into the water;
But a nymph of the flood brought him safe to the boat,
And I left all the ladies a cleaning his coat.

Lord Monboddo (1714-99), a Scottish judge and author whose eccentricity has been extravagantly emphasised at the expense of his singular acuteness, learning, and independence, was born at Monboddo House in Fordoun parish, Kincardine, and educated at Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Groningen, called to the Bar in 1737, and in 1767 raised to the Scottish Bench, when his own name, James Burnett, was superseded by the title of Lord Monboddo. From his college days he was an enthusiastic student of Greek, and throughout life remained a worshipper of Homer and of Greek philosophy. He despised Locke and suspected Hume, took little interest in Newton's system, and admired Shaftesbury and other moderns in so far as they were inspired with the classical spirit. He was a really learned civilian, distinguished himself in the famous Douglas cause, and was a highly respected judge. But it is not as lawyer, nor yet as author of the *Essay on the Origin and Progress of Language* (6 vols. 1773-92) and *Antient Metaphysics* (6 vols. 1779-99), that he is remembered; his character in his lifetime and his memory since his death have been mainly those of an eccentric whose perversity verged on unsoundness of mind, whose preposterous paradoxes were to be greeted with ridicule rather than with amazement or compassion. He was wholly impervious alike to contempt and ridicule. The theory which provoked so much mirth was an anthropological theory of which he was not the originator, and which had a good deal in common with the views which provoked such bitter opposition in Darwin's lifetime, but have now triumphed in the world and even, it would seem, in the Church. Disregarding entirely the scriptural story of Eden and the fall of man, Monboddo accepted the theory expounded by Lucretius and taken for granted by Horace, that man was originally a very degraded animal, without ideas, without language, without social impulses or arrangement, and only slowly rose to successive stages of civilisation and culture by pressure of necessity—the need of food, of self-defence, of amusement, and other inevitable conditions. He ransacked not merely Diodorus Siculus and the ancients, but Americus Vespucius and Garcilaso de la Vega, Bougainville, Bell of Antermony, and all manner of modern travellers for tales of savage peoples and their ways; and he diligently questioned, personally or by letter, gentlemen who had been Jesuit missionaries in Canada, had held posts in India, or had been residents in Florida. His stories of cannibalism are gruesome; of twenty-eight British men eaten by Indians, allies of the

French, in spite of Montcalm's earnest request to be allowed to substitute a beeve for each man, the Indians, his Jesuit friend told him, said 'they were not such fools as to prefer beeves to Englishmen.' And there are places in Africa where human flesh is exposed in the market like beef or mutton. Deaf mutism is a valuable proof of original human speechlessness. The wild boy of Hanover is discussed; and Monboddo made a journey expressly to catechise the wild French girl of Champagne, her neighbours, and the abbess under whose charge she was put. Monboddo spoke French with fluency since his three years' stay in Groningen. The thing that specially caused judicious friends to grieve and the enemy to blaspheme was Monboddo's calmly arguing that the orang-utans of Angola are undeveloped specimens of the human species, and that a race of men had been visited in 1647 by an apparently reliable Swedish skipper (he wrote to Linnæus for particulars about him) who had long hair, tails and were, apparently, speechless. In spite of his veneration for antiquity, Monboddo's anthropological method of studying the growth of civilisation, not by deductions from genesis and ethical theory, but by studying authentic savage races, their ways and languages, was in his own time sufficiently rare; and we cannot but regret that he did not live to execute *A History of Man*, which he had long in contemplation. Of course many ridiculous and entirely apocryphal additions were made to Monboddo's thesis . that the tails had got worn off by much sitting; his statements were parodied and his arguments utterly misrepresented as by Boswell and Johnson. Monboddo returned Johnson's dislike with 'hearty contempt;' charged Johnson with being unable to read Greek texts, said in his opinion he was neither a scholar nor a man of taste, and said that dictionary making, however necessary an occupation, required neither genius nor learning. Many of Monboddo's jokes were misunderstood. Thus he was said to have carried his reverence for antiquity so far that, finding carriages were not in use among the ancients, he never would enter one, but till he was upwards of eighty made his annual journey to London on horseback; it was, he said, a degradation of the genuine dignity of human nature to be dragged at the tail of a horse instead of mounting upon his back.

The anthropological discussions, it should be added, are almost wholly confined to the first volume of the *Essay*; the rest is taken up with discussions not unlike those in Harris's *Hermes*, the sixth volume deals with rhetoric. *Antient Metaphysics* is, of course, a plea in favour of Greek philosophy against all modern systems whatsoever. Monboddo, as we have seen, bridges over the gulf between men and animals in two ways: both by recognising anthropoid apes (the seven foot high ones would seem to be gorillas) as undeveloped human beings, and, on the other hand, by proving that there are unmistakably men who have longish tails and other undesirable peculiarities generally accounted bestial. The extracts are both from the first volume of the *Essay*.

> It is a clear case that we do not speak in that state which of all others best deserves the appellation of natural, I mean when we are born, nor for a considerable time after, and even then we learn but slowly, and with a great deal of labour and difficulty. About the same time also we begin to form ideas. But the same answer, I know, is made to serve for both; namely, that our minds as well as our bodily organs are then weak, and therefore are unable to perform several of their natural functions, but as soon as they become strong and confirmed by age, then we both think and speak. That this is not true with respect to thinking I have already endeavoured to show; and with respect to speak
> say, in the first place, that of all those savage
> have been caught in different parts of Europe
> had the use of speech, though they had all
> of pronunciation such as we have them, and
> standing of a man, at least as much as
> when it is considered that their minds
> vated by any kind of conversation or
> their own species; nor had they
> according to my hypothesis, of formin
> ing at all. One of these was catch
> Hanover as late as the reign of Ge
> thing I know is yet alive, at least I
> so some years ago. He was a man in
> as body, as I have been informed by a per
> lived for a considerable time in the neighbourh
> a farmer's house where he was kept, and had an
> tunity of seeing him almost every day; not an
> as he has been represented by some who cannot make
> llowance for the difference that education makes upon men's minds; yet he was not only mute when first caught, but he never learned to speak, though at the time the gentleman from whom I have my information saw him, he had been above thirty years in England.
>
> Farther, not only solitary savages, but a whole nation, if I may call them so, have been found without the use of speech. This is the case of the Ouran Outangs that are found in the kingdom of Angola in Africa, and in several parts of Asia. They are exactly of the human form; walking erect, not upon all four, like the savages that have been found in Europe; they use sticks for weapons; they live in society; they make huts of branches of trees, and they carry off negroe girls, whom they make slaves of. . . . These facts are related of them by Mons. Buffon in his natural history; and I was further told by a gentleman who had been in Angola, that there were some of them seven feet high, and that the negroes were extremely afraid of them; for when they did any mischief to the Ouran Outangs, they were sure to be heartily cudgelled when they were catched. But though from the particulars above mentioned it appears certain that they are of our species, and though they have made some progress in the arts of life, they have not come the length of language; and accordingly none of them that have been brought to Europe could speak, and what seems strange, never learned to speak. I myself saw at Paris one of them, whose skin was stuffed, standing upon a shelf in the king's cabinet of natural curiosities. He

had exactly the shape and features of a man; and particularly I was informed, that he had organs of pronunciation as perfect as we have. He lived several years at Versailles, and died by drinking spirits. He had as much of the understanding of a man as could be expected from his education, and performed many little offices to the lady with whom he lived; but never learned to speak. I was well informed too, of one of them belonging to a French gentleman in India, who used to go to market for him, [illegible] was like a [illegible] mate.

He follows up this by discussing the difficulty Frenchmen and Huron Indians have in learning to utter some sounds of the English language, and detailing the information he had himself obtained from the Abbé de l'Epée and Mr Braidwood, by cross-examining them as to the pains they had to get deaf people to articulate. Next we have his travellers' tales, ancient and modern, of tribes of men living in what he regards as the natural state, 'without arts or civility,' and behaving in almost all respects like mere brutes. Then comes the crucial instance:

> Before I conclude this article of travels, I will quote a traveller more, who is very little known, though he relates a very extraordinary fact concerning our species, and which well deserves the attention of naturalists. His name is Keoping, a Swede by birth, who, in the year 1647, went to the East Indies, and there served aboard a Dutch ship of force, belonging to the Dutch East India company, in quality of lieutenant. In sailing through those seas they had occasion to come upon the coast of an island in the gulf of Bengal called Nicobar, where they saw men with tails like those of cats, and which they moved in the same manner. They came in canoes alongside of the ship, with an intention to trade with them, and to give them parrots in exchange for iron, which they wanted very much. Several of them came aboard the ship, and many more would have come; but the Dutch were afraid of being overpowered by their numbers, and therefore they fired their great guns, and frightened them away. The next day they sent ashore a boat with five men; but they not having returned the following night, the day after the captain sent a large boat ashore with more hands, and two pieces of cannon. When they landed, the men with the tails came about them in great numbers, but by firing their cannon they chased them away; but found only the bones of their companions, who had been devoured by the savages, and the boat in which they had landed they found taken to pieces, and the iron of it carried away.
>
> The author who relates this is, as I am well informed, an author of very good credit. He writes in a simple plain manner, not like a man who intended to impose a lie upon the world, merely for the silly pleasure of making people stare; and if it be a lie, for it cannot be a mistake, it is the only lie in his book; for every thing else that he has related of animals and vegetables has been found to be true. I am sensible, however, that those who believe that men are, and always have been, the same in all ages and nations of the world, and such as we see them in Europe, will think this story quite incredible; and for my own part I am convinced, that we have not yet discovered all the variety of nature, not even in our own species; and the most incredible thing, in my apprehension, that could be told, even if there were no facts to contradict it, would be, that all the men in the different parts of the earth were the same in size, figure, shape, and colour. I am therefore disposed to believe, upon credible evidence, that there are still greater varieties in our species than what is mentioned by this traveller: for that there are men with tails, such as the ancients gave to their satyrs, is a fact so well attested, that I think it cannot be doubted. But our Swedish traveller, so far as I know, is the only one who speaks of tails of such length as those of the inhabitants of Nicobar.
>
> That these animals were men, as they trafficked, and practised the art of navigation, I think cannot be denied. It appears that they herded together, and lived in some kind of society: but whether they had the use of language or not, does not appear from our author's relation; and I should incline to think that they had not, and that in this respect they resembled the Ouran Outangs, though in other respects they appeared to be farther advanced in the arts of life; for I do not think that any traveller has said that the Ouran Outangs practised navigation or commerce. They live, however, in society, act together in concert, particularly in attacking elephants, build huts, and no doubt practise other arts, both for sustenance and defence; so that they may be reckoned to be in the first stage of the human progression, being associated, and practising certain arts of life; but not so far advanced as to have invented the great art of language, to which I think the inhabitants of Nicobar must have approached nearer, if they have not already found it out, as they are so much farther advanced in other arts.

This he fortifies by a long and elaborate note to the following effect:

> The story is told in the 6th volume of Linnæus's *Amœnitates academicæ*, in an academical oration of one Hoppius, a scholar, as I suppose, of Linnæus, who relates the story upon the credit of this Keoping, with several more circumstances than I have mentioned. As I knew nothing then of any other author who had spoken of men with tails, I thought the fact extraordinary, and was not disposed to believe it without knowing who this Keoping was, and what credit he deserved. I therefore wrote to Linnæus, inquiring about him, and desiring to know where his book was to be found. He returned me a very polite answer, informing me that the book was lately reprinted at Stockholm, 1743, *apud Salvium*: that the author was 'natione Suecus, secutus naves Belgicas per plures annos, imprimis ad insulas Indiæ Orientalis. Incepit iter 1647. Erat Locotenant navalis ref. Habet multa de animalibus et plantis sparsa, simplici stylo; sed omnia reliqua quæ retulit de his, simplicitate et fide summa recenset; quorum omnia reliqua hodie notissima et confirmata.'
>
> Upon this information I got the book from Stockholm. It is in the Swedish language, which I do not understand; but that passage of it having been translated to me by a Swedish gentleman, I found it to agree exactly with the story told by Hoppius. And the gentleman, who was very well acquainted with the book, confirmed what Linnæus says, of its being written in a plain and simple style, bearing intrinsic marks of truth.
>
> As this is a matter of great curiosity, I will subjoin what Linnæus further says in his letter to me. [And he adds six other cases of tailed men reported by Linnæus.]

Richard Jago (1715-81), son of a Warwickshire rector, was a servitor at University College, Oxford (where Shenstone, then a commoner, was his intimate friend), and became vicar of Snitterfield near Stratford-on-Avon. He wrote an elegy on *The Blackbirds* (1753); *Edge-hill, or the Rural Prospect Delineated and Moralised* (1767); *Labour and Genius, or the Mill-Stream and the Cascade, a Fable* (1768); *Adam*, an oratorio (mainly from *Paradise Lost*), and other poetical pieces, all collected and published in one volume in 1784.

Absence.

With leaden foot Time creeps along,
While Delia is away:
With her, nor plaintive was the song,
Nor tedious was the day.

Ah! envious power, reverse my doom,
Now double thy career;
Strain every nerve, stretch every plume,
And rest them when she's here.

Thomas Blacklock (1721-91), the blind poet, attracted sympathy and interest, but, though he was an amiable and excellent man, his verse is almost wholly tame, languid, and commonplace. The son of a Cumberland bricklayer who had settled at Annan in Dumfriesshire, he completely lost his sight by smallpox when only six months old; but his worthy father, assisted by neighbours, amused his solitary boyhood by reading to him; and before he was twenty he was familiar with Spenser, Milton, Pope, Addison, Thomson, and Allan Ramsay, from whom he largely derived his images and impressions of nature and natural objects. His father was accidentally killed when the studious youth was about nineteen; but Dr Stevenson, an Edinburgh physician, having seen some of his attempts at verse, brought the blind author to the Scottish capital, where he was enrolled as a student of divinity. In 1746 he published a volume of his poems, which was reprinted with additions in 1754 and 1756. He was licensed in 1759, and in 1762 was by the Earl of Selkirk nominated minister of Kirkcudbright. But the parishioners were opposed both to Church patronage in the abstract and to this exercise of it in favour of a blind man, and the poet relinquished the appointment for an annuity. He now resided in Edinburgh, and took in boarders, but suffered from depression of spirits, supposing that his powers were failing him; his generous ardour in 1786 on behalf of Burns showed no diminution of taste or sensibility. He published some sermons and theological treatises, and an article on Blindness for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Terrors of a Guilty Conscience.

Cursed with unnumbered groundless fears,
How pale yon shivering wretch appears!
For him the daylight shines in vain,
For him the fields no joys contain;
Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
No more the woods their music boast,
No more the meads their vernal bloom,
No more the gales their rich perfume:
Impending mists deform the sky,
And beauty withers in his eye.
In hopes his terror to elude,
By day he mingles with the crowd,
Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,
In busy crowds and open day.
If night his lonely walks surprise,
What horrid visions round him rise!
The blasted oak which meets his way,
Shewn by the meteor's sudden ray,
The midnight murderer's lone retreat
Felt heaven's avengeful bolt of late;
The clashing chain, the groan profound,
Loud from yon ruined tower resound;
And now the spot he seems to tread,
Where some self-slaughtered corse was laid;
He feels fixed earth beneath him bend,
Deep murmurs from her caves ascend;
Till all his soul, by fancy swayed,
Sees livid phantoms crowd the shade.

Ode to Aurora on Melissa's Birthday

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-fingered morn;
Emerge, in purest dress arrayed,
And chase from heaven night's envious shade,
That I once more may pleased survey,
And hail Melissa's natal day.

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-fingered morn;
In order at the eastern gate
The hours to draw thy chariot wait;
Whilst Zephyr on his balmy wings
Mild nature's fragrant tribute brings,
With odours sweet to strew thy way,
And grace the bland revolving day.

But, as thou lead'st the radiant sphere,
That gilds its birth and marks the year,
And as his stronger glories rise,
Diffused around the expanded skies,
Till clothed with beams serenely bright,
All heaven's vast concave flames with light;

So when, through life's protracted day,
Melissa still pursues her way,
Her virtues with thy splendour vie,
Increasing to the mental eye;
Though less conspicuous, not less dear,
Long may they Bion's prospect cheer;
So shall his heart no more repine,
Blessed with her rays, though robbed of thine.

Of this ode Henry Mackenzie said it was 'a compliment and tribute of affection to the tender assiduity of an excellent wife, which I have not anywhere seen more happily conceived or more elegantly expressed.'

Sir William Blackstone (1723-80), a Londoner born, made choice of the law for his profession, entered himself a student of the Middle Temple, and took formal leave of poetry in verses published in Dodsley's *Miscellany*. But though he had forsaken his muse, he still, like Charles Lamb, when he had given up the use of the 'great plant' tobacco 'loved to live in the suburbs of her graces.' Blackstone, who was called to the Bar in 1746, became Vinerian Professor of Law at Oxford, where he delivered the lectures afterwards published as the famous *Commentaries on the Laws of England* (1765-69). After refusing the Solicitor-Generalship, he was knighted, and died a judge in the Court of Common Pleas. The *Commentaries* that arose out of his lectures (as first professor of English law at Oxford—the Civil or Roman law had always been taught) were the first attempt to popularise and systematise the law of England. Though he had not an original or independent mind, and was not profoundly versed in either Civil or Common law, he produced an unequalled compendium of what was known on his chosen subject, admirably written in a style always clear and generally dignified, though somewhat formal. Junius attacked him for leaning too much to the side of prerogative, and abiding rather by precedents than by sense and justice; Priestley protested against his statement and defence of the law as against Dissenters; and Bentham later assailed his view on the nature of law in general. But the work took, maintained an unique place in English law, and erelong was cited not as a mere statement of the law, but as an original authority. As the standard exposition it was edited and re-edited down to 1840 in England, to 1884 in the United States; and even now modern statements are in part adaptations of Blackstone, who thus sums up the relative merits of an elective and hereditary monarchy:

It must be owned, an elective monarchy seems to be the most obvious and best suited of any to the rational principles of government and the freedom of human nature; and accordingly, we find from history that, in the infancy and first rudiments of almost every state, the leader, chief magistrate, or prince hath usually been elective. And if the individuals who compose that state could always continue true to first principles, uninfluenced by passion or prejudice, unassailed by corruption, and unawed by violence, elective succession were as much to be desired in a kingdom as in other inferior communities. The best, the wisest, and the bravest man would then be sure of receiving that crown which his endowments have merited; and the sense of an unbiassed majority would be dutifully acquiesced in by the few who were of different opinions. But history and observation will inform us that elections of every kind, in the present state of human nature, are too frequently brought about by influence, partiality, and artifice; and even where the case is otherwise, these practices will be often suspected, and as constantly charged upon the successful, by a splenetic disappointed minority. This is an evil to which all societies are liable; as well those of a private and domestic kind, as the great community of the public, which regulates and includes the rest. But in the former there is this advantage, that such suspicions, if false, proceed no further than jealousies and murmurs, which time will effectually suppress; and, if true, the injustice may be remedied by legal means, by an appeal to those tribunals to which every member of society has (by becoming such) virtually engaged to submit. Whereas, in the great and independent society which every nation composes, there is no superior to resort to but the law of nature; no method to redress the infringements of that law but the actual exertion of private force. As, therefore, between two nations complaining of mutual injuries, the quarrel can only be decided by the law of arms, so in one and the same nation, when the fundamental principles of their common union are supposed to be invaded, and more especially when the appointment of their chief magistrate is alleged to be unduly made, the only tribunal to which the complainants can appeal is that of the God of battles; the only process by which the appeal can be carried on is that of a civil and intestine war. A hereditary succession to the crown is therefore now established in this and most other countries, in order to prevent that periodical bloodshed and misery which the history of ancient imperial Rome and the more modern experience of Poland and Germany may show us are the consequences of elective kingdoms.

The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse.

As by some tyrant's stern command
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemned to roam
An endless exile from his home;
Pensive he treads the destined way,
And dreads to go; nor dares to stay;
Till on some neighbouring mountain's brow
He stops, and turns his eyes below;
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:
So I, thus doomed from thee to part,
Gay queen of fancy and of art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.
Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
How blithesome were we wont to rove
By verdant hill or shady grove,
Where fervent bees with humming voice
Around the honeyed oak rejoice,
And aged elms with awful bend
In long cathedral walks extend!
Lulled by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheered by the warbling of the woods,
How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
In sweet society with thee!
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded rolled along;
But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
These scenes must charm me now no more;
Lost to the fields, and torn from you,—
Farewell!—a long, a last adieu.
Me wrangling courts and stubborn law,
To smoke, and crowds, and cities draw;
There selfish faction rules the day,
And pride and avarice throng the way;
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare;
Loose Revelry and Riot bold,
In frighted streets their orgies hold;
Or, where in silence all is drowned,
Fell Murder walks his lonely round;
No room for peace, no room for you;
Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu!

Shakspeare, no more, thy sylvan son,
Nor all the art of Addison,
Pope's heaven-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
Nor Milton's mighty self must please:
Instead of these, a formal band
In furs and coifs around me stand,
With sounds uncouth and accents dry,
That grate the soul of harmony.
Each pedant sage unlocks his store
Of mystic, dark, discordant lore,
And points with tottering hand the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.
There, in a winding close retreat,
Is Justice doomed to fix her seat;
There, fenced by bulwarks of the law,
She keeps the wondering world in awe;
And there, from vulgar sight retired,
Like Eastern queens, is more admired.
Oh, let me pierce the secret shade
Where dwells the venerable maid!
There humbly mark, with reverent awe,
The guardian of Britannia's law;
Unfold with joy her sacred page,
The united boast of many an age;
Where mixed, yet uniform, appears
The wisdom of a thousand years.
In that pure spring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true,
And other doctrines thence imbibe
Than lurk within the sordid scribe;
Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right;
See countless wheels distinctly tend
By various laws to one great end,
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades and regulates the whole.
Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
[illegible]

Albania [illegible]

to the editor, but the little volume seems to have remained unnoticed and unknown till 1783, when Dr Beattie, in one of his *Essays on Poetry and Music*, quoted a picturesque passage, praised also by Sir Walter Scott, which describes 'invisible hunting,' a superstition formerly prevalent in the Highlands, and not unknown elsewhere.

The Invisible Hunting.

E'er since of old the haughty thanes of Ross
(So to the simple swain tradition tells)
Were wont, with clans and ready vassals thronged,
To wake the bounding stag or guilty wolf,
There oft is heard at midnight or at noon,
Beginning faint, but rising still more loud
And nearer, voice of hunters, and of hounds,
And horns hoarse-winded, blowing far and keen;
Forthwith the hubbub multiplies, the gale
Labours with wilder shrieks, and rifer din
Of hot pursuit, the broken cry of deer
Mangled by throttling dogs, the shouts of men,
And hoofs thick beating on the hollow hill.
Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale
Starts at the noise, and both the herdsman's ears
Tingle with inward dread. Aghast he eyes
The mountain's height, and all the ridges round,
Yet not one trace of living wight discerns;
Nor knows, o'erawed, and trembling as he stands,
To what or whom he owes his idle fear,
To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend;
But wonders, and no end of wondering finds.

John Wilson (1720-89), parish schoolmaster at Lesmahagow and Greenock, was the author of *The Clyde*, another descriptive poem included by Leyden in the same volume with *Albania*. In 1767 the magistrates and minister of Greenock, before they admitted Wilson to the superintendence of the grammar school, stipulated that he abandon 'the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making.' He complied, burned his unfinished manuscripts, and faithfully kept his word. [illegible] probably lost little through the barbarism of [illegible] Greenock functionaries. For though W[illegible] [illegible] good command of the heroic couplet, a [illegible] [illegible] had none of the originality of [illegible] as will be seen from the challenge [illegible] quoted below. The *Clyde*, which extends to nearly two thousand lines, was published [illegible] along with a [illegible] sketch, [illegible] which in its original form Wilson had [illegible]

[illegible]

William Wilkie (1721–72), author of *The Epigoniad*, was a native of Echlin in Dalmeny parish, Linlithgowshire, and sometime minister of Ratho. In 1759 he was elected Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of St Andrews. He was described as a very absent-minded, eccentric person, who wore as many clothes as tradition assigns to the gravedigger in *Hamlet* on the stage, and who used to lie in bed with two dozen pair of blankets above him. According to David Hume, Wilkie's Homeric studies were also conducted on an eccentric method. The Scotch farmers [illegible] Edinburgh were very much troubled, Hume reported, with wood-pigeons, 'and Wilkie's father planted him often as a scarecrow (an office for which he is well qualified) in the midst of his fields of wheat. He carried out his Homer with him, together with a table, and pen and ink, and a great rusty gun. He composed and wrote two or three lines, till a flock of pigeons settled in the field, then rose up, ran towards them, and fired at them; returned again to his former station, and added a rhyme or two more, till he met with a fresh interruption.' *The Epigoniad, a Poem in nine Books*, published in 1757, deals with the fortunes of the Epigoni, the sons of the seven heroes who led the expedition against Thebes; it was founded on part of the fourth book of the *Iliad*, and in style modelled on Pope's *Homer*. Though marvellously popular in Scotland, it had few readers in England. A somewhat depreciatory notice of it in the *Critical Review* drew forth a long reply from David Hume, in which he speaks of its six thousand lines as 'abounding in sublime beauties,' and conceived so thoroughly in the spirit of Homer as 'would almost lead us to imagine that the Scottish bard had found [illegible] manuscript of that father of poetry, and had read a faithful translation of [illegible] [illegible] Hume [illegible] of H[illegible] [illegible] over the philosophical critic, as also when he pronounced the [illegible] description of [illegible] and mission of Jealousy to be 'painted in the most splendid colours that poetry affords.' [illegible] men as could be offered of the [illegible] 'Scottish Homer,' who also published a collection of Fables in verse after the manner of Gay [illegible] them in h[illegible]

Jealousy

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
A figured zone, mysteriously designed,
Around her waist her yellow robe confined;
There dark Suspicion lurked, of sable hue;
There hasty Rage his deadly dagger drew;
Pale Envy inly pined; and by her [illegible]
Outrageous Phrenzy with his chains untied;
Affronted Pride with thirst of vengeance burned,
And Love's excess to deepest hatred turned.
All these the artist's [illegible]
The work divine his matchless skill [illegible]
The virgin last around her shoulders [illegible]
The bow; and by her s[illegible]
Then, springing up, her an[illegible]
[illegible] and lightly [illegible]
The son of Tydeus, 'midst his famous [illegible] she found
In arms complete, repos[illegible]
And, as he slept, the her[illegible]
Her form to fancy's waking [illegible]

Richard Gifford (1725–1807), vicar of Duffield in Derbyshire, rector of North Ockendon in Essex, and chaplain to the Marquis of Tweeddale, issued anonymously in 1753, through Dodsley, a poem called *Contemplation*, which attracted the attention of Johnson. The last of [illegible] quoted below, slightly altered, was quoted [illegible] son in his Dictionary to illustrate the word [illegible] and was repeated by him to Boswell [illegible] Southey was grateful to 'the great Cham of literature' for preserving the stanza, than [illegible] 'a sweeter was never composed.' Gifford, [illegible] was the son of a Shropshire clergyman and [illegible] at Balliol, wrote on Kennicott and the Hebrew Bible and on Priestley's views on matter [illegible] translated from [illegible], and contributed [illegible] *Gentleman's Magazine*. In his *Contemplation* [illegible] obviously copied or caught his tone and [illegible] from Gray's *Elegy*. The poem consists of seventy-one stanzas, and opens thus:

[illegible]
The early lark salutes the [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] his love
[illegible]

Tobias George Smollett was by birth a gentleman and by training a doctor; he was something of a poet, and produced a superficial history; but as a novelist he is memorable. He was born at Dalquhurn House, near Renton in Dumbartonshire, and baptised on the 19th of March 1721. His father, a younger son of Sir James Smollett of Bonhill, judge and Scottish M.P., having died early, the poet was educated by his grandfather. After the usual course of study at the grammar-school of Dumbarton and the University of Glasgow, Tobias was apprenticed to a medical practitioner in Glasgow. His apprenticeship expired, the young and sanguine adventurer proceeded to London, his chief dependence being a tragedy, *The Regicide*, on the assassination of James I. of Scotland. Foiled in his effort to get it brought out at the theatres, he became surgeon's mate on board a man-of-war, and was present at the disastrous expedition against Carthagena, described in *Roderick Random*. He left the navy, and fell in love in Jamaica; and by 1744 was practising medicine in London. In 1746 and 1747 he published two short satires, *Advice* and *Reproof*, and in 1748 he gave to the world his novel of *Roderick Random*. *Peregrine Pickle* appeared three years afterwards, and was even a greater hit. Smollett failed as a physician in London and at Bath, and, taking a house at Chelsea, he devoted himself to literature as a profession, becoming by turns, as Thackeray said, 'reviewer and historian, critic, medical writer, poet and pamphleteer.' Spite of his laboriousness and literary facility, his life was one continual struggle for existence, embittered by personal quarrels brought on by his irritable temper. He quarrelled with relations, patrons, and literary rivals, and had fierce feuds with Lyttelton, Fielding, Churchill, Garrick, Akenside, Wilkes, and others.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

From the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery (Artist unknown).

In 1753 his romance of *Ferdinand Count Fathom* was published, and in 1755 his translation of *Don Quixote* based mainly on the earlier translation of Jervas, for Smollett's knowledge of Spanish was far from perfect. In 1756 he became editor of the *Critical Review*, which drew him into much acrid controversy. An attack on Admiral Knowles, one of the commanders at Carthagena, led to a trial for libel; and he was sentenced to pay a fine of £100, and suffered three months' imprisonment. In prison he consoled himself by writing his least successful novel, *Launcelot Greaves* (1762). Another proof of his facility and industry was his *History of England*, written, it was affirmed, in fourteen months (1756-57). The rate of production wholly precluded all thought of research, or even of conscientious study; and the work, essentially booksellers' hack-work, was severely and indignantly denounced by some critics. It is unequal in execution, and abounds in errors and inconsistencies. Its fate ultimately was to be truncated, and made to serve (from the Revolution of 1688 on) as a continuation to Hume. *The Reprisal*, a farce of the sea, was fairly successful on the stage in 1757. He translated *Gil Blas* (1761), but it is doubted whether he executed any part of the translation of *The Works of M. de Voltaire*, published in 1761-70 under his name and that of Dr Francklin. He compiled a *Compendium of Voyages*, and superintended and partly wrote a *Universal History*. Like Goldsmith, he showed extraordinary versatility; and, except Goldsmith, few writers with such an undeniably original vein of genius ever performed so large an amount of general drudgery and hackwork. For political controversy he was ill qualified by temper; and, taking the unpopular side, he was completely vanquished by the truculent satire and abuse of Wilkes.

His health was now shattered by sedentary labour, family trials, and worry. In 1747 he had married a West Indian lady, Miss Lascelles; their only child died at the age of fifteen, and the disconsolate father tried to fly from his grief by a tour through France and Italy. He was absent two years, and published his *Travels through France and Italy* (1766), which, with gleams of humour and insight, shows plenty of prejudice [illegible] paradox. Sterne ridiculed this [illegible] as *Smelfungus*, in his *Sentimental* [illegible] the famous statue of the Venus de M[illegible] [illegible] enchants the world.' Smollett could see no [illegible] feature, and the attitude he considered awkward and out of character. Modern taste, as it happens, rather justifies him than his amazed critics in this. He laments that 'the labours of painters should have been so much employed on the [illegible] of the martyrology.' The Pantheon [illegible] combination of beauty and [illegible] looked like a [illegible] said that such declarations [illegible] served for his physical [illegible] sprung from habits of temper [illegible] remarks Sir Walter Scott, '[illegible] memory of the witty and elegant [illegible] easy to estimate, in common [illegible] that sensibility, than to [illegible] of generosity and benevolence [illegible] exercised during his whole life [illegible] his own Matthew Bramble, under the [illegible] of peevishness and irritability [illegible] understood to have produced [illegible] temper of Smollett was 'like a [illegible] [illegible] the *Travels* are occupied to a tedious [illegible] denunciations of the dirt and discomfort of [illegible] and Italian hotels, and of the extortions and various misdemeanours of the French and Italian innkeepers and postilions, exhibitions of spleen due no doubt partly to ill-health. Smollett made very many shrewd observations. He kept a careful record of the daily variations of temperature [illegible] weather at Nice for more than a year, [illegible] long before Lord Brougham the special merits of Cannes, and describes [illegible] the miseries of the French people and the [illegible] to which they were subjected, foretold [illegible] likelihood of the country [illegible] On his return to England he published [illegible] satire, *The Adventures of an Atom*, [illegible] which he attacked his former patron, Lord [illegible] and also the Earl of Chatham. His conduct as a politician was guided more by personal feeling than public principles, and neglect or [illegible] ingratitude provoked a burst of indignation. He [illegible] no longer able to contend with the [illegible] that encompassed him, and in 1770 he again [illegible] abroad in quest of health. His friends endeavoured in vain to procure him an appointment as consul at some Mediterranean port, and he settled in a cottage near Leghorn. Here, in weakness and suffering, he wrote his *Humphry Clinker*, last and most original of all his novels. He had just heard of the success of *Humphry* before his death (21st October 1771).

It was six years after the publication of *Joseph Andrews*, and before *Tom Jones* had been produced, that Smollett appeared as novelist. He had adopted Le Sage as his model, but his characters, his scenes, his opinions and prejudices, were all eminently British. From first to last he improved in taste and judgment; but his invention, his native humour, and his knowledge of life and character are as conspicuous in *Roderick Random* as in any of his works; Tom Bowling is his most perfect sea-character. The adventures of Roderick are no doubt largely autobiographical, with a fair element of absurd exaggeration. 'His novels are recollections of his own adventures,' Thackeray judges; 'his characters drawn, as I should think, from personages with whom he had become acquainted in his own career of life. . . . He did not invent much as I fancy, but had the keenest perceptive faculty, and described what he saw with wonderful relish and delightful broad humour.' In *Roderick Random* scene follows scene with astonishing rapidity; at one time his hero basks in prosperity, at another he is plunged in utter destitution. He is led into different countries, and into the society of wits, sharpers, courtiers, courtesans, and men of all grades. In this tour of the world of human life, the reader is amazed at the reckless profusion, the inexhaustible humour, of [illegible] who pours out his materials with such [illegible] and fertility. There is no elaboration of character, no careful preparation of incidents, [illegible] of design, and there is a plentiful use of [illegible] caricature instead of realistic presentation. [illegible] Roderick Random is hurried on without fixed [illegible] ultimate purpose; and though there is a dash of [illegible] and good humour in his character, he is [illegible] for unconscionable libertinism [illegible] lecherousness. There is even utter meanness in his conduct toward his humble friend Strap. Smollett's grossness is indefensible; and in his estimate of women he falls far below Richardson [illegible] Fielding. *Roderick Random* must be enjoyed for its broad humour and comic incidents, which, even when most farcical, are seldom quite [illegible] and almost never tiresome. As history, [illegible] less than fiction, its pictures of eighteenth [illegible] life in the British navy are simply price[illegible]

Peregrine Pickle is formed of the same materials, [illegible] a larger mould. The hero is as unscrupulous as Roderick Random, and is more deliberately [illegible]. Scott calls him 'the savage and ferocious [illegible],' and denounces his 'low and ungentlemanlike tone;' but in the second work the comic powers of the author are more variously displayed. Scenes [illegible] dents are multiplied with kaleidoscopic profusion. The want of decent drapery is too apparent; Smollett never had much regard for the minor morals or proprieties of life; but where shall we find a more entertaining gallery of portraits—some of them doubtless contemptible and revolting—or a series of more laughable incidents? The one-eyed naval veteran, Commodore Trunnion, is an eccentric drawn in Smollett's extravagant vein, who keeps garrison in his house as on board ship, and makes his servants sleep in hammocks and turn out to watch. Yet in his death he is almost convincing. The *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*—a true tale (of Lady Vane), for inserting which Smollett was bribed by a sum of money—mark the most humiliating episode in the novelist's record.

Ferdinand Count Fathom is more in the style of a romance—the portraiture of a complete villain, proceeding step by step to rob his benefactors and pillage mankind. His adventures at gambling-tables and hotels, and his exploits as a physician, afford scope for the author's satirical genius. But the most powerful passages in the novel are those which recount Ferdinand's seduction of Celinda, the story of Monimia, and the description of the tempest in the forest, from which he took shelter in a robber's hut. Some of the incidents are related with the intensity and power of a tragic poet. There is a vein of fantastic sentimentality in the means by which Fathom works on Celinda's superstitious fears and timidity by means of an Æolian harp. 'The strings,' says Smollett, with inflated rhetoric, 'no sooner felt the impression of the balmy zephyr, than they began to pour forth a stream of melody, more ravishingly delightful than the song of Philomel, the warbling brook, and all the concert of the wood.' Few readers of *Peregrine Pickle* can forget the touching allusion to the Scottish Jacobites at Boulogne, 'exiled from their native homes in consequence of their adherence to an unfortunate and ruined cause,' who went daily to the seaside in order to indulge their longing eyes with a prospect of the white cliffs of Albion, which they could never more approach.

Sir Launcelot Greaves is a rather poor sort of travesty of *Don Quixote*, in which the preposterousness of the plot is sometimes relieved by the humour of some of the characters and conversations. Captain Crowe, in especial, is no unworthy comrade of Trunnion and Bowling. Butler's Presbyterian knight going 'a colonelling' is ridiculous enough; but the chivalry of Sir Launcelot and his attendant outrages all sense and probability. An eighteenth century knight errant in *cap-à-pie* armour redressing the wrongs of respectable men and maidens defrauded of their rights, [illegible] debtors' prisons and madhouses, and [illegible] the [illegible] adventures [illegible] hopelessly incredible.

Humphry Clinker [illegible] on the whole the most agreeable and entertaining of all the novels of Smollett, and is replete with grave, caustic, and humorous observation. Matthew Bramble is Smollett himself [illegible] somewhat cynical through the experience of the world, but vastly improved in taste. He probably caught the idea, as he took some of the incidents of the family tour, from Anstey's *New Bath Guide*; but the staple of the work is emphatically his own. In the light sketching of scenery, the quick succession of incidents, the romance of Lismahago's adventures among the American Indians, and the humour of the serving-men and maids, Smollett seems to come into closer competition with Le Sage or Cervantes than in any of his other works. The conversion of Humphry may have been suggested by Anstey, but the bad spelling of Tabitha and Mrs Winifred Jenkins is an original device of Smollett, which aids in the subordinate effects of the domestic drama, and has been industriously exploited by later humourists—as has the 'derangement of epitaphs' which not seldom crops up in Smollett. Thackeray thought Uncle Bowling in *Roderick Random* as good a character as Squire Western himself; and *Humphry Clinker* he pronounced 'the most laughable story that has ever been written since the goodly art of novel-writing began.' Smollett wrote English almost like an Englishman; his peculiarities are mainly those of the period. His diction is plain and undistinguished, but lucid and vigorous. Professor Minto roundly declared that Smollett's influence—which may be traced in Marryat, Thackeray, and Dickens—was greater than that of Fielding. But in spite of some attempts, such as Scott's, to exalt him, Smollett must be ranked far below Richardson, Fielding, or Sterne; see Mr Dobson's criticism above at page 8. The prose extracts, except the first, which is from *Humphry Clinker*, are all from *Peregrine Pickle*.

Sir Walter Scott praised the fine commencement of his Ode on Independence, 'Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye;' but in its succession of strophes and antistrophes, the mythological characters—Liberty, Disdain, Old Time, the hermit Wisdom, Fair Freedom, Oppression, and the like—become wearisome.

Ode to Leven Water

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
  Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polished pebbles spread;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride,
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch and groves of pine,
And edges flowered with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen:
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale;
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrowned with toil;
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard!

The Tears of Scotland

Written in 1746 on the barbarities committed in the Highlands by the English forces under the command of the Duke of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renowned,
Lie slaughtered on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famished on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravished virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crowned with praise,
Still shone with undiminished blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, O fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doomed to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And stretched beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall flow:
'Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn.'

Mr Morgan's Manner.

While he was thus discoursing to me, we heard a voice on the cockpit ladder pronounce, with great vehemence, in a strange dialect, 'The devil and his dam blow me from the top of Mounchdenny, if I go to him before there is something in my pelly; let his nose be as yellow as saffron, or as plue as a pell, look you, or green as a leek, 'tis all one.' To this declaration somebody answered, 'So it seems my poor messmate must part his cable for want of a little assistance. His fore topsail is loose already; and besides, the doctor ordered you to overhaul him; but I see you don't mind what your master says.' Here he was interrupted with, 'Splutter and oons! you lousy tog, who do you call my master? get you gone to the doctor, and tell him my birth, and education, and my abilities, and moreover, my behaviour is as good as his, or any shentleman's (no disparagement to him) in the whole world. Got pless my soul! does he think, or conceive, or imagine, that I am a horse, or an ass, or a goat, to trudge backwards and forwards, and upwards and downwards, and by sea and by land, at his will and pleasure? Go your ways, you rapscallion, and tell doctor Atkins that I desire and request that he will give a look upon the tying man, and order something for him if he be dead or alive, and I will see him take it by and by, when my craving stomach is satisfied, look you.' At this, the other went away, saying, that if they would serve him so when he was dying, by G—d he would be foul of them in the other world.

Here Mr Thomson let me know that the person we heard was Mr Morgan, the first mate, who was just come on board from the hospital, whither he had attended some of the sick in the morning. At the same time I saw him come into the birth. He was a short, thick man, with a face garnished with pimples, a snub nose turned up at the end, an excessive wide mouth, and little fiery eyes, surrounded with skin puckered up in innumerable wrinkles. My friend immediately made him acquainted with my case; when he regarded me with a very lofty look, but without speaking, set down a [illegible] he had in his hand, and approached the cupboard, which when he had opened, he exclaimed, in a great passion, 'Got is my life! all the pork is gone, as I am a Christian!' Thomson then gave him to understand that as I had been brought on board half famished, he could [illegible] what was in the locker; and the rather, as he had bid the steward [illegible] in the mess. Whether this disappointment made Mr Morgan more peevish than usual, or he really t[illegible] a note, I know not, but after some pause he went on in this manner: 'Mr Thomson, perhaps you do not use me with all [illegible] respect.' [illegible] to advise with me in this affair. I have [illegible] ration, and have kept house and home, and paid scot and lot, and the king's taxes; ay, and maintained a family to boot. And moreover, also, I am your senior, and your elder, and your petter, Mr Thomson.' 'My elder I'll allow you to be, but not my better,' cried Thomson, with some heat. 'Cot is my saviour, and witness too,' said Morgan, with great vehemence, 'that I am more elder, and therefore more petter by many years than you.' Fearing this dispute might be attended with some bad consequence, I interposed and told Mr Morgan I was very sorry for having been the occasion of any difference between him and the second mate; and that, rather than cause the least breach in their good understanding, I would eat my allowance by myself, or seek admission to some other company. But Thomson, with more spirit than discretion, as I thought, insisted upon my remaining where he had appointed me, and observed that no man possessed of generosity and compassion would have any objection to it, considering my birth and talents, and the misfortunes I had of late so unjustly undergone. This was touching Mr Morgan on the right key, who protested with great earnestness that he had no objection to my being received in the mess; but only complained that the ceremony of asking his consent was not observed. 'As for a shentleman in distress,' said he, shaking me by the hand, 'I lofe him as I lofe my own powels: for, Cot help me! I have had vexations enough upon my own pack.'

(From *Roderick Random*, Ch. xxx.)

The Death of Commodore Trunnion

About four o'clock in the morning our hero arrived at the garrison [Commodore Trunnion's house was fitted up as a fortress, with ditch, drawbridge, and courtyard with artillery], where he found his generous uncle in extremity, supported in bed by Julia on one side and Lieutenant Hatchway on the other, whilst Mr Jolter administered spiritual consolation, and between whiles comforted Mrs Trunnion, who, with her maid, sat by the fire, weeping with great decorum: the physician having just taken the last fee, and retired after pronouncing the fatal prognostic.

Though the Commodore's speech was interrupted by a violent hiccup, he still retained the use of his senses, and when Peregrine approached, stretched out his hand, with manifest signs of satisfaction. The young gentleman, whose heart overflowed with gratitude and affection, could not behold such a spectacle unmoved; so that the Commodore perceiving his disorder, made a last effort of strength, and consoled him in these words: 'Swab the spray from your bowsprit, my good lad, and coil up your spirits. You must not let the topsails of your heart give way, because you see me ready to go down at these years. Many a better man has foundered before he has made half my way; thof I trust, by the mercy of God, I [illegible] friend Jolter hath overhauled the journal of my sins, [illegible] I hope I shall happily come to my voyage's end [illegible] H[illegible] a [illegible] that wanted to stow me chock full of phy[illegible] [illegible] the messenger of death [illegible] but I told him as how I could slip my cable without his direction or assistance, and so he hauled off in dudgeon. This cursed hiccup makes such a ripple in the current of my speech that mayhap you don't understand what I say. Now, while the sucker of my wind-pipe will go, I would willingly mention a few things which I hope you will set down in the log-book of your remembrance when I am stiff, d'ye see. There's your aunt sitting whimpering by the fire; I desire you will keep her tight, warm, and easy in her old age: she's an honest heart in her own way, and, thof she goes a little crank and humoursome by being often overstowed with Nantz and religion, she has been a faithful shipmate to me. Jack Hatchway, you know the trim of her as well as e'er a man in England, and I believe she has a kindness for you, whereby if you two grapple in the way of matrimony when I am gone, I do suppose that my godson, for love of me, will allow you to live in the garrison all the days of your life. I need not talk of Pipes, because I know you'll do for him without any recommendation; the fellow has sailed with me in many a hard gale, and I'll warrant him as stout a seaman as ever set face to the weather. But I hope you'll take care of the rest of the crew, and not disrate them after I am dead in favour of new followers. . . . Shun going to law as you would shun the devil, and look upon all attorneys as devouring sharks or ravenous fish of prey. As soon as the breath is out of my body, let minute guns be fired, till I am safe underground. I would also be buried in the red jacket I had on when I boarded and took the *Renummy*. Let my pistols, cutlass, and pocket-compass be laid in the coffin along with me. Let me be carried to the grave by my own men, rigged in the black caps and white shirts which my barge's crew were wont to wear; and they must keep a good look-out that none of your pilfering rascallions may come and heave me up again for the lucre of what they can get, until the carcass is belayed by a tombstone. As for the motto or what you call it, I leave that to you and Mr Jolter, who are scholars; but I do desire that it may not be engraved in the Greek or Latin lingos, and much less in the French, which I abominate, but in plain English, that when the angel comes to pipe all hands at the great day, he may know that I am a British man, and speak to me in my mother-tongue. And now, I have no more to say, but God in heaven have mercy upon my soul, and send you all fair weather wheresoever you are bound!' . . .

His last moments, however, were not so near as they imagined. He began to doze, and enjoyed small intervals of ease till next day in the afternoon; during which [illegible] he was heard to pour forth many pious ejaculations, expressing his hope that for all the heavy cargo of [illegible] he should be able to surmount the puttock-shrouds of despair, and get aloft to the cross-trees of God's good favour. At last his voice sank so low as not to be distinguished, and having lain about an hour almost without any perceptible sign of life, he gave up the ghost with a [illegible]

(From *Peregrine Pickle*.)

Hatchway's Epitaph on Commodore Trunnion.

[illegible]

sunk by death's superior weight of metal. Nevertheless he will be weighed again at the Great Day, his rigging refitted, and his timbers repaired, and, with one broadside, make his adversary strike in his turn.

(From *Peregrine Pickle*.)

Bath as seen by Mr Bramble.

You must know, I find nothing but disappointment at Bath, which is so altered, that I can scarce believe it is the same place that I frequented about thirty years ago. Methinks I hear you say,—'Altered it is, without all doubt; but then it is altered for the better; a truth which, perhaps, you would own without hesitation, if you yourself was not altered for the worse.' The reflection may, for aught I know, be just. The inconveniences which I overlooked in the heyday of health, will naturally strike with exaggerated impression on the irritable nerves of an invalid, surprised by premature old age, and shattered with long suffering. But I believe you will not deny that this place, which Nature and Providence seem to have intended as a resource from distemper and disquiet, is become the very centre of racket and dissipation. Instead of that peace, tranquillity, and ease, so necessary to those who labour under bad health, weak nerves, and irregular spirits; here we have nothing but noise, tumult, and hurry, with the fatigue and slavery of maintaining a ceremonial, more stiff, formal, and oppressive than the etiquette of a German elector. A national hospital it may be; but one would imagine that none but lunatics are admitted; and, truly, I will give you leave to call me so, if I stay much longer at Bath. But I shall take another opportunity to explain my sentiments at greater length on this subject. I was impatient to see the boasted improvements in architecture, for which the upper parts of the town have been so much celebrated, and t'other day I made a circuit of all the new buildings. The square, though irregular, is on the whole pretty well laid out, spacious, open, and airy, and in my opinion by far the most wholesome and agreeable situation in Bath, especially the upper side of it; but the avenues to it are mean, dirty, dangerous, and indirect. Its communication with the baths is through the yard of an inn, where the poor trembling valetudinarian is carried in a chair, betwixt the heels of a double row of horses, wincing under the curry-combs of grooms and postilions, over and above the hazard of being obstructed, or overturned by the carriages which are continually making their exit or their entrance. I suppose, after some chairmen shall have been maimed, and a few lives lost by those accidents, the corporation will think in earnest about providing a more safe and commodious passage. The Circus is a pretty bauble, contrived for show, and looks like Vespasian's amphitheatre turned outside in. If we consider it in point of magnificence, the great number of small doors belonging to the separate houses, the inconsiderable height of the different orders, the affected ornaments of the architrave, which are both childish and misplaced, and the areas projecting into the street, surrounded with iron rails, destroy a good part of its effect upon the eye; and perhaps we shall find it still more defective, if we view it in the light of convenience. The figure of each separate dwelling-house, being the segment of a circle, must spoil the symmetry of the rooms, by contracting them towards the street windows, and leaving a larger sweep in the space behind. If, instead of the areas and iron rails, which seem to be of very little use, there had been a corridore with arcades all round, as in Covent garden, the appearance of the whole would have been more magnificent and striking; those arcades would have afforded an agreeable covered walk, and sheltered the poor chairmen and their carriages from the rain, which is here almost perpetual. At present, the chairs stand soaking in the open street, from morning to night, till they become so many boxes of wet leather, for the benefit of the gouty and rheumatic, who are transported in them from place to place. Indeed, this is a shocking inconvenience that extends over the whole city; and I am persuaded it produces infinite mischief to the delicate and infirm: even the close chairs contrived for the sick, by standing in the open air, have their frieze linings impregnated, like so many sponges, with the moisture of the atmosphere; and those cases of cold vapour must give a charming check to the perspiration of a patient, piping hot from the bath, with all his pores wide open.

(From *Humphry Clinker*.)

Lieutenant Lismahago.

There is no hold by which an Englishman is sooner taken than that of compassion. We were immediately interested in behalf of this veteran. Even Tabby's heart was melted; but our pity was warmed with indignation when we learned that in the course of two sanguinary wars he had been wounded, maimed, mutilated, taken, and enslaved, without ever having attained a higher rank than that of lieutenant. My uncle's eyes gleamed, and his nether lip quivered, while he exclaimed,

'I vow to God, sir, your case is a reproach to the service. The injustice you have met with is so flagrant.'

'I must crave your pardon, sir,' cried the other, interrupting him, 'I complain of no injustice. I purchased an ensigncy thirty years ago; and in the course of service rose to be a lieutenant, according to my seniority.' 'But in such a length of time,' resumed the squire, 'you must have seen a great many young officers put over your head.' 'Nevertheless,' said he, 'I have no cause to murmur. They bought their preferment with their money. I had no money to carry to market; that was my misfortune; but nobody was to blame.' 'What? no friend to advance a sum of money?' said Mr Bramble. 'Perhaps I might have borrowed money for the purchase of a company,' answered the other; 'but that loan must have been refunded; and I did not choose to encumber myself with the debt of a thousand pounds, to be paid from an income of ten shillings a day.' 'So you have spent the best part of your life,' cried Mr Bramble, 'your youth, your blood, and your constitution, amidst the dangers, the difficulties, the horrors, and hardships of war, for the consideration of three or four shillings a day—a consideration—' 'Sir,' replied the Scot, with great warmth, 'you are the man that does me injustice, if you say or think I have been actuated by any such paltry consideration. I am a gentleman; and entered the service as other gentlemen do, with such hopes and sentiments as honourable ambition inspires. If I have not been lucky in the lottery of life, so neither do I think myself unfortunate.—I owe no man a farthing; I can always command a clean shirt, a mutton chop, and a truss of straw; and, when I die, I shall leave effects sufficient to defray the expense of my burial.'

My uncle assured him he had no intention to give him the least offence by the observations he had made; but, on the contrary, spoke from a sentiment of friendly regard to his interest. The lieutenant thanked him with a stiffness of civility which nettled our old gentleman, who perceived that his moderation was all affected; for whatsoever his tongue might declare, his whole appearance denoted dissatisfaction. In short, without pretending to judge of his military merit, I think I may affirm that this Caledonian is a self-conceited pedant, awkward, rude, and disputatious. He has had the benefit of a school education, seems to have read a good number of books, his memory is tenacious, and he pretends to speak several different languages; but he is so addicted to wrangling that he will cavil at the clearest truths, and, in the pride of argumentation, attempt to reconcile contradictions. Whether his address and qualifications are really of that stamp which is agreeable to the taste of our aunt Mrs Tabitha, or that indefatigable maiden is determined to shoot at every sort of game, certain it is she has begun to practise upon the heart of the lieutenant, who favoured us with his company at supper.

(From Melford's Newcastle letter in *Humphry* [illegible])

The Vale of Leven

The water of Leven, though nothing near so considerable as the Clyde, is much more transparent, pastoral, and delightful. This charming stream is the outlet of Loch Lomond, and through a track of four miles pursues its winding course over a bed of pebbles, till it joins the Firth of Clyde at Dumbarton. On this spot stands the castle formerly called Alcluyd, and washed by these two rivers on all sides except a narrow isthmus, which at every spring-tide is overflowed; the whole is a great curiosity from the quality and form of the rock, as from [illegible] of its situation. A very little above the [illegible] Leven, on the lake, stands the house of Cameron, belonging to Mr Smollett (the late commissary), so embosomed in an oak wood that we did not perceive it till we were within fifty yards of the door. I have seen the L[illegible] Garda, Albano, de Vico, Bolsena, and Geneva, [illegible] I prefer Loch Lomond to them all; a preference which is certainly owing to the verdant islands that seem to float upon its surface, affording the most enchanting [illegible] repose to the excursive view. Nor are the [illegible] of beauties which even partake of the [illegible] this side they display a sweet variety of w[illegible] field, and pasture, with several agreeable villas, emerging [illegible] which, being in the bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Everything here is romantic beyond [illegible] This country is justly styled the Arcadia of Scotland; I do not doubt but it may vie with Arcadia in everything but climate. I am sure it excels it [illegible] and water.

([illegible] *Humphry* [illegible])

[illegible]

[illegible]

Adam Smith

was born at Kirkcaldy in Fifeshire, 5th June 1723; his father, who held the situation of comptroller of customs, died before the birth of his son. At Glasgow University (from 1737 on) Smith distinguished himself by his acquirements; thence as Snell exhibitioner he passed to Balliol College, Oxford, where he continued for seven years. His friends had designed him for the Church, but he preferred literature and science. In 1748 he came to Edinburgh, and joined the brilliant group which comprised David Hume, John Home, Hugh Blair, Principal Robertson, and Lord Hailes. He gave a course of lectures in Edinburgh on rhetoric and *belles lettres*, which, in 1751, recommended him to the vacant chair of logic in Glasgow, and this he next year exchanged for the more congenial one of moral philosophy. In 1759 he published his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, and in 1763 he accompanied the young Duke of Buccleuch as travelling tutor on the Continent. They were absent two years, and in Paris made the acquaintance of Quesnay, Turgot, Necker, and the wits. On his return Smith retired to his native town, and pursued a severe system of study, which resulted in the publication, in 1776, of his great work on the *Wealth of Nations*. After Hume's death, in that same year, he went to London, and was a member of the club to which Reynolds, Garrick, and Johnson belonged. In 1778 he returned to Edinburgh as one of the commissioners of customs, and his latter days were spent in ease and opulence. He died in 1790.

The philosophical or ethical doctrines of Smith attracted much notice for a time, largely owing to their easy style and his illustrations. He was called the most eloquent of modern moralists, and his work was illustrated with such a wealth of examples, with such true pictures of the passions and of life and manners, that it was read with pleasure by many who, like Gray the poet, could not see in the darkness of metaphysics. His leading doctrine, that sympathy must necessarily precede our moral approbation or disapprobation, and is accordingly the root of ethics, never met with wide acceptance. 'To derive our moral sentiments,' said Brown, 'which are as universal as the actions of mankind that come under our review, from the occasional sympathies that warm or sadden us with joys, and griefs, and resentments which are not our own, seems to me very nearly the same sort of error as it would be to derive the waters of an overflowing stream from the sunshine or shade which may occasionally gleam over it.'

Smith's *Wealth of Nations* laid the foundation of the science of political economy. Some of its leading principles had been indicated by Hobbes and Locke; Mandeville had also in his *Fable of the Bees* (see above, page 200) illustrated the

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[illegible] Lives have been written by Dr J. [illegible] Moore, R. Anderson, Scott [illegible] D. Hannay [illegible] and Oliphant Smeaton [illegible] advantages of free trade. Joshua Child, William Petty, and Dudley North had made considerable progress in the same direction; Hume in his essays had shown that no nation could profit by stopping the natural flood of commerce between itself and the rest of the world. Several French writers, especially the Physiocrats, and amongst them notably Turgot and Quesnay, had taught many of the new ideas to which Smith was destined to give the fullest and fittest expression; although it is clear, from his recently published Glasgow lectures, that the main lines of his system had been conceived independent of French 'physiocratic' influence, before 1760. Smith's labour of ten years produced a complete system of political economy; and the execution of his work shows such indefatigable research, so much sagacity [illegible] learning, and information derived from arts and manufactures no less than from books, that the *Wealth of Nations* must always be regarded as one of the magistral works on political philosophy. Its leading principles were thus summed up by M'Culloch: 'He shewed that the only source of the opulence of nations is *labour*; that the natural wish to augment our fortunes and rise in the world is the cause of riches being accumulated. He demonstrated that labour is productive of wealth when employed in manufactures and commerce as well as when it is employed in the cultivation of land; he traced the various means by which labour may be rendered most effective, and gave a most admirable analysis and exposition of the prodigious addition made to its efficacy [illegible] division among different individuals and [illegible], and by the employment of accumulated wealth or capital in industrious undertakings. He also shewed, in opposition to the commonly received opinions of the merchants, politicians, and statesmen of his time, that wealth does not consist in the abundance of gold and silver, but in the abundance of the various necessaries, conveniences, and enjoyments of human life; that it is in every case sound policy to leave individuals to pursue their own interest in their own way; that, in prosecuting branches of industry [illegible] to themselves, they necessarily prosecute such as are at the same time advantageous [illegible]; and that every regulation intended to force industry into particular channels, or to [illegible] the species of commercial intercourse to be carried on between different parts of [illegible] country, or between distant and independent countries, is impolitic and pernicious.'

Of course he was not [illegible], even if his own premises are admitted; his doctrines, or what are said to be his doctrines, have been charged with inculcating selfishness, and denounced as too abstract and individualistic. As being [illegible] cosmopolitan, he was opposed by leaders of the nationalist school like List and Carey, insisting that the economy of each country must be adapted to the special conditions of its [illegible] ment thus protection, not required in England, might be [illegible] and necessary for Germany and the United States. The historical school also opposes the abstract method. Ricardo, one of the most eminent successors of Smith, was even more abstract and less historical than his forerunner; and J. S. Mill's work was mainly a restatement of Smith's and Ricardo's. It must be remembered that Smith wrote before the scientific methods in history had been established, before the days of evolution, before the development of modern industrialism, and before socialistic modes of thought had become [illegible]. But it rarely happens that the *pioneer* [illegible] the

ADAM SMITH

[illegible]

[illegible] and [illegible] for [illegible] that of Smith. And the book [illegible] Economy [illegible] solution of histo[illegible] problems, [illegible] history.

On Guilty Ambition

[illegible]

foulness of the steps by which he arrived at that elevation. In many governments the candidates for the highest stations are above the law, and if they can attain the object of their ambition, they have no fear of being called to account for the means by which they acquired it. They often endeavour, therefore, not only by fraud and falsehood, the ordinary and vulgar arts of intrigue and cabal, but sometimes by the perpetration of the most enormous crimes, by murder and assassination, by rebellion and civil war, to supplant and destroy those who oppose or stand in the way of their greatness. They more frequently miscarry than succeed, and commonly gain nothing by the disgraceful punishment which is due to their crimes. But though they should be so lucky as to attain that wished-for greatness, they are always most miserably disappointed in the happiness which they expect to enjoy in it. It is not ease or pleasure, but always honour, of one kind or another, though frequently an honour very ill understood, that the ambitious man really pursues. But the honour of his exalted station appears, both in his own eyes and in those of other people, polluted and defiled by the baseness of the means through which he rose to it. Though by the profusion of every liberal expense; though by excessive indulgence in every profligate pleasure—the wretched but usual resource of ruined characters; though by the hurry of public business, or by the prouder and more dazzling tumult of war, he may endeavour to efface both from his own memory and from that of other people the remembrance of what he has done, that remembrance never fails to pursue him. He invokes in vain the dark and dismal powers of forgetfulness and oblivion. He remembers himself what he has done, and that remembrance tells him that other people must likewise remember it. Amidst all the gaudy pomp of the most ostentatious greatness, amidst the venal and vile adulation of the great and of the learned, amidst the more innocent though more foolish acclamations of the common people, amidst all the pride of conquest and the triumph of successful war, he is still secretly pursued by the avenging furies of shame and remorse; and while glory seems to surround him on all sides, he himself in his own imagination sees black and foul infamy fast pursuing him, and every moment ready to overtake him from behind. Even the great Cæsar, though he had the magnanimity to dismiss his guards, could not dismiss his suspicions. The remembrance of Pharsalia still haunted and pursued him. When at the request of the senate he had the generosity to pardon Marcellus, he told that assembly that he was not unaware of the designs which were carrying on against his life; but that, as he had lived long enough both for nature and for glory, he was contented to die, and therefore despised all conspiracies. He had perhaps lived long enough for nature; but the man who felt himself the object of such deadly resentment, from those whose favour he wished to gain, and whom he still wished to consider as his friends, had certainly lived too long for real glory, or for all the happiness which he could ever hope to enjoy in the love and esteem of his equals. (From the *Moral Sentiments*.)

On the Division of Labour.

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-labourer in a civilised and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others, who often live in a very distant part of the country! How much commerce and navigation in particular, how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world! What a variety of labour, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brick-maker, the bricklayer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the millwright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them. Were we to examine in the same manner all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him, perhaps, by a long sea and a long land carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen or pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniences; if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that, without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilised country could not be provided, even according to what we very falsely imagine the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated. Compared, indeed, with the more extravagant luxury of the great, his accommodation must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy; and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation of a European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute masters of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.

(From the *Wealth of Nations*, Book I, Chap. 1.)

Europe and its Colonies.

Such have been the general outlines of the policy of the different European nations with regard to their colonies. The policy of Europe, therefore, has very little to boast of, either in the original establishment, or, so far as concerns their internal government, in the subsequent prosperity of the colonies of America.

Folly and injustice seem to have been the principles which presided over and directed the first project of establishing those colonies; the folly of hunting after gold and silver mines, and the injustice of coveting the possession of a country whose harmless natives, far from having ever injured the people of Europe, had received the first adventurers with every mark of kindness and hospitality. The adventurers, indeed, who formed some of the latter establishments, joined to the chimerical project of finding gold and silver mines, other motives more reasonable and more laudable; but even these motives do very little honour to the policy of Europe.

The English Puritans, restrained at home, fled for freedom to America, and established there the four governments of New England. The English Catholics, treated with much greater injustice, established that of Maryland; the Quakers, that of Pennsylvania. The Portuguese Jews, persecuted by the Inquisition, stript of their fortunes, and banished to Brazil, introduced, by their example, some sort of order and industry among the transported felons and strumpets by whom that colony was originally peopled, and taught them the culture of the sugar-cane. Upon all these different occasions, it was not the wisdom and policy, but the disorder and injustice of the European governments, which peopled and cultivated America.

In effectuating some of the most important of these establishments, the different governments of Europe had as little merit as in projecting them. The conquest of Mexico was the project, not of the council of Spain, but of a governor of Cuba; and it was effectuated by the spirit of the bold adventurer to whom it was entrusted, in spite of everything which that governor, who soon repented of having trusted such a person, could do to thwart it. The conquerors of Chili and Peru, and of almost all the other Spanish settlements upon the continent of America, carried out with them no other public encouragement, but a general permission to make settlements and conquests in the name of the king of Spain. Those adventures were all at the private risk and expense of the adventurers. The government of Spain contributed scarce anything to any of them. That of England contributed as little towards effectuating the establishment of some of its most important colonies in North America.

When those establishments were effectuated, and had become so considerable as to attract the attention of the mother country, the first regulations which she made with regard to them had always in view to secure to herself the monopoly of their commerce; to confine their market, and to enlarge her own at their expense, and, consequently, rather to damp and discourage, than to quicken and forward the course of their prosperity. In the different ways in which this monopoly has been exercised, consists one of the most essential differences in the policy of the different European nations with regard to their colonies. The best of them all, that of England, is only somewhat less illiberal and oppressive than that of any of the rest.

In what way, therefore, has the policy of Europe contributed either to the first establishment, or to the present grandeur of the colonies of America? In one way, and in one way only, it has contributed a good deal. *Magna virûm mater!* It bred and formed the men who were capable of achieving such great actions, and of laying the foundation of so great an empire; and there is no other quarter of the world of which the policy is capable of forming, or has ever actually and in fact formed, such men. The colonies owe to the policy of Europe the education and great views of their active and enterprising founders; and some of the greatest and most important of them, so far as concerns their internal government, owe to it scarce anything else.

(From the *Wealth of Nations*, Book iv. Chap. 7.)

Advantages to Ireland and the Colonies in Union with Britain.

By a union with Great Britain, Ireland would gain, besides the freedom of trade, other advantages much more important, and which would much more than compensate any increase of taxes that might accompany that union. By the union with England, the middling and inferior ranks of people in Scotland gained a complete deliverance from the power of an aristocracy which had always before oppressed them. By a union with Great Britain, the greater part of people of all ranks in Ireland would gain an equally complete deliverance from a much more oppressive aristocracy; an aristocracy not founded, like that of Scotland, in the natural and respectable distinctions of birth and fortune, but in the most odious of all distinctions, those of religious and political prejudices; distinctions which, more than any other, animate both the insolence of the oppressors and the hatred and indignation of the oppressed, and which commonly render the inhabitants of the same country more hostile to one another than those of different countries ever are. Without a union with Great Britain, the inhabitants of Ireland are not likely for many ages to consider themselves as one people.

No oppressive aristocracy has ever prevailed in the colonies. Even they, however, would in point of happiness and tranquillity gain considerably by a union with Great Britain. It would at least deliver them from those rancorous and virulent factions which are inseparable from small democracies, and which have so frequently divided the affections of their people and disturbed the tranquillity of their governments, in their form so nearly democratical. In the case of a total separation from Great Britain, which, unless prevented by a union of this kind, seems very likely to take place, those factions would be ten times more virulent than ever. Before the commencement of the present disturbances, the coercive power of the mother-country had always been able to restrain those factions from breaking out into anything worse than gross brutality and insult. If that coercive power were entirely taken away, they would probably soon break out into open violence and bloodshed. In all great countries which are united under one uniform government, the spirit of party commonly prevails less in the remote provinces than in the centre of the empire. The distance of those provinces from the capital, from the principal seat of the great scramble of faction and ambition, makes them enter less into the views of any of the contending parties, and renders them more indifferent and impartial spectators of the conduct of all. The spirit of party prevails less in Scotland than in England. In the case of a union, it would probably prevail less in Ireland than in Scotland; and the colonies would probably soon enjoy a degree of concord and unanimity at present unknown in any part of the British empire. Both Ireland and the colonies, indeed, would be subjected to heavier taxes than any which they at present pay. In consequence, however, of a diligent and faithful application of the public revenue towards the discharge of the national debt, the greater part of those taxes might not be of long continuance, and the public revenue of Great Britain might soon be reduced to what was necessary for maintaining a moderate peace-establishment.

(From the *Wealth of Nations*, Book v Chap. 3.)

Parish Schools.

But though the common people cannot, in any civilised society, be so well instructed as people of some rank and fortune, the most essential parts of education, however, to read, write, and account, can be acquired at so early a period of life, that the greater part even of those who are to be bred to the lowest occupations, have time to acquire them before they can be employed in those occupations. For a very small expence the public can facilitate, can encourage, and can even impose upon almost the whole body of the people, the necessity of acquiring those most essential parts of education.

The public can facilitate this acquisition by establishing in every parish or district a little school, where children may be taught for a reward so moderate, that even a common labourer may afford it; the master being partly, but not wholly paid by the public; because if he was wholly or even principally paid by it, he would soon learn to neglect his business. In Scotland the establishment of such parish schools has taught almost the whole common people to read, and a very great proportion of them to write and account. In England the establishment of charity schools has had an effect of the same kind, though not so universally, because the establishment is not so universal. If in those little schools the books by which the children are taught to read were a little more instructive than they commonly are; and if instead of a little smattering of Latin, which the children of the common people are sometimes taught there, and which can scarce ever be of any use to them, they were instructed in the elementary parts of geometry and mechanics, the literary education of this rank of people would perhaps be as complete as it can be. There is scarce a common trade which does not afford some opportunities of applying to it the principles of geometry and mechanics, and which would not therefore gradually exercise and improve the common people in those principles, the necessary introduction to the most sublime as well as to the most useful sciences.

(From *Wealth of Nations*, Book v. Chap. 1—Art. ii.)

Hume's Last Illness.

His cheerfulness was so great, and his conversation and amusements ran so much in their usual strain, that, notwithstanding all bad symptoms, many people could not believe he was dying. 'I shall tell your friend, Colonel Edmondstoune,' said Dr Dundas to him one day, 'that I left you much better, and in a fair way of recovery.' 'Doctor,' said he, 'as I believe you would not care to tell anything but the truth, you had better tell him that I am dying as fast as my enemies, if I have any, could wish, and as easily and cheerfully as my best friends could desire.' Colonel Edmondstoune soon afterwards came to see him, and take leave of him; and on his way home he could not forbear writing him a letter bidding him once more an eternal adieu, and applying to him, as to a dying man, the beautiful French verses in which the Abbé Chaulieu, in expectation of his own death, laments his approaching separation from his friend, the Marquis de la Fare. Mr Hume's magnanimity and firmness were such that his most affectionate friends knew that they hazarded nothing in talking to him as to a dying man, and that so far from being hurt by this frankness, he was rather pleased and flattered by it. I happened to come into his room while he was reading this letter, which he had just received and which he immediately shewed me. I told him that though I was sensible how very much he was weakened, and that appearances were in many respects very bad, yet his cheerfulness was still so great, the spirit of life seemed still to be so very strong in him, that I could not help entertaining some faint hopes. He answered, 'Your hopes are groundless.' . . . 'Well,' said I, 'you have at least the satisfaction of leaving all your friends, your brother's family in particular, in great prosperity.' He said that he felt that satisfaction so sensibly that, when he was reading, a few days before, Lucian's *Dialogues of the Dead*, among all the excuses which are alleged to Charon for not entering readily into his boat, he could not find one that fitted him; he had no house to finish, he had no daughter to provide for, he had no enemies upon whom he wished to revenge himself. 'I could not well imagine,' said he, 'what excuse I could make to Charon in order to obtain a little delay. I have done everything of consequence which I ever meant to do; and I could at no time expect to leave my relations and friends in a better situation than that in which I am now likely to leave them. I therefore have all reason to die contented.' He then diverted himself with inventing several jocular excuses which he thought he might make to Charon, and with imagining the very surly answers which it might suit the character of Charon to return to them. 'Upon further consideration,' said he, 'I thought I might say to him, "Good Charon, I have been correcting my works for a new edition. Allow me a little time that I may see how the public receives the alterations." But Charon would answer, "When you have seen the effect of these, you will be for making other alterations. There will be no end of such excuses; so, honest friend, please step into the boat." But I might still urge, "Have a little patience, good Charon: I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of the public. If I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition." But Charon would then lose all temper and decency. "You loitering rogue, that will not happen these many hundred years. Do you fancy I will grant you a lease for so long a term? Get into the boat this instant, you lazy loitering rogue."'

(From a letter to Strahan.)

The anecdote is characteristic of Smith as well as of Hume. Hutcheson, and Smith, Kames and Monboddo, and most of the eminent Scotsmen of the period, illustrate that eighteenth-century humanism or semi-deistic rationalism which is a marked reaction against the older Scottish Calvinistic-theocratical outlook on life and the world, and which in a more orthodox shape appears as 'Moderatism' in Robertson, Carlyle, Blair, and the literary Churchmen. Smith's works were edited by Dugald Stewart (1811–12), and contain, besides the *Theory of the Moral Sentiments* and the *Wealth of Nations*, essays on the first formation of languages, the history of astronomy, ancient physics, ancient logic, and the imitative arts; his Glasgow *Lectures on Justice, Police, Revenue, Arms,* were edited from notes by a student in 1896. There are editions of the *Wealth of Nations* by M'Culloch (1850), Thorold Rogers (1880), and Prof. Nicholson (1884). See Lives by Dugald Stewart (1811), Farrer (1881), Haldane (1887), and Rae (1895), and see the Rev. H. G. Graham's *Scottish Men of Letters in the Eighteenth Century* (1901).

John Home (1722-1808), author of *Douglas,* was born at Leith, where his father, though of gentle blood, was town-clerk; and he studied at Edinburgh for the Church. Taken prisoner fighting as a volunteer on the royalist side at Falkirk (1746), he made an exciting escape from Doune Castle; and next year he became minister of Athelstaneford, where he wrote the tragedy *Agis,* and, in 1754, *Douglas,* founded on the ballad of Gil Morrice. Both plays were rejected by Garrick, but *Douglas,* brought out at Edinburgh (1756), met with brilliant success, and evoked equal enthusiasm in London the year after. But its production gave such offence to the Edinburgh Presbytery that the author resigned his ministry (1757), and became private secretary to the Earl of Bute and tutor to the Prince of Wales, who on his accession as George III. gave him a pension of £300 a year, to which a sinecure of equal value was added in 1763. In connection with Home's withdrawal from the Church after he became known as a successful dramatist, it should be remembered that in England contemporary clerical opinion was almost equally hostile to the writing of plays by clergymen. Thus, when 'Estimate' Brown (see page 392) published his tragedies in 1754-56, Warburton, Hurd, and many other conspicuous clerics lamented that a clergyman should compromise his dignity by making a connection with the stage. The success of *Douglas* induced Garrick to bring out *Agis,* and to accept Home's next play, *The Siege of Aquileia.* Home produced also *The Fatal Discovery, Alonzo, Alfred,* and a few occasional poems. His prose *History of the Rebellion of 1745* utilised his own personal experience somewhat too fully; the autobiographical element at times overshadows the main plot, and the work is, inevitably perhaps, disproportionate and episodical. Home married happily in 1770, and in 1779 settled in Edinburgh, where till his death he enjoyed the friendship of the Edinburgh literati—of Hume, Blair, Robertson, and 'Jupiter' Carlyle. He survived most of his contemporaries, and died at eighty-six.

JOHN HOME.
From the Portrait by Sir Henry Raeburn in the National Portrait Gallery.

The last of our tragic poets whose works for any time held the stage, Home had interesting plots and occasional flashes of genuine poetry; but he did not succeed in discarding the pompous declamation of his forerunners. Patriotism, local feeling, and personal friendship made the Edinburgh critics absurdly overestimate the dramatic worth of *Douglas,* and men who should have known better set the play alongside, or even above, Shakespeare's best. A critic in many respects so judicial as Hume (a kinsman and friend) actually said that Home possessed 'the true theatric genius of Shakespeare and Otway; refined from the unhappy barbarism of the one and the licentiousness of the other.' Burns absurdly said that Home 'methodised wild Shakespeare into plan.' Some English critics were for a time led into undue enthusiasm. Even Collins, who dedicated to him his ode on Highland superstitions, makes rather much of him. Henry Mackenzie, the 'Man of Feeling,' was of opinion that the chief scene between Lady Randolph and Old Norval, in which the preservation of Douglas is described, had no equal in modern, and scarcely a superior in the ancient, drama; and Scott in this agreed with Mackenzie. Christopher North still thought nobody could bestow too much praise on *Douglas.* Now the presbyter-dramatist is perhaps too much contemned.

Douglas, the young hero, 'enthusiastic, romantic, desirous of honour, careless of life and every other advantage when glory lay in the balance,' was the schoolboy model of Scottish youth for the best part of a century; the stock quotation beginning—

> My name is Norval: on the Grampian Hills
> My father feeds his flocks

was worn threadbare by much repetition. As a specimen of Home's style and diction, part of the discovery scene may suffice. Lord Randolph had been attacked by four men, and rescued by young Douglas; an old man, taken in the woods, is apprehended as one of the assassins, some rich jewels being found in his possession.

Lady Randolph. Account for these: thine own they [cannot be:
For these, I say: be steadfast to the truth;
Detected falsehood is most certain death.

[*Anna, a maid, removes the servants and returns.*

Prisoner. Alas! I am sore beset; let never man,
For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!
Eternal justice is in this most just!
I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.
Lady R. O Anna, hear!—Once more I charge thee
The truth direct; for these to me foretell [speak
And certify a part of thy narration:
With which, if the remainder tallies not,
An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.
Pris. Then, thus adjured, I'll speak to you as just
As if you were the minister of heaven,
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.
Some eighteen years ago, I rented land
Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's lord;
But falling to decay, his servants seized
All that I had, and then turned me and mine
Four helpless infants and their weeping mother
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.
A little hovel by the river's side
Received us: there hard labour, and the skill
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly lived,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof;
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shrieked.
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran
To where the circling eddy of a pool,
Beneath the ford, used oft to bring within
My reach whatever floating thing the stream
Had caught. The voice was ceased; the person lost:
But, looking sad and earnest on the waters,
By the moon's light I saw, whirled round and round,
A basket: soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestled curious there an infant lay.
Lady R. Was he alive?
Pris. He was.
Lady R. Inhuman that thou art!
How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests spared?
Pris. I was not so inhuman.
Lady R. Didst thou not?
Anna. My noble mistress, you are moved too much:
This man has not the aspect of stern murder;
Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear
Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost child.
Pris. The needy man who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
To do such deeds as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands, and wonder who could do them;
And such a man was I; a man declined,
Who saw no end of black adversity;
Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touched that infant with a hand of harm.
Lady R. Ha! dost thou say so? Then perhaps he
Pris. Not many days ago he was alive. [lives!
Lady R. O God of heaven! Did he then die so lately?
Pris. I did not say he died; I hope he lives.
Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.
Lady R. Where is he now?
Pris. Alas! I know not where.
Lady R. O fate! I fear thee still. Thou riddler, speak
Direct and clear, else I will search thy soul.
Anna. Permit me, ever honoured! keen impatience,
Though hard to be restrained, defeats itself.—
Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,
To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.
Pris. Fear not my faith, though I must speak my shame.
Within the cradle where the infant lay
Was stowed a mighty store of gold and jewels;
Tempted by which, we did resolve to hide
From all the world this wonderful event,
And like a peasant breed the noble child.
That none might mark the change of our estate,
We left the country, travelled to the north,
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth
Our secret wealth. But God's all seeing eye
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore;
For one by one all our own children died.
And he, the stranger, sole remained the heir
Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I,
Who with a father's fondness loved the boy,
Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,
With his own secret; but my anxious wife,
Foreboding evil, never would consent.
Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and beauty;
And, as we oft observed, he bore himself
Not as the offspring of our cottage blood,
For nature will break out: mild with the mild,
But with the froward he was fierce as fire,
And night and day he talked of war and arms.
I set myself against his warlike bent;
But all in vain; for when a desperate band
Of robbers from the savage mountains came——
Lady R. Eternal Providence! What is thy name?
Pris. My name is Norval; and my name he bears.
Lady R. 'Tis he, 'tis he himself! It is my son!
O sovereign mercy! 'Twas my child I saw!
No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burned. [heart
Anna. Just are your transports: ne'er was woman's
Proved with such fierce extremes. High-fated dame!
But yet remember that you are beheld
By servile eyes; your gestures may be seen
Impassioned, strange; perhaps your words o'erheard.
Lady R. Well dost thou counsel, Anna; Heaven bestow
On me that wisdom which my state requires!
Anna. The moments of deliberation pass,
And soon you must resolve. This useful man
Must be dismissed in safety, ere my lord
Shall with his brave deliverer return.
Pris. If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
Have of your words and gestures rightly judged,
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master;
The child I rescued from the flood is thine.
Lady R. With thee dissimulation now were vain.
I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm;
The child thou rescuedst from the flood is min
Pris. Blest be the hour that made me a poor man!
My poverty hath saved my master's house.
Lady R. Thy words surprise me; sure thou dost not
The tear stands in thine eye: such love from thee [feign!
Sir Malcolm's house deserved not, if aright
Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.
Pris. Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower;
The fastest friend, the best, the kindest master;
But ah! he knew not of my sad estate.
After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord
Grew desperate and reckless of the world;
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth

To overlook the conduct of his servants.
By them I was thrust out, and them I blame:
May Heaven so judge me as I judged my master,
And God so love me as I love his race!
Lady R. His race shall yet reward thee. On thy faith
Depends the fate of thy loved master's house.
Rememberest thou a little lonely hut,
That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the cliffs of Carron?
Pris. I remember
The cottage of the cliffs.
Lady R. 'Tis that I mean:
There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's [illegible]ce spent his youth:
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,
Till I shall call upon thee to declare,
Before the king and nobles, what thou now
To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
Shalt live in honour all thy future days;
Thy son so long shall call thee father still,
And all the land shall bless the man who saved
The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.

Familiar quotations from Home, illustrating his didactic humour, are:

> The truly generous is the truly wise,
> And he who loves not others lives unblest. . . .
>
> Things past belong to memory alone,
> Things future are the property of hope.

Henry Mackenzie prefixed a Life to an edition of Home's works (1822). See Burton's *Life of Hume* (1846), 'Jupiter' Carlyle's *Autobiography* (1860), and the Rev. H. G. Graham's *Scottish Men of Letters in the Eighteenth Century* (1902).

Arthur Murphy (1727-1805), dramatic writer, was born at Clomquin, Roscommon, aad educated at St Omer in 1738-44. He published the weekly *Gray's Inn Journal*, and so got to know Dr Johnson; and by going on the stage he paid his debts, and entered Lincoln's Inn in 1757. In spite of delays and a first refusal to admit an actor, in 1762 he was called to the Bar, but continued to write for the stage. His first farce, *The Apprentice* (1756), ridiculed the mania of the vulgar for acting; his second, *The Spouter*, satirised Foote and others; his most successful one, *The Upholsterer*, caricatured tradespeople who neglect business for politics. *The Way to Keep Him* (1760) was a hit; *All in the Wrong* (1761) was an adaptation of Molière. Almost all his plots are borrowed from Fielding, Voltaire, Molière, Crebillon, &c.; but his adaptations were sprightly, and continued to be played well into the nineteenth century. So did his poor tragedies *Zenobia* and *The Grecian Daughter*. He also wrote forgotten satires, dramatic poems, mock-heroics, &c. His translation of Tacitus (1793) is 'elegant;' his *Essay on Johnson* and *Life of Garrick* are poor. To the last he was deep in debt.

There is a Life of Murphy, founded on his own papers, by Jesse Foot (1811).

John Cunningham (1729-73), the son of a wine-cooper in Dublin, was an actor, and performed several years in Digges's company at Edinburgh. In his latter years he sank into careless, dissipated habits, and resided at Newcastle-on-Tyne in the house of a 'generous printer.' His pieces have a good deal of lyrical melody.

May-eve, or Kate of Aberdeen.

The silver moon's enamoured beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep
'Tis where you've seldom been—
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promised May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promised May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love.
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love:
For see, the rosy May draws nigh;
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark! the happy shepherds cry:
''Tis Kate of Aberdeen.'

Lord Hailes is the name under which the indefatigable antiquary and miscellaneous writer Sir David Dalrymple (1726-92) is remembered. The great-grandson of the first Lord Stair, he was born and educated at Edinburgh, was called to the Scottish Bar in 1748, and in 1766 became a judge of the Court of Session as Lord Hailes, in 1776 a justiciary lord. He was a sound and learned lawyer, but at his country-seat of New Hailes near Edinburgh, he gave his leisure to uninterrupted literary activity, largely in elucidating from the sources and putting on a sounder basis ancient Scottish ecclesiastical and national history. As a sincere Christian, he did not cherish great intimacy with Hume, Adam Smith, and their set; but though a Whig and Presbyterian, he was no bigot, and was highly esteemed by Johnson and Burke. He translated Hume's autobiographical fragment into elegant Latin, and edited the works of John Hales of Eton and the discourses of John Smith of Cambridge; and he refuted Gibbon, republished annotated old Scottish songs and poems, and wrote much on legal antiquities (proving that much of Scottish law was derived from English sources). He was the first to edit the Statutes of the Synods of the old Catholic Church in Scotland. Among his historical works are *A Discourse on the Gowrie Conspiracy* (1757) and *Memorials relating to the Reigns of James I. and Charles I.* (1762-66); the best-known are the *Annals of Scotland*, from the time of Malcolm Canmore to the accession of the House of Stewart (1776-79). This was the first critical history of the period, fully accepting the sound method laid down by Father Innes (see above at page 302), and was praised by Johnson in contrast to the 'painted histories more to the taste of the age'—an obvious allusion to Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. See Rev. H. G. Graham's *Scottish Men of Letters in the Eighteenth Century* (1902).

John Scott (1730-83), our only Quaker poet till Bernard Barton won his laurels, was the son of a draper in London, who retired to Amwell in Hertfordshire. There too the son, who was mainly self-taught, spent his days, improving his garden and grounds, and writing moral and descriptive poems, elegies, moral eclogues, epistles, and pamphlets on the poor-laws and political questions. Johnson, who 'loved Scott,' visited him here. Scott 'fondly hoped to immortalise' his home, and his chief poem is *Amwell* (1776). The following verses were obviously dictated by real feeling as well as Quaker principle.

Ode on Hearing the Drum.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms;
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;
And all that misery's hand bestows
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

Dr William Dodd (1729-77), a popular London preacher in the early years of George III., became known through his *Beauties of Shakespeare* (1752), and still more through his unhappy and shameful end. Born at Bourne in Lincolnshire, and educated as a sizar at Cambridge, where he was fifteenth wrangler, he took orders and settled in London; and there, as chaplain of the Magdalen Hospital, he charmed all the fashionable [illegible]; with his charity sermons. Horace Walpole, who once went to hear him there, tells how he harangued 'entirely in the French style' and theatrically addressed a royal prince who was in the congregation, beseeching his protection. Dodd wrote some religious books, edited the *Christian Magazine*, became king's chaplain, LL.D., and tutor to Lord Chesterfield's nephew. His expensive habits, however, sank him hopelessly in debt; a simoniacal attempt to buy the rich living of St George's, Hanover Square, resulted in his professional disgrace; and after selling a chapel at Pimlico which he had purchased in his palmy days, he forged his patron's and pupil's name to a bond for £4200. For this he was sentenced to death and hanged at Tyburn in July 1777, in spite of a strong agitation for mitigation of his sentence, in which Dr Johnson, who wrote petitions for him, and also composed the sermons he preached in prison, took a leading part. After his death appeared a small volume of *Thoughts in Prison*, containing some penitent and edifying prose and verse, the latter much in the style of Young. Johnson, although he had done his best to save Dodd from the gallows, did not 'wish to see him made a saint,' and remarked with more than his usual asperity on the *Thoughts in Prison*, 'A man who has been canting all his life may cant to the last.'

Augustus Montague Toplady (1740-78), hymn-writer, was the son of a major in the army; born at Farnham and educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Dublin, in 1768 he became vicar of Broad Hembury, Devon, and in 1775 preacher in a chapel near Leicester Fields, London. A strenuous defender of Calvinism, he was a learned, keen, and bitter controversialist. In a long-sustained theological feud with John Wesley he spoke of one of Wesley's tracts as a known, wilful, palpable lie, and said of another statement, that its 'Satanic guilt was only equalled by its Satanic shamelessness;' to which Wesley retorted that he refused to 'fight with chimney-sweepers.' His *Church of England vindicated from Arminianism* (1769) and *Historic Proof of the Calvinism of the Church of England* (1774), his *Scheme of Christian and Philosophical Necessity* (1775), and most of his work in verse are equally forgotten; but no hymn is better known than 'Rock of Ages,' first published in a Gospel magazine of 1775, which, in spite of its extraordinary mixed metaphors, has kept its hold on all religious denominations. In 1759 he had published *Poems on Sacred Subjects*; the *Psalms and Hymns* (1776) was a collection by various authors. Of his own hymns, that oftenest sung after 'Rock of Ages' is unquestionably 'Your harps, ye trembling saints.' The pious meditation or 'Address to his Soul,' beginning 'Deathless Principle, arise,' sometimes counted amongst his best poems, shows by its very first line how far it falls behind the better-known hymns. Toplady rose from his deathbed to preach a last sermon contradicting a rumour that he had withdrawn any point of antagonism to Wesley.

There is a Memoir by Row prefixed to his *Works* (1794), and one by Wright (1872); and see Ryle's *Christian Leaders of a Hundred Years Ago* (1869). His schoolboy journal (mentioning a farce submitted by him to Garrick) was printed in the *Christian Observer* in 1830, and reprinted in the *Gospel Magazine* in 18[illegible]

Samuel Johnson,
the most conspicuous figure in the literature of the eighteenth century, combined in a singular degree massive force of understanding, multifarious knowledge, sagacity, and moral intrepidity. His various works, with their sententious morality and sonorous periods; his impressive personality and manly character; his sincere Christian piety, great virtues, and unconquerable prejudices; his early and severe struggles; his love of society; his joy in those arguments into which he poured the treasures of a rich and full mind; his keen wit, remorseless repartee, and browbeating cross-examinations; his rough manners and kind heart; his curious household, in which were congregated the lame, blind, and despised; his very looks, gesticulation, and dress have all been brought so vividly before us by his biographer Boswell that to all educated men Johnson is almost as well known as their own nearest neighbours. His massive figure seems still to haunt Fleet Street and the Strand, and he has stamped his memory on the remote Hebrides. In literature his influence was hardly less dominant. No prose writer of that day escaped the contagion of his characteristic style. He banished for long years the naked simplicity of Swift and the idiomatic grace of Addison; his summary way of refuting Berkeley's theory proved that he was not at pains to understand the bishop's contention, and he was unduly suspicious of all metaphysical speculation; and no doubt he looked askance on the poetry of imagination, now again reviving, while he unduly exalted the literature of the understanding. But he based criticism on strong sense and solid judgment, not on pedantic subtleties and fashionable vagaries; and though some of the higher qualities and attributes of genius escaped his observation and eluded his grasp, the withering scorn and invective with which he assailed folly, ignorance, pretension, affected sentimentalism, and licentiousness veiled or undisguised introduced a clear, pure, and invigorating freshness into the literary atmosphere. Such solid and substantial benefits may well outweigh not a few errors of taste or the caprices of a temperament constitutionally prone to melancholy and disease, of a humour little sweetened by prosperity or applause in the years when habits are formed and manners fixed. As a man Johnson was an admirable representative of the Englishman insular prepossessions not excepted. As an author his course was singularly pure, high-minded, and independent; with more truth even than Burke he could boast that 'he had no arts but manly arts.' And when royal favour was at length extended to him, it simply ratified the judgment of the best and wisest in the nation.

Johnson was the son of a bookseller, and was born at Lichfield on the 18th of September 1709. Educated at the grammar-schools of Lichfield and Stourbridge, he entered Pembroke College, Oxford, as a commoner in his nineteenth year, and, owing to his father's misfortunes in trade, was compelled to leave the university without a degree. He had been only fourteen months at Oxford, but during that time had distinguished himself by translating Pope's *Messiah* into Latin verse. For a short while he was usher in a school at Market Bosworth, and in 1735 produced his first prose work, a translation of the Jesuit Lobo's Abyssinian travels; but marrying a widow, Mrs Porter who was in her forty-eighth year (Johnson himself was twenty-seven) he set up a private academy at Edial near his native city. He had only three pupils, one of them David Garrick. After an unsuccessful trial of schoolmastering for a year and a half, Johnson went to London in 1737 accompanied by Garrick. He had written part of his tragedy of *Irene*, hoping to get it brought on the stage, but it was refused; and he now commenced author by profession, contributing essays, reviews, &c. to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and writing for the same periodical a monthly account of the proceedings in Parliament, under the title of 'Reports of the Debates of the Senate of Lilliput.' Notes of the speeches were furnished to him, and he extended them, with a large discretion, in his own grandiloquent style, taking care, as he said, 'that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it.' He was himself a staunch Tory and High Churchman to the end. In 1738 appeared his poem of *London*, in imitation of the third satire of Juvenal, for which Dodsley gave him ten guineas. Anonymously published, it instantly became popular, and a second edition was called for within a week. Pope inquired after the author, saying such a man would soon be known, and recommended Johnson to Lord Gower, who would have obtained for the poor poet the mastership of a grammar-school in Leicestershire had not the academical M.A. been indispensable, and this Johnson could not now secure. He struggled on, producing taskwork for Cave, the proprietor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and in 1744 published the *Life of Richard Savage*, his friend and comrade in adversity, who had died the previous year. This admirable specimen of biography—admirable in spite of its very serious inaccuracies—was also published anonymously. But it was known to be Johnson's, and his reputation continued to advance, so that the chief booksellers in London engaged him in 1747 to prepare a *Dictionary of the English Language*, for which he was to receive 1500 guineas. The prospectus of the *Dictionary* was addressed to Lord Chesterfield, who acknowledged the honour by bestowing on Johnson an honorarium of ten pounds. Seven years and more elapsed before the *Dictionary* was completed, and when it was on the eve of publication, Chesterfield—hoping, as Johnson believed, that the work might be dedicated to him—wrote two papers in the periodical called the *World* in commendation of the plan of the *Dictionary*. Wholly mistrusting his motives, Johnson penned an indignant letter to the noble earl, which remains inimitable as a frank and dignified expression of wounded pride and surly independence:

February 7, 1755.

My Lord—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the *World*, that two papers, in which my *Dictionary* is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord. Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant. Sam. Johnson.

The *Dictionary*, which appeared in 1755, was hardly remarkable for philological research—etymological accuracy was then unattainable—but it is rich in happy and luminous definitions, the result of keen insight, great sagacity, precision of understanding, and clearness of expression. A few of the definitions betray the personal feelings and peculiarities of the author. For example, 'Excise' is explained, in accordance with the Tory hatred of Walpole, as 'a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.' A pension is defined to be 'an allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England, it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state-hireling for treason to his country.' After such a definition it is scarcely to be wondered that Johnson paused and felt some 'compunctious visitings' before he accepted a pension himself. Oats he defined, 'A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.' Yet, like the genuine humourist he was, he could jest also at himself, as when he described a lexicographer as 'a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge, that busies himself in tracing the original, and detailing the signification of words.' The *Dictionary*, which was to remain the standard English dictionary for a century, was based on an interleaved copy of the *Universal Etymological English Dictionary* of Nathan Bailey, which, published in 1721, attained to its thirtieth edition in 1802. While his *Dictionary* was in progress Johnson sought relaxation as well as pecuniary help from other tasks. In 1749 he published *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, an imitation of the tenth satire of Juvenal, for which he received fifteen guineas. The same year Garrick brought out *Irene*, stately, full of admirable sentiments and sound maxims, but lacking tenderness; and though it was not successful, by good management the representation realised £195, 17s., besides £100 from Dodsley for the copyright of the play.

Johnson's poetry forms but a small portion of the history of his mind or of his works. Yet his imitations of Juvenal are among the best imitations of a classic we possess; and Gray declared that *London*—the first in time, and by far the inferior of the two—had 'all the ease and all the spirit of an original.' In the *Vanity of Human Wishes* Johnson departs more from his model and takes wider views of human nature, society, and manners. His pictures of Wolsey and Charles of Sweden have a dignity and vigour that would do honour to Dryden, while the historical and philosophic portraitures are set in a framework of reflections on the cares, vicissitudes, and sorrows of life, so profound, so true and touching, that they may well be called 'mottoes of the heart.' Sir Walter Scott said this poem was 'a satire the deep and pathetic morality of which has often extracted tears from those whose eyes wander dry over pages professedly sentimental;' and Mr Gosse has very justly and felicitously described it as 'perhaps the most Roman poem in the language.' Johnson's other poetical pieces are short and occasional; but his fine *Prologue on the Opening of Drury Lane* and his lines *On the Death of Mr Robert Levett* are in his best manner.

His next venture was an attempt to revive the kind of periodical literature which had proved so successful in the hands of Addison and Steele. After the *Guardian* periodical writing had for long been chiefly confined to politics. The opening number of Johnson's *Rambler* appeared on the 20th of March 1750, and the periodical was continued twice a week without interruption till the 14th of March 1752. Johnson received only four contributions (one of them from Samuel Richardson) during the whole course of the publication; consequently the work bore the stamp of but one mind, and that mind cast in a peculiar mould. Steele's light graces and genialities were wanting, and sketches of the fashions and frivolities of the times, which had contributed so much to the popularity of the former essayists, found no place in the grave and gloomy pages of the *Rambler*. The serious and somewhat pedantic style of the work was ill calculated for general readers, and it was no favourite with the public. When he collected these essays, Johnson revised and corrected them with great care, but even then they appeared heavy and cumbrous; his attempts at humour were not happy, and the women characters, as Garrick said, were all Johnsons in petticoats. They all speak in the same measured, lofty style, and are like sculptured figures rather than real life. The author's use of hard words was a common grievance; but it is somewhat curious to find denounced in the *Rambler* words like *resuscitation*, *narcotic*, *fatuity*, and *germination*, which are now in daily use and have lost all air of pedantry. Johnson's turgid style, moreover, often rose to grandeur and beauty; his imagery was striking and original, and his inculcation of moral and religious duty was earnest and impressive. Goldsmith declared that a system of morals might be drawn from these [illegible]; and certainly no other English writer of that day could have moralised in such a dignified [illegible]. [illegible] years after the *Rambler* was drop[illegible] ed the *Idler*, which was somew[illegible] more [illegible], and ran as a weekly newspaper from [illegible] [illegible]ril 1758 to 5th April 1760. Of its one hund[illegible] and three [illegible] no less than ninety-one [illegible] ten by Jo[illegible] Meanwhile he had contrib[illegible] [illegible]-six [illegible] to John Hawkesworth's [illegible] 1752 54, which, like the *World* an[illegible] between 1753 and 1756, was amon[illegible] of the *Rambler*.

Rasselas, Prince of Al[illegible] [illegible]ritten by Johnson to pay some sm[illegible] [illegible] defray the funeral expenses of his mot[illegible] [illegible]ho had died at the age of ninety. It appe[illegible] [illegible]ost simultaneously with Voltaire's *Cand*[illegible] [illegible]ght [illegible] been taken for a counterblas[illegible] [illegible] *jeu d'esprit*. Ostensibly an E[illegible] [illegible] it [illegible] actually a series of essays on va[illegible] of morality and religion—on the effic[illegible] ages, the state of departed souls, th[illegible] of the reappearance of the dead, th[illegible] solitude—on all which the philosopher[illegible] Prince of Abyssinia talk a little more po[illegible] than Johnson did for more than twenty years in his house at Bolt Court or in the club. In spite of its rather tedious didacticism the book had a wonderful popularity, which was long maintained. The habitual melancholy of the author is everywhere apparent: it was not left to Werther to illustrate *Weltschmerz*, and is best expressed perhaps in the fine apostrophe to the river Nile: 'Answer, great Father of waters! thou that rollest thy floods through eighty nations, to the invocations of the daughter of thy native king. Tell me if thou waterest, through all thy course, a single habitation from which thou dost not hear the murmurs of complaint.' When Johnson afterwards penned his depreciatory criticism of Gray, and upbraided him for apostrophising the Thames, adding rudely, 'Father Thames has no better means of knowing than himself,' he forgot that he had written *Rasselas*.

In 1762 a new and brighter era commenced. A pension of £300 was settled upon Johnson, chiefly through the influence of Lord Bute, then the all potent Minister, and ever afterwards the life of the great moralist was free from the corroding anxieties of poverty. In 1764 the Literary Club was established, including Burke, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Garrick, Murphy, and others; and in this famous resort Johnson reigned supreme, the most brilliant talker of his age. In 1765 appeared, after many years' promises and delays, his edition of Shakespeare, about which, he said, he felt no solicitude, and the public was nearly as indifferent. It contained proofs, especially in an eloquent and masterly preface, of his acuteness and insight into human nature, but was a careless and unsatisfactory piece of editorial work. Made easy by his pension and writings, Johnson undertook, in the autumn of 1773, his celebrated journey to the Hebrides in company with Boswell, whom he had first met ten years before in a bookseller's shop in Covent Garden. It was certainly a remarkable undertaking for a man of sixty-four, heavy, near-sighted, somewhat deaf, full of English prejudices; a townsman who preferred Fleet Street to all the charms of Arcadia. He had to [illegible]erform great part of the journey on horseback, [illegible]avelling over mountains and bogs, and to cross stormy firths and arms of the sea in open boats. His account of the tour published in 1775 as *A Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland*, is a most entertaining work. In the Highlands the imagination of Johnson expanded with the new scenery and forms of life presented to his view. His love of feudalism, of clanship, and of ancient Jacobite families found full scope; and as he was always [illegible] close [illegible]bserver, his descriptions convey much [illegible]sing and novel information. His complaints [illegible]he want of woods in Scotland, though iterated [illegible]ost comical perseverance and querulou[illegible] [illegible] the effect of setting the landlords to plant moors and mountains and improve the [illegible]ountry.

In 1775 Johnson received the doctor's degree from Oxford, and soon afterwards he undertook the last and best of his works, the inimitable *Lives of the English Poets*, prefixed as prefaces to an edition of the English poets brought out by the London booksellers in 1779-81. In these famous biographies all critics have admired a freedom of style, a vigour of thought, and happiness of illustration rarely attained even by their author. The plan of the work was inadequate, as the lives begin only with Cowley. Some feeble and worthless rhymesters also obtained niches in Johnson's gallery; but the most serious defect is the injustice done to some of our greatest masters, largely through the political or personal prejudices of the biographer. To Milton Johnson is strikingly unjust, though his criticism on *Paradise Lost* is able and profound. Gray is treated with a coarseness and insensibility derogatory only to the critic; and in general the higher order of imaginative poetry suffers under the dictator's heavy hand. Its beauties were too airy and ethereal for his grasp too subtle for his feelings or understanding. But the lives of Dryden and Pope and most of the poets of their school are critical masterpieces, while the judgments of books and men throughout show a sublimated common-sense, a ripeness of experience, and a warmth of humanity that make the series, for all its carelessness and inaccuracy, as indubitably a classic in biography as the *Parallel Lives* of Plutarch. It must be remembered, too, that Johnson had an unequalled knowledge of the literary period covered by his biographies, that he knew many of the men about whom he wrote, and had first-hand or authentic traditions about most of the others; and all this gives a quite unique value to the *Lives*. The Tory principles of Johnson, combined with the recollection of his pension, had induced him in his latter days to embark on the troubled sea of party politics, and he wrote several pamphlets *The False Alarm* (1770), *Thoughts on the Late Transactions respecting Falkland's Islands* (1771), *The Patriot* (1774), and *Taxation no Tyranny* (1775) in defence of the Ministry and against the claims of the Americans; but these are of minor note and value. His work was now done. His health had always been precarious. He had from birth been afflicted with a scrofulous taint; all his life he was a prey to constitutional melancholy often to the verge of insanity), and had a horror of death. While he was an inmate in the family of Mr Thrale, the opulent brewer at Streatham, the agreeable society he met there, and especially the conversation and attentions of Mrs Thrale (afterwards Mrs Piozzi), soothed and delighted him; but after this intimacy was interrupted by Mrs Thrale's marriage with her Italian husband) Johnson's life in Bolt Court was but a sad and gloomy one. In his last sickness, however, which was cheered by the pious attentions of friends like Burke and Reynolds, he showed an unexpected serenity and fortitude. He died on the 13th of December 1784, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Revered with justice in his own day as the dictator of letters and the arbiter of morals in England, he has been best known to later generations as the hero of Boswell's matchless biography, wherein he appears as the prince of English talkers and the most vivid and outstanding figure in our literary history; the extracts from Boswell in the next article supplement the present brief sketch of his life. Yet even apart from Boswell, Johnson is a mighty name. His two Juvenalian satires, his epoch-making *Dictionary*, and his *Lives of the Poets* suffice to signalise him as a man of rarely virile and various powers and achievement, a genuine poet of the secondary rank, and a prose writer who at his best is one of the most consummate masters of our tongue.

Shakespeare and the Unities

To the unities of time and place he has shewn no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet than pleasure to the auditor.

The necessity of observing the unities of time and place arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The criticks hold it impossible that an action of months or years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours; or that the spectator can suppose himself to sit in the theatre while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress shall lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first act at Alexandria, cannot suppose that he sees the next at Rome, at a distance to which not the dragons of Medea could in so short a time have transported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Persepolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critick exults over the misery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without resistance or reply. It is time, therefore, to tell him by the authority of Shakespeare, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be false. It is false that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramatick fable in its materiality was ever credible, or for a single moment was ever credited.

The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, supposes that when the play opens the spectator really imagines himself at Alexandria, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can take the stage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Delusion, if delusion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the spectator can be once persuaded that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Cæsar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharsalia or the bank of Granicus, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry may despise the circumscriptions of terrestrial nature. There is no reason why a mind thus wandering in ecstacy should count the clock, or why an hour should not be a century in that calenture of the brain that can make the stage a field.

The truth is, that the spectators are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage, and that the players are only players. They come to hear a certain number of lines recited with just gesture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to some action, and an action must be in some place; but the different actions that complete a story may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to represent first Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre?

By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act preparations for war against Mithridates are represented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented in the catastrophe as happening in Pontus; we know that there is neither war nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus; that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions; and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first, if it be so connected with it that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation.

It will be asked how the drama moves, if it is not credited. It is credited with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just picture of a real original; as representing to the auditor what he would himself feel if he were to do or suffer what is there feigned to be suffered or to be done. The reflection that strikes the heart is not that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourselves may be exposed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the possibility than suppose the presence of misery, as a mother weeps over her babe when she remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction; if we thought murders and treasons real, they would please no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landscape, the trees are not supposed capable to give us shade, or the fountains coolness; but we consider how we should be pleased with such fountains playing beside us, and such woods waving over us. We are [illegible] no man takes his book for the field of Agincourt. A dramatick exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increase or diminish its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre than in the page; imperial tragedy is always less. The humour of Petruchio may be heightened by grimace; but what voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of Cato?

A play read affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident that the action is not supposed to be real; and it follows that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pass, and that no more account of space or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pass in an hour the life of a hero or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether Shakespeare knew the unities and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to inquire. We may reasonably suppose that when he rose to notice he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and criticks, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place arise evidently from false assumptions, and, by circumscribing the extent of the drama, lessen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented that they were not known by him, or not observed: nor, if such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him that his first act passed at Venice and his next in Cyprus. Such violations of rules merely positive become the comprehensive genius of Shakespeare, and such censures are suitable to the minute and slender criticism of Voltaire.

(From the preface to the edition of *Shakespeare*.)

On Revenge.

A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom of malice and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is an union of sorrow with malignity: a combination of a passion which all endeavour to avoid, with a passion which all concur to detest. The man who retires to meditate mischief and to exasperate his own rage—whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin—whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings, among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed, or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence; we cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender; we are on every side in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

From this pacific and harmless temper, thus propitious to others and ourselves, to domestic tranquillity and to social happiness, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being insulted by his adversary or despised by the world. It may be laid down as an unfailing and universal axiom, that 'all pride is abject and mean.' It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquiescence in a false appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from consciousness of our attainments, but insensibility of our wants.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to anything but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive is a constant and determinate pursuit of virtue without regard to present dangers or advantage, a continual reference of every action to the divine will, an habitual appeal to everlasting justice, and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can obtain. But that pride which many, who presume to boast of generous sentiments, allow to regulate their measures has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men; of beings whose superiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmost assiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not understand, or partially determine what they never have examined; and whose sentence is therefore of no weight till it has received the ratification of our own conscience.

He that can descend to bribe suffrages like these at the price of his innocence—he that can suffer the delight of such acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the universal sovereign—has little reason to congratulate himself upon the greatness of his mind; whenever he awakes to seriousness and reflection, he must become despicable in his own eyes, and shrink with shame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practise it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain.

(From *The Rambler*, No. 185.)

Is Marriage a Failure?

'I know not,' said the princess, 'whether marriage be more than one of the innumerable modes of human misery. When I see and reckon the various forms of connubial infelicity, the unexpected causes of lasting discord, the diversities of temper, the oppositions of opinion, the rude collisions of contrary desire when both are urged by violent impulses, the obstinate contests of disagreeable virtues, where both are supported by consciousness of good intention, I am sometimes disposed to think with the severer casuists of most nations, that marriage is rather permitted than approved, and that none, but by the instigation of a passion too much indulged, entangle themselves with indissoluble compacts.'

(From *Rasselas*.)

From the Preface to the Dictionary.

In hope of giving longevity to that which its own nature forbids to be immortal, I have devoted this book, the labour of years, to the honour of my country, that we may no longer yield the palm of philology, without a contest, to the nations of the continent. The chief glory of every people arises from its authors: whether I shall add anything by my own writings to the reputation of English literature must be left to time; much of my life has been lost under the pressures of disease, much has been trifled away, and much has always been spent in provision for the day that was passing over me; but I shall not think my employment useless or ignoble if, by my assistance, foreign nations and distant ages gain access to the propagators of knowledge and understand the teachers of truth; if my labours afford light to the repositories of science, and add celebrity to Bacon, to Hooker, to Milton, and to Boyle.

When I am animated by this wish, I look with pleasure on my book, however defective, and deliver it to the world with the spirit of a man that has endeavoured well. That it will immediately become popular I have not promised to myself; a few wild blunders and risible absurdities, from which no work of such multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furnish folly with laughter and harden ignorance into contempt; but useful diligence will at last prevail, and there never can be wanting some who distinguish desert, who will consider that no dictionary of a living tongue ever can be perfect, since, while it is hastening to publication, some words are budding and some falling away; that a whole life cannot be spent upon syntax and etymology, and that even a whole life would not be sufficient; that he whose design includes whatever language can express, must often speak of what he does not understand; that a writer will sometimes be hurried by eagerness to the end, and sometimes faint with weariness under a task which Scaliger compares to the labours of the anvil and the mine; that what is obvious is not always known, and what is known is not always present; that sudden fits of inadvertency will surprise vigilance, slight avocations will seduce attention, and casual eclipses of the mind will darken learning; and that the writer shall often in vain trace his memory at the moment of need for that which yesterday he knew with intuitive readiness, and which will come uncalled into his thoughts to morrow.

In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns, yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it that the English Dictionary was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe, that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprised in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive; if the aggregated knowledge and co-operating diligence of the Italian academicians did not secure them from the censure of Beni; if the embodied critics of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which if I could obtain in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.

Reflections on Landing at Iona.

We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

(From the *Journey to the Western Isles.*)

Character of Gilbert Walmsley.

Of Gilbert Walmsley, thus presented to my mind, let me indulge myself in the remembrance. I knew him very early; he was one of the first friends that literature procured me, and I hope that at least my gratitude made me worthy of his notice. He was of an advanced age, and I was only not a boy, yet he never received my notions with contempt. He was a Whig, with all the virulence and malevolence of his party; yet difference of opinion did not keep us apart. I honoured him, and he endured me. He had mingled with the gay world without exemption from its vices or its follies, but had never neglected the cultivation of his mind: his belief of Revelation was unshaken; his learning preserved his principles; he grew first regular, and then pious. His studies had been so various that I am not able to name a man of equal knowledge. His acquaintance with books was great; and what he did not immediately know, he could at least tell where to find. Such was his amplitude of learning and such his copiousness of communication that it may be doubted whether a day now passes in which I have not some advantage from his friendship. At this man's table I enjoyed many cheerful and instructive hours, with companions such as are not often found; with one who has lengthened and one who has gladdened life; with Dr James, whose skill in Physick will be long remembered, and with David Garrick, whom I hoped to have gratified with this character of our common friend; but what are the hopes of man! I am disappointed by that stroke of death which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations and impoverished the publick stock of harmless pleasure.

(From the sketch of 'Rag' Smith in *Lives of the Poets.*)

An Apology for Tea.

We have already given in our collections one of the letters in which Mr Hanway endeavours to show that the consumption of Tea is injurious to the interest of our country. We shall now endeavour to follow him regularly through all his observations on this modern luxury; but it can hardly be candid not to make a previous declaration that he is to expect little justice from the author of this extract, a hardened and shameless Tea-drinker, who has for twenty years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant, whose kettle has scarcely time to cool, who with Tea amuses the evening, with Tea solaces the midnight, and with Tea welcomes the morning. . . . That the diseases commonly called nervous tremors, fits, habitual depression, and all the maladies which proceed from laxity and debility, are more frequent than in any former time is, I believe, true, however deplorable. But this new race of evils will not be expelled by the prohibition of Tea. This general languor is the effect of general luxury, of general idleness. If it be most to be found among Tea-drinkers, the reason is that Tea is one of the stated amusements of the idle and luxurious. . . . Tea, among the greater part of those who use it most, is drunk in no great quantity. As it neither exhilarates the heart nor stimulates the palate, it is commonly an entertainment merely nominal, a pretence for assembling to prattle, for interrupting business or diversifying idleness. They who drink one cup and who drink twenty are equally punctual in preparing or partaking it, and indeed there are few but discover, by their indifference about it, that they are brought together not by the Tea but the Tea-table. Three cups make the common quantity, so slightly impregnated that perhaps they might be tinged with the Athenian *cicuta* and produce less effects than these letters charge upon tea. . . . I have no desire to appear captious, and shall therefore readily admit that Tea is a liquor not proper for the lower classes of the people, as it supplies no strength to labour or relief to disease, but gratifies the taste without nourishing the body. It is a barren superfluity, to which those who can hardly procure what nature requires cannot prudently habituate themselves. Its proper use is to amuse the idle and relax the studious, and dilute the full meals of those who cannot use exercise, and will not use abstinence. That time is lost in this insipid entertainment cannot be denied: many trifle away at the Tea-table those moments which would be better spent; but that any national detriment can be inferred from this waste of time does not evidently appear, because I know not that any work remains undone for want of hands.

(From a review in the *Literary Magazine* of 1757 of a book by Jonas Hanway.)

Parallel between Pope and Dryden

Pope professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration if he be compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shewn by the dismission of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people: and when he pleased others he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy: he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best: he did not court the candour, but dared the judgment of his reader, and expecting no indulgence from others, he shewed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication were the two satires of *Thirty-eight*, of which Dodsley told me that they were brought to him by the author that they might be fairly copied. 'Almost every line,' he said, 'was then written twice over. I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time.'

His declaration that his care for his works ceased at their publication was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the *Iliad*, and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the *Essay on Criticism* received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour.

Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden, but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied, that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet, that quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert, that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates, the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

(From the Life of Pope in *Lives of the Poets*)

From 'The Vanity of Human Wishes.'

Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wavering man, betrayed by venturous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide,
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice.
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.
But scarce observed, the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the general massacre of gold;
Wide wasting pest! that rages unconfined,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.
Let history tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madded land;
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword!
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;

Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,
Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round. . . .
Unnumbered suppliants crowd preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive fortune hears the incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On every stage, the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From every room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And smoked in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in every line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine;
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids the indignant wall.
But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her favourites' zeal?
Through freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles, and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.
In full blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign;
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine;
Turned by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower;
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state,
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.
Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest Justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise the enormous weight?
Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below.
What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,
And fixed disease on Harley's closing life?
What murdered Wentworth, and what exiled Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings allied?
What, but their wish indulged in courts to shine,
And power too great to keep, or to resign! . . .
The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravished standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirled,
For such the steady Roman shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name,
And mortgaged states their grand-sires' wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.
On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide:
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
'Think nothing gained,' he cries, 'till nought remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost:
He comes, nor want, nor cold, his course delay;
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shews his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale. . . .
But grant the virtues of a temperate prime,
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers:
The general favourite as the general friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?
Yet even on this her load misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from withering life away;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,

Till pitying nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
  But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon cautioned to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show. . . .
  Where, then, shall hope and fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain,
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer.
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the power to
    gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

Prologue spoken by Mr Garrick at the Opening of the Theatre in Drury Lane in 1747.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First reared the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose:
Each change of many coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toiled after him in vain:
His powerful strokes presiding truth impressed,
And unresisted passion stormed the breast.
  Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule:
His studious patience and laborious art
By regular approach assailed the heart:
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays,
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.
  The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wished for Jonson's art or Shakespeare's flame:
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ,
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,
And proudly hoped to pimp in future days.
Their cause was general, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long:
Till shame regained the post that sense betrayed,
And virtue called oblivion to her aid.
  Then crushed by rules, and weakened as refined,
For years the power of Tragedy declined;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roared, whilst passion slept;
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread:
Philosophy remained, though nature fled.
But forced at length her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit:
Exulting folly hailed the joyful day,
And Pantomime and song confirmed her sway.
  But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new D'Urfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps, where Lear has raved and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride:
Perhaps—for who can guess the effects of chance?—
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.
  Hard is his lot that, here by fortune placed,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.
  Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature and reviving sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe,
Bid Scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

Hunt was a famous boxer on the stage; Mahomet, a rope-dancer who had been exhibiting at Covent Garden Theatre.

On the Death of Dr Robert Levett (1782).

Condemned to Hope's delusive mine,
  As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
  Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
  See Levett to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
  Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
  Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
Nor, lettered arrogance, deny
  Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature called for aid,
  And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy displayed
  The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
  His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,
  And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
  No petty gain disdained by pride;
The modest wants of every day,
  The toil of every day supplied

His virtues walked their narrow round,
  Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure the Eternal Master found
  The single talent well employed.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
  Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
  Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
  No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
  And freed his soul the nearest way.

Johnson in his Arm-chair.

My dear friend, clear your *mind* of cant. You may *talk* as other people do: you may say to a man, 'Sir, I am your humble servant.' You are *not* his most humble servant. You may say, 'These are bad times; it is a melancholy thing to be reserved to such times.' You don't mind the times. You tell a man, 'I am sorry you had such bad weather the last day of your journey and were so much wet.' You don't care sixpence whether he is wet or dry. You may *talk* in this manner; it is a mode of talking in society: but don't *think* foolishly.

Treating your adversary with respect is giving him an advantage to which he is not entitled. The greater part of men cannot judge of reasoning, and are impressed by character; so that, if you allow your adversary a respectable character, they will think that though you differ from him, you may be in the wrong. Sir, treating your adversary with respect is striking soft in a battle.

Wickedness is always easier than virtue, for it takes the short cut to everything. It is much easier to steal a hundred pounds than to get it by labour, or any other way.

Most schemes of political improvement are very laughable things.

I would not give half a guinea to live under one form of government rather than another. It is of no moment to the happiness of an individual. Sir, the danger of the abuse of power is nothing to a private man. What Frenchman is prevented from passing his life as he pleases?

What is *climate* to happiness? Place me in the heart of Asia: should I not be exiled? What proportion does climate bear to the complex system of human life? You may advise me to go to live at Bologna to eat sausages. The sausages there are the best in the world: they lose much by being carried.

A ship is worse than a gaol. There is in a gaol better air, better company, better conveniency of every kind; and a ship has the additional disadvantage of being in danger. When men come to like a sea-life they are not fit to live on land.

Every man will dispute with great good humour upon a subject in which he is not interested. I will dispute very calmly upon the probability of another man's son being hanged; but, if a man zealously enforces the probability that my son will be hanged, I shall certainly not be in a very good humour with him. *Mayo.* But, sir, truth will always bear an examination. *Johnson.* Yes, sir, but it is painful to be forced to defend it. Consider, sir, how should you like, though conscious of your innocence, to be tried before a jury for a capital crime once a week?

What we read with inclination makes a much stronger impression. If we read without inclination, half the mind is employed in fixing the attention, so there is but one half to be employed on what we read. . . . If a man begins to read in the middle of a book, and feels an inclination to go on, let him not quit it to go to the beginning. He may, perhaps, not feel again the inclination.

We are all more or less governed by interest. But interest will not make us do everything. In a case which admits of doubt, we try to think on the side which is for our interest, and generally bring ourselves to act accordingly. But the subject must admit of diversity of colouring; it must receive a colour on that side. . . . No, sir, there must always be right enough, or appearance of right, to keep wrong in countenance.

It is strange that there should be so little reading in the world, and so much writing. People in general do not willingly read if they can have anything else to amuse them. There must be an external impulse: emulation, or vanity, or avarice.

No money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is pleased that his wife is dressed as well as other people; and a wife is pleased that she is dressed.

Boswell. I have often blamed myself sir, for not feeling for others as sensibly as many say they do. *Johnson.* Sir, don't be duped by them any more. You will find these very feeling people are not very ready to do you good. They *pay* you by *feeling*.

But, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees, is the high-road that leads him to England.

We talked of the proper use of riches. *Johnson.* If I were a man of great estate, I would drive all the rascals whom I did not like out of the country, at an election.

In civilised society personal merit will not serve you so much as money will. Sir, you may make the experiment. Go into the street, and give one man a lecture on morality, and another a shilling, and see which will respect you most.

Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on its hind legs. It is not well done; but you are surprised to find it done at all.

(From Boswell's *Journey to the Hebrides*
and *Life of Dr Johnson*.)

Johnson's works were first collected by his literary executor, Sir John Hawkins, and published in eleven volumes in 1787-89. Arthur Murphy's edition in eleven volumes, with a biographical essay, followed in 1792; and the best of their many successors is that published at Oxford in eleven volumes in 1825. Dr Birkbeck Hill has edited *Rasselas* (1887), *Wit and Wisdom of Dr Johnson* (1888), *Select Essays* (1889), and the *Letters* of Johnson (1892). There are editions of the *Lives of the Poets* by Peter Cunningham (1854) and Mrs Napier (1890); and a selection of six of the lives was edited by Matthew Arnold in 1878. For Boswell's Life and its editors and critics, see the following article on Boswell. The other biographical matter, including ana from Hawkins's Life, Murphy's Essay, Mrs Piozzi's Anecdotes, and the Recollections by Richard Cumberland, Bishop Percy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hannah More, Madame D'Arblay, and others, is reprinted in Mrs Napier's volume of *Johnsoniana* (1884). The chief critical estimates are Macaulay's famous essay and biography, and Mr Leslie Stephen's monograph in the series of 'English Men of Letters;' while much relevant information may be found in Birkbeck Hill's *Dr Johnson, his Friends and his Critics* (1878), and Seccombe's *Age of Johnson* (1900). There is a useful bibliography in Colonel F. Grant's volume on Johnson in the 'Great Writers' series (1887).

James Boswell,

the biographer of Dr Johnson, was born at Edinburgh, 18th October 1740, eldest son of Lord Auchinleck, a law lord, who had taken his title from the Ayrshire estate which had belonged to the family since the reign of James IV. He was educated at the Edinburgh High School and at the universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, but greatly irritated the shrewd and surly old judge by his frivolity and dissipation. A restless itch for writing made him, a boy of eighteen, keep an 'exact journal,' write poems and prologues to Edinburgh plays, and publish, at twenty-three, a series of would-be clever and witty letters that had passed between himself and a companion of equal age and experience; and a year in London at twenty spoiled him for a provincial. His capacity for making friends and for falling temporarily in love, and his eagerness to know people that were notorious for anything, were as deep-rooted in his nature as his love of letters and of literary distinction. During his second visit to London he had the supreme happiness of making Dr Johnson's acquaintance in the back-parlour of Tom Davies's shop in Russell Street (16th May 1763). The sincerity of the disciple's respect seems to have touched the master's heart, and the acquaintance quickly ripened into a warm friendship, which stood the strain of many a brutal rebuff on Johnson's part, and was kept in repair by frequent letters on both sides throughout the rest of Johnson's life. A few months later Johnson accompanied Boswell to Harwich, on his way to study civil law at Utrecht, and parted from him with many wise counsels. At Utrecht Boswell spent one winter between study and dissipation, on an allowance from his father of £240 a year: after which, instead of returning home, he went on a tour through Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and made the acquaintance of Voltaire and Rousseau. Rousseau gave him a letter of introduction to Paoli, and to that hero the indefatigable Boswell at once repaired (1765). He was well received by the Corsicans, and for a time played the great Englishman to his heart's content, not forgetting to ask Paoli 'a thousand questions with regard to the most minute and private circumstances of his life.' Returning through France in 1766, he escorted Therese Levasseur on her way to rejoin Rousseau in England, and immediately afterwards he passed advocate, and had some little professional success; he seems to have employed himself voluntarily at least in the last stages of the famous Douglas cause. His *Account of Corsica* appeared early in 1768, and had a great vogue. Johnson said the journal was 'in a very high degree delightful and curious;' but the poet Gray, whose eyes were undimmed by the partiality of friendship, called it, in a letter to Horace Walpole, 'a dialogue between a green goose and a hero.' Early in 1767 Boswell waited upon Chatham in Corsican costume to plead for Paoli, and was honoured some time after by a warm letter from the great statesman, which encouraged him in reply to the characteristic temerity of asking, 'Could your lordship find time to honour me now and then with a letter? To correspond with a Paoli and with a Chatham is enough to keep a young man ever ardent in the pursuit of virtuous fame.'

JAMES BOSWELL.
From the Drawing by G. Dance, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

From this time Boswell's mind was much taken up with a succession of matrimonial schemes, which ended somewhat prosaically with his marriage (1769) to his cousin, Margaret Montgomery, a prudent and amiable woman, who bore him seven children, and proved herself a sensible and forgiving wife. On the same day his father married a cousin of his own, to the son's disgust and alarm. The old judge allowed his son £300 a year, and from time to time paid his debts for him, but not without much grumbling and many threats. Boswell never became a prosperous lawyer, and continued to make visits to London almost every year. In 1773, fortunately for the world but against the wishes of many of the members, he was, through Johnson's influence, elected a member of the famous Literary Club. Later in the same year occurred the memorable journey to the Hebrides. Neither Lord Auchinleck nor Boswell's own wife could understand the enthusiasm for the uncouth-looking philosopher, and although the latter was studiously polite, she could not hide from the astute Johnson the fact that he was disliked. In 1775 Boswell began to keep his terms at the Inner Temple, and was ultimately called to the English Bar in 1786; in 1776 the Auchinleck property was entailed upon him; and in the August of 1782 he succeeded, on his father's death, to an estate of £1600 a year. His last meeting with Johnson was at dinner with Sir Joshua Reynolds early in 1784, the year Johnson died. Croker calculated that Boswell met Johnson in all on one hundred and eighty days, or two hundred and seventy-six including the Scotch tour.

Boswell now made some attempts to enter on a political career, for some years entertained hopes from the patronage of Lord Lonsdale, and could not understand Pitt's 'utter folly' in not seeing the value of 'my popular and pleasant talents;' but his sole reward was the recordership of Carlisle, which he resigned in a year, through resentment of his patron's treatment of him. In 1789 his wife died, and henceforward his drinking habits got the mastery of him; he had been drinking all his days, with fits of repentance and solemn promises of amendment between. From his drunkard's hypochondria and the pressure of money difficulties he found refuge in writing Johnson's Life, which occupied him several years. Spite of occasional despondency and the pinch of financial difficulty, he refused to part with the copyright, and his confidence was justified. The book appeared in the May of 1791, was received with delight, and sold so rapidly that a second edition was issued in July 1793. But his success failed to lighten his gloom or break him of his intemperate habits; his health gave way, and he died in London, after a brief illness, on the 19th of May 1795.

Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is admittedly our greatest biography, and the singular merit of the book raised the question how it could possibly have been written by a man of such egregious weakness and vanity as Boswell. Macaulay advanced the preposterous paradox that it was because of his unrivalled qualifications as a fool that its author had written the best life in existence. The true explanation doubtless is, that this vanity and folly by no means made up Boswell's whole mental equipment, and that the unenviable qualities in his character become so conspicuous largely because he had so much less reticence than ordinary men. The man who could retain the friendship of Samuel Johnson, and who could be described as 'the best travelling companion in the world,' was something more than a parasite and a fool. Nor could the most veracious fool have written such a dexterously artistic book. No doubt he had a noble subject; Johnson's character and wit, his winged words, and his unsurpassed command of the mother-tongue in unforgetable phrases rendered a remarkable picture almost certain. But in Boswell's hands nothing has suffered; from evidence we have about a few of the conversations, we know that these at any rate have gained greatly in point from his editorial touch. He adds not one word too much, but gives us the most vivid dramatic pictures by a few simple but subtle strokes. This is not the work of memory nearly so much as of artistic reproduction; it is not photographic and realistic half so much as it is idealistic and creative. We have here a special literary faculty, and, moreover, one of the rarest. This obtrusive, irrepressible, absurd, drunken Scotch advocate and laird had in him something of the true Shakespearean secret.

Of the following extracts, the first is from *A Tour in Corsica*, the others from Boswell's *Johnson*.

Boswell in Paoli's Camp.

The ambasciadore Inglese, The English ambassadour, as the good peasants and soldiers used to call me, became a great favourite among them. I got a Corsican dress made, in which I walked about with an air of true satisfaction. The General did me the honour to present me with his own pistols, made in the island, all of Corsican wood and iron, and of excellent workmanship. I had every other accoutrement. I even got one of the shells which had often sounded the alarm to liberty. I preserve them all with great care.

The Corsican peasants and soldiers were quite free and easy with me. Numbers of them used to come and see me of a morning, and just go out and in as they pleased. I did every thing in my power to make them fond of the British, and bid them hope for an alliance with us. They asked me a thousand questions about my country, all which I cheerfully answered as well as I could.

One day they would needs hear me play upon my German flute. To have told my honest natural visitants, Really, gentlemen, I play very ill, and put on such airs as we do in our genteel companies, would have been highly ridiculous. I therefore immediately complied with their request. I gave them one or two Italian airs, and then some of our beautiful old Scots tunes, Gilderoy, the Lass of Patie's Mill, Corn Riggs are Bonny. The pathetick simplicity and pastoral gaiety of the Scots musick will always please those who have the genuine feelings of nature. The Corsicans were charmed with the specimens I gave them, though I may now say that they were very indifferently performed.

My good friends insisted also to have an English song from me. I endeavoured to please them in this too, and was very lucky in that which occurred to me. I sung them 'Hearts of oak are our ships, Hearts of oak are our men.' I translated it into Italian for them, and never did I see men so delighted with a song as the Corsicans were with 'Hearts of oak.' 'Cuore di querco,' cried they, 'bravo Inglese.' It was quite a joyous riot. I fancied myself to be a recruiting sea-officer. I fancied all my chorus of Corsicans aboard the British fleet.

Boswell's First Meeting with Johnson.

At last, on Monday the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr Davies's back-parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr Davies having perceived him, through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us, he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, 'Look, my lord, it comes!' I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, 'Don't tell where I come from.'—'From Scotland,' cried Davies, roguishly. 'Mr Johnson,' said I, 'I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.' I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression, 'come from Scotland,' which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, 'That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help.' This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: 'What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings.' Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, 'O Sir, I cannot think Mr Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you.' 'Sir,' said he, with a stern look, 'I have known David Garrick longer than you have done; and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject.' Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardour been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited, and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation. [1763.]

Johnson at the Mitre.

I had learnt that his place of frequent resort was the Mitre tavern in Fleet Street, where he loved to sit up late, and I begged I might be allowed to pass an evening with him there soon, which he promised I should. A few days afterwards, I met him near Temple Bar about one o'clock in the morning, and asked if he would then go to the Mitre. 'Sir,' said he, 'it is too late; they won't let us in. But I'll go with you another night, with all my heart.'

A revolution of some importance in my plan of life had just taken place: for instead of procuring a commission in the foot guards, which was my own inclination, I had, in compliance with my father's wishes, agreed to study the law, and was soon to set out for Utrecht, to hear the lectures of an excellent civilian in that University, and then to proceed on my travels. Though very desirous of obtaining Dr Johnson's advice and instructions on the mode of pursuing my studies, I was at this time so occupied, shall I call it? or so dissipated by the amusements of London, that our next meeting was not till Saturday, June 25, when, happening to dine at Clifton's eating-house, in Butcher-row, I was surprised to perceive Johnson come in and take his seat at another table. The mode of dining, or rather being fed, at such houses in London is well known to many to be particularly unsocial, as there is no ordinary, or united company, but each person has his own mess, and is under no obligation to hold any intercourse with any one. A liberal and full-minded man, however, who loves to talk, will break through this churlish and unsocial restraint. Johnson and an Irish gentleman got into a dispute concerning the cause of some part of mankind being black. 'Why, Sir,' said Johnson, 'it has been accounted for in three ways: either by supposing that they are the posterity of Ham, who was cursed; or that God at first created two kinds of men, one black, and another white; or that, by the heat of the sun, the skin is scorched, and so acquires a sooty hue. This matter has been much canvassed among naturalists, but has never been brought to any certain issue.' What the Irishman said is totally obliterated from my mind; but I remember that he became very warm and intemperate in his expressions; upon which Johnson rose, and quietly walked away. When he had retired, his antagonist took his revenge, as he thought, by saying, 'He has a most ungainly figure, and an affectation of pomposity unworthy of a man of genius.'

Johnson had not observed that I was in the room. I followed him, however, and he agreed to meet me in the evening at the Mitre. I called on him, and we went thither at nine. We had a good supper, and port wine, of which he then sometimes drank a bottle. The orthodox high-church sound of the Mitre,—the figure and manner of the celebrated Samuel Johnson, the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation, and the pride, arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations and a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what I had ever before experienced. [1763.]

Johnson in the Stage-Coach.

On Friday, August 5, we set out early in the morning in the Harwich stage coach. A fat elderly gentlewoman and a young Dutchman seemed the most inclined among us to conversation. At the inn where we dined, the gentlewoman said she had done her best to educate her children, and particularly that she had never suffered them to be a moment idle. *Johnson.* 'I wish, Madam, you would educate me too; for I have been an idle fellow all my life.' 'I am sure, Sir,' said she, 'you have not been idle.' *Johnson.* 'Nay, Madam, it is very true: and that gentleman there (pointing to me) has been idle. He was idle at Edinburgh. His father sent him to Glasgow, where he continued to be idle. He then came to London, where he has been very idle; and now he is going to Utrecht, where he will be as idle as ever.' I asked him privately how he could expose me so. *Johnson.* 'Poh, poh!' said he, 'they knew nothing about you, and will think of it no more.' In the afternoon the gentlewoman talked violently against the Roman Catholics, and of the horrors of the Inquisition. To the utter astonishment of all the passengers but myself, who knew that he could talk upon any side of a question, he defended the Inquisition, and maintained that 'false doctrine should be checked on its first appearance; that the civil power should unite with the church in punishing those who dare to attack the established religion, and that such only were punished by the Inquisition.' He had in his pocket *Pomponius Mela de Situ Orbis*, in which he read occasionally, and seemed very intent upon ancient geography. Though by no means niggardly, his attention to what was generally right was so minute that having observed at one of the stages that I ostentatiously gave a shilling to the coachman, when the custom was for each passenger to give only sixpence, he took me aside and scolded me, saying that what I had done would make the coachman dissatisfied with all the rest of the passengers, who gave him no more than his due. This was a just reprimand; for in whatever way a man may indulge his generosity or his vanity in spending his money, for the sake of others he ought not to raise the price of any article for which there is a constant demand. . . .

Having stopped a night at Colchester, Johnson talked of that town with veneration, for having stood a siege for Charles the First. The Dutchman alone now remained with us. He spoke English tolerably well; and thinking to recommend himself to us by expatiating on the superiority of the criminal jurisprudence of this country over that of Holland, he inveighed against the barbarity of putting an accused person to the torture in order to force a confession. But Johnson was as ready for this as for the Inquisition. 'Why, Sir, you do not, I find, understand the law of your own country. To torture in Holland is considered as a favour to an accused person; for no man is put to the torture there unless there is as much evidence against him as would amount to conviction in England. An accused person among you, therefore, has one chance more to escape punishment than those who are tried among us.'

At supper this night he talked of good eating with uncommon satisfaction. 'Some people,' said he, 'have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my own part, I mind my belly very studiously and very carefully; for I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else.' He now appeared to me *Jean Bull philosophe*, and he was for the moment not only serious but vehement. [1763.]

Mrs Williams's Tea-Table

We went home to his house to tea. Mrs Williams made it with sufficient dexterity, notwithstanding her blindness, though her manner of satisfying herself that the cups were full enough appeared to me a little awkward; for I fancied she put her finger down a certain way, till she felt the tea touch it. In my first elation at being allowed the privilege of attending Dr Johnson at his late visits to this lady, which was like being *e secretioribus consiliis*, I willingly drank cup after cup, as if it had been the Heliconian spring. But as the charm of novelty went off, I grew more fastidious; and besides, I discovered that she was of a peevish temper.

There was a pretty large circle this evening. Dr Johnson was in very good humour, lively, and ready to talk upon all subjects. Mr Fergusson, the self-taught philosopher, told him of a new invented machine which went without horses; a man who sat in it turned a handle, which worked a spring, that drove it forward. 'Then, Sir,' said Johnson, 'what is gained is, the man has his choice whether he will move himself alone, or himself and the machine too.' Dominicetti being mentioned, he would not allow him any merit. 'There is nothing in all this boasted system. No, Sir; medicated baths can be no better than warm water; their only effect can be that of tepid moisture.' One of the company took the other side, maintaining that medicines of various sorts, and some too of most powerful effect, are introduced into the human frame by the medium of the pores; and, therefore, when warm water is impregnated with salutiferous substances, it may produce great effects as a bath. This appeared to me very satisfactory. Johnson did not answer it; but talking for victory, and determined to be master of the field, he had recourse to the device which Goldsmith imputed to him in the witty words of one of Cibber's comedies: 'There is no arguing with Johnson; for when his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt-end of it.' He turned to the gentleman, 'Well, Sir, go to Dominicetti, and get thyself fumigated; but be sure that the steam be directed to thy *head*, for *that* is the *peccant part*.' This produced a triumphant roar of laughter from the motley assembly of philosophers, printers, and dependents, male and female.

I know not how so whimsical a thought came into my mind, but I asked, 'If, Sir, you were shut up in a castle, and a new-born child with you, what would you do?' *Johnson.* 'Why, Sir, I should not much like my company.' *Boswell.* 'But would you take the trouble of rearing it?' He seemed, as may well be supposed, unwilling to pursue the subject; but upon my persevering in my question, replied, 'Why yes, Sir, I would; but I must have all conveniences. If I had no garden, I would make a shed on the roof, and take it there for fresh air. I should feed it, and wash it much, and with warm water to please it, not with cold water to give it pain.' *Boswell.* 'But, Sir, does not heat relax?' *Johnson.* 'Sir, you are not to imagine the water is to be very hot. I would not *coddle* the child. No, Sir, the hardy method of treating children does no good. I'll take you five children from London, who shall cuff five Highland children. Sir, a man bred in London will carry a burden, or run, or wrestle, as well as a man brought up in the hardest manner in the country.' *Boswell.* 'Good living, I suppose, makes the Londoners strong.' *Johnson.* 'Why, Sir, I don't know that it does. Our chairmen from Ireland, who are as strong men as any, have been brought up upon potatoes. Quantity makes up for quality.' *Boswell.* 'Would you teach this child that I have furnished you with any thing?' *Johnson.* 'No, I should not be apt to teach it.' *Boswell.* 'Would not you have a pleasure in teaching it?' *Johnson.* 'No, Sir, I should *not* have a pleasure in teaching it.' *Boswell.* 'Have you not a pleasure in teaching men? *There* I have you. You have the same pleasure in teaching men that I should have in teaching children.' *Johnson.* 'Why, something about that.' [26th October 1769.]

Johnson at his Inn.

We dined at an excellent inn at Chapel house, where he expatiated on the felicity of England in its taverns and inns, and triumphed over the French for not having, in any perfection, the tavern life. 'There is no private house,' said he, 'in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that every body should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man but a very impudent dog indeed can as freely command what is in another man's house as if it were his own. Whereas at a tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, Sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.' He then repeated, with great emotion, Shenstone's lines:

'Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
  Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
  The warmest welcome at an inn.'

My illustrious friend, I thought, did not sufficiently admire Shenstone. That ingenious and elegant gentleman's opinion of Johnson appears in one of his letters to Mr Graves, dated Feb. 9, 1760. 'I have lately been reading one or two volumes of the Rambler, who, excepting against some few hardnesses in his manner, and the want of more examples to enliven, is one of the most nervous, most perspicuous, most concise, most harmonious prose writers I know. A learned diction improves by time.'

In the afternoon, as we were driven rapidly along in the post-chaise, he said to me, 'Life has not many things better than this.' We stopped at Stratford upon Avon, and drank tea and coffee; and it pleased me to be with him upon the classic ground of Shakespeare's native place. [21st March 1776.]

Meeting of Johnson and Wilkes.

Upon the much expected Wednesday, I called on him about half an hour before dinner, as I often did when we were to dine out together, to see that he was ready in time, and to accompany him. I found him buffeting his books as upon a former occasion, covered with dust, and making no preparation for going abroad. 'How is this, Sir?' said I. 'Don't you recollect that you are to dine at Mr Dilly's?' *Johnson.* 'Sir, I did not think of going to Dilly's: it went out of my head. I have ordered dinner at home with Mrs Williams.' *Boswell.* 'But, my dear Sir, you know you were engaged to Mr Dilly, and I told him so. He will expect you, and will be much disappointed if you don't come.' *Johnson.* 'You must talk to Mrs Williams about this.'

Here was a sad dilemma. I feared that what I was so confident I had secured would yet be frustrated. He had accustomed himself to show Mrs Williams such a degree of humane attention as frequently imposed some restraint upon him; and I knew that if she should be obstinate, he would not stir. I hastened down stairs to the blind lady's room, and told her I was in great uneasiness, for Dr Johnson had engaged to me to dine this day at Mr Dilly's, but that he had told me he had forgotten his engagement, and had ordered dinner at home. 'Yes, Sir,' said she, pretty peevishly, 'Dr Johnson is to dine at home.' 'Madam,' said I, 'his respect for you is such that I know he will not leave you unless you absolutely desire it. But as you have so much of his company, I hope you will be good enough to forego it for a day; as Mr Dilly is a very worthy man, has frequently had agreeable parties at his house for Dr Johnson, and will be vexed if the Doctor neglects him to-day. And then, Madam, be pleased to consider my situation; I carried the message, and I [illegible]ured Mr Dilly that Dr Johnson was to come; a[illegible]ubt he has made a dinner, and invited a company [illegible] boasted of the honour he expected to have. I s[illegible] be quite disgraced if the Doctor is not there.' She gradually softened to my solicitations, which were certainly as earnest as most entreaties to ladies upon any occasion, and was graciously pleased to empower me to tell Dr Johnson, 'That all things considered, she thought he should certainly go.' I flew back to him, still in dust, and careless of what should be the event, 'indifferent in his choice to go or stay;' but as soon as I had announced to him Mrs Williams's consent, he roared, 'Frank! a clean shirt,' and was very soon drest. When I had him fairly seated in a hackney-coach with me, I exulted as much as a fortune hunter who has got an heiress into a post-chaise with him, to set out for Gretna Green.

When we entered Mr Dilly's drawing-room, he found himself in the midst of a company he did not know. I kept myself snug and silent, watching how he would conduct himself. I observed him whispering to Mr Dilly, 'Who is that gentleman, Sir?' 'Mr Arthur Lee.' *Johnson.* 'Too, too, too,' (under his breath,) which was one of his habitual mutterings. Mr Arthur Lee could not but be very obnoxious to Johnson, for he was not only a *patriot* but an *American*. He was afterwards minister from the United States at the Court of Madrid. 'And who is the gentleman in lace?' 'Mr Wilkes, Sir.' This information confounded him still more; he had some difficulty to restrain himself, and taking up a book, sat down upon a window seat and read, or at least kept his eye intently upon it for some time, till he composed himself. His feelings, I dare say, were awkward enough. But he no doubt recollected having rated me for supposing that he could be at all disconcerted by any company, and he, therefore, resolutely set himself to behave quite as an easy man of the world, who could adapt himself at once to the disposition and manners of those whom he might chance to meet.

The cheering sound of 'Dinner is upon the table' dissolved his reverie, and we *all* sat down without any symptom of ill humour. There were present—beside Mr Wilkes and Mr Arthur Lee, who was an old companion of mine when he studied physic at Edinburgh—Mr (now Sir John) Miller, Dr Lettsom, and Mr Slater the druggist. Mr Wilkes placed himself next to Dr Johnson, and behaved to him with so much attention and politeness that he gained upon him insensibly. No man eat [ate] more heartily than Johnson, or loved better what was nice and delicate. Mr Wilkes was very assiduous in helping him to some fine veal. 'Pray give me leave, Sir; It is better here. A little of the brown. Some fat, Sir. A little of the stuffing. Some gravy. Let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter. Allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange; or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest.' 'Sir, Sir, I am obliged to you, Sir,' cried Johnson, bowing, and turning his head to him with a look for some time of 'surly virtue,' but, in a short while, of complacency. [15th May 1776.]

Boswell's Last Meeting with Johnson

On Wednesday, June 30, the friendly confidential dinner with Sir Joshua Reynolds took place, no other company being present. Had I known that this was the last time that I should enjoy, in this world, the conversation of a friend whom I so much respected, and from whom I derived so much instruction and entertainment, I should have been deeply affected. When I now look [illegible] I am vexed that a single word should hav[illegible]

. . .

Our conversa[illegible] upon living in the c[illegible] which Johnson, wh[illegible] melancholy mind requi[illegible] dissipation of quick successive variety, had hal[illegible] himself to consider as a kind of mental impri[illegible] 'Yet, Sir,' said I, 'there are many peopl[illegible] content to live in the country.' *Johnson.* 'Si[illegible] the intellectual world as in the physical worl[illegible] told by natural philosophers that a body is at [illegible] in the place that is fit for it; they who are content to live in the country, are *fit* for the country.'

Talking of various enjoyments, I argued that a refinement of taste was a disadvantage, as they who have attained to it must be seldomer pleased than those who have no nice discrimination, and are therefore satisfied with everything that comes in their way. *Johnson.* 'Nay, Sir: that is a paltry notion. Endeavour to be as perfect as you can in every respect.'

I accompanied him, in Sir Joshua Reynolds's coach, to the entry of Bolt-court. He asked me whether I would not go with him to his house; I declined it, from an apprehension that my spirits would sink. We bade adieu to each other affectionately in the carriage. When he had got down upon the foot pavement, he called out, 'Fare you well;' and without looking back, sprung away with a kind of pathetic briskness, if I may use that expression, which seemed to indicate a struggle to conceal uneasiness, and impressed me with a foreboding of our long, long separation. [1784.]

Standard editions of Boswell's great work are those by Napier (4 vols. 1884; two supplementary volumes contain Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the* [illegible] Hill (6 vols [illegible] other charact[illegible] ance he had [illegible] and *Boswelliana* [illegible] Macaulay and [illegible] ther, the latt[illegible] Life of Bosw[illegible] *Hebrides* and 'Johnsoniana') and by Dr Birkbeck [illegible] for the light thrown on Bosw[illegible] *Letters to Temple* [illegible] whose acquaint[illegible] yet a student at Edinburgh University [illegible] Charles Rogers. Of the famous essays [illegible] which contrast rather than compare [illegible] much more [illegible] than the former [illegible] Percy Fitzgerald [illegible]

THOMAS DAVIDSON

Mrs Piozzi (1741–1821) was as yet MRS THRALE when she became a particular star in Dr Johnson's firmament. Born at Bodvel in Carnarvonshire, Hester Lynch Salusbury in 1763 married Henry Thrale, a prosperous Southwark brewer; in 1765 Johnson conceived an extraordinary affection for her, was domesticated in her [illegible] at Streatham [illegible] for over sixteen years [illegible] her [illegible] to soften many of his [illegible] made Johnson one of [illegible] 1781, after his wife [illegible] en; and in 1784 the [illegible] becoming rich beyond [illegible] Johnson said was [illegible] felt himself slighted [illegible] to the Italian [illegible] took place in July [illegible] France, Italy, [illegible] England in [illegible] Brynbella on the [illegible] died in 18[illegible] When past [illegible] a senti[illegible] actor W. A. Conway [illegible] on the conse[illegible] vivacious, frank, and [illegible] hardly [illegible] can be said to [illegible] *Anecdotes* [illegible] printed in Mrs [illegible] and *Letters to and from* [illegible] acute observer, [illegible] often interesting, though [illegible] painfully accurate. Her [illegible] on her Continental [illegible] are a book on *British* [illegible] *Retrospection* over the [illegible] years' (1801). Of her poems [illegible] *The Three Warnings*, was her [illegible] the level of her other ve[illegible] that it wa[illegible] to have been at least amended by Johnson; it appeared in a volume of *Miscellanies* issued in 1766 by Mrs Williams, the blind inmate of Johnson's house. Mrs Piozzi's contributions to *The Florence Miscellany* in 1785 afforded a subject for Gifford's satire, his *Baviad* having been written expressly to ridicule the Della Cruscan mutual admiration society, of which Mrs Piozzi was arch-priestess.

From 'The Three Warnings.'

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,

And looking grave—'You must,' says he,
'Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.'
'With you! and quit my Susan's side?
With you!' the hapless husband cried;
'Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding-day, you know.'

What more he urged I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
'Neighbour,' he said, 'farewell! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summoned to the grave;
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say;
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave.'
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffered then, he bought and sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near:
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.

Half-stilled with anger and surprise,
'So soon returned!' old Dobson cries.
'So soon, d'ye call it?' Death replies:
'Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
Since I was here before
'Tis six and thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore.'

'So much the worse,' the clown rejoined;
'To spare the aged would be kind:
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority—is't regal?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Beside, you promised me Three Warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages.'

'I know,' cries Death, 'that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least:
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable:
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!'

'Hold!' says the farmer; 'not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past.'
'And no great wonder,' Death replies;
'However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends.'

'Perhaps,' says Dobson, 'so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight.'
'This is a shocking story, faith,
Yet there's some comfort still,' says Death;
'Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you have all the news.'
'There's none,' cries he; 'and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear.'
'Nay, then,' the spectre stern rejoined,
'These are unjustifiable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your Three sufficient Warnings;
So come along; no more we'll part.'
He said, and touched him with his dart.
And now old Dobson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

The 'secretary's warrant' refers to the famous illegal warrant used against Wilkes (see below at page 516). In 1861 Abraham Hayward edited Mrs Piozzi's *Autobiography, Letters and Literary Remains* (2 vols. 1861); see also Mangin's *Piozziana* (1833) and L. B. Seeley's *Mrs Thrale* (1891).

THE REIGN OF GEORGE III. AND COMING CHANGES.

IT was part of the spirit of the nineteenth century to look down on the eighteenth and all its works, and greatly to overestimate the deeper, higher, holier temper of the new epoch. Coleridge's discovery, by German help, of the contrast between understanding and reason, led him to an unphilosophical disdain of all that had been accomplished in the century into which he was born; Carlyle denounced 'a sceptical century and godless,' 'opulent in accumulated falsities as never century was.' It became customary to agree that those three unhappy generations of men were dead to faith, to historical insight, to poetical feeling, to love of nature, to apprehension or real admiration of the sublime, the beautiful, the tender, the true. And it was assumed that the English literature of the period, mysteriously differing from that of all other periods, consistently and comprehensively reveals and displays these lamentable defects in intellectual and spiritual life.

Geological development did not proceed by universal cataclysms; in literary history, though there are changes of humour, of taste, and of fashion—violent as well as gradual, profound as well as superficial—the revolutions recorded are rarely or never so absolute as nineteenth-century writers unhistorically declared; and the transition from the eighteenth-century way of looking at things or of putting things was not one of them. The men of the eighteenth century bled when they were pricked, laughed if they were tickled, died when they were poisoned; they loved, they hated, they rejoiced and hoped and feared; the roots of poetry were still deep-planted in their life, even though the life had for the time gone out of their poetry.

In truth, the literature of that time was a somewhat peculiarly self-consistent outcome of the characteristic English temperament. Our literary mood has changed, but in our ordinary rule of life the principles of the eighteenth century are still dominant. The Englishman does not wear his heart on his sleeve, still less the Scotsman—it is weak and worthy only of a foreigner to be demonstrative. He does not propose to take the public to his heart, or let them feel the very pulse of the machine. In religion he will not grovel in abject self-negation, nor does he desire or aim at ecstatic bliss. Englishmen do not (except in poetry) shout for intensity of joy or scream with laughter—nor do they weep or whine if they can possibly help it; they are reticent in the sphere of the domestic affections, and are very slow to unbosom themselves about any other. We are not enthusiastic; we regard the intense with suspicious dislike. We do not adore; we do not gush; we will not allow ourselves to seem surprised or delighted; we are extremely reserved—good form so prescribes it. However much we may actually feel, this is still the law of the island-born, save only in art and poetry. Yet contrariwise, in literature and art, but there only, we now set the highest value on that which is the most complete self-revelation of the artist, illustrating even the fainter nuances of his varying moods, his hopes, his fears, his doubts, struggles, distresses, despondencies, despairs. In poetry we say we love intensity and unreserve.

Not so was it with us under good Queen Anne and the Georges. Then the Englishman carried into his literature what was and is still the rule of his daily life—moderation, common-sense, correctness, abhorrence of 'enthusiasm' in word as in deed, self-complacent appreciation of the high degree of civilisation he had now happily attained, and a corresponding disregard of what he thought 'Gothic,' barbarous, and uncultured. Dignified reserve was the keynote of literature; the 'lyric cry,' whether of joy or grief, was repressed on principle; mystery and marvel were ratiocinatively explained away; nature was admired on philosophical grounds; 'propriety' was the fetich of the period; decorum, elegance, point, and good taste took aristocratic precedence of uncouth originality, humour, and power. The originality, the humour, and the power had not ceased to exist, but it was not the fashion to welcome them save under restraint.

Yet even in the early part of the century, as we have seen, the classicism adapted to French modes, the Popian formalism specially characteristic of the whole period, was early disturbed by the emergence here and there of a vein of idealism, sentimentalism, realism, and nature worship, and of a simplicity sometimes not a little affected. Wesley and Whitefield had wakened the dogmatic and anti-dogmatic slumber of indifference with powerful effect before the middle of the century. Berkeley's idealism had sufficiently little in common with the age of deism and of common-sense. Thomson was but one of the poets of nature seen in a new light. Spenser, after long oblivion, was tasted again, and after a fashion imitated. There is a romantic note in the Countess of Winchilsea's *Reverie*, in Parnell's *Night-Piece*, in Hamilton of Bangour's *Braes of Yarrow*. Long before Macpherson, before even Jerome Stone of Dunkeld, such a minor poet as Aaron Hill sang after Gaelic models once, at least of Scuir Uaran in the wilds of Ross-shire, of heather, pines, and highland lochs, and in vision described Skye as a 'fair isle' nearly fifty years before it was discovered by Dr Johnson; and sought and found new poetic materials in semi-barbarous Russia. 'Gothic' ceased to be a synonym for the uncouth, the contemptible, the worthless. Gray was strongly attracted by things Celtic, Norse, weird, glamorous; Collins's ode on *The Superstitions of the Highlands*, written in 1749, contained, according to Lowell, the germ of the whole romantic movement; and the father of the Wartons wrote 'Runic' odes. Vernacular writing became popular; Allan Ramsay by his *Evergreen* revived interest in the poetic past of his country; pseudo-antique ballads were largely manufactured in the north, as also songs lacking neither in directness, simplicity, tenderness, nor pathos.

In the latter half of the century the spirit of innovation shows itself more constantly, more irrepressibly, and in more various shapes. Interest in the romantic past, curiosity about the unfamiliar ways and regions of the remote East, willingness to be surprised and attracted by novelties, a craving for change, accompany the 'return to nature.' Life is more varied; there is a warmer throb in literature. Scottish national feeling assumed new shapes; the Welsh national awakening, intellectual and spiritual, became pronounced; the Irish National party found leaders in Flood and Grattan. Significantly enough Adam Smith founded a new social polity in the very year that the American Revolution made a break in history; and this and much else in thought and in speech, and even in song, prepared the way for projecting a *tabula rasa*, for the vision of all things become new, to be realised not in the kingdom of God but in the Republic of the *Etre Suprême*. Shakespearean criticism, begun in Queen Anne's time, had become really important with Johnson, Steevens, and Malone. Though Gibbon still called German a barbarous idiom, a new desire to know about things German showed that the existence of a great Teutonic literature had begun to be realised; 'Sturm und Drang' and Werterism were more readily assimilated in England than Klopstock and Gessner. Young's *Night Thoughts* and Blair's *Grave* illustrate the widespread elegiac mood, the determination to snatch a fearful joy from the poetic aspects of the melancholy, and were wholly independent of *Werter*. But *Werter* and *Götz von Berlichingen* told both directly and indirectly on English literature, as did the melodramas of other German authors.

By common consent two publications are accepted as specially showing that 'going in the tops of the trees' that heralded the spirit of the new century, Macpherson's *Ossian* (1760-63) and Percy's *Reliques*. Even by those who most abhorred it, as by Wordsworth, it was admitted that the 'impudent Highlander's' phantom offspring was greeted with acclamation in the south, and 'the thin consistence took its course through Europe upon the breath of popular applause.' And Percy, who had begun his literary life-work by translating (from the Portuguese) a Chinese novel and (from Du Mallet) Eddic poetry, issued in 1765 those *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, to which German literature was profoundly indebted, and by which, as Wordsworth said, English poetry 'has been absolutely redeemed. I do not think there is an able writer in verse of the present day who would not be proud to acknowledge his obligation to the *Reliques*: I know it is so with my friends.' According to Wordsworth, Percy 'only wanted resolution to follow his genius into the regions of true simplicity and genuine pathos, as evinced by his exquisite ballad of *Sir Cauline* and by many other pieces;' but unhappily fell back in his *Hermit of Warkworth* to 'the vague, glossy, and unfeeling language of his day.' Since the prophet of the New Spirit made this memorable profession and confession, the significance of the *Reliques* for England and the world has only become more manifest. The Wartons had a large share in the new propaganda, not merely by direct polemic against Pope and by their rehabilitation of the ancient writers, but by their sympathy for things Celtic, 'Gothic,' and mediæval. The *Rowley Poems* showed the immediate effect of the novel affection for a mediævalism often wholly misconceived, melodramatic, and false to history: too defective in their antiquarianism to deceive any but the unwary or uninstructed, they are yet, as the work of a true and original poet, much more genuinely romantic than the tame verse of the Wartons.

Hidden grots, mossy cells, Druids and bards, monks and hermits, knights and minstrels, came to their own; the love for the wild in scenery, eccentric in Gray and Walpole, became normal, until 'Picturesque Tours' and the æstheticism of Gilpin and Uvedale Price became matter of mirth and parody. *The Castle of Otranto*, Scott said, had 'been justly considered the original and model of a peculiar species of composition,' and it prepared the way for the *Old English Baron*, for *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, with its odd blend of romanticism and sentimentalism, and for Lewis's *Monk*. Six several English translations of Burger's *Lenore* appeared between 1790 and 1800. Beattie's *Minstrel*, full of the love of solitary communion with nature and frank joy in her beauty, in so far anticipates Wordsworth: Thomas Warton, in thought and feeling, in word and rhythm, often anticipates Scott. The *Traveller* and *Deserted Village* show didacticism on a new plane: Goldsmith's keen sense of the social evils of his time was strongly marked, and his simple English, though his sentences were often built on the Johnsonian model, was a sharp contrast to Johnson's Latinised ponderousness. Goldsmith as playwright broke with old conventions, to the dismay of conservatives, as Garrick on the stage had brought about a swift advance from formalism to naturalness: Sheridan went even further in emancipating comedy from the stilted style. Gibbon, in noble succession to Hume and Robertson, at least marks the historical trend of men's minds. Burke, by his attitude to the Americans in their struggle, showed that if he became pronouncedly hostile to the French Revolution, it was the fault as well as the misfortune of the friends of liberty. Bentham was engaged in his lifelong polemic against established legal and political grievances; Godwin's *Political Justice* contained well-nigh as powerful revolutionary elements as Paine's works. The caustic caricatures and pungent parodies of the *Anti-Jacobin*, of Gifford and 'Peter Pindar,' served not merely as a *reductio ad absurdum* of what was novel, fantastic, extravagant, but cherished a subversive spirit that acted in quite other ways than was intended: satire proved again 'the bane of the sublime' as then understood. It made for ever impossible that tendency to run riot in personification and apostrophe, of which Erasmus Darwin is the most unlucky exponent a tendency which, ever since Thomson's ornate and artificial diction had been commended by admirable poetry, had run parallel with the tendency seen in Goldsmith and Cowper to simpler utterance. Cowper and Burns are the notable poets of the last decades of the century. Burns showed in full measure the enthusiasm of humanity: Cowper summed up all the tender humanities and sweet domesticities in verse which even Wordsworth accounted 'chaste in diction.' Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope* is the last of the category of which Akenside's *Pleasures of the Imagination* was the most notable early example, romantic only in name, doubly didactic in substance. Crabbe is still a didactic, though his peculiar gravitation to humble life and depressing issues points away from the temper of his predecessors. William Lisle Bowles distinctly marks the transition period; Blake, a prophet and more than a prophet, though in the eighteenth century is hardly of it. Rogers's *Pleasures of Memory* belongs to the same group as the earlier *Pleasures of the Imagination* and the later *Pleasures of Hope*, and Campbell's patriotic songs only continue a series of which Thomson's 'Rule Britannia' and Garrick's 'Heart of Oak' were early examples. Jane Austen lives and moves in the eighteenth century. Samuel Rogers, a senior contemporary of Scott and Byron, who lived to be a patriarch of letters for years after the first edition of this work was issued, into the generation to which Lord Macaulay and Carlyle and Thackeray belonged, yet learned at school to love those who were to be his masters and models throughout life, while Gray and Goldsmith and Johnson were yet alive.

D. P.

Oliver Goldsmith.

Were speculation here admissible, it might be interesting to speculate what would have been the position in literature of Oliver Goldsmith (1728-74) if we had known as little of his life as we are supposed to know of the life of Shakespeare. His position in letters is undoubtedly high. As an essayist, he ranks with the best; as a poet, he produced some of the most enduring work of his generation; he wrote a novel of which the reputation is cosmopolitan; and, of his two plays, one is not only a masterpiece, but a masterpiece which modern managers still find a charm to conjure with. Had we known no more of him than this, we might have invested him with almost any characteristics and qualities. But thanks to the biographies of Sir James Prior (1837), of John Forster (1848), of Washington Irving (1849), and of others, his life and habits have been made as familiar as those of his contemporary, Johnson. He has been exhibited as he was—a fallible, fussy, sensitive, vain, strutting little man, fond of fine clothes, not blessed with great advantages either in person or education, but saved from his initial insignificance by his varied experiences, his tender humanity, his lovableness, and his genius. On the whole, what is recorded of his chequered career has rather increased than diminished our interest in his work.

The son of a poor curate of the Established Church in Ireland, Goldsmith was born at Pallas or Pallasmore in the county of Longford, a village not far from Ballymahon. His birthplace was a tumble-down, fairy-haunted farmhouse overlooking the pleasant river Inny, and he was the fifth of seven children, three of whom were girls. About two years after he was born, his father, by the death of an uncle, became rector of Kilkenny West, and transferred his residence to the hamlet of Lissoy in Westmeath, on the right of the road from Ballymahon to Athlone. This was the scene of Oliver's childhood, and of those genial hospitalities which he sketched many years later when describing, in the *Citizen of the World*, the humours of the 'Man in Black.' His first preceptress was a relative named Elizabeth Delap, who reported him to be tractable but stupid. From her he passed to the village schoolmaster, Thomas Byrne, an old soldier of Queen Anne, who inflamed his pupil's imagination with stories of Peterborough and legends of banshees and Rapparees, a course of education which was further stimulated by the songs of blind harpers and the ballads of his father's dairymaid, Peggy Golden, who must have been as musical as Walton's Maudlin. From Byrne he passed to school at Elphin, and subsequently to Athlone and Edgeworthstown, at which last place he seems to have encountered in the Rev. Patrick Hughes, a master who understood his idiosyncrasies. But his schooldays were not brilliant; and, save for the incident which afterwards formed the germ of his comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, uneventful. Swaggering to school on a borrowed hack, he was led by a wag into mistaking the house of a gentleman at Ardagh for an inn, and by the kindness of the owner, Mr Featherston, was not allowed to discover his mistake until the next morning, thus completely vindicating, by a youthful experience, the probability of an expedient to which some of the critics of his later play objected as far-fetched.

By this time he was fifteen, ungainly, deeply scarred with the smallpox, of uncertain ability, but extremely active and athletic. His elder brother, Henry, had obtained a scholarship at Trinity College, Dublin; and to Trinity College, in June 1744, went Oliver Goldsmith, much against his will, as a 'sizar.' With a schoolfellow named Beatty, he was housed in the garrets of No. 35 in a range of buildings which has long since disappeared. His college career was not very worshipful. His tutor, Theaker Wilder (whose brutality has been perhaps exaggerated), did not understand him; nor did Oliver understand mathematics, which was Wilder's specialty. He lounged (like Johnson at Oxford) about the college-gate; played the flute; got involved in a college row; and finally, devoting the proceeds of a small exhibition to a mixed entertainment in his rooms, was pounced upon by his [illegible] tutor, who summarily dispersed the guests, knocking down the host. Thereupon Oliver promptly sold his books and ran away, bound for America, a goal which, like many others, he never reached. After coming perilously close to starvation, he was enticed back to college by his brother Henry. His university life henceforth was barren of incident. There is a pleasant tradition that he wrote songs for the Dublin ballad-singers, and then stole out at night to hear them sung; but beyond this there is little to record. On the 27th of February 1749 [illegible] took his B.A. and left the college, in the [illegible] of which is still preserved one of the old window panes of No. 35 upon which he had scratched an autograph and a date.

His father being dead and his eldest sister married, his mother had retired to a little cottage at Ballymahon. She had other children, and it was obviously out of her power to support her erratic son. In this juncture his family, including a benevolent uncle Contarine, who had already befriended him, urged Oliver to take orders, a course which he disliked. He accordingly qualified, as persons generally qualify for things they dislike, by neglecting to qualify at all. He lived pleasantly from house to house, fished and otter-hunted in the Inny, played the flute with his pretty cousin, Jane Contarine, and took the chair (like his own Tony Lumpkin later) at tavern free-and-easys. When, eventually, he presented himself before the Bishop of Elphin for ordination, he is alleged to have accentuated his incompetence by making his appearance in scarlet breeches. Needless to say, he was rejected. Then his uncle Contarine found him a tutorship. But when, by this, he had accumulated about thirty pounds, he quitted home on a good horse, to return speedily on a bad one, *minus* his savings, but with a romantic and probably romanced account of his moving adventures. His long-suffering uncle now resolved to equip him for the law, and despatched him to the Temple. But he got no farther than Dublin, where he played away his means to a sharper, and was obliged to return home once more. After another interval he started for Edinburgh to study medicine, and, strange to say, arrived at his destination. This was in 1752. At Edinburgh there are more records of his fine clothes and convivial talents than of his studies, until, in 1754, he transferred these latter to Leyden, his journey to which place was not without further accidents. A year later, being again penniless, he left Leyden on a walking tour, travelling through France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, picking up a precarious existence by disputing at the foreign universities and by playing the flute. In this way he accumulated the *impressions de voyage* which he afterwards embodied in the *Enquiry into Polite Learning*, the *Traveller*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield*. When, ultimately, in February 1756, he landed at Dover, after a year's desultory wandering, he had nothing but a few halfpence in his pocket.

For the next three years his experiences were equally diversified. There is a legend that he was a strolling player; it is known that he was successively an apothecary's journeyman, a poor physician in the Bankside, Southwark (he had somewhere acquired a mysterious foreign diploma), a corrector of the press to Richardson, a dramatic author (unacted), and an usher in a Peckham academy. Here he fell in with Griffiths the bookseller, the editor and proprietor of the *Monthly Review*, into whose service, at the sign of the 'Dunciad,' he passed as a writer-of-all-work. Quarrelling shortly afterwards with his employer, he published, under the name of a college friend, James Willington, a translation of a book which had then just appeared at Rotterdam, the *Memoirs of a Protestant, condemned to the Galleys of France for his Religion*—the Protestant being one Jean Marteilhe of Bergerac. This appeared in February 1758, after which he seems to have returned to Peckham, pending a fresh attempt to obtain a footing in the medical profession. He was, as a matter of fact, appointed surgeon and physician to a factory at Coromandel. But the appointment came to nothing; and at the close of 1758 he was rejected at Surgeons' Hall as 'not qualified' for a hospital mate. At this time he was living at No. 12 in a tiny square off the Old Bailey known as Green Arbour Court, and now non-existent. Here, early in 1759, he was visited by Dr Percy, who found him in a bare-walled room correcting the proofs of a fresh literary effort, a high-titled *Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*. This was put forth anonymously in April, and was fairly well received. What was better, it brought its author other work. Before the close of the year he had commenced and concluded a volume of miscellaneous essays and verses entitled *The Bee*, and he was contributing to the *Busy Body* and the *Lady's Magazine*. These efforts attracted the attention of Newbery the bookseller and Smollett, both of whom invoked his assistance. He began contributing to Smollett's *British Magazine*, one of his earliest essays being the admirable 'Reverie at the Boar's Head Tavern in East Cheap;' while for Newbery's paper, the *Public Ledger*, on 24th January 1760 he wrote the first of the series of imaginary Chinese Letters afterwards collected under the general title of *The Citizen of the World*. For these last he had the precedent of Montesquieu's *Lettres Persanes* (1721); but it is not improbable that his immediate suggestion was derived from Horace Walpole's *Letter from Xo Ho, a Chinese Philosopher at London, to his friend Lien Chi, at Peking* (1757)—Lien Chi Altangi being one of Goldsmith's correspondents.

About the middle of 1760 his improved circumstances justified his moving into better quarters at 6 Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, where, in the following year, he was visited by Johnson. His story henceforth is mainly a record of hurried hack-work relieved by masterpieces. He edited the *Lady's Magazine*; he wrote *Memoirs of Voltaire* (1761), a *History of Mecklenburgh* (1762), a *Life of Richard Nash* (1762), a *History of England* (in letters—1764), and so forth. Among this heterogeneous mass come some of those efforts by which he retains his position in English Literature. His *Citizen of the World* appeared in 1762; and two years later, in December 1764, he published his first long poem, *The Traveller; or, a Prospect of Society*, a fragment of which he had forwarded to his brother Henry during his Continental exile. Six months later he issued a selection of his *Essays* (June 1765); and in March 1766 appeared the famous *Vicar of Wakefield*. How Johnson was summoned to the author, held in durance of his landlady for rent—how the manuscript of the novel was produced, and sold by the Doctor for sixty pounds—has often been told, and retold. Unluckily, considerable confusion has been imported into this picturesque and time-honoured incident by the discovery, in recent years, that Goldsmith had disposed of a third share in this very book, as early as October 1762, to Benjamin Collins, the Salisbury printer, who subsequently printed it. How this inconvenient fact is to be reconciled with the canonical tradition is not clear: at all events an explanation is not at present forthcoming. Another discovery, of equally recent date, is that this popular book, at the outset, was by no means the success it has since proved to be. The fourth edition of 1770 started with a loss, and it took nine years more to reach a sixth edition. Such were the beginnings of a classic which, even now, in one form or another is reprinted annually.

With the publication of the *Vicar of Wakefield* Goldsmith's position as a writer was established. He had already won his reputation as an essayist. The *Traveller* was recognised as a memorable poem; and in the days of Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, and Sterne, he had now succeeded in producing a novel which resembled the work of none of them except in the creation of permanent types. His name made him desirable as an editor, his charm of style attractive as a compiler; and to obtain work was no longer difficult. Johnson had introduced him to his circle; he belonged to the Literary Club; and he was the friend of Reynolds and Burke. One branch of literature only he had left untried—the Stage, in which success, as now, meant fortune, and fortune both his tastes and his habits rendered indispensable. In 1768, after considerable difficulty, he succeeded in producing at Covent Garden the comedy of *The Good-Natur'd Man*. It was a good, though not a very good, comedy. But it was a welcome change from the sentimental drama of the Kellys and Cumberlands of the period; and even its partial success brought him £500, independent of its sale in book form. It likewise justified his perseverance as a dramatic author. What it did not so manifestly justify was his immediate removal to chambers in the Temple, which he furnished elaborately with the money. The disappearance in this way of his funds threw him back upon the old 'hack bookmaking'; and agreements for histories of *Animated Nature*, of *England*, of *Rome*, followed rapidly and significantly. Then, early in 1770, he published his second didactic poem, *The Deserted Village*, in which, with greater finish and beauty of cadence, he repeated the triumph of the *Traveller*.

His remaining years—and they were not many—may be rapidly chronicled. Besides the compilations above mentioned, he prepared Lives of Parnell the poet and Bolingbroke. After these, in March 1773, was produced at Covent Garden his comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*. More skilful in construction than its predecessor, happier in its contrasts of character, and bubbling over with kindly humour, it was a brilliant success. A year later, on Monday the 4th of April 1774, its author died at his chambers in Brick Court, Middle Temple, of a nervous fever brought on by overwork and worry, and aggravated by his obstinate reliance on a popular nostrum. He was in his forty-sixth year, and was buried on the 9th April in the burial ground of the Temple Church, the triforium of which contains a modern tablet to his memory. In 1776 a monument, with a medallion by Nollekens and an epitaph by Johnson, which contains the famous '*Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*' (an echo, says Croker, of Fénelon on Cicero), was erected in the south transept of Westminster Abbey. A few days after his death was issued his unfinished poem of *Retaliation*, a sequence of epitaph-epigrams upon several of his friends; and two years later, with some minor pieces, followed *The Haunch of Venison*, a 'Poetical Epistle' to his friend and countryman Lord Clare, which is one of the brightest of his lighter efforts. In 1801 his *Miscellaneous Works* were collected in four volumes, and prefixed to these was an 'Introductory Memoir' by Bishop Percy and others, which constitutes the first source for his biography.

'Let not his frailties be remembered,' wrote Johnson to Langton; 'he was a very great man

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

From the Portrait by Reynolds in the National Portrait Gallery.

Of this there can be no question. But in the 'fierce light' which his different biographers have turned upon the incidents of his career, his weaknesses have been thrown into undue prominence. It cannot be denied that he was self-important and consequential, little gifted with physical attractions, morbidly anxious to disguise his personal shortcomings. Improvident by temperament, and poor in his youth, when money came to him in middle life he was careless and extravagant. As a talker he did not shine, and it was his ill-fortune to be thrown into the company of those who excelled in conversation. But it is admitted that he had 'swallow flights' of wit, which were the more admirable from their rarity. He was generous; he was sympathetic; he had the kindest heart in the world. And in all stories to his disadvantage, it is only fair to scrutinise the authority with attention. His success, coupled with his peculiarities, made him many enemies, and much of what tells to his discredit originated with those who either disliked or envied him.

In regard to his work, he undoubtedly—to use another phrase of Johnson—'flowered late.' He was past thirty before he had printed a line worth reading; and he lived but fifteen years longer. In those fifteen years, however, he was drawing freely upon the experiences he had obtained in the earlier period—those intellectual *wanderjahre* in which he had served and supplemented an undesigned apprenticeship to Letters. 'No man,' says John Forster truly, 'ever put so much of himself into his books as Goldsmith.' His recollections colour the *Traveller* and the *Deserted Village*; they are scattered through the *Essays* and the *Citizen of the World*; they reappear dispersedly in the *Vicar of Wakefield*; they make the pretext of *She Stoops to Conquer*. He had employed his past so much, indeed, that it may be doubted whether he could have used it more. The play that was to follow *She Stoops* was never written; the novel begun after the *Vicar*, if it ever existed, is said to have been unhopeful But his positive legacy is of rare value. Two excellent didactic and descriptive poems, some admirable occasional verse, many essays of signal merit, a novel that is still praised, and a comedy that is still acted these are no inconsiderable offering to that 'Mr Posterity' to whom he once tendered mocking dedication. And they are all animated by the same characteristics: they reveal the same gentle and affectionate nature; display the same kindly humour, the same compassionate indulgence for poor humanity; and they are written in the same clear, graceful, and unaffected style.

The Traveller; or, a Prospect of Society.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jest or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care,
Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good, which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crowned,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!
As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,

Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his Gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.
  Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at Labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From Art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign contentment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.
  But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares resigned,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.
  Far to the right where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
  Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives that blossom but to die:
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
  But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious, though submissive, vain,
Though grave, yet trifling, zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourished through the state;
At her command the palace learned to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
The canvas glowed beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teemed with human form;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail;
While nought remained of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave;
And late the nation found with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
  Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
The paste board triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions formed for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
  My soul, turn from them; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
  Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the bla
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply, too, some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
  Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms;
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
Such are the charms to barren states assigned;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.
But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low.
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unaltered, unimproved, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way:
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.
To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave the Zephyr flew:
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.
So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise:
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robe of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm-connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.
Thus, while around the wave subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here displayed. Their much loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is bartered here
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspis glide
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state.
With daring aims irregularly great,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by,
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashioned, fresh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy,
But fostered e'en by Freedom ills annoy:
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled.
Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.
Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown:
Till time may come, when stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toiled, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonoured die.
Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.
O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms;
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?
E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.
Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonising wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

The lines near the end, beginning 'Have we not seen, contain the idea of the subsequent *Deserted Village.*—Luke, according to Forster, is one of Goldsmith's blunders. There were two brothers Dosa, Luke and George, who headed a revolt against the Hungarian nobles in 1514. Both were tortured; but it was George who had to wear the red-hot crown. Robert François Damiens attempted to assassinate Louis XV. of France in 1757. Smollett says in his history that he was fastened with chains to an *iron bed.*

From 'The Deserted Village.'

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm;
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm;
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill;
The hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;

While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village; sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please. . .
Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow
The mingling notes came softened from below:
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school:
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made. . . .
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast:
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and shewed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway;
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile:
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning's face;
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage;
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.
Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;

No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the wood man's ballad shall prevail ;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first born sway :
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.
Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ;
Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds ;
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth ;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies :
While thus the land adorned for pleasure, all
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song ;
And if you find it wond'rous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets,
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad,
To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied ;
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

The Haunch of Venison.

Thanks, my Lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
Never ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter ;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting,
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating ;
I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it in view
To be shown to my friends as a piece of *virtù*,
As in some Irish houses, where things are so so
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show :
But for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They 'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.
But hold—let me pause—Don't I hear you pronounce
This tale of the bacon a damnable bounce ?
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.
But, my lord, it 's no bounce : I protest in my turn
It 's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr Byrne.
To go on with my tale—as I gazed on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch,
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he liked best.
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose ;
'Twas a neck and a breast—that might rival Monroe's :
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
There 's Howard, and Coley, and Hogarth, and Hiff,
I think they love venison—I know they love beef ;
There 's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him alone,
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat
Your very good mutton 's a very good treat ;
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
It 's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt
While thus I debated, in reverie centred,
An acquaintance, a friend as he called himself, entered :
An under-bred, fine spoken fellow was he,
And he smiled as he looked at the venison and me
'What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!
Your own I suppose—or is it in waiting?'
'Why, whose should it be?' cried I with a flounce
'I get these things often :'—but that was a bounce
'Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleased to be kind—but I hate ostentation.'

'If that be the case,' then, cried he, very gay,
'I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I insist on 't—precisely at three:
We 'll have Johnson, and Burke; all the wits will be there;
My acquaintance is slight, or I 'd ask my Lord Clare.
And now that I think on 't, as I am a sinner!
We wanted this venison to make out the dinner.
What say you—a pasty? it shall, and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter!—this venison with me to Mile-end;
No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!'
Thus snatching his hat, he brushed off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables followed behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And 'nobody with me at sea but myself';
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
Were things that I never disliked in my life,
Though clogged with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
(A chair-lumbered closet just twelve feet by nine:)
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb,
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come;
'For I knew it,' he cried, 'both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale;
But no matter, I 'll warrant we 'll make up the party,
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They 're both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge.'
While thus he described them by trade and by name,
They entered, and dinner was served as they came.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe, in a swingeing tureen;
At the sides there was spinach and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my Lord, as for tripe, it 's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;
So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vexed me most was that d—'d Scottish rogue,
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his brogue;
And, 'Madam,' quoth he, 'may this bit be my poison,
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;
Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curst,
But I 've eat of your tripe till I 'm ready to burst.'
'The tripe,' quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
'I could dine on this tripe seven days in the week:
I like these here dinners so pretty and small;
But your friend there, the Doctor, eats nothing at all.'
'O—Oh!' quoth my friend, 'he 'll come on in a trice,
He 's keeping a corner for something that 's nice:
There 's a pasty'—'A pasty!' repeated the Jew,
'I don't care if I keep a corner for 't too.'
'What the de'il, mon, a pasty!' re-echoed the Scot,
'Though splitting, I 'll still keep a corner for thot.'
'We 'll all keep a corner,' the lady cried out;
'We 'll all keep a corner,' was echoed about.

While thus we resolved, and the pasty delayed,
With looks that quite petrified, entered the maid;
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Waked Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out, for who could mistake her?
That she came with some terrible news from the baker:
And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
And now that I think on 't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good Lord, it 's but labour misplaced,
To send such good verses to one of your taste;
You 've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
A relish—a taste—sickened over by learning;
At least, it 's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that 's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

Mr Byrne was Lord Clare's nephew. 'Nobody with me at sea but myself' is a quotation from the love letters of Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, to Lady Grosvenor (1769).

Extracts from 'Retaliation.'

Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined together at the St James's Coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs upon him. His country, dialect, and blunders furnished subjects for witticism. He was called on for 'retaliation,' and, at the next meeting, produced part of this poem, which was left unfinished at his death.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the Universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining.
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit:
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient,
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, Sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor. . . .
Here lies David Garrick, describe me, who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art;
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turned and he varied full ten times a day;
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind;
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
While he was be Roscius'd, and you were be praised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies
Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakespeare, receive him, with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above . . .

Here Reynolds is laid; and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a better or wiser behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing:
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff. . . .

'Edmund' is, of course, Burke. The sketch of Reynolds was never completed. Prior (*Life of Goldsmith*, 1837, ii. 490) says half a line more had been written. It was 'By flattery unspoiled,' and remained unaltered in the MS.

From 'She Stoops to Conquer.'

Landlord. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They've lost their way upo' the forest, and they are talking something about Mr Hardcastle.

Tony Lumpkin. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Land. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. [*Exit Landlord.*] Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. [*Exeunt Mob.*] Father-in-law has been calling me whelp and hound this half-year. Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I am afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can.

[*Enter Landlord, conducting Marlow and Hastings.*]

Marlow. What a tedious uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore. . . .

Tony. No offence, gentlemen; but I am told you have been inquiring for one Mr Hardcastle in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hastings. Not in the least, sir; but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hast. No, sir; but if you can inform us——

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is that you have lost your way.

Mar. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Mar. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hast. We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative may-pole; the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of.

Mar. Our information differs in this: the daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem. Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hast. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr Hardcastle's [*winking upon the Landlord*]—Mr Hardcastle's of Quagmire marsh. You understand me?

Land. Master Hardcastle's! Lack-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong. When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash-lane.

Mar. Cross down Squash-lane!

Land. Then you were to keep straight forward till you came to four roads.

Mar. Come to where four roads meet?

Tony. Ay; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

Mar. O, sir! you're facetious.

Tony. Then, keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull Common; there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to Farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill.

Mar. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude!

Hast. What's to be done, Marlow?

Mar. This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

Land. Alack, master! we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. [*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*] I have hit it: don't you think, Stingo, our landlady could accommodate the gentlemen by the fireside with—three chairs and a bolster?

Hast. I hate sleeping by the fireside.

Mar. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you? Then let me see—what if you go on a mile further to the Buck's Head, the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole county.

Hast. O ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. [*Apart to Tony.*] Sure you bean't send them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum! you fool, you: let them find that out. [*To them.*] You have only to keep on straight forward till you come to a large old house by the roadside:

you'll see a pair of large horns over the door: that's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hast. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no: but I tell you, though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he, he, he! He'll be for giving you his company; and, ecod, if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of the peace.

Land. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

Mar. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connection. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no, straight forward. I'll just step myself and shew you a piece of the way. [*To the Landlord.*] Mum! . . . [*Exeunt.*

[*Marlow and Hastings at the Supposed Inn.*]

Hast. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well looking house; antique, but creditable. . . .

[*Enter Hardcastle.*]

Hardcastle. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr Marlow? [*Mar. advances.*] Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception, in the old style, at my gate: I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Mar. [*Aside.*] He has got our names from the servants already. [*To Hard.*] We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. [*To Hast.*] I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning: I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hard. I beg, Mr Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hast. I fancy, Charles, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

Hard. Mr Marlow—Mr Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty-hall, gentlemen; you may do just as you please here.

Mar. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

Hard. Your talking of a retreat, Mr Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough when we went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison——

Mar. Don't you think the *ventre d'or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

Hard. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men.

Hast. I think not: brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

Hard. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

Mar. The girls like finery.

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him—you must have heard of George Brooks—I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So——

Mar. What, my good friend, if you give us a glass of punch in the meantime; it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

Hard. Punch, sir! [*Aside.*] This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with.

Mar. Yes, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch after our journey will be comfortable. [*Enter servant with tankard.*] This is Liberty-hall, you know.

Hard. Here's a cup, sir.

Mar. So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases. [*Aside to Hast.*

Hard. [*Taking the cup.*] I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. [*Drinks.*

Mar. A very impudent fellow this: but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. [*Aside.*] Sir, my service to you. [*Drinks.*

Hast. I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper before he has learned to be a gentleman. [*Aside.*

Mar. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work now and then at elections, I suppose?

Hard. No, sir; I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business 'for us that sell ale.'

Hast. So, you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hard. Not in the least. There was a time indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about who's in or who's out than I do about Hyder Ally, or Ally Cawn, than about Ally Croaker. Sir, my service to you.

Hast. So that, with eating above stairs and drinking below, with receiving your friends within and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a good deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

Mar. [*After drinking.*] And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster Hall.

Hard. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Mar. Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy. [*Aside.*

Hast. So, then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack them with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. [*Drinks.*

Hard. Good, very good; thank you; ha! ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Mar. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hard. For supper, sir? [*Aside.*] Was ever such a request to a man in his own house?

Mar. Yes, sir; supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. [*Aside.*] Why really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cookmaid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Mar. You do, do you?

Hard. Entirely. By the by, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

Mar. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, sir.

Hard. O no, sir, none in the least: yet, I don't know how, our Bridget, the cookmaid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hast. Let's see your list of the larder, then. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Mar. [*To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise.*] Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

Hard. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper; I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

[*Servant brings in the bill of fare, and exit.*

Hast. All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! We shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of peace. [*Aside.*] But let's hear the bill of fare.

Mar. [*Perusing.*] What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert. The devil, sir! Do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hast. But let's hear it.

Mar. [*Reading.*] For the first course: at the top, a pig and prune sauce.

Hast. Confound your pig, I say.

Mar. And confound your prune sauce, say I.

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig with prune sauce is very good eating.

Mar. At the bottom a calf's tongue and brains.

Hast. Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir; I don't like them.

Mar. Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves. I do.

Hard. Their impudence confounds me. [*Aside.* Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Mar. Item: a pork-pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking-pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream.

Hast. Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

Hard. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to--

Mar. Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper: and now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

Hard. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Mar. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me; I always look to these things myself.

Hard. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Mar. You see I'm resolved on it. A very troublesome fellow this, as ever I met with. [*Aside.*

Hard. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like old-fashioned impudence. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt Mar. and Hard.*

A City Night-Piece.

Ille dolet vere qui sine teste dolet. MART.

The clock has struck two, the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket, the watchman forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest, and nothing now wakes but guilt, revelry and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl, the robber walks his midnight round, and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of contemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where Vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past, walked before me, where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is heard but of the chiming clock, or the distant watch-dog. All the bustle of human pride is forgotten: and this hour may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There may come a time when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room.

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great as ours, joy as just and as unbounded as we; and, with short-sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality. Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some. The sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

Here stood their citadel, but now grown over with weeds; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of the state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful, members of society. Thus true virtue languished, their riches and opulence invited the plunderer, who, though once repulsed, returned again, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction.

How few appear in those streets, which but some few hours ago were crowded; and those who appear, no longer now wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and their distresses too great even for pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease; the world seems to have disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the severity of winter in the streets. Perhaps, now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible to calamity, or debauchees who may curse, but will not relieve them.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes, the most imaginary uneasiness of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and engage our attention: while you weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny, and finding enmity in every law.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility! or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse! Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the heart that feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance.

But let me turn from a scene of such distress to the sanctified hypocrite, who has been talking of virtue till the time of bed, and now steals out, to give a loose to his vices under the protection of midnight—vices more atrocious because he attempts to conceal them. See how he pants down the dark alley, and, with hastening steps, fears an acquaintance in every face! He has passed the whole day in company he hates, and now goes to prolong the night among company that as heartily hate him. May his vices be detected; may the morning rise upon his shame: yet I wish to no purpose; villainy, when detected, never gives up, but boldly adds impudence to imposture.

(From *The Bee*, 1759—No. iv.)

The Strolling Player.

I am fond of amusement, in whatev[illegible]ny it is to be found; and wit, though dressed [illegible], is ever pleasing to me. I went some days ago to take a walk in St James's Park, about the hour in which company leave it to go to dinner. There were but few in the walks, and those who stayed seemed, by their looks, rather more willing to forget that they had an appetite than gain one. I sat down on one of the benches, at the other end of which was seated a man in very shabby clothes.

We continued to groan, to hem, and to cough, as usual upon such occasions; and at last ventured upon conversation. 'I beg pardon, sir,' cried I, 'but I think I have seen you before; your face is familiar to me.'—'Yes, sir,' replied he, 'I have a good familiar face, as my friends tell me. I am as well known in every town in England as the dromedary or live crocodile. You must understand, sir, that I have been these sixteen years Merry Andrew to a puppet-show; last Bartholomew Fair my master and I quarrelled, beat each other, and parted; he to sell his puppets to the pincushion-makers in Rosemary Lane, and I to starve in St James's Park.'

'I am sorry, sir, that a person of your appearance should labour under any difficulties.' 'Oh, sir,' returned he, 'my appearance is very much at your service; but though I cannot boast of eating much, yet there are few that are merrier: if I had twenty thousand a year, I should be very merry; and, thank the Fates, though not worth a groat, I am very merry still. If I have threepence in my pocket, I never refuse to be my three-halfpence; and if I have no money, I never scorn to be treated by any that are kind enough to pay my reckoning. What think you, sir, of a steak and a tankard? You shall treat me now; and I will treat you again, when I find you in the Park in love with eating, and without money to pay for a dinner.'

As I never refuse a small expense for the sake of a merry companion, we instantly adjourned to a neighbouring ale house, and in a few moments had a frothing tankard and a smoking steak spread on the table before us. It is impossible to express how much the sight of such good cheer improved my companion's vivacity. 'I like this dinner, sir,' says he, 'for three reasons: first, because I am naturally fond of beef; secondly, because I am hungry; and, thirdly and lastly, because I get it for nothing: no meat eats so sweet as that for which we do not pay.'

He therefore now fell to, and his appetite seemed to correspond with his inclination. After dinner was over, he observed that the steak was tough: 'and yet, sir,' returns he, 'bad as it was, it seemed a rump-steak to me. Oh, the delights of poverty and a good appetite! We beggars are the very fondlings of Nature; the rich she treats like an arrant stepmother; they are pleased with nothing: cut a steak from what part you will, and it is insupportably tough; dress it up with pickles, and even pickles cannot procure them an appetite. But the whole creation is filled with good things for the beggar; Calvert's butt out-tastes Champagne, and Sedgeley's home-brewed excels Tokay. Joy, joy, my blood! though our estates lie nowhere, we have fortunes wherever we go. If an inundation sweeps away half the grounds of Cornwall, I am content - I have no lands there; if the stocks sink, that gives me no uneasiness—I am no Jew.' The fellow's vivacity, joined to his poverty, I own, raised my curiosity to know something of his life and circumstances; and I entreated that he would indulge my desire. 'That I will, sir,' said he, 'and welcome; only let us drink to prevent our sleeping: let us have another tankard while we are awake—let us have another tankard: for, ah, how charming a tankard looks when full! . . .

(From the *Essays*, 1766, 2nd ed.)

Beau Tibbs at Vauxhall.

The people of London are as fond of walking as our friends at Pekin of riding; one of the principal entertainments of the citizens here in summer is to repair about nightfall to a garden not far from town, where they walk about, show their best clothes and best faces, and listen to a concert provided for the occasion.

I accepted an invitation a few evenings ago from my old friend, the Man in Black, to be one of a party that was to sup there: and at the appointed hour waited upon him at his lodgings. There I found the company assembled, and expecting my arrival. Our party consisted of my friend, in superlative finery, his stockings tolled, a black velvet waistcoat, which was formerly new, and a gray wig combed down in imitation of hair; a pawnbroker's widow, of whom, by the by, my friend was a professed admirer, dressed out in green damask, with three gold rings on every finger; Mr Tibbs, the second rate beau I have formerly described; together with his lady, in flimsy silk, dirty gauze instead of linen, and an hat as big as an umbrella.

Our first difficulty was in settling how we should set out. Mrs Tibbs had a natural aversion to the water, and the widow, being a little in flesh, as warmly protested against walking; a coach was therefore agreed upon; which being too small to carry five, Mr Tibbs consented to sit in his wife's lap.

In this manner, therefore, we set forward, being entertained by the way with the bodings of Mr Tibbs, who assured us he did not expect to see a single creature for the evening above the degree of a cheesemonger; that this was the last night of the gardens, and that consequently we should be pestered with the nobility and gentry from Thames Street and Crooked Lane; with several other prophetic ejaculations, probably inspired by the uneasiness of his situation.

The illuminations began before we arrived, and I must confess, that upon entering the gardens I found every sense overpaid with more than expected pleasure: the lights everywhere glimmering through the scarcely moving trees—the full-bodied concert bursting on the stillness of the night—the natural concert of the birds, in the more retired part of the grove, vying with that which was formed by art—the company gaily dressed, looking satisfaction—and the tables spread with various delicacies—all conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the Arabian lawgiver, and lifted me into an ecstasy of admiration. 'Head of Confucius,' cried I to my friend, 'this is fine! this unites rural beauty with courtly magnificence! if we except the virgins of immortality, that hang on every tree, and may be plucked at every desire, I do not see how this falls short of Mahomet's Paradise!'—'As for virgins,' cries my friend, 'it is true they are a fruit that do not much abound in our gardens here; but if ladies, as plenty as apples in autumn, and as complying as any Houri of them all, can content you, I fancy we have no need to go to heaven for Paradise.'

I was going to second his remarks, when we were called to a consultation by Mr Tibbs and the rest of the company, to know in what manner we were to lay out the evening to the greatest advantage. Mrs Tibbs was for keeping the genteel walk of the garden, where, she observed, there was always the very best company; the widow, on the contrary, who came but once a season, was for securing a good standing place to see the waterworks, which she assured us would begin in less than an hour at farthest; a dispute therefore began, and as it was managed between two of very opposite characters, it threatened to grow more bitter at every reply. Mrs Tibbs wondered how people could pretend to know the polite world, who had received all their rudiments of breeding behind a counter; to which the other replied, that though some people sat behind counters, yet they could sit at the head of their own tables too, and carve three good dishes of hot meat whenever they thought proper; which was more than some people could say for themselves, that hardly knew a rabbit and onions from a green goose and gooseberries.

It is hard to say where this might have ended, had not the husband, who probably knew the impetuosity of his wife's disposition, proposed to end the dispute by adjourning to a box, and try if there was anything to be had for supper that was supportable. To this we all consented; but here a new distress arose: Mr and Mrs Tibbs would sit in none but a genteel box—a box where they might see and be seen—one, as they expressed it, in the very focus of public view; but such a box was not easy to be obtained, for though we were perfectly convinced of our own gentility, and the gentility of our appearance, yet we found it a difficult matter to persuade the keepers of the boxes to be of our opinion; they chose to reserve genteel boxes for what they judged more genteel company.

At last, however we were fixed, though somewhat obscurely, and supplied with the usual entertainment of the place. The widow found the supper excellent, but Mrs Tibbs thought everything detestable. 'Come, come, my dear,' cries the husband, by way of consolation, 'to be sure we can't find such dressing here as we have at Lord Crump's or Lady Crump's; but, for Vauxhall dressing, it is pretty good: it is not their victuals, indeed, I find fault with but their wine; their wine,' cries he, drinking off a glass, 'indeed, is most abominable.'

By this last contradiction the widow was fairly conquered in point of politeness. She perceived now that she had no pretensions in the world to taste; her very senses were vulgar, since she had praised detestable custard, and smacked at wretched wine; she was therefore content to yield the victory, and for the rest of the night to listen and improve. It is true, she would now and then forget herself, and confess she was pleased; but they soon brought her back again to miserable refinement. She once praised the painting of the box in which we were sitting, but was soon convinced that such paltry pieces ought rather to excite horror than satisfaction: she ventured again to commend one of the singers, but Mrs Tibbs soon let her know, in the style of a connoisseur, that the singer in question had neither ear, voice, nor judgment.

Mr Tibbs, now willing to prove that his wife's pretensions to music were just, entreated her to favour the company with a song; but to this she gave a positive denial—'for you know very well, my dear,' says she, 'that I am not in voice to-day, and when one's voice is not equal to one's judgment, what signifies singing? besides, as there is no accompaniment, it would be but spoiling music.' All these excuses, however, were overruled by the rest of the company, who, though one would think they already had music enough, joined in the entreaty. But particularly the widow, now willing to convince the company of her breeding, pressed so warmly, that she seemed determined to take no refusal. At last, then, the lady complied, and after humming for some minutes, began with such a voice, and such affectation, as, I could perceive, gave but little satisfaction to any except her husband. He sat with rapture in his eye, and beat time with his hand on the table.

You must observe, my friend, that it is the custom of this country, when a lady or gentleman happens to sing, for the company to sit as mute and motionless as statues. Every feature, every limb, must seem to correspond in fixed attention; and while the song continues, they are to remain in a state of universal petrifaction. In this mortifying situation we had continued for some time, listening to the song, and looking with tranquillity, when the master of the box came to inform us that the water-works were going to begin. At this information I could instantly perceive the widow bounce from her seat; but correcting herself, she sat down again, repressed by motives of good breeding. Mrs Tibbs, who had seen the water-works an hundred times, resolving not to be interrupted, continued her song without any share of mercy, nor had the smallest pity on our impatience. The widow's face, I own, gave me high entertainment; in it I could plainly read the struggle she felt between good breeding and curiosity: she talked of the water works the whole evening before, and seemed to have come merely in order to see them; but then she could not bounce out in the very middle of a song, for that would be forfeiting all pretensions to high life, or high-lived company, ever after. Mrs Tibbs, therefore, kept on singing, and we continued to listen, till at last, when the song was just concluded, the waiter came to inform us that the water-works were over.

'The water-works over!' cried the widow; 'the water-works over already! that's impossible! they can't be over so soon!'—'It is not my business,' replied the fellow, 'to contradict your ladyship; I'll run again and see.' He went, and soon returned with a confirmation of the dismal tidings. No ceremony could now bind my friend's disappointed mistress. She testified her displeasure in the openest manner: in short, she now began to find fault in turn, and at last insisted upon going home, just at the time that Mr and Mrs Tibbs assured the company that the polite hours were going to begin, and that the ladies would instantaneously be entertained with the horns.—Adieu.

(From *The Citizen of the World*, 3rd ed. 1774
Letter lxvii.)

From 'The Vicar of Wakefield.'

The place of our retreat was in a little neighbourhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniencies of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners; and, frugal by habit, they scarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labour; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true love knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve. Being apprised of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their finest clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor. A feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before: on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given an hundred pounds for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures, the elms and hedge-rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls, on the inside, were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments: one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner: By sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony—for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship—we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labours after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests: sometimes farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine, for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad,—Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day; and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have a halfpenny on Sunday to put into the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery: they still loved laces, ribands, bugles, and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday, in particular, their behaviour served to mortify me. I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, dressed out in all their former splendour; their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up in a heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before. 'Surely, my dear, you jest,' cried my wife; 'we can walk it perfectly well: we want no coach to carry us now.' 'You mistake, child,' returned I, 'we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us.'—'Indeed,' replied my wife, 'I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him.' 'You may be as neat as you please,' interrupted I, 'and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These rufflings, and pinkings, and patchings will only make us hated by all the wives of our neighbours. No, my children,' continued I, more gravely, 'those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain.'

This remonstrance had the proper effect: they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones; and, what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

(From *The Vicar of Wakefield*, edited 177[illegible],
[illegible])

Dedication of 'The Deserted Village' to Sir Joshua Reynolds.

DEAR SIR,—I can have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I don't pretend to enquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarcely make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege; and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry whether the country be depopulating, or not; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states, by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.—I am, dear Sir, your sincere Friend and ardent Admirer, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

It is usually believed that Goldsmith, as stated above, was born at Pallas in Longford. But it has been contended that his real birthplace was Smith-Hill House, Elphin, Roscommon, the residence of his grandfather, the Rev. Oliver Jones, where his mother was on a visit. This view has been advocated by Dr M. F. Cox in a lecture on 'The Country and Kindred of Oliver Goldsmith,' published in vol. i. Part ii., of the *Journal* of the National Literary Society of Ireland (1900). Goldsmith's *Miscellaneous Works* were first published in 1801, in four volumes, with the so-called Percy Memoir. A 'trade edition' followed in 1820; Prior's edition in 1837; and Cunningham's in 1854-55. In 1869 came Macmillan's 'Globe' issue in one volume, admirably prefaced by David Masson. The fullest modern edition is that of J. W. M. Gibbs (5 vols.) in 'Bohn's Standard Library' (1885-86). There are editions of the poems by Bolton Corney (1845), Aldine series (1831-95); *Selected Poems*, Clarendon Press (1887); and *Poems and Plays*, 'Temple Library' (1889). Most of these contain additional notes. In Elliot Stock's *facsimile* reprint (1885) of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, first edition, there is a bibliography of that book which gives an account of many translations into French, German, &c.; and the 'Parchment Library' issue (1886) has numerous illustrative notes. An annotated edition of the *Citizen of the World* also appeared in the 'Temple Library' (1891); and in 1895 Messrs Dent issued a careful reprint of Goldsmith's version of Marteilhe's *Memoirs of a Protestant*. The chief biographies of Goldsmith are those by Prior (1837); Forster (1848-71), the standard Life; Washington Irving (1844-49); William Black (1878); Austin Dobson (1888; revised American ed. 1899); Ashe King (1895). Among miscellaneous sources of information are Boswell's *Johnson*; Macaulay's brief Life in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (1856); Thackeray's *English Humourists* (1853); *Quarterly Review* (1854); and *Edinburgh Review* (1848; article by Lord Lytton). The standard German translation of his poetry is that of A. Böttger (1843), and there are biographies by Karsten (1873) and Lamm (1876). A curious first draft of *The Traveller* has recently been discovered and edited by Mr Bertram Dobell (1902).

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Thomas Pennant (1726-98), of good Welsh family, studied at Queen's College, Oxford, and ere he left the university had begun his many tours which began with rambles in England and the Principality, but extended into Ireland (1754), the Continent (1765), and Scotland (1769 and 1772), then, he says, 'almost as unknown as Kamchatka.' F.R.S. and D.C.L., he published important books on British zoology, British quadrupeds, Arctic zoology, and on the history of London. But he is chiefly remembered for his *Tours* in Scotland (3 vols. 1771-75) and Wales (2 vols. 1778-81). The former extorted from Johnson the admission, 'He's a Whig, sir, a sad dog; but he's the best traveller I ever read; he observes more things than any one else does.' His observations and statements are not always perfectly accurate, and his reflections may not be very profound; but the popularity of his works stimulated others to follow his example, and had the effect of greatly promoting general interest in his favourite studies.

Charles Churchill was held to have revealed a second Dryden when in 1761 he published his satirical poem, the *Rosciad*, of which Garrick is the principal hero or victim. The impression was maintained by his reply to the critical reviewers; and his *Epistle to Hogarth*, *The Prophecy of Famine*, *Night*, and passages in his other poems all thrown off in haste to serve the purpose of the day showed unusual vigour and facility of versification, and a boldness and broadness of personal invective that drew instant attention to their author. Even Cowper, from early recollections, thought highly of Churchill and pronounced him 'indeed a poet.' Now it is voted enough if he is treated as little more than a special pleader or pamphleteer in verse. He never touches the heart, save in some few lines of penitential fervour; he never soared to the realms of imagination; and with the beauties of external nature he had not the slightest sympathy. He died before he had well attained the prime of life; yet there is no youthful enthusiasm about his works, nor any indication that he sought a higher fame than that of being the terror of actors and artists, an eccentric amongst libertines, and a devoted slave to Wilkes. The 'fatal facility' of his verse, and his clever, witty, unscrupulous satire of living individuals and passing events, made all London 'ring from side to side' with applause when real poetry could hardly find publishers or readers.

Hardly any notable English author save Kit Marlowe was more unhappy in his life and end than Charles Churchill. He was the son of a clergyman in Westminster, where he was born in February 1731. In 1748, while still a schoolboy at Westminster, he made a Fleet marriage with a young Westminster lady; this debarred him from Oxford or Cambridge, and he was assisted by his father, till he was ordained and settled in the Essex curacy of Rainham. His father died in 1758, and the poet was appointed his successor in the curacy and lectureship of St John's at Westminster. This promotion only proved the bane of poor Churchill. He was in his twenty-seventh year, and his conduct had been irreproachable; but he now renewed his intimacy with Lloyd and other school companions, and launched into a career of dissipation and extravagance. His poetry secured notoriety; and he not only disregarded his lectureship, but laid aside the clerical garb, and appeared in the extreme of fashion, with blue coat, gold-laced hat, and ruffles. The Dean of Westminster remonstrated, and his parishioners protested; but Churchill merely ridiculed this prudery, and Lloyd made an epigram of it:

To Churchill, the bard, cries the Westminster dean,
Leather breeches, white stockings! pray what do you mean?
'Tis shameful, irreverent - you must keep to church rules.
If wise ones, I will: and if not, they're for fools.
If reason don't bind me, I'll shake off all fetters;
To be black and all black, I shall leave to my betters.

Yet dean and congregation were seen in the long-run to be too powerful, and Churchill found it necessary to resign the lectureship in 1763, having two years earlier separated from his wife. His ready pen still threw off at will his popular satires, and he plunged into the grossest excesses. These he actually essayed to justify in a poetical epistle to Lloyd on *Night*, revenging himself on prudence and the world by railing at them in good set terms. 'This vindication proceeded,' says his biographer, 'on the exploded doctrine that the barefaced avowal of vice is less culpable than the practice of it under a hypocritical assumption of virtue.' The poet's irregularities affected his literary faculty, and his poem of *The Ghost* proved both incoherent and tiresome. His acquaintance with Wilkes was a curse to him, for Wilkes was not more conspicuous for public factiousness than for personal debauchery. Churchill assisted his new associate in the *North Briton*, and pocketed the profits from its sale. Hence he was included with Wilkes in the list of those whom the messengers had verbal instructions to apprehend under the general warrant (see page 516); and he escaped apprehension through Wilkes's presence of mind. Churchill entered the room where Wilkes was already in custody of the messenger. 'Good-morning, Mr Thomson,' said Wilkes to him. 'How does Mrs Thomson do? Does she dine in the country?' Churchill took the hint as readily as it had been given; Mrs Thomson was waiting for him, and he came only, he said, for a moment, to ask him how he did. And taking leave, he hastened home, secured his

CHARLES CHURCHILL.
From the Portrait by J. S. C. Schaak in the National Portrait Gallery.

papers, retired into the country, and eluded all search. Churchill now set about his satire, the *Prophecy of Famine*, which, like Wilkes's *North Briton*, was specially directed against the Scottish nation. The outlawry of Wilkes separated the friends, but they kept up a correspondence, and Churchill continued to be a keen political satirist. The excesses of his daily life remained equally notorious, and he cherished a discreditable alliance with the daughter of a Westminster tradesman. Hogarth, who disapproved of Churchill as a friend of Wilkes, caricatured the satirist as a bear dressed canonically, with ruffles at his paws, and holding a pot of porter. Churchill took revenge in a fierce and sweeping 'epistle' to Hogarth, which is said to have caused him exquisite annoyance. The unhappy satirist's career drew to a sad and premature close. In October 1764 he went to France to pay a visit to his friend Wilkes, and was seized at Boulogne with a fever, of which he died next month; and the ex-clergyman's will, made the day before his death, contains, contrary to the then usual formula, not the slightest expression of religious faith or hope. He was buried at Dover, and some of his gay associates placed over his grave a stone, on which was engraved his own line:

Life to the last enjoyed, here Churchill lies.

A worthier tribute was given fifty years afterwards by Byron in his lines on 'the grave of him who blazed the comet of a season.' Churchill expressed contrition for misconduct in verses that evidently came from the heart:

Look back! a thought which borders on despair,
Which human nature must, yet cannot bear.
'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
Where praise and censure are at random hurled,
Which can the meanest of my thoughts control,
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul;
Free and at large might their wild curses roam,
If all, if all, alas! were well at home.
No; 'tis the tale which angry conscience tells,
When she with more than tragic horror swells
Each circumstance of guilt; when, stern but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review,
And, like the dread handwriting on the wall,
Bids late remorse awake at reason's call;
Armed at all points, bids scorpion vengeance pass,
And to the mind holds up reflection's glass
The mind which starting heaves the heartfelt groan,
And hates that form she knows to be her own.

(From *The Conference*.)

In *Night*, Churchill thus ingeniously descanted on the proverbial privileges of poets:

What is't to us if taxes rise or fall?
Thanks to our fortune, we pay none at all.
Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
Lament those hardships which we cannot feel.
His Grace, who smarts, may bellow if he please,
But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?
By custom safe, the poet's numbers flow
Free as the light and air some years ago.
No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours and excise our brains.
Burdens like these, vile earthly buildings bear;
No tribute's laid on castles in the air!

No English poet, Southey said, ever enjoyed so excessive and so short-lived a popularity as Churchill; 'indeed no one seems more thoroughly to have understood his own powers; there is no indication in any of his pieces that he could have done anything better than the thing he did. To Wilkes he said that nothing came out till he began to be pleased with it himself; but to the public, as in these lines from *Gotham*, he boasted of the haste and carelessness with which his verses were poured forth':

Had I the power, I could not have the time,
While spirits flow, and life is in her prime,
Without a sin 'gainst pleasure, to design
A plan, to methodise each thought, each line,
Highly to finish, and make every grace
In itself charming, take new charms from place.
Nothing of books, and little known of men,
When the mad fit comes on, I seize the pen;
Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts set down,
Rough as they run, discharge them on the town.

Churchill lacked the chief essentials of true satire, a real insight into the heart of man and that rarest power of happy exaggeration, of preserving likeness in unlikeness and verisimilitude in distortion. A fatal volubility in rhyming, a kind of boisterous but unequal energy, and an instinctive hatred of wrong, often hardly to be distinguished from the mere spleen and obstinacy, combined to make him the hero of the hour and its ephemeral interests, but was not equipment enough for a Dryden, or even a Butler.

The most amusing and, on the whole, the best of Churchill's satires is his *Prophecy of Famine*, professedly a Scots pastoral inscribed to Wilkes. The Earl of Bute's administration had directed the enmity of all disappointed patriots and partisans against the Scottish nation. Even Johnson and Junius were not above giving this complexion to their prejudice, and Churchill revelled in it with such undisguised exaggeration that the most saturnine or sensitive of Scotsmen might have laughed at its extravagant absurdity. This unique pastoral opens as follows:

A Scots Pastoral.

Two boys whose birth, beyond all question, springs
From great and glorious though forgotten kings,
Shepherds of Scottish lineage, born and bred
On the same bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard nature doomed on the same rocks
To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
Fresh as the morning, which, enrobed in mist,
The mountain's top with usual dullness kissed,
Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose;
Soon clad, I ween, where nature needs no clothes;
Where from their youth inured to winter skies,
Dress and her vain refinements they despise.

Jockey, whose manly high cheek-bones to crown,
With freckles spotted flamed the golden down,
With meikle art could on the bagpipes play,
Even from the rising to the setting day:
Sawney as long without remorse could bawl
Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal:
Oft at his strains, all natural though rude,
The Highland lass forgot her want of food,
And, whilst she scratched her lover into rest,
Sunk, pleased though hungry, on her Sawney's breast.
Far as the eye could reach no tree was seen,
Earth, clad in russet, scorned the lively green:
The plague of locusts they secure defy,
For in three hours a grasshopper must die:
No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
But the chameleon, who can feast on air.
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew;
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo:
No streams, as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here:
Rebellion's spring, which through the country ran,
Furnished with bitter draughts the steady clan:
No flowers embalmed the air, but one white rose,
Which on the tenth of June by instinct blows;
By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades

The tenth of June was the birthday of the old Chevalier. In the same poem Churchill comments on himself

Me, whom no muse of heavenly birth inspires,
No judgment tempers, when rash genius fires;
Who boast no merit but mere knack of rhyme,
Short gleams of sense and satire out of time;
Who cannot follow where trim fancy leads
By prattling streams, o'er flower-empurpled meads:
Who often, but without success, have prayed
For apt alliteration's artful aid;
Who would, but cannot with a master's skill
Coin fine new epithets which mean no ill:
Me thus uncouth, thus every way unfit
For pacing poesy and ambling wit,
Taste with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongst the lowest of her favoured race.

Smollett, who, as the satirist believed, had attacked him in the *Critical Review*, was treated with ironical compliment in *The Apology addressed to the Critical Reviewers*:

Smollett.

Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen,
The muse a trifler, and her theme so mean?
What had I done that angry heaven should send
The bitterest foe where most I wished a friend?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hailed the honours of thy matchless fame.
For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground
So nobler Pickle stand superbly bound:
From Livy's temples tear the historic crown.
Which with more justice blooms upon thine own.
Compared with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote the life of Tommy Thumb.
Who ever read the Regicide but swore
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?
Others for plots and under-plots may call,
Here's the right method—have no plot at all!

On Hogarth.

Hogarth I take thee, Candour, at thy word,
Accept thy proffered terms, and will be heard.
Thee have I heard with virulence declaim,
Nothing retained of Candour but the name:
By thee have I been charged in angry strains
With that mean falsehood which my soul disdains.
Hogarth! stand forth.—Nay, hang not thus aloof.
Now, Candour, now thou shalt receive such proof,
Such damning proof, that henceforth thou shalt fear
To tax my wrath, and own my conduct clear.
Hogarth! stand forth I dare thee to be tried
In that great court where Conscience must preside;
At that most solemn bar hold up thy hand;
Think before whom, on what account, you stand,
Speak, but consider well: from first to last
Review thy life, weigh every action past.
Nay, you shall have no reason to complain.
Take longer time, and view them o'er again.
Canst thou remember from thy earliest youth
And, as thy God must judge thee, speak the truth—
A single instance where, self laid aside,
And justice taking place of fear and pride,
Thou with an equal eye didst genius view,
And give to merit what was merit's due?
Genius and merit are a sure offence,
And thy soul sickens at the name of sense.
Is any one so foolish to succeed?
On Envy's altar he is doomed to bleed
Hogarth, a guilty pleasure in his eyes,
The place of executioner supplies;
See how he gloats, enjoys the sacred feast,
And proves himself by cruelty a priest.
In walks of humour, in that cast of style,
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
In comedy, 'tis natural road to fame.
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
Where a beginning, middle, and an end
Are aptly joined; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their soul
So as to form one true and perfect whole,
Where a plain story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrivalled stands, and shall engage
Unrivalled praise to the most distant age.

In *The Farewell* Churchill has

Be England what she will:
With all her faults, she is my country still:

which Cowper's *Task* improved into the form more familiar as quoted in *Beppo*:

England, with all thy faults I love thee still!
My country!

Churchill, unconsciously repeating Spenser, writes of 'a bold, bad man:' 'He mouths a sentence as a dog a bone' is in the *Rosciad;* and 'A heart to pity and a hand to bless' is from the *Prophecy of Famine;* and it is *Gotham* which describes

Old age, a second child, by nature curst
With more and greater evils than the first:
Weak, sickly, full of pains in ev'ry breath,
Railing at life and yet afraid of death.

See Forster's *Essays*, Southey's *Life of Cowper*, and Lowe's edition of the *Rosciad* (1891).

William Falconer (1732-69) was born in Edinburgh, the son of a poor barber, whose two other children were both of them deaf and dumb. He went early to sea on board a Leith merchantship, and was afterwards servant to a purser in the navy. Before he was eighteen he was second mate in the *Britannia*, a vessel in the Levant trade, shipwrecked off Cape Colonna, with the loss of all the crew but three; and this Falconer made the subject of his popular poem. In 1751 he was living in Edinburgh, where he published his first poetical attempt, a monody on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales; wishing, with a zeal worthy of ancient Pistol,

> To assist the pouring rains with brimful eyes,
> And aid hoarse howling Boreas with his sighs!

In 1762 appeared the eminently successful *Shipwreck*, dedicated to the Duke of York, who procured the sailor-poet's appointment as midshipman on the *Royal George*, whence he was transferred to be purser in the *Glory*, a frigate of thirty-two guns. Settling in London at the peace, he wrote a poor satire on Wilkes, Churchill, and others, and compiled a useful nautical dictionary. In October 1769 he sailed from England as purser of the *Aurora* frigate, bound for India. The vessel reached the Cape of Good Hope early in December, but foundered soon after, as is supposed, in the Mozambique Channel.

Three editions of the *Shipwreck* were published during the author's life; the second (1764) had about nine hundred new lines added; the third, issued the very day before he embarked on his fatal voyage, had about two hundred additional lines, with various alterations and transpositions, by no means all improvements—some of the best passages were spoilt, and parts of the narrative confused. Hence Mr Stanier Clarke, in a splendid illustrated edition of the poem (1804), restored many of the discarded lines, and presented a text compounded of the three different editions. This version of the poem is that now generally printed; but the Edinburgh edition of 1858 follows more closely Falconer's latest edition. Clarke conjectured—and other editors copied his preposterous error—that Falconer, overjoyed at his appointment to the *Aurora*, and busy preparing for his voyage, had entrusted to his friend David Mallet the revision of the poem, and that Mallet had corrupted the text. Now, Mallet had at this time been dead for four years, and Falconer, in the advertisement prefixed to the work, expressly states that he had himself subjected it to a strict and thorough revision. Unfortunately, as in Akenside's case, his success was not commensurate with his labour.

The *Shipwreck* has the rare merit of being both true to fact and poetical; even its rules and directions are approved of by seamen. At first the poet did little more than describe in nautical phrase and simple narrative the disaster he had witnessed; the characters of Albert, Rodmond, Palemon, and Anna were added in the second edition. The scene of the shipwreck helped Falconer to many interesting recollections and suggestions. 'In all Attica,' says Lord Byron, 'if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over "isles that crown the Ægean deep."' Yet another association for Englishmen Colonna acquired when it brought about Falconer's *Shipwreck*. Some of Falconer's long descriptive and episodical passages interrupt the narrative, or are feeble and affected; but the characters of his officers are admirably discriminated: Albert, the commander, is brave, liberal, and just, softened by domestic ties and professional acquirements; Rodmond is rude and boisterous, a hardy, weather-beaten Northumbrian, yet kindly and unselfish; Palemon, though 'charged with the commerce,' is the lover of the poem, but too effeminate for his rough work.

Evening at Sea.

The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanced obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
Creation smiles around; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay;
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain;
The golden lime and orange there were seen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean hushed forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:
And lo! his surface, lovely to behold!
Glows in the west, a sea of living gold!
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains:
Above, beneath, around enchantment reigns!
While glowing Vesper leads the starry train,
And night slow draws her veil o'er land and main,
Emerging clouds the azure East invade,
And lap the lucid spheres in gradual shade;
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove
With dying numbers tune the soul to love,
With joyful eyes the attentive master sees
The auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.
Round the charged bowl the sailors form a ring;
By turns recount the wondrous tale, or sing;
As love or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake the homely strain:
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

On the Shores of Greece.

The natives, while the ship departs their land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow, before the breeze,
She moved triumphant o'er the yielding seas;

Her bottom through translucent water shone,
White as the clouds beneath the blaze of noon;
The bending wales their contrast next displayed, outer sheathing
All fore and aft in polished jet arrayed.
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gazed o'er the vassal wave that rolled below.
Where'er she moved, the vassal waves were seen
To yield obsequious, and confess their queen. . . .
High o'er the poop, the fluttering winds unfurled
The imperial flag that rules the watery world.
Deep blushing armours all the tops invest;
And warlike trophies either quarter drest:
Then towered the masts; the canvas swelled on high;
And waving streamers floated in the sky.
Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
Like some fair virgin on her bridal day.
Thus like a swan she cleaves the watery plain
The pride and wonder of the Ægean main!

The Storm and Wreck off Cape Colonna.

But now Athenian mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high.
Where marble columns, long by time defaced,
Moss-covered on the lofty Cape are placed;
There reared by fair devotion to sustain,
In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane
The circling beach in murderous form appears,
Decisive goal of all their hopes and fears.
The seamen now in wild amazement see
The scene of ruin rise beneath their lee:
Swift from their minds elapsed all dangers past,
As dumb with terror they behold the last.
And now, while winged with ruin from on high,
Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
A flash quick glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night:
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touched with compassion, gazed upon the blind:
And while around his sad companions crowd,
He guides the unhappy victim to the shroud:
'Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend,' he cries;
'Thy only succour on the mast relie.'
The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
Now scarce subdued the wild unbridled course;
Quick to the abandoned wheel Arion came,
The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim.
The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly:
Fate spurs her on. Thus, issuing from afar,
Advances to the sun some blazing star;
And, as it feels the attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated course.
The moment fraught with fate approaches fast!
While thronging sailors climb each quivering mast
The ship no longer now must stem the land,
And 'Hard a starboard!' is the last command:
While every suppliant voice to Heaven applies,
The prow, swift wheeling, to the westward flies:
Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend:
Fatal retreat! for while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down-pressed by watery weight the bowsprit bends,
And from above the stem deep crashing rends.
Beneath her bow the floating ruins lie;
The foremast totters, unsustained on high;
And now the ship, fore-lifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
Drags the maintop mast by the cap away
Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
Through hostile floods their vessel to regain
Weak hope, alas! they buffet long the wave,
And grasp at life though sinking in the grave;
Till all exhausted, and bereft of strength,
O'erpowered, they yield to cruel fate at length.
The hostile waters close around their head,
They sink! for ever numbered with the dead!
Those who remain the weather shrouds embrace,
Nor longer mourn their lost companions' case
Transfixed with terror at the approaching doom,
Self pity in their breasts alone has room:
Albert and Rodmond and Palemon near,
With young Arion on the mast appear;
Even they, amid the unspeakable distress,
In every look distracting thoughts confess;
In every vein the refluent blood congeals,
And every bosom mortal terror feels.
Begirt with all the horrors of the main,
They viewed the adjacent shore, but viewed in vain. . . .
It comes! the dire catastrophe draws near,
Lashed furious on by destiny severe:
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove!
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain!
Nor let this total havoc whirl my brain!
Since I, all trembling in extreme distress,
Must still the horrible result express.
In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us at the latest breath
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
Immortal Zeno's self would trembling see
Inexorable fate beneath the lee;
And Epictetus at the sight in vain
Attempt his stoic firmness to retain:
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue famed,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaimed,
Spectator of such various horrors been,
E'en he had staggered at this dreadful scene.
In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For every wave now smites the quivering yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a dreadful shade,
Then on her burst in terrible cascade;
Across the foundered deck o'erwhelming roar,
And foaming, swelling, bound upon the shore.
Swift up the mountain billow now she flies,
Her shattered top half-buried in the skies;
Borne o'er a latent reef the hull impends,
Then thundering on the marble crags descends;
Her ponderous bulk the dire concussion feels,
And o'er upheaving surges wounded reels—
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Bilges the splitting vessel on the rock.
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering cast their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke
With strong convulsion rends the solid oak:
Ah Heaven! behold her crashing ribs divide!
She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the tide.

Ossian.

The 'translator' of Ossian still stands in a dim and dubious light, as indeed he seems to have been willing to do in the eyes of his contemporaries; about the primeval Celtic bard himself there is perhaps less matter of debate. Time and taste have abated the pleasure with which the 'poems of Ossian' once were read; but effusions which were in their own time quite unique and engrossed so much attention, which were translated into many different languages, which were hailed with enthusiasm by Gray, David Hume, John Home, and other almost equally eminent persons, and which, in an imperfect Italian translation, formed the favourite reading of Napoleon, demand careful study from students of literature. The Ossianic poems must rank as a monument of the romantic movement in European literature, and seem to have given it a not inconsiderable impulse. They delighted Herder, influenced Goethe and Schiller, and were imitated by Coleridge and Byron, though Wordsworth poured contempt on them. For most men they are associated with the name of James Macpherson, who claimed only to have presented them in an English form.

James Macpherson (1736-96) was born at Ruthven, near Kingussie in Inverness-shire. A small farmer's son, he was brought up a 'bare-foot laddie,' but, fully resolved to become a minister, studied at both Aberdeen and Edinburgh in 1753-56. In 1758 he published a heroic poem in six cantos, *The Highlander*, which at once proved his ambition and his incompetence. For a short time the divinity student taught the school of Ruthven, whence he was glad to remove to become tutor in a wealthy family. While attending his pupil (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) at the spa of Moffat, he became acquainted, in the autumn of 1759, with John Home, the author of *Douglas*, to whom he showed what he said were translations of fragments of ancient Gaelic poetry still recited in the Highlands. It was, he declared, still one of the favourite amusements of his countrymen to listen to the tales and compositions of their ancient bards, and he described these fragments as full of pathos and poetical power. Under the patronage of Home's friends Hugh Blair, 'Jupiter' Carlyle, and Adam Ferguson, Macpherson published next year a small volume of sixty pages, entitled *Fragments of Ancient Poetry: translated from the Galic or Erse Language.* The publication attracted general attention, and a subscription was made to enable Macpherson to make a tour in the Highlands to collect other pieces. His journey proved highly successful. In 1761 he presented the world with *Fingal*, an epic poem, in six books; in 1763 *Temora*, another epic, in eight books. The sale was immense, and the fame of the work spread swiftly over the civilised world. The assumption that, in the third or fourth century, among the wild remote mountains and islands of Scotland, there existed a people exhibiting all the high and chivalrous feelings of refined valour, generosity, magnanimity, and virtue, was eminently calculated to excite astonishment; while the idea of the poems being handed down by oral tradition through so many centuries among rude, savage, and barbarous tribes was little less astounding. Many doubted; others disbelieved; but a still greater number 'indulged the pleasing supposition that Fingal fought and Ossian sang.' It was hinted that Macpherson was not altogether ill pleased to lie under the imputation of having hoaxed the British public, since he thus acquired the higher credit as a great original poet. At all events he realised £1200 by his enterprise, and in 1764 accompanied Governor Johnston to Pensacola as his secretary; but, quarrelling with his patron, he returned in 1766, and fixed his residence in London, where he became one of the literary supporters of the administration, published some historical works, and was a popular pamphleteer. In 1773 he published a translation of the *Iliad* in the same style of poetical prose as Ossian, which merely proved a source of ridicule and opprobrium to the translator. But a pamphlet of his in defence of the taxation of America, and another on the Opposition in Parliament in 1779, were much applauded; and he attempted to combat the Letters of Junius, writing under the signatures of 'Musæus,' 'Scævola,' &c. Appointed agent for the Nabob of Arcot in 1779, he next year obtained a seat in Parliament for the borough of Camelford; yet despite his ambition it does not appear that he ever attempted to speak in the House of Commons. In 1789, having realised a handsome fortune, he purchased the property of Raitts, in his native parish, and having changed its name to the more majestic one of Belleville (since 1900 renamed by his successor Balavil) he built upon it a splendid Italianate mansion, designed by the architect Adam of Adelphi fame. There he hoped to spend old age in ease and dignity, but survived only seven years. His eagerness for posthumous distinction was seen in some of the bequests of his will. He ordained that his body should be interred in Westminster Abbey, and that a sum of £500 should be laid out in erecting a monument to his memory in some conspicuous situation near his home. Both injunctions were duly fulfilled; he was actually buried near Poets' Corner, and a marble obelisk, with a medallion portrait, may be seen gleaming amidst a clump of trees by the roadside near Kingussie.

In order to understand the controversy about Macpherson's merits and demerits, it is necessary to remember that Ossian was the great heroic poet of the Gael; the name is a diminutive *Oisean*, *Oisin*, the little *os* or deer. In Gaelic story Ossian was the son of Fionn MacCumhail, a hero who, in the third century A.D., gathered about him a band of warriors like himself, called the *Féinn*. The adventures and exploits of these heroes, and especially of the principal figures in the group of Fionn himself, magnanimous and wise; of his grandson Oscar, chivalrous and daring; of his nephew Diarmad, handsome and brave; of his rival Goll, the one-eyed; and Conan, the villain of the band their jealousies, dissensions, and final overthrow, constitute the literature of the Feinn. In the legend Ossian was carried away by his fairy hind mother to *Eilean na h-Oige*, 'the isle of the ever young,' from whence at length he returned, and now old, blind, and alone, he told the story of the heroes to St Patrick. The legends of the Feinn are but a fragment of the heroic literature of the Gael, and in the oldest MSS. the deeds of Fionn and his companions occupy but little space; but eventually they partly absorbed and totally eclipsed the earlier traditions those of at least two earlier cycles of story; so that Ossianic literature is now practically another name for the heroic literature of the Gael. These traditions, which have come down from the misty past in tale and ballad, were early reduced to writing, and as time went on blossomed forth into vastly developed incident and detail. In ballads preserved in the Book of Leinster (c. 1150 A.D.) Ossian is represented as old and blind, surviving both his father and his son. A fifteenth-century MS. recounts the boyish exploits of Fionn. Later the volume of tradition gets fuller, while cycles tend to become confused. The leader of the Feinn is at one time a god, at others a hero, a king, a giant, but usually a great warrior, as wise as brave. In the book of the Dun Cow his mother is Muirn 'of the Fair Neck;' in later traditions we hear of Fionn as the son of a sister of Cuchullin; at another time a Scandinavian princess gave him birth. But the literary form in which the legends are preserved remains practically unchanged. The Gaelic tale is essentially narrative prose with verse interspersed; Gaelic poetry, older and later, is always rhymed lyric verse.

It was in 1760-63 that Macpherson published the longer epics and shorter pieces, epic and dramatic all purporting to be translations of poems composed by Ossian, the son of Fingal. 'The translation,' Dr Blair is made to say in the preface to the *Fragments* printed in 1760, 'is extremely literal;' and while the work, in the opinion of many competent judges, possessed great literary merit, the genuineness of the whole thing was early called in question by Dr Johnson and others. An angry controversy followed. It was maintained that Macpherson had jumbled together persons and periods to an unwarrantable extent; that his originals, so far as he had any, were not Scottish, but Irish. If this were all that could be said one would feel justified in regarding, with Professor Windisch of Leipzig, Macpherson's *Ossian* as a legitimate development of the old traditions. For the legends of the Feinn are the common property of the Gael, whether in Ireland, Scotland, or Man. They are located in Scottish topography time out of mind, and within the last four hundred years almost as rich a harvest of ballad and tale has been recovered in Scotland as in Ireland. It is no doubt absurd to represent Fionn, whom Macpherson, after Barbour, calls Fingal, as a mighty Caledonian monarch, at one time successfully fighting the Roman legions in the third century, at another assisting Cuchullin, who lived in the beginning of the first century, to expel from Ireland the Norsemen who made their appearance for the first time in the end of the eighth; and Dr Douglas Hyde, from the Irish point of view, insists that Macpherson's confusion of the Fenian and Cuchullin eras is 'one of the surest proofs that his brilliant Ossian had no Gaelic original.' But Macpherson had warrant in genuine tradition for mixing up names and epochs. In the 'Battle of Ventry' Fionn defeats the kings of the world. According to a Gaelic tale, his father Cumhal sets up as king of Alba, and the kings of Ireland and Scandinavia combine to effect his overthrow; while the son is for ever fighting Norsemen. Zimmer propounded the theory that the whole of these stories are in their origin traceable to Teutonic sources, the very names by which the hero and his band are known being borrowed from the Norse.

JAMES MACPHERSON.

From a Copy in the National Portrait Gallery of the Picture by Reynolds in the Collection of Lord Leconfield

But in Macpherson's *Ossian* there is too wide a departure from genuine Gaelic literature and tradition. In his magnifying of the past, in his sympathy with nature, and in his powerful descriptions of the scenery of his own mountain land James Macpherson is true to the genius of his people, but beyond that he passes wholly away from the Gaelic sphere. Gaelic literature supplies material for epics and dramas; but the epic and dramatic, as literary forms, were unknown to the Highlanders. The dim and shadowy characters of Macpherson are in sharp contrast to the clear-cut features of the Gaelic heroes. As Wordsworth said: 'In nature everything is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness. In Macpherson's work it is exactly the reverse; everything that is not stolen is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened, yet nothing distinct. It will always be so when words are substituted for things.' The 'translator' rarely makes a definite statement of fact; but when he does (as when, for example, he arms the old Gaels with bows and arrows) he blunders hopelessly. Macpherson is the most vague and abstract of writers; Gaelic poets are wearisome in detail, and revel in the concrete. In the opening of the third book of Cathloda, Macpherson raises the problem of the origin and issue of things; but he is indebted for his answer rather to Bishop Berkeley than to the son of Fionn.

Macpherson was not a Gaelic scholar, and the fact may be considered conclusive proof of his inability to compose the Gaelic text of *Ossian*, which ultimately did appear, though the only Gaelic printed in the author's lifetime was *Temora*, Book vii. *Ossian* was published in all the languages of Europe before he appeared in his own. And when at length the great edition of 1807 was issued, there were Gaelic texts for only one-half of the poems, and for about three-fourths of the matter published by Macpherson in English forty-five years previously. For the others no 'original,' ancient or modern, has ever yet been found; several old Gaelic MSS. reported to the committee appointed by the Highland Society to investigate had all mysteriously disappeared by one strange accident or another. And it must be allowed that the truncated *Ossian* does not show to advantage in his native garb; nor have the Gaelic-speaking people ever known him. There is not a single line of these Gaelic texts which can be proved to have been committed to writing before Macpherson's day. The diction is essentially modern. The loan-words are numerous, several of them borrowed from English. The idioms and constructions are colourless, and show signs of classical training rather than of the turns of phrase characteristic of native authors. The so-called blank verse in which the poems are written is unknown to Gaelic poetry.

The truth seems to be that these so-called translations were essentially the compositions of James Macpherson, and that the Gaelic texts were prepared with or without aid from his friends, but how and when we do not now know. Nor can we say how much he was indebted, directly or indirectly, to oral traditions. The conclusions arrived at by the educated generally have been thus summed up by a student so carefully trained in research as Mr Haddan, collaborator with Bishop Stubbs: 'Every one now admits that Macpherson, having traditional material at his disposal, by no means confined himself to it, but was a free inventor as well as a free translator. Looking back at the man and his times, we can see how cleverly he played his part. He was wrongly accused on some points, and became most judiciously angry. His anger made him taciturn, and he wrapped himself in it as a cloak. But the Celtic nationality was roused, and it fought for him when he would not defend himself. Chatterton died by poison or starvation; the Shakespeare forgeries hastened the death of Ireland; but James Macpherson, an obscure tutor, flourished under persecution, exchanged angry letters with Dr Johnson, translated Homer atrociously, and died a member of Parliament.

But even so, Macpherson retains the credit of having produced a considerable body of poetry of a type then quite unknown, strange and curious where not attractive or interesting. Admitting the misty confusion, the iteration of the same imagery, the monotony which inevitably produces tedium, it should be willingly recognised that there is much that is striking and poetical in Macpherson's *Ossian*—a blend of wildness, magnificence, tenderness, pathos, and Celtic glamour, with traces of the indubitable 'natural magic' of poetry, which, when it was absolutely new and unparalleled, naturally impressed and influenced more than it can do now: it did its work, and left its mark on the literature of Europe. The sections are very various in merit or power. The desolation of Balclutha and the lamentations in the Songs of Selma are conceived with true feeling and poetical power; but the battles of the car-borne heroes are stilted and unnatural, read like the quixotic encounters of knightly romance, and lack the air of remote antiquity, of dim and solitary grandeur, of shadowy superstitious fear, which haunts Ossian's heaths, lakes, and mountains.

Ossian's Address to the Sun

I feel the sun, O Malvina! leave me to my rest. Perhaps they may come to my dreams; I think I hear a feeble voice! The beam of heaven delights to shine on the grave of Carthon: I feel it warm around.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave; but thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven, but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art perhaps like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult, then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds and the mist is on the hills: the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

(From *Carthon*.)

Desolation of Balclutha.

I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls; and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook there its lonely head; the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows; the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina; silence is in the house of her fathers. Raise the song of mourning, O bards! over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us; for one day we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day: yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half worn shield. And let the blast of the desert come! we shall be renowned in our day! The mark of my arm shall be in battle; my name in the song of bards. Raise the song, send round the shell: let joy be heard in my hall. When thou, sun of heaven, shalt fail! if thou shalt fail, thou mighty light! if thy brightness is but for a season, like Fingal, our fame shall survive thy beams. Such was the song of Fingal in the day of his joy.

(From *Carthon*.)

The Songs of Selma.

Star of descending night! fair is thy light in the west! thou that liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud: thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings; the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee: they bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou silent beam! Let the light of Ossian's soul arise!

And it does arise in its strength! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days of other years. Fingal comes like a watery column of mist; his heroes are around: And see the bards of song, gray haired Ullin! stately Ryno! Alpin with the tuneful voice! the soft complaint of Minona! How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast? when we contended, like gales of spring, as they fly along the hill, and bend by turns the feebly whistling grass.

Minona came forth in her beauty, with downcast look and tearful eye. Her hair flew slowly on the blast, that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice. Often had they seen the grave of Salgar, the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma. Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of song! Salgar promised to come: but the night descended around. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

Colma. It is night; I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds!

Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds. Stars of the night, arise! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the chase alone! his bow near him, unstrung: his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my love! Why delays my Salgar, why the chief of the hill his promise? Here is the rock, and here the tree! here is the roaring stream! Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly from my father; with thee from my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes; we are not foes, O Salgar!

Cease a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent a while! let my voice be heard around! Let my wanderer hear me! Salgar, it is Colma who calls! Here is the tree and the rock. Salgar, my love! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming? Lo! the calm moon comes forth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are gray on the steep. I see him not on the brow. His dogs come not before him with tidings of his near approach. Here I must sit alone!

Who lie on the heath beside me? Are they my love and my brother? Speak to me, O my friends! To Colma they give no reply. Speak to me: I am alone! My soul is tormented with fears! Ah! they are dead! Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why hast thou slain my Salgar? why, O Salgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! what shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands! he was terrible in fight. Speak to me; hear my voice; hear me, sons of my love! They are silent; silent for ever! Cold, cold are their breasts of clay! Oh! from the rock on the hill; from the top of the windy steep, speak, ye ghosts of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid! Whither are ye gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale: no answer half drowned in the storm!

I sit in my grief! I wait for morning in my tears! Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead. Close it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream: why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends by the stream of the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill, when the loud winds arise, my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth; he shall fear, but love my voice! for sweet shall my voice be for my friends: pleasant were her friends to Colma!

Such was thy song, Minona, softly blushing daughter of Torman. Our tears descended for Colma, and our souls were sad! Ullin came with his harp; he gave the song of Alpin. The voice of Alpin was pleasant; the soul of Ryno was a beam of fire! But they had rested in a narrow house; their voice had ceased in Selma.

Ullin had returned one day from the chase before the heroes fell. He heard their strife on the hill; their song was soft but sad! They mourned the fall of Morar, first of mortal men! His soul was like the soul of Fingal; his sword like the sword of Oscar. But he fell, and his father mourned; his sister's eyes were full of tears. Minona's eyes were full of tears, the sister of car-borne Morar. She retired from the song of Ullin, like the moon in the west, when she foresees the shower, and hides her fair head in a cloud. I touched the harp, with Ullin; the song of mourning rose!

Ryno. The wind and the rain are past; calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead! Bent is his head of age; red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood; as a wave on the lonely shore?

Alpin. My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead; my voice for those that have passed away. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the vale. But thou shalt fall like Morar; the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in thy hall, unstrung!

Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the desert; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm. Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of night; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now; dark the place of thine abode! With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this? who is this, whose head is white with age? whose eyes are red with tears? who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in war; he heard of foes dispersed; he heard of Morar's renown; why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice; no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more; nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendour of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. The song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar!

Such were the words of the bards in the days of song, when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times! The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice of Cona! the first among a thousand bards! But age is now on my tongue; my soul has failed! I hear at times the ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call of years! They say, as they pass along, why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame! Roll on, ye dark-brown years; ye bring no joy on your course! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast that roars, lonely on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there; the distant mariner sees the waving trees!

See Brooke's *Reliques of Gaelic Poetry* (1789); *Ossian* (1807); *Trans. of the Ossianic Soc. of Dublin* (1854-61); *Popular Tales of the West Highlands* (1860-62); *Dean of Lismore's Book* (1862); Clerk's *Ossian* (1870); Hately Waddell's *Ossian and the Clyde* (1875); *Leabhar na Feinne* (1872); *Folk and Hero Tales from Argyllshire* (1890); Windisch, *Irische Texte* (1880); *Zeitschr. für deutsches Alt.*, vol. liii; the *Life and Letters* of Macpherson, by Mr Bailey Saunders (1894); Dr Douglas Hyde's *Story of Early Irish Literature* (1895); the centenary edition of *Ossian* (1896); *Ossian in Germany*, by Rudolf Tombo (New York, 1901). Other 'Ossianic poems' were published by Dr Smith of Campbeltown in 1780 in Gaelic; and in English in 1787 by Baron Edmund de Harold, an Irishman in the service of the Elector Palatine. French, Italian, Spanish, Latin, Polish, Dutch, and several German versions of Macpherson's *Ossian* are extant. Goethe gives a fine rendering of Selma's songs in *Werther*. A controversy somewhat resembling that circling round Macpherson has arisen over the *Kalevala*, the Finnish epic rescued by Lönnrot (1835, 49), and, as some think, much cooked and expanded by him.

Thomas Percy.

born, a grocer's son, at Bridgnorth, 13th April 1729, in 1746 entered Christ Church, Oxford, and in 1753 became vicar of Easton Maudit, Northamptonshire, in 1756 also rector of Wilby. Till after his institution at Easton Maudit (when he began to try to count kin with the noble house) he spelt his name Piercy. His leisure yielded fruit in *Hau Kiou Choaann* (1761), a Chinese novel translated from the Portuguese, and *Miscellaneous Pieces relating to the Chinese* (1762), as well as anonymously in *Runic Poetry translated from Icelandic* (1763), prompted by the success of Macpherson, and *A New Translation of the Song of Solomon* (1764). In 1765 Percy published his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, in which many rare old songs and ballads were mingled with lyrics from dramas, court poetry like that of Lord Vaux, and doggerel like Warner's. He had long been collecting old ballads from every quarter, and a large folio manuscript had fallen into his hands, being found 'lying dirty on the Floor under a Bureau in the Parlour' of his friend Humphrey Pitt of Shiffnal, and 'being used by the maids to light the fire.' This he claimed as the original of the *Reliques*, but of the one hundred and seventy-six pieces in the first edition only forty-five were taken from the manuscript, and these were so touched up and tricked out in false ornament and conventional eighteenth-century poetic diction as often to bear but little likeness to their originals. Shenstone seems to have made the suggestion that Percy should publish the collection; and in gathering materials Percy had help from Thomas Warton, Garrick, Goldsmith, and others. The original folio manuscript was first printed in full by Furnivall and Hales (3 vols. 1867-68). Percy was himself a poet. 'O Nancy, wilt thou go with me?' (1758) was addressed to his first wife before their marriage in 1759, and was followed by his 'Hermit of Warkworth' (1771) and other detached pieces. Made chaplain to the Duke of Northumberland and to George III., Percy in 1769 published his translation of Paul Henri Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*, in 1778 became Dean of Carlisle, in 1782 Bishop of Dromore, and died 30th September 1811. He enjoyed the friendship of Johnson and Goldsmith, and lived long enough to hail the genius of Scott.

The influence of Percy's collection was great and wide; it may be traced in many contemporary authors as plainly as in Coleridge and Wordsworth; this more than Ossian or the spirit of Hebrew poetry gave impulse to Herder and the German romantic movement, as well as to the genius of Sir Walter Scott. A fresh fountain of poetry was opened up a spring of sweet, tender, and heroic thoughts and imaginations, which could never be again turned back into the artificial channels in which the genius of poesy had been too long and too closely confined. It is interesting to remember that this great European literary revolution did undoubtedly come partly from Percy's studies in popular Chinese literature.

'O Nancy, wilt thou go with me?' was, in Johnson's *Musical Museum*, printed as a Scottish production, and is probably best known in the Scottified form. 'It is too barefaced,' says Burns, 'to take Dr Percy's charming song, and, by means of transposing a few English words into Scots, to offer to pass it for a Scots song.' Mr Chappell had no doubt that Percy wrote (in 1771) Nancy (as above = Agnes), and that Tom Carter, the Irish musician who composed the tune to which the song is sung, took the liberty (disapproved by Percy) of altering [illegible] to Nanny (= Anne). Who changed *go* to *gang*, *town* and *gown* into *toon* and *goon*, and made the other adaptations to the modern Scotch spellings does not seem to be known. On the other hand, it should be remembered that Percy's 'ballad' is little more than a paraphrase of 'The Royal Nun' (1682), repeated with slight variations in Nat Lee's *Theodosius* (1697). And in one of the songs in Allan Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany* (1733) we have

O Katy! wiltu gang wi' me
  And leave the dinsome town awhile?

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me?

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
  Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
  The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer dressed in silken sheen,
  No longer decked with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, when thou'rt far away,
  Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
  Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien
  Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

THOMAS PERCY.

From an Engraving by Dickinson after the Portrait by Reynolds.

O Nancy, canst thou love so true,
  Through perils keen with me to go?
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
  To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
  Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recall,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
  Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
  And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
  Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

The Friar of Orders Gray.

It was a friar of orders gray
  Walked forth to tell his beads,
And he met with a lady fair,
  Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

'Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar!
  I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
  My true love thou didst see.'

'And how should I know your true love
  From many another one?'
'Oh! by his cockle hat and staff,
  And by his sandal shoon:

'But chiefly by his face and mien,
  That were so fair to view,
His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,
  And eyne of lovely blue.'

'O lady, he is dead and gone!
  Lady, he's dead and gone!
At his head a green grass turf,
  And at his heels a stone.

'Within these holy cloisters long
  He languished, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
  And 'plaining of her pride.

'Here bore him barefaced on his bier
  Six proper youths and tall;
And many a tear bedewed his grave
  Within yon kirkyard wall.'

'And art thou dead, thou gentle youth—
  And art thou dead and gone?
And didst thou die for love of me?
  Break, cruel heart of stone!'

'O weep not, lady, weep not so
  Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
  Nor tears bedew thy cheek.'

'O do not, do not, holy friar,
  My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
  That e'er wan lady's love.

'And now, alas! for thy sad loss
  I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wished to live,
  For thee I wish to die.'

'Weep no more, lady, weep no more;
  Thy sorrow is in vain:
For violets plucked, the sweetest showers
  Will ne'er make grow again.

'Our joys as winged dreams do fly;
  Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
  Grieve not for what is past.'

'O say not so, thou holy friar!
  I pray thee say not so;
For since my true love died for me,
  'Tis meet my tears should flow.

'And will he ne'er come again
  Will he ne'er come again?
Ah, no! he is dead, and laid in his grave,
  For ever to remain.

'His cheek was redder than the rose
  The comeliest youth was he.
But he is dead, and laid in his grave,
  Alas! and woe is me.'

'Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
  Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea, and one on land,
  To one thing constant never.

'Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
  And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
  Since summer trees were leafy.'

'Now say not so, thou holy friar,
  I pray thee say not so;
My love he had the truest heart—
  O he was ever true!

'And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth?
  And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell home; for evermore
  A pilgrim I will be.

'But first upon my true-love's grave
  My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green grass turf
  That wraps his breathless clay.'

'Yet stay, fair lady, rest a while
  Beneath this cloister wall:
The cold wind through the hawthorn blows
  And drizzly rain doth fall.'

'O stay me not, thou holy friar,
  O stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
  Can wash my fault away.'

'Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
  And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of gray,
  Thy own true love appears.

'Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
  These holy weeds I sought;
And here, amid these lonely walls,
  To end my days I thought.

'But haply, for my year of grace
  Is not yet passed away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
  No longer would I stay.'

'Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
  Once more unto my heart;
For since I've found thee, lovely youth,
  We never more will part.'

Percy's ballad resembles Goldsmith's *Edwin and Angelina*, and Goldsmith had the priority. The seventeenth stanza is borrowed, of course, from Shakespeare's *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii. See the Percy *Ballads and Romances*, edited by Furnivall and Hales, with Life by Pickford (1867-68), H. B. Wheatley's edition of the *Reliques* (1876-77); Kiebitz, *The Influence of Percy on English Poetry* (Bautzen, 1894).

Joseph and Thomas Warton both contributed to the reaction against Popian correctness in favour of a truer and deeper conception of poetic worth. The brothers, Joseph and Thomas, were the sons of Dr Thomas Warton of Magdalen College, Oxford, and vicar of Basingstoke, who was twice (1718 and 1723) chosen Professor of Poetry by his university, and wrote occasional verses, half scholastic and half sentimental. In view of his sons' life-work, it is worth noting that some of his poems are called 'runic odes.' After retiring from the Oxford professorship (for which he had but slender competence) he settled at Basingstoke, where he was also master of the grammar-school and had Gilbert White for a pupil. A so-called sonnet by the elder Warton shows that he himself still belonged to the older school.

Written after seeing Windsor Castle.

From beauteous Windsor's high and storied halls,
Where Edward's chiefs start from the glowing walls,
To my low cot from ivory beds of state,
Pleased I return unenvious of the great.
So the bee ranges o'er the varied scenes
Of corn, of heaths, of fallows, and of greens,
Pervades the thicket, soars above the hill,
Or murmurs to the meadow's murmuring rill:
Now haunts old hollowed oaks, deserted cells,
Now seeks the low vale lily's silver bells;
Sips the warm fragrance of the greenhouse bowers,
And tastes the myrtle and the citron's flowers;
At length returning to the wonted comb,
Prefers to all his little straw-built home.

The Jacobitical poetry-professor and clerical pluralist died in 1745, aged fifty-eight. His sons had much in common, but it was the second who made the deepest mark on our literature.

Joseph (1722-1800), the elder, attended his father's school, and at Winchester was the schoolfellow of Collins. He was afterwards a commoner of Oriel College, Oxford, and was successively rector of Winslade, Thorley, Easton, and Upham. In 1755 he was appointed second master of Winchester; from 1766 till 1793 he was head-master; and he was a prebendary of St Paul's and of Winchester. His collections of odes and poems (1744 and 1746) explicitly avowed revolutionary dissent from the critical canons of the dominant school of Pope. An edition of Virgil (1753), with translation of the *Eclogues* and *Georgics*, gained him a high reputation. He was much esteemed by Dr Johnson, at whose request he became a contributor to the *Adventurer*, and, like his brother Thomas, was one of the members of the famous Literary Club. In 1757 appeared the first volume of his *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope*, the second and concluding volume following only in 1782; the distinction drawn between the poetry of reason and the poetry of imagination, and the enthronement of romanticism in the place of correctness, marked an important era in English criticism; Spenser and the Elizabethans had more of the spirit of poetry than Pope. His theories were substantially sound, but his own poetry, artificial rather than truly spontaneous, illustrated them somewhat imperfectly. His latest works were an annotated edition of Pope (9 vols. 1797) and a similar edition of Dryden, of which at his death he had published two volumes.

From the Ode to Fancy.

O parent of each lovely muse!
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built shrine
In golden cups no costly wine,
No murdered fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O nymph with loosely flowing hair,
With buskined leg and bosom bare,
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crowned,
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all commanding magic wand,
Of power to bid fresh gardens blow
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
Through air, and over earth and sea,
While the various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes!
O lover of the desert, hail!
Say in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Mid falls of water, you reside;
'Mid broken rocks a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between;
'Mid forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
Where never human art appeared,
Nor e'er one straw-roofed cot was reared,
Where Nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, sweet wanderer, tell,
To thy unknown sequestered cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where cells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest;
There lay me by the haunted stream,
Wrapt in some wild poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove;
Till suddenly awaked, I hear
Strange whispered music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drowned
By the sweetly soothing sound! . . .
When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale:
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold;
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear!

The second son, Thomas Warton (1728-90), began his studies under his father, and at sixteen was entered of Trinity College. He began early to write verses, and his *Pleasures of Melancholy*, published when he was nineteen, gave a promise of excellence which his riper productions hardly fulfilled. He obtained a fellowship in 1751, and in 1757 was appointed Professor of Poetry. He was also rector of Kiddington and of Hill Farrance in Somerset. He loved his pipe and his tankard, and had, it is said, but two sermons—one of them his father's, and the other a printed one. Oxford remained his home, and the even tenor of his life was only varied by his occasional publications, one of which, *The Triumph of Isis*, in praise of Oxford (and in reply to Mason), made his name widely known; and another, an elaborate Essay on Spenser's *Faerie Queene* (1754), gained for him a higher repute. Long after (1785) he edited the minor poems of Milton, an edition which Professor Masson pronounced the best ever produced, and which Leigh Hunt said was a wilderness of sweets. Some of the notes show true insight, while others display Warton's taste for antiquities and for architecture, his sympathy with old-world superstition, and his intimate acquaintance with the Elizabethan writers. In the famous *History of English Poetry* (1774-78), which finally established his reputation, Warton poured out the treasures of a full mind. His antiquarian lore, his love of antique manners, and his enthusiasm found appropriate exercise in tracing the stream of our poetry from its fountain-springs down to the luxuriant reign of Elizabeth, 'the most poetical age of our annals,' as he said—to the amaze of an age that thought itself vastly superior to all earlier periods, and had been accustomed to think of the older writers as merely unpolished and uncouth. Pope and Gray had planned schemes of a history of English poetry, in which the authors were to be arranged according to their style and merits. Warton adopted the chronological arrangement, as giving freer scope for research, and as enabling him to exhibit, without transposition, the gradual development in our poetry and the progress of our language. The untiring industry and learning of the poet-historian accumulated a mass of materials equally valuable and curious. As was inevitable, many of his discoveries have been superseded by other discoveries, many of his theories have had to be corrected or largely expanded. His plan was defective, his translations from old French and English were by no means accurate, and he sometimes wanders from his subject or overlays it with extraneous details. But he was a sagacious, far-sighted, and independent investigator of a new and wide field; and his work, variously judged by contemporary and subsequent critics, remains a vast storehouse of facts connected with our early literature, till then all but unknown even to the educated. The scheme excluded the drama, so rich a part of our early imaginative literature. The third volume comes down to the end of the Elizabethan period; the fourth, which would have included Pope, was never published. On the death of Whitehead in 1785, Warton was appointed poet-laureate. His learning gave dignity to an office then held in small esteem. The same year he was made Camden Professor of History. He wrote humorous verse and prose, satires on Newmarket and other places, and produced an edition of Theocritus and Lives of two college benefactors; and he was clearly the man to make the *Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Rowley Poems* of poor Chatterton, which gave an unfavourable verdict.

Both as poet and critic Warton greatly promoted the new movement in English poetry. In his verse, though it was largely imitative of Spenser, Milton, or Gray, and even of Pope, there was evident a then unusual and unfeigned love of nature, of the romantic and chivalrous. His affection for Gothic architecture and the antique is highly significant, and comes out in many of his verses. As a critic he was really the first to use or appreciate the poetic treasures hid in our ancient libraries; and his *History of English Poetry* may fairly be ranked with Percy's *Reliques* as having contributed to give a vital impulse to poetry. His mock-heroics and burlesques were in their way admirable. His sonnets, not seldom awkward and even wooden, were thought his most perfect work, and they revived interest in sonnet-writing. On the whole, his critical theories and sympathies were in advance of his practice. The *Pleasures of Melancholy*, his poems on royal births, deaths, and marriages even before the laureate era, and even some of his odes belong almost wholly to the old school. His first official ode on the king's birthday provoked the clever squib, *Probationary Odes for the Laureateship*, some of which are almost Whitmanesque. But some of his best things, such as the story of Blondel and Richard, and the poem given below, in which Henry II. on his way to head the Irish expedition is entertained with the story of Arthur, breathe not a little of the spirit of romance. Warton unquestionably influenced Bowles, and after him or through him, Coleridge; and Lamb and Hazlitt were sincere admirers. These are passages from the *History of English Poetry*:

Chaucer.

Chaucer's vein of humour, although conspicuous in the *Canterbury Tales*, is chiefly displayed in the Characters with which they are introduced. In these his knowledge of the world availed him in a peculiar degree, and enabled him to give such an accurate picture of ancient manners as no cotemporary nation has transmitted to posterity. It is here that we view the pursuits and employments, the customs and diversions of our ancestors, copied from the life, and represented with equal truth and s[illegible] by a judge of mankind whose penetration qualified [illegible] to discern their foibles or discriminating peculiarities: and by an artist who understood that proper selection of circumstances, and those predominant characteristics, which form a finished portrait. We are surprised to find, in so gross and ignorant an age, such talents for satire and for observation on life: qualities which usually exert themselves at more civilised periods, when the improved state of society, by substituting our speculations, and establishing uniform modes of behaviour, disposes mankind to study themselves, and render deviations of conduct and singularities of character more immediately and necessarily the objects of censure and ridicule. These curious and valuable remains are specimens of Chaucer's native genius, unassisted and unalloyed. The figures are all British, and bear no suspicious signatures of classical, Italian, or French imitation. The characters of Theophrastus are not so lively, particular, and appropriated.

The Reformation and Literature.

It is generally believed that the reformation of religion in England, the most happy and important event of our annals, was immediately succeeded by a flourishing state of letters. But this was by no means the case. For a long time afterwards an effect quite contrary was produced. The reformation in England was completed under the reign of Edward VI. The rapacious courtiers of this young prince were perpetually grasping at the rewards of literature; which being discouraged or despised by the rich, was neglected by those of moderate fortunes. Avarice and zeal were at once gratified in robbing the clergy of their revenues, and in reducing the church to its primitive apostolical state of purity and poverty. The opulent see of Winchester was lowered to a bare title: its amplest estates were portioned out to the laity; and the bishop, a creature of the protector Somerset, was contented to receive an inconsiderable annual stipend from the exchequer. The bishoprick of Durham, almost equally rich, was entirely dissolved. A favorite nobleman of the court occupied the deanery and treasurership of a cathedral with some of its best canonries. The ministers of this abused monarch, by these arbitrary, dishonest, and imprudent measures, only proved instruments, and furnished arguments, for restoring in the succeeding reign that superstitious religion which they professed to destroy. By thus impoverishing the ecclesiastical dignities, they countenanced the clamours of the catholics, who declared that the reformation was apparently founded on temporal views, and that the protestants pretended to oppose the doctrines of the church solely with a view that they might share in the plunder of its revenues. In every one of these sacrilegious robberies the interest of learning also suffered. Exhibitions and pensions were in the mean time subtracted from the students in the universities. Ascham, in a letter to the Marquis of Northampton dated 1550, laments the ruin of grammar schools throughout England, and predicts the speedy extinction of the universities from this growing calamity. At Oxford the public schools were neglected by the professors and pupils, and allotted to the lowest purposes. Academical degrees were abrogated as antichristian. Reformation was soon turned into fanaticism. Absurd refinements concerning the inutility of human learning were superadded to the just and rational purgation of christianity from the papal corruptions. The spiritual reformers of these enlightened days, at a visitation of the last mentioned university, proceeded so far in their ideas of a superior rectitude as totally to strip the public library, established by that munificent patron Humphrey duke of Gloucester, of all its books and MSS.

Chapman's 'Homer.'

But a complete and regular version of Homer was reserved for George Chapman. He began with printing the Shield of Achilles in 1596. This was followed by seven books of the *Iliad* the same year. Fifteen books were printed in 1600. At length appeared, without date, an entire translation of the *Iliad* under the following title, '*The Iliads of Homer*, Prince of Poets. Neuer before in any language truely translated. With a comment uppon some of his chief places: Done according to the Greeke by George Chapman. At London, printed for Nathaniell Butter.' It is dedicated in English heroics to Prince Henry. This circumstance proves that the book was printed at least after the year 1603, in which James I. acceded to the throne. Then follows an anagram on the name of his *gracious Mecenas* prince Henry, and a sonnet to the *sole empresse of beautie* queen Anne. In a metrical address to the reader he remarks, but with little truth, that the English language, abounding in consonant monosyllables, is eminently adapted to rhythmical poetry. The doctrine that an allegorical sense was hid under the narratives of epic poetry had not yet ceased; and he here promises a poem on the mysteries he had newly discovered in Homer. In the Preface, he declares that the last twelve books were translated in fifteen weeks: yet with the advice of his learned and valued friends, Master Robert Hews and Master Harriots. It is certain that the whole performance betrays the negligence of haste. He pays his acknowledgments to his 'most ancient, learned, and right noble friend, Master Richard Stapilton, the first most desertfull mouer in the frame of our Homer.' He endeavours to obviate a popular objection, perhaps not totally groundless, that he consulted the prose Latin version more than the Greek original. He says, sensibly enough, 'it is the part of euery knowing and iudicious interpreter, not to follow the number and order of words, but the materiall things themselues, and sentences to weigh diligently; and to clothe and adorne them with words, and such a stile and forme of oration, as are most apt for the language into which they are conuerted.' The danger lies in too lavish an application of this sort of cloathing, that it may not disguise what it should only adorn. I do not say that this is Chapman's fault: but he has by no means represented the dignity or the simplicity of Homer. He is sometimes paraphrastic and redundant, but more frequently retrenches or impoverishes what he could not feel and express. In the meantime, he labours with the inconvenience of an aukward, inharmonious, and unheroic measure, imposed by custom, but disgustful to modern ears. Yet he is not always without strength or spirit. He has enriched our languages with many compound epithets, so much in the manner of Homer, such as the *silver-footed* Thetis, the *silver-throned* Juno, the *triple-feathered* helme, the *high-walled* Thebes, the *faire-haired* boy, the *silver-flowing* floods, the *hugely peopled* towns, the Grecians *navy-bound*, the *strong-winged* lance, and many more which might be collected. Dryden reports that Waller never could read Chapman's Homer without a degree of transport. Pope is of opinion that Chapman covers his defects 'by a daring fiery spirit that animates his translation, which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself to have writ before he arrived to years of discretion.' But his fire is too frequently darkened by that sort of fustian which now disfigured the diction of our tragedy. . . .

My copy once belonged to Pope; in which he has noted many of Chapman's absolute interpolations, extending sometimes to the length of a paragraph of twelve lines. A diligent observer will easily discern that Pope was no careless reader of his rude predecessor. Pope complains that Chapman took advantage of an unmeasurable length of line. But in reality Pope's lines are longer than Chapman's. If Chapman affected the reputation of rendering line for line, the specious expedient of chusing a protracted measure which concatenated two lines together, undoubtedly favoured his usual propensity to periphrasis.

Written in a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon.

Deem not devoid of elegance the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled,
Of painful pedantry the poring child,
Who turns of these proud domes the historic page,
Now sunk by Time and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling muses never smiled
On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage
His thoughts on themes unclassic falsely styled,
Intent. While cloistered piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.
Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strown with flowers.

To the River Lodon.

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crowned,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath the azure sky and golden sun
Where first my muse to lisp her notes begun!
While pensive memory traces back the round
Which fills the varied interval between:
Much pleasure, more of sorrow marks the scene.
Sweet native stream! those skies and sun so pure,
No more return to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure
Nor useless all my vacant days have flowed
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature,
Nor with the muse's laurel unbestowed.

The Grave of King Arthur.

Stately the feast, and high the cheer:
Girt with many an armed peer,
And canopied with golden pall,
Amid Cilgarran's castle hall,
Sublime in formidable state
And warlike splendour Henry sate;
Prepar'd to stain the briny flood
Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.
  Illumining the vaulted roof,
A thousand torches flam'd aloof:
From massy cups, with golden gleam,
Sparkled the red metheglin's stream:
To grace the gorgeous festival,
Along the lofty window'd hall,
The storied tapestry was hung:
With minstrelsy the rafters rung
Of harps, that with reflected light
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright:
While gifted bards, a rival throng,
(From distant Mona, nurse of song,
From Teivi, fring'd with umbrage brown,
From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,
From many a shaggy precipice
That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,
And many a sunless solitude
Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude,)
To crown the banquet's solemn close,
Themes of British glory chose;
And to the strings of various chime
Attemper'd thus the fabling rhyme:
  'O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,
High the screaming sea mew soar'd,
On Tintaggel's topmost tower
Darksome fell the sleety shower;
Round the rough castle shrilly sung
The whirling blast, and wildly flung
On each tall rampart's thundering side
The surges of the tumbling tide:
When Arthur rang'd his red-cross ranks
On conscious Camlan's crimson'd banks:
By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed!
Yet in vain a paynim foe
Arm'd with fate the mighty blow;
For when he fell, an elfin queen,
All in secret, and unseen,
O'er the fainting hero threw
Her mantle of ambrosial blue:
And bade her spirits bear him far,
In Merlin's agate-axled car,
To her green isle's enamel'd steep,
Far in the navel of the deep.
O'er his wounds she sprinkl'd dew
From flowers that in Arabia grew:
On a rich enchanted bed,
She pillow'd his majestic head;
O'er his brow, with whispers bland,
Thrice she wav'd an opiate wand;
And to soft music's airy sound,
Her magic curtain clos'd around.
There, renew'd the vital spring,
Again he reigns a mighty king;
And many a fair and fragrant clime,
Blooming in immortal prime,
By gales of Eden ever fann'd,
Owns the monarch's high command:
Thence to Britain shall return
(If right prophetic rolls I learn),
Borne on victory's spreading plume,
His ancient sceptre to resume;
Once more, in old heroic pride,
His barbed courser to bestride;
His knightly table to restore,
And the brave tournaments of yore.'
  They ceas'd: when on the tuneful stage
Advanc'd a bard, of aspect sage;
His silver tresses, thin besprent,
To age a graceful reverence lent;
His beard, all white as spangles frore
That clothe Plinlimmon's forests hoar,
Down to his harp descending flow'd:
With time's faint rose his features glow'd:
His eyes diffus'd a soften'd fire,
And thus he wak'd the warbling wire:

'Listen, Henry, to my rede! rede, tale.
Not from fairy realms I lead
Bright robed tradition, to relate
In forged colours Arthur's fate:
Though much of old romantic lore
On the high theme I keep in store:
But boastful fiction should be dumb,
Where truth the strain might best become.
If thine ear may still be won
With songs of Uther's glorious son;
Henry, I a tale unfold,
Never yet in rhyme enroll'd,
Nor sung nor harp'd in hall or bower;
Which in my youth's full early flower,
A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,
Who spoke of kings from old Locrine,
Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,
Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,
What time the glistening vapours fled
From cloud-envelop'd Clyder's head;
And on its sides the torrents gray
Shone to the morning's orient ray.
'When Arthur bow'd his haughty crest,
No princess, veil'd in azure vest,
Snatch'd him, by Merlin's potent spell,
In groves of golden bliss to dwell;
Where, crown'd with wreaths of mistletoe,
Slaughter'd kings in glory go:
But when he fell, with winged speed,
His champions, on a milk white steed,
From the battle's hurricane,
Bore him to Joseph's towered fane,
In the fair vale of Avalon:
There with chanted orison
And the long blaze of tapers clear,
The stoled fathers met the bier:
Through the dim aisles, in order dread
Of martial woe, the chief they led,
And deep entomb'd in holy ground,
Before the altar's solemn bound.
Around no dusky banners wave,
No mouldering trophies mark the grave:
Away the ruthless Dane has torn
Each trace that time's slow touch had worn:
And long o'er the neglected stone
Oblivion's vale its shade has thrown:
The faded tomb, with honour due,
'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew!
Thither, when conquest has restor'd
Yon recreant isle, and sheath'd the sword,
When peace with palm has crown'd thy brows,
Haste thee to pay thy pilgrim vows.
There, observant of my lore,
The pavement's hallow'd depth explore;
And thrice a fathom underneath
Dive into the vaults of death.
There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,
On his gigantic stature gaze;
There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
All in warrior-weeds array'd;
Wearing in death his helmet crown,
And weapons huge of old renown.
Martial prince, 'tis thine to save
From dark oblivion Arthur's grave!
So may thy ships securely stem
The western frith: thy diadem
Shine victorious in the van,
Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan:
Thy Norman pike-men win their way
Up the dun rocks of Harald's bay:
And from the steeps of rough Kildare
Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare:
So may thy bow's unerring yew
Its shafts in Roderick's heart imbrew.'
Amid the pealing symphony
The spiced goblets mantled high;
With passions new the song impress'd
The listening king's impatient breast:
Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes;
He scorns a while his bold emprise:
Ev'n now he seems, with eager pace,
The consecrated floor to trace;
And ope, from its tremendous gloom,
The treasure of the wonderous tomb:
Ev'n now, he burns in thought to rear,
From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,
Rough with the gore of Pictish kings:
Ev'n now fond hope his fancy wings,
To poise the monarch's massy blade,
Of magic temper'd metal made;
And drag to-day the dinted shield
That felt the storm of Camlan's field.
O'er the sepulchre profound
Ev'n now, with arching sculpture crown'd,
He plans the chantry's choral shrine,
The daily dirge, and rites divine.

[AUTHOR'S NOTE. King Henry the Second having undertaken an expedition into Ireland, to suppress a rebellion raised by Roderick King of Connaught, commonly called O Connor Dun, or *the Brown Monarch of Ireland*, was entertained, in his passage through Wales, with the songs of the Welsh bards. The subject of their poetry was King Arthur, whose history had been so disguised by fabulous inventions, that the place of his burial was in general scarcely known or remembered. But in one of these Welsh poems sung before Henry, it was recited that King Arthur, after the battle of Camlan, in Cornwall, was interred at Glastonbury abbey, before the high altar, yet without any external mark or memorial. Afterwards Henry visited the abbey, and commanded the spot described by the bard to be opened: When digging near 20 feet deep, they found the body, deposited under a large stone, inscribed with Arthur's name. This is the ground-work of the [preceding] ode: But for the better accommodation of the story to our present purpose, it is told with some slight variations from the Chronicle of Glastonbury. The castle of Cilgarran, where this discovery is supposed to have been made, now a romantic ruin, stands on a rock descending to the river Teivi, in Pembrokeshire; and was built by Roger Montgomery, who led the van of the Normans at Hastings.

From a Panegyric on Oxford Ale

Balm of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
Hail juice benignant! O'er the costly cups
Of riot-stirring wine, unwholesome draught,
Let pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful night;
My sober ev'ning let the tankard bless,
With toast embrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg fraught,
While the rich draught with oft repeated whiffs
Tobacco mild improves. Divine repast!
Where no crude surfeit, or intemperate joys
Of lawless Bacchus' reign; but o'er my soul
A calm Lethean creeps; in drowsy trance
Each thought subsides, and sweet oblivion wraps
My peaceful brain, as if the leaden rod
Of magic Morpheus o'er mine eyes had shed
Its opiate influence. What though sore ills

Oppress, dire want of chill dispelling coals
Or cheerful candle (save the make-weight's gleam
Haply remaining), heart rejoicing ale
Cheers the sad scene, and every want supplies.
  Meantime, not mindless of the daily talk
Of tutor sage, upon the learned leaves
Of deep Smiglecius much I meditate;
While ale inspires, and lends its kindred aid,
The thought-perplexing labour to pursue,
Sweet Helicon of logic! But if friends
Congenial call me from the toilsome page,
To pot-house I repair, the sacred haunt,
Where, ale, thy votaries in full resort
Hold rites nocturnal. . . .

Martinus Smiglecius, a Polish Jesuit, was the author of a *Logica Disputationibus Illustrata*.

Thomas Warton's poems were collected in 1791, and reprinted in 1802. His *History of English Poetry* was re-edited by Richard Price in 1824, and sadly mangled in W. C. Hazlitt's edition in 1874. There is a eulogistic Life by Joseph Wooll; for the younger brother, see the Life in Mant's edition of his poems (1802), and John Dennis's *Studies in English Literature* (1876).

Thomas Chatterton

was born at Bristol, 20th November 1752. His father, a sub-chanter in the cathedral, and master of a charity school, was a roistering fellow, yet a lover of books and coins, a dabbler in magic; he had died in the August before the poet was born. The mother, a poor schoolmistress and needlewoman, brought up her boy and his sister beneath the shadow of St Mary Redcliffe, that glorious church where their forefathers had been sextons since the days of Elizabeth. He seemed a dull, dreamy child till his seventh year; then he 'fell in love' with an old illuminated music folio, and, quickly learning to read from a black-letter Bible, began to devour every book that fell in his way. He was a scholar of Colston's Bluecoat Hospital from 1760 till 1767, and then he was bound apprentice to Lambert, an attorney. In December 1762 he wrote his first poem, *On the Last Epiphany*; in 1763 borrowed Speght's black-letter *Chaucer* from a lending library; and in the summer of 1764 produced the first of his pseudo-antiques, *Elinoure and Juga*, which imposed on the junior usher of his school, and which he professed to have got from Canynge's Coffer in the muniment room of St Mary's. Next, early in 1767, for one Burgum, a pewterer, he concocted a pedigree of the De Bergham family (this brought him ten shillings); and in 1768 he hoaxed the whole city with a description, 'from an old manuscript,' of the opening of Bristol Bridge in 1248.

His life at Lambert's was a sordid one; he slept with the footboy, and took his meals in the kitchen. Yet, his duties over—and he discharged them well—he had ample leisure for his darling studies, poetry, history, heraldry, music, antiquities. An attempt to draw Dodsley had failed, when, in March 1769, he sent Horace Walpole a 'transcript' of *The Ryse of Peyncteynge, written by T. Rowlie, 1469, for Mastre Canynge.* Walpole, quite taken in, wrote at once to his unknown correspondent, expressing a thousand thanks for the manuscript, deploring his ignorance of the 'Saxon language,' and half offering to usher the Rowley Poems to the world. Back came a fresh batch of manuscript, and with it a sketch of Chatterton's own history. The poems, however, being shown to Mason and Gray, were pronounced by them to be forgeries; and Walpole's next letter was a letter of advice to stick to his calling, that so, 'when he should have made a fortune, he might unbend himself with the studies consonant to his inclinations.' A curt request for the return of the MSS. lay six weeks unanswered during Walpole's absence in Paris. A second came, still curter; and, 'snapping up poems and letters,' Walpole 'returned both to him, and thought no more of him or them'—until, two years after, Goldsmith told him of Chatterton's death.

Was it jest or grim earnest, a boyish freak or a suicide's farewell, that 'Last Will and Testament of Thomas Chatterton . . . executed in the presence of Omniscience this 14th of April 1770'? Anyhow, falling into his master's hands, it procured the hasty cancelling of his indentures; and ten days later the boy quitted Bristol for London. There he arrived with his poems, and perhaps five guineas in his pocket, and lodged first at one Walmsley's, a plasterer, in Shoreditch; next, from the middle of June, at Brooke Street, Holborn. Abstemious, sleepless, he fell to work as with a hundred hands, pouring forth satires, squibs, stories, political essays, burlettas, epistles in Junius's style (for 'Wilkes and liberty'), and the matchless *Balade of Charitie*. For a while his prospects seemed golden. The publishers spoke him fair; he obtained an interview with the Lord Mayor Beckford; in the first two months he earned eleven guineas (at the rate of from a farthing to twopence a line); and he sent home glowing letters, with a box of presents for his mother and sister. Then Beckford died; the 'patriotic' publishers took fright; the dead season set in; he had overstocked the market with unpaid wares; a last desperate application failed for the post of surgeon to a Bristol slaver. He was penniless, starving, yet too proud to accept the meal his landlady offered him, when, on 24th August 1770, he locked himself into his garret, tore up his papers, and was found the next morning dead—poisoned with arsenic. They buried him in the paupers' pit of the Shoe Lane Workhouse, a site usurped fifty-six years later by Farringdon Market.

For eighty years the Rowley controversy was waged with no less bitterness than ignorance, the Rowleyans including Jacob Bryant (1781), Dean Milles (1782), and Dr S. R. Maitland (1857); the anti-Rowleyans, Tyrwhitt (1777-82) and Thomas Warton (1778-82). The subject was once and for ever laid to rest by Professor Skeat in his edition of *Chatterton's Poetical Works* (2 vols. 1875). Vol. i. contains Chatterton's acknowledged poems, seventy-eight in number; vol. ii. the forty-three Rowley poems, with an essay thereon by the editor. Almost unconsciously Professor Skeat establishes Chatterton's wondrous originality. Theft from an unknown poet? there is not 'the slightest indication that Chatterton had ever seen a MS. of early date.' Indebtedness to Chaucer? he had 'read very little of this excellent author. . . . If he had really taken pains to *read* and *study* Chaucer, or Lydgate, or any old author earlier than the age of Spenser, the Rowley Poems would have been very different. They would then have borne some resemblance to the language of the fifteenth century, whereas they are rather less like the literature of that period than of any other. . . . The metres are mostly wrong, the rimes are sometimes faulty; the words [taken mostly from Kersey's Dictionary, and 93 per cent. of them misused] are wrongly coined, or have the wrong number of syllables; and the phrases often involve anachronisms, or, occasionally, plagiarisms.' These last from such recent poets as Dryden and Gray from the former of whom he boldly stole the line, 'And tears began to flow;' from the latter adapted the conception, 'closed his eyes in endless [everlasting] night.'

Among Chatterton's critics there have been some Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Rossetti, amongst them whose precious tributes attest the boy poet's divinity. No man can tell what Chatterton might have done; what he did do is patent to every one. Had Shakespeare died, or Milton, in his eighteenth year, or even Keats, the world had never heard of their existence. But he, a lad, with chances vastly less than theirs, had by then written his name so high in Fame's temple that purblind pilgrims must accept his achievement on hearsay. If he had lived to be famous, the fraud of the 'poet-priest Rowley' would not, belike, have been more hardly blamed than that of 'Jedediah Cleishbotham.' As it is, the conscientious critics have found it less difficult to dilate on Chatterton's pride and scepticism, his vices and deceit nay, on the meteorology of 1770, than to master the difficult Rowleyan dialect, and to gauge the genius of this nursling of mediaevalism, this harbinger of the Renascence of Wonder, to use Mr Theodore Watts-Dunton's definition of the neo-Romantic movement. For Mr Watts-Dunton it was reserved to point out Chatterton's metrical inventiveness, and his 'undeniable influence, both as to spirit and as to form, upon the revival in the nineteenth century of the romantic temper that temper, without which English poetry can scarcely perhaps hold a place at all when challenged in a court of universal criticism. . . . As a youthful poet showing that power of artistic self effacement which is generally found to be incompatible with the eager energies of poetic youth—as a producer, that is to say, of work purely artistic and in its highest reaches unadulterated by lyric egotism the author of the Rowley Poems (if we leave out of consideration the acknowledged poems), however inferior to Keats in point of sheer beauty, stands alongside him in our literature, and stands with him alone.'

The Prophecy, a Political Satire.

This truth of old was sorrow's friend
'Times at the worst will surely mend.'
The difficulty's then to know
How long Oppression's clock can go;
When Britain's sons may cease to sigh,
And hope that their redemption's nigh. . . .

When vile Corruption's brazen face
At council-board shall take her place;
And lords and commoners resort
To welcome her at Britain's court:
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

See Pension's harbour, large and clear,
Defended by St Stephen's pier!
The entrance safe, by current led,
Tiding round G[ratton]'s jetty head;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When civil power shall snore at ease,
While soldiers fire to keep the peace;
When murders sanctuary find,
And petticoats can Justice blind:
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

Commerce o'er Bondage will prevail,
Free as the wind that fills her sail.
When she complains of vile restraint,
And Power is deaf to her complaint;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh. . . .

When at Bute's feet poor Freedom lies,
Marked by the priest for sacrifice,
And doomed a victim for the sins
Of half the *outs* and all the *ins*;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh. . . .

When time shall bring your wish about,
Or seven-years lease *you sold*, is out:
No future contract to fulfil;
Your tenants holding at your will;
Raise up your heads! your right demand—
For your redemption's in your hand.

Then is your time to strike the blow,
And let the slaves of Mammon know,
Britain's true sons a bribe can scorn,
And die as free as they were born.
Virtue again shall take her seat,
And your redemption stand complete.

Bristowe Tragedie, or the Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin.

The feathered songster, Chanticleer,
  Has wound his bugle-horn,
And told the early villager
  The coming of the morn:

King Edward saw the ruddy streaks Edward IV.
  Of light eclipse the gray,
And heard the raven's croaking throat
  Proclaim the fated day.

'Thou 'rt right,' quoth he, 'for by the God
  That sits enthroned on high!
Charles Bawdin, and his fellows twain,
  To-day shall surely die.'

Then with a jug of nappy ale
  His knights did on him wait;
'Go tell the traitor, that to-day
  He leaves this mortal state.'

Sir Canterlone then bended low,
  With heart brimful of woe;
He journeyed to the castle gate,
  And to Sir Charles did go.

But when he came, his children twain,
  And eke his loving wife,
With briny tears did wet the floor,
  For good Sir Charles's life.

'O good Sir Charles!' said Canterlone,
  'Bad tidings I do bring.'
'Speak boldly, man,' said brave Sir Charles;
  'What says thy traitor-king?'

'I grieve to tell: before yon sun
  Does from the welkin fly,
He hath upon his honour sworn
  That thou shalt surely die.'

'We all must die,' quoth brave Sir Charles;
  'Of that I 'm not afeared;
What boots to live a little space?
  Thank Jesu I 'm prepared.

'But tell thy king, for mine he 's not,
  I 'd sooner die to-day,
Than live his slave, as many are,
  Though I should live for aye.' . . .

Then Master Canynge sought the king,
  And fell down on his knee;
'I 'm come,' quoth he, 'unto your grace,
  To move your clemency.'

'Then,' quoth the king, 'your tale speak out,
  You have been much our friend;
Whatever your request may be,
  We will to it attend.'

'My noble liege! all my request
  Is for a noble knight,
Who, though mayhap he has done wrong,
  He thought it still was right.

'He has a spouse and children twain;
  All ruined are for aye,
If that you are resolved to let
  Charles Bawdin die to-day.'

'Speak not of such a traitor vile,'
  The king in fury said;
'Before the evening star doth shine,
  Bawdin shall lose his head. . . .

'By Mary, and all saints in heaven,
  This sun shall be his last!'
Then Canynge dropped a briny tear,
  And from the presence passed.

With heart brimful of gnawing grief,
  He to Sir Charles did go,
And sat him down upon a stool,
  And tears began to flow.

'We all must die,' quoth brave Sir Charles;
  'What boots it how or when?
Death is the sure, the certain fate
  Of all we mortal men.

'Say why, my friend, thy honest soul
  Runs over at thine eye;
Is it for my most welcome doom
  That thou dost child-like cry?'

Quoth godly Canynge: 'I do weep,
  That thou so soon must die,
And leave thy sons and helpless wife;
  'Tis this that wets mine eye.'

'Then dry the tears that out thine eye
  From godly fountains spring;
Death I despise, and all the power
  Of Edward, traitor king.

'When through the tyrant's welcome means
  I shall resign my life,
The God I serve will soon provide
  For both my sons and wife.

'Before I saw the lightsome sun,
  This was appointed me;
Shall mortal man repine or grudge
  What God ordains to be?

'How oft in battle have I stood,
  When thousands died around;
When smoking streams of crimson blood
  Imbrued the fattened ground;

'How did I know that every dart
  That cut the airy way,
Might not find passage to my heart,
  And close mine eyes for aye?

'And shall I now, for fear of death,
  Look wan and be dismayed?
Nay! from my heart fly childish fear;
  Be all the man displayed. . . .

'My honest friend, my fault has been
  To serve God and my prince;
And that I no time-server am,
  My death will soon convince.

'In London city was I born,
  Of parents of great note;
My father did a noble arms
  Emblazon on his coat. . . .

'He taught me justice and the laws
  With pity to unite;
And eke he taught me how to know
  The wrong cause from the right. . . .

'And none can say but all my life
  I have his wordès kept,
And summed the actions of the day
  Each night before I slept. . . .

'What though I on a sledge be drawn,
  And mangled by a hind,
I do defy the traitor's power;
  He cannot harm my mind:

'What though, uphoisted on a pole,
  My limbs shall rot in air,
And no rich monument of brass
  Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

'Yet in the holy book above,
  Which time can't eat away,
There with the servants of the Lord
  My name shall live for aye.

'Then welcome death! for life eterne
  I leave this mortal life:
Farewell, vain world, and all that 's dear,
  My sons and loving wife!' . . .

Upon a sledge he mounted then,
  With looks full brave and sweet;
Looks that enshone no more concern displayed
  Than any in the street. . . .

And when he came to the high cross,
  Sir Charles did turn and say:
'O thou that savest man from sin,
  Wash my soul clean this day.'

At the great minster window sat
  The king in mickle state,
To see Charles Bawdin go along
  To his most welcome fate.

Soon as the sledge drew nigh enough
  That Edward he might hear,
The brave Sir Charles he did stand up,
  And thus his words declare:

'Thou seest me, Edward! traitor vile!
  Exposed to infamy;
But be assured, disloyal man,
  I'm greater now than thee.

'By foul proceedings, murder, blood,
  Thou wearest now a crown;
And hast appointed me to die
  By power not thine own.

'Thou thinkest I shall die to-day:
  I have been dead till now,
And soon shall live to wear a crown
  For aye upon my brow;

'Whilst thou, perhaps, for some few years,
  Shalt rule this fickle land,
To let them know how wide the rule
  'Twixt king and tyrant hand.

'Thy power unjust, thou traitor slave!
  Shall fall on thy own head'—
From out of hearing of the king
  Departed then the sledde.

King Edward's soul rushed to his face,
  He turned his head away,
And to his brother Gloucester
  He thus did speak and say:

'To him that so much dreaded death
  No ghastly terrors bring;
Behold the man! he spake the truth;
  He 's greater than a king!'

'So let him die!' Duke Richard said;
  'And may each one our foes
Bend down their necks to bloody axe,
  And feed the carrion crows.'

And now the horses gently drew
  Sir Charles up the high hill;
The axe did glister in the sun,
  His precious blood to spill.

Sir Charles did up the scaffold go,
  As up a gilded car
Of victory, by valorous chiefs
  Gained in the bloody war.

And to the people he did say:
  'Behold you see me die,
For serving loyally my king,
  My king most rightfully.

'As long as Edward rules this land,
  No quiet you will know;
Your sons and husbands shall be slain,
  And brooks with blood shall flow.

'You leave your good and lawful king,
  When in adversity;
Like me, unto the true cause stick,
  And for the true cause die.'

Then he, with priests, upon his knees,
  A prayer to God did make,
Beseeching him unto himself
  His panting soul to take.

Then, kneeling down, he laid his head
  Most seemly on the block;
Which from his body fair at once
  The able headsman struck. . . .

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate:
  God prosper long our king,
And grant he may, with Bawdin's soul,
  In heaven God's mercy sing!

The Minstrel's Song in 'Ælla.'

O sing unto my roundelay;
  O drop the briny tear with me;
Dance no more on holiday,
  Like a running river be;
    My love is dead,
    Gone to his death bed,
    All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
  White his neck as the summer snow,
Red his face as the morning light,
  Cold he lies in the grave below:
    My love is dead,
    Gone to his death-bed,
    All under the willow-tree.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought can be,
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
Oh! he lies by the willow tree
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
In the briered dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing,
To the nightmares as they go
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My Love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Here, upon my true love's grave,
Shall the barren flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

With my hands I'll fix the briers,
Round his holy corse to gre; grow
Elfin fairies, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Come with acorn cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood all away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Water witches, crowned with reytes, water flags
Bear me to your deadly tide.
I die! I come! my true love waits.
Thus the damsel spake, and died.

Freedom.

Whan Freedom, dreste yn blodde-steyned veste,
To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde;
A gorie anlace bye her honge.
She daunced onne the heathe;
She hearde the voice of deathe;
Pale-eyned Affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,
In vayne assayled her bosomme to acale; freeze
She hearde onflemed the shriekynge voice of woe, [illegible]
And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.
She shooke the burled speere, burnished
On hie she jeste her sheelde, hoisted
Her foemen all appere,
And flizze alonge the feelde. fly
Power, wythe his heafod straught ynto the skyes, head stretched
Hys speere a sonne-beame, and hys sheelde a starre,
Alyche twaie brendeynge gronfyres rolls hys eyes, meteors
Chaftes with hys yronne feete and soundes to war. Stamps
She syttes upon a rocke,
She bendes before hys speere,
She ryses from the shocke,
Wieldynge her owne yn ayre.
Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,
Wytte, scillye wympled, gyes ytte to hys crowne, closely
Hys longe sharpe speere, hys spreddynge sheelde ys gon,
He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.
War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld, arist, armed
Hys feerie heaulme noddynge to the ayre, helmet
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge fyste.

The *Revenge* was an acknowledged poem. The *Bristowe Tragedie*, first of the Rowley Poems, differed from the rest in being comparatively free from the affectation of old words, but 'Tell me,' 'I'm greater now than thee,' and other lines illustrate Chatterton's grammatical eccentricities. Only in the last extract, a chorus from the unfinished tragedy of *Goddwyn*, is Chatterton's own purely fantastic spelling reproduced. There are Lives of Chatterton by Dix (1837), Sir Daniel Wilson (1869), Professor Masson (1874), and Professor Skeat (for the Aldine ed., 1875), and reference may also be made to Mr T. Watts-Dunton's essay in vol. iii. of Ward's *English Poets* (1880), and Sir Herbert Croft's *Love and Madness* (1780). Professor Skeat modernised the spelling of the Rowley Poems in the edition above mentioned (1875), but Mr Steele edited them with the original spellings (1899). Of eight so-called portraits, one only is authentic—that by Morris, of Chatterton as a boy of eleven.

FRANCIS HINDES GROOME.

John Wilkes (1727-97), the son of a London distiller, studied at Leyden, and became a man of fashion and profligate. One of the infamous 'Monks of Medmenham,' he took up politics as a supporter of Pitt, and was returned for Aylesbury in 1757. Lord Bute having declined to appoint him ambassador to Constantinople or Governor of Quebec, he attacked the Ministry in the *North Briton* (1762-63), a weekly journal he had founded. In the famous forty-fifth number some strong comments were made upon the King's Speech on opening Parliament, and on a general warrant Wilkes was seized and committed to the Tower for libel in 1763, but soon released. He became the hero of the hour, and his popularity was only increased when the House of Lords condemned his 'Essay on Woman' (rightly enough) as an obscene libel, and the House of Commons expelled him on 19th January 1764 as author of No. 45 of the *North Briton*. A few years later (1769), as elected M.P. for Middlesex, he fought the battle of electoral freedom against the pretensions of the House of Commons, and, though thrice expelled and disqualified, was ultimately allowed to take his seat in 1774, while eight years afterwards the resolutions invalidating his previous elections were expunged. In the same year he was Lord Mayor of London. Worthless as a man and a politician, Wilkes was famous for his wit and pleasantry, and the charm of his conversation made conquest even of Dr Johnson, as is recorded in the passage quoted from Boswell at page 473. He was a venomous and pertinacious assailant of the Government rather than a member of any constitutional Opposition. But his resistance to oligarchic domination made him an agent, however unworthy, of English constitutional development, and his *North Briton* was a humble follower of the political periodicals of Addison and Steele. See Percy Fitzgerald's *Life and Times of John Wilkes* (1888).

From 'No. 45.'

The King's Speech has always been considered by the legislature, and by the public at large, as the Speech of the minister. It has regularly, at the beginning of every session of parliament, been referred by both houses to the consideration of a committee, and has been generally canvassed with the utmost freedom, when the minister of the crown has been obnoxious to the nation. The ministers of this free country, conscious of the undoubted privileges of so spirited a people, and with the terrors of parliament before their eyes, have ever been cautious, no less with regard to the matter than to the expressions of speeches which they have advised the sovereign to make from the throne at the opening of each session. They well knew that an honest house of parliament, true to their trust, could not fail to detect the fallacious arts, or to remonstrate against the daring acts of violence, committed by any minister. The speech at the close of the session has ever been considered as the most secure method of promulgating the favourite court creed among the vulgar; because the parliament, which is the constitutional guardian of the liberties of the people, has in this case no opportunity of remonstrating, or of impeaching any wicked servant of the crown.

This week has given the public the most abandoned instance of ministerial effrontery ever attempted to be imposed on mankind. The minister's speech of last Tuesday is not to be paralleled in the annals of this country. I am in doubt whether the imposition is greater on the sovereign or on the nation. Every friend of his country must lament that a prince of so many great and amiable qualities, whom England truly reveres, can be brought to give the sanction of his sacred name to the most odious measures, and to the most unjustifiable public declarations, from a throne ever renowned for truth, honour, and unsullied virtue. I am sure all foreigners, especially the King of Prussia, will hold the minister in contempt and abhorrence. He has made our sovereign declare, My expectations have been fully answered by the happy effects which the several allies of my crown have derived from this salutary measure of the definitive Treaty. The powers at war with my good brother the King of Prussia have been induced to agree to such terms of accommodation as that great prince has approved; and the success which has attended my negociation has necessarily and immediately diffused the blessings of peace through every part of Europe. The infamous fallacy of this whole sentence is apparent to all mankind; for it is known that the King of Prussia did not barely approve, but absolutely dictated, as conqueror, every article of the terms of peace. No advantage of any kind has accrued to that magnanimous prince from our negotiation, but he was basely deserted by the Scottish prime minister of England. He was known by every court in Europe to be scarcely on better terms of friendship here than at Vienna; and he was betrayed by us in the treaty of peace. What a strain of insolence, therefore, is it in a minister to lay claim to what he is conscious all his efforts tended to prevent, and meanly to arrogate to himself a share in the fame and glory of one of the greatest princes the world has ever seen? The King of Prussia, however, has gloriously kept all his former conquests, and stipulated security for all his allies, even for the Elector of Hanover. I know in what light this great prince is considered in Europe, and in what manner he has been treated here; among other reasons, perhaps, from some contemptuous expressions he may have used of the Scot: expressions which are every day echoed by the whole body of Englishmen through the southern part of this island.

Junius.

On the 21st of January 1769 appeared the first of a series of seventy political letters, bearing the signature of Junius, which soon took their place among the most famous and debatable works in the English language. Great excitement prevailed in the nation. The contest with the American colonies, the imposition of new taxes, the difficulty of forming a steady administration, and the eloquence of the Opposition had spread a feeling of dissatisfaction throughout the country. The persecution of Wilkes added fuel to the flame; Lord North said bitterly that 'the press overflowed the land with its black gall and poisoned the minds of the people.' The Government was unequal to the emergency; it would have required a Cabinet of preternatural power to triumph over the opposition of debaters like Chatham and Burke, and writers like Junius. The most popular newspaper of the day was the *Public Advertiser*, published by Henry Sampson Woodfall, a man of education and standing, and it was in it that the letters of Junius appeared. They attacked all the public characters of the day connected with the Government; they retailed much private scandal and personal history, and did not spare even royalty itself. [illegible] compression, vigour, and brilliancy of their [illegible] their union of sarcasm, boldness, and [illegible] invective, at once arrested the attention [illegible] the [illegible] of Junius were [illegible] his personalities. Every effort was made by the Government to discover [illegible] It is not in the nature [illegible] publisher, 'that you [illegible] me, unless I make [illegible] or rewards [illegible] sole depository [illegible] with me.' The [illegible] now the more generally [illegible] authorship is strenuously [illegible] most careful and competent [illegible] were published at intervals [illegible] January 1769 and the 21st [illegible] They were revised by the author [illegible] months later in two small [illegible] An edition which appeared [illegible] 12 [illegible] and thirteen letters in addition to [illegible] in the author's edition; five of [illegible] and thirteen were signed Junius, [illegible] dated 21st of

November 1768, was the first which bore that signature.

Junius immediately attracted attention by his familiarity with State secrets and notable persons, and by his boldness in commenting upon them, the climax being reached by the letter to the king on the 16th of December 1769, when he bid George III. remember that while the crown 'was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another.' Woodfall was prosecuted for printing and publishing the letter in his paper, and acquitted on a technical point; while Almon, a bookseller, was punished for selling a reprint of it. Burke was generally supposed to be the pseudonymous censor till his denial was accepted as conclusive; among the many supposed authors of the letters were Lord Shelburne, Barré, Lord George Sackville, Wilkes, Horne Tooke, and Lord Lyttelton. It was not till after the publication of the edition of 1812 that Sir Philip Francis was publicly affirmed to be Junius by John Taylor. In the first of his two books on the subject (1813 and 1816) Taylor argued that the letters were from the pens of Dr Francis and his son; in the second, that the son was the sole author. De Quincey, Earl Stanhope, and Lord Macaulay accepted the Franciscan theory. 'The external evidence,' says Macaulay, 'is, we think, such as would support a verdict in a civil, nay, in a criminal proceeding. The handwriting of Junius is the very peculiar handwriting of Francis, slightly disguised. As to the position, pursuits, and connections of Junius, the following are the most important facts which can be considered as clearly proved: First, that he was acquainted with the technical forms of the Secretary of State's office; secondly, that he was intimately acquainted with the business of the War Office; thirdly, that he during the year 1770 attended debates in the House of Lords, and took notes of speeches, particularly of the speeches of Lord Chatham; fourthly, that he bitterly resented the appointment of Mr Chamier to the place of Deputy Secretary at War; fifthly, that he was bound by some strong tie to the first Lord Holland. Now, Francis passed some years in the Secretary of State's office. He was subsequently chief clerk of the War Office. He repeatedly mentioned that he had himself, in 1770, heard speeches of Lord Chatham; and some of these speeches were actually printed from his notes. He resigned his clerkship at the War Office from resentment at the appointment of Mr Chamier. It was by Lord Holland that he was first introduced into the public service. Now, here are five marks, all of which ought to be found in Junius. They are all five found in Francis. We do not believe that more than two of them can be found in any other person whatever. If this argument does not settle the question, there is an end of all reasoning on circumstantial evidence.'

Philip Francis, the son of the Rev. Philip Francis, translator of Horace and political writer, was born in Dublin in 1740, and at sixteen was placed by Lord Holland in the Secretary of State's office. By the patronage of Pitt (Lord Chatham) he was made secretary to General Bligh in 1758, and was present at the capture of Cherbourg; in 1760 he accompanied Lord Kinnoull as secretary on his embassy to Lisbon; and in 1763-72 he was first clerk in the War Office. In 1773 he was made a member of the Council of Bengal, whence he returned in 1781, after being perpetually at feud with the Governor-General, Warren Hastings, and being wounded by him in a duel. He afterwards sat in Parliament, supporting Whig principles; was one of the 'Friends of the People' in association with Fox, Tierney, and Grey; and died in 1818. He took part in the prosecution of Hastings, and wrote many pamphlets. It should be added that Francis never acknowledged that he was Junius, still less claimed the distinction. The speeches, letters, and pamphlets of Sir Philip display much of the talent found in Junius, though they are less rhetorical in style; while the history and temper of the man—his strong resentments, his arrogance, his keen interest to the last in public questions, are just what might be expected of Woodfall's veiled prophet. It was not till half a century after the publication of Junius's own edition of his letters that the theory of a disguised handwriting was started in order to get over the difficulty that the natural hand of Francis was unlike that of the Junian manuscripts. No direct or indisputable proof has yet connected Francis with Junius, but, whoever he was, he set a pattern for the leading articles (unknown in his day) through which newspapers now influence public opinion.

From the Forty-second Letter.

The ministry, it seems, are labouring to draw a line of distinction between the honour of the crown and the rights of the people. This new idea has yet been only started in discourse, for, in effect, both objects have been equally sacrificed. I neither understand the distinction, nor what use the ministry propose to make of it. The king's honour is that of his people. *Their* real honour and real interest are the same; I am not contending for a vain punctilio. A clear, unblemished character comprehends not only the integrity that will not offer, but the spirit that will not submit to an injury; and whether it belongs to an individual or to a community, it is the foundation of peace, of independence, and of safety. Private credit is wealth, public honour is security; the feather that adorns the royal bird supports its flight; strip him of his plumage and you fix him to the earth.

George III and Wilkes.

He said more than moderate men would justify, but not enough to entitle him to the honour of your Majesty's personal resentment. The rays of royal indignation, collected upon him, served only to illuminate, and could not consume. Animated by the favour of the people on one side, and heated by persecution on the other, his views and sentiments changed with his situation. Hardly serious at first, he is now an enthusiast. The coldest bodies warm with opposition, the hardest sparkle in collision. There is a holy mistaken zeal in politics as well as in religion. By persuading others, we convince ourselves. The passions are engaged, and create a maternal affection in the mind, which forces us to love the cause for which we suffer.

To the Duke of Grafton.

The character of the reputed ancestors of some men has made it possible for their descendants to be vicious in the extreme, without being degenerate. Those of your Grace, for instance, left no distressing examples of virtue even to their legitimate posterity; and you may look back with pleasure to an illustrious pedigree in which heraldry has not left a single good quality upon record to insult or upbraid you. You have better proofs of your descent, my Lord, than the register of a marriage, or any troublesome inheritance of reputation. There are some hereditary strokes of character by which a family may be as clearly distinguished as by the blackest features of the human face. Charles the First lived and died a hypocrite. Charles the Second was a hypocrite of another sort, and should have died upon the same scaffold. At the distance of a century, we see their different characters happily revived and blended in your Grace. Sullen and severe without religion, profligate without gaiety, you live like Charles II. without being an amiable companion; and for aught I know, may die as his father did, without the reputation of a martyr.

To the Duke of Bedford.

My Lord, you are so little accustomed to receive any marks of respect or esteem from the public, that if in the following lines a compliment or expression of applause should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character, and perhaps an insult to your understanding. You have nice feelings, my Lord, if we may judge from your resentments. Cautious, therefore, of giving offence where you have so little deserved it, I shall leave the illustration of your virtues to other hands. Your friends have a privilege to play upon the easiness of your temper, or possibly they are better acquainted with your good qualities than I am. You have done good by stealth. The rest is upon record. You have still left ample room for speculation when panegyric is exhausted. . . .

Let us consider you, then, as arrived at the summit of worldly greatness; let us suppose that all your plans of avarice and ambition are accomplished, and your most sanguine wishes gratified in the fear as well as the hatred of the people. Can age itself forget that you are now in the last act of life? Can grey hairs make folly venerable? and is there no period to be reserved for meditation and retirement? For shame, my Lord! Let it not be recorded of you that the latest moments of your life were dedicated to the same unworthy pursuits, the same busy agitations, in which your youth and manhood were exhausted. Consider that, although you cannot disgrace your former life, you are violating the character of age, and exposing the impotent imbecility, after you have lost the vigour, of the passions.

Your friends will ask, perhaps, Whither shall this unhappy old man retire? Can he remain in the metropolis, where his life has been so often threatened, and his palace so often attacked? If he returns to Woburn, scorn and mockery await him. He must create a solitude round his estate, if he would avoid the face of reproach and derision. At Plymouth, his destruction would be more than probable; at Exeter, inevitable. No honest Englishman will ever forget his attachment, nor any honest Scotchman forgive his treachery, to Lord Bute. At every town he enters he must change his liveries and his name. Whichever way he flies, the hue and cry of the country pursues him.

In another kingdom, indeed, the blessings of his administration have been more sensibly felt, his virtues better understood; or at worst, they will not for him alone forget their hospitality. As well might Verres have returned to Sicily. You have twice escaped, my Lord; beware of a third experiment. The indignation of a whole people, plundered, insulted, and oppressed as they have been, will not always be disappointed.

It is in vain therefore to shift the scene. You can no more fly from your enemies than from yourself. Persecuted abroad, you look into your own heart for consolation, and find nothing but reproaches and despair. But, my Lord, you may quit the field of business, though not the field of danger; and though you cannot be safe, you may cease to be ridiculous. I fear you have listened too long to the advice of those pernicious friends with whose interests you have sordidly united your own, and for whom you have sacrificed everything that ought to be dear to a man of honour. They are still base enough to encourage the follies of your age, as they once did the vices of your youth. As little acquainted with the rules of decorum as with the laws of morality, they will not suffer you to profit by experience, nor even to consult the propriety of a bad character. Even now they tell you that life is no more than a dramatic scene, in which the hero should preserve his consistency to the last; and that, as you lived without virtue, you should die without repentance.

To the King.

When the complaints of a brave and powerful people are observed to increase in proportion to the wrongs they have suffered; when, instead of sinking into submission, they are roused to resistance, the time will soon arrive at which every inferior consideration must yield to the security of the sovereign, and to the general safety of the state. There is a moment of difficulty and danger at which flattery and falsehood can no longer deceive, and simplicity itself can no longer be misled. Let us suppose it arrived. Let us suppose a gracious, well intentioned prince, made sensible at last of the great duty he owes to his people, and of his own disgraceful situation that he looks round him for assistance, and asks for no advice but how to gratify the wishes and secure the happiness of his subjects. In these circumstances, it may be matter of curious speculation to consider if an honest man were permitted to approach a king, in what terms he would address himself to his sovereign. Let it be imagined, no matter how improbable, that the first prejudice against his character is removed, that the ceremonious difficulties of an audience are surmounted, that he feels himself animated by the purest and most honourable affections to his king and country, and that the great person whom he addresses has spirit enough to bid him speak freely, and understanding enough to listen to him with attention. Unacquainted with the vain impertinence of forms, he would deliver his sentiments with dignity and firmness, but not without respect.

'Sir,—It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your government, that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth until you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the pernicious lessons you received in your youth, and to form the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevolence of your disposition. We are far from thinking you capable of a direct, deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects on which all their civil and political liberties depend. Had it been possible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonourable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The doctrine inculcated by our laws, 'that the king can do no wrong,' is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable, good-natured prince from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man from the vices of his government. Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether your Majesty's condition or that of the English nation would deserve most to be lamented. I would prepare your mind for a favourable reception of truth by removing every painful, offensive idea of personal reproach. Your subjects, Sir, wish for nothing but that, as *they* are reasonable and affectionate enough to separate your person from your government, so ***you***, in your turn, should distinguish between the conduct which becomes the permanent dignity of a king and that which serves only to promote the temporary interest and miserable ambition of a minister.

'You ascended the throne with a declared and, I doubt not, a sincere resolution of giving universal satisfaction to your subjects. You found them pleased with the novelty of a young prince whose countenance promised even more than his words, and loyal to you not only from principle but passion. It was not a cold profession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial, animated attachment to a favourite prince, the native of their country. They did not wait to examine your conduct, nor to be determined by experience, but gave you a generous credit for the future blessings of your reign, and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affections. Such, Sir, was once the disposition of a people who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions with which some interested persons have laboured to possess you. Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconstant—that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties—from ministers, favourites, and relations; and let there be one moment in your life in which you have consulted your own understanding.

'When you affectedly renounced the name of Englishman [the king, in his first speech from the throne, had said he 'gloried in the name of Briton'], believe me, Sir, you were persuaded to pay a very ill-judged compliment to one part of your subjects at the expense of another. While the natives of Scotland are not in actual rebellion, they are undoubtedly entitled to protection; nor do I mean to condemn the policy of giving some encouragement to the novelty of their affections for the house of Hanover. I am ready to hope for everything from their new-born zeal, and from the future steadiness of their allegiance. But hitherto they have no claim to your favour. To honour them with a determined predilection and confidence, in exclusion of your English subjects who placed your family, and in spite of treachery and rebellion have supported it, upon the throne, is a mistake too gross even for the unsuspecting generosity of youth. In this error we see a capital violation of the most obvious rules of policy and prudence. We trace it, however, to an original bias in your education, and are ready to allow for your inexperience.

'To the same early influence we attribute it that you have descended to take a share not only in the narrow views and interests of particular persons, but in the fatal malignity of their passions. At your accession to the throne the whole system of government was altered, not from wisdom or deliberation, but because it had been adopted by your predecessor. A little personal motive of pique and resentment was sufficient to remove the ablest servants of the crown; but it is not in this country, Sir, that such men can be dishonoured by the frowns of a king. They were dismissed, but could not be disgraced. . . .

'Without consulting your minister, call together your whole council. Let it appear to the public that you can determine and act for yourself. Come forward to your people. Lay aside the wretched formalities of a king, and speak to your subjects with the spirit of a man and in the language of a gentleman. Tell them you have been fatally deceived. The acknowledgment will be no disgrace, but rather an honour to your understanding. Tell them you are determined to remove every cause of complaint against your government; that you will give your confidence to no man who does not possess the confidence of your subjects; and leave it to themselves to determine, by their conduct at a future election, whether or no it be in reality the general sense of the nation, that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the constitution betrayed. They will then do justice to their representatives and to themselves.

'These sentiments, Sir, and the style they are conveyed in, may be offensive, perhaps, because they are new to you. Accustomed to the language of courtiers, you measure their affections by the vehemence of their expressions; and when they only praise you indirectly, you admire their sincerity. But this is not a time to trifle with your fortune. They deceive you, Sir, who tell you that you have many friends whose affections are founded upon a principle of personal attachment. The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received and *may* be returned. The fortune which made you a king forbade you to have a friend. It is a law of nature which cannot be violated with impunity. The mistaken prince who looks for friendship will find a favourite, and in that favourite the ruin of his affairs.

'The people of England are loyal to the house of Hanover, not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction that the establishment of that family was necessary to the support of their civil and religious liberties. This, Sir, is a principle of allegiance equally solid and rational, fit for Englishmen to adopt, and well worthy of your majesty's encouragement.

We cannot long be deluded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuart of itself is only contemptible; armed with the sovereign authority, their principles are formidable. The prince who imitates their conduct should be warned by example; and while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the crown, should remember that, as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another.

See *Junius* (2 vols. 1772), *Junius* (3 vols. 1812); the Life of Francis by Parkes and Merivale (1867); articles in Dilke's *Papers of a Critic* (1875); articles in the *Athenæum* for 1888 and 1897 by Mr Fraser Rae; Chabot and Twisleton, *The Handwriting of Junius* (1871). H. R. Francis, *Junius Revealed* (1894), and *The Francis Letters*, edited by Beata Francis and Eliza Keary (1901).

Dr John Langhorne (1735-79), born at Kirkby Stephen in Westmorland, was for two years a London curate, and then from 1766 rector of Blagdon, Somerset, with a prebend of Wells. Langhorne wrote various prose works, the most successful being the *Letters of Theodosius and Constantia;* and in conjunction with his brother, the Rev. WILLIAM LANGHORNE (1721-72), he published a translation of Plutarch's Lives (1770), long the standard one. His efforts in satire and drama were unsuccessful; his ballad *Owen of Carron*, founded on the old Scottish tale of Gil Morrice, is smooth and rhythmical, but in poetical value falls far below its original. The only poem of Langhorne's which has a true vein of originality is his *Country Justice* (1774-77), and there he anticipated Crabbe in painting the rural life of England in true colours. His picture of the Gypsies, and his sketches of venal clerks and rapacious overseers, are genuine likenesses. He has not the raciness or vividness of Crabbe, but he has all Crabbe's fidelity, and he pleads as warmly for the poor vagrant:

Still mark if vice or nature prompts the deed;
Still mark the strong temptation and the need:
On pressing want, on famine's powerful call,
At least more lenient let thy justice fall.
For him who, lost to every hope of life,
Has long with Fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair;
For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
Believe with social mercy and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.
  Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widowed parent bore;
Who then, no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begged a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptized in tears!

This allusion to the dead soldier and his widow on the field of battle was the subject of a print by Bunbury, under which were engraved Langhorne's pathetic lines. Scott recorded that the only time he saw Robert Burns, a copy of this picture was in the room in Dr Adam Ferguson's house. Burns shed tears over it; and Scott, then a lad of fifteen, told him where the lines were to be found. The print seen by Burns is now in the Chambers Institution at Peebles, having been presented to Dr Robert Chambers by Sir Adam Ferguson, son of the historian, and transferred by Dr R. Chambers to Dr William Chambers for preservation in the Institution. The name of 'Langhorne,' though in very small characters, is engraved on the print below the quotation, and this had drawn Scott's attention to the poem.

Appeal to Justices in behalf of the Poor.

  Let age no longer toil with feeble strife,
Worn by long service in the war of life;
Nor leave the head, that time hath whitened, bare
To the rude insults of the searching air;
Nor bid the knee, by labour hardened, bend,
O thou, the poor man's hope, the poor man's friend!
  If, when from heaven severer seasons fall,
Fled from the frozen roof and mouldering wall,
Each face the picture of a winter day,
More strong than Teniers' pencil could portray;
If then to thee resort the shivering train,
Of cruel days, and cruel man complain,
Say to thy heart (remembering him who said)
'These people come from far, and have no bread.'
  Nor leave thy venal clerk empowered to hear;
The voice of want is sacred to thy ear.
He where no fees his sordid pen invite,
Sports with their tears, too indolent to write;
Like the fed monkey in the fable, vain
To hear more helpless animals complain.
  But chief thy notice shall one monster claim;
A monster furnished with a human frame—
The parish officer!—though verse disdain
Terms that deform the splendour of the strain,
It stoops to bid thee bend the brow severe
On the sly, pilfering, cruel overseer;
The shuffling farmer, faithful to no trust,
Ruthless as rocks, insatiate as the dust!
  When the poor hind, with length of years decayed,
Leans feebly on his once subduing spade,
Forgot the service of his abler days,
His profitable toil, and honest praise,
Shall this low wretch abridge his scanty bread,
This slave, whose board his former labours spread?
  When harvest's burning suns and sickening air
From labour's unbraced hand the grasped hook tear,
Where shall the helpless family be fed,
That vainly languish for a father's bread?
See the pale mother, sunk with grief and care,
To the proud farmer fearfully repair;
Soon to be sent with insolence away,
Referred to vestries, and a distant day!
Referred—to perish! Is my verse severe?
Unfriendly to the human character?
Ah! to this sigh of sad experience trust:
The truth is rigid, but the tale is just.
  If in thy courts this caitiff wretch appear,
Think not that patience were a virtue here.

His low-born pride with honest rage control;
Smite his hard heart, and shake his reptile soul.
  But, hapless! oft through fear of future woe,
And certain vengeance of the insulting foe;
Oft, ere to thee the poor prefer their prayer,
The last extremes of penury they bear.
  Wouldst thou then raise thy patriot office higher?
To something more than magistrate aspire!
And, left each poorer, pettier chase behind,
Step nobly forth, the friend of humankind!
The game I start courageously pursue!
Adieu to fear! to insolence adieu!
And first we'll range this mountain's stormy side,
Where the rude winds the shepherd's roof deride,
As meet no more the wintry blast to bear,
And all the wild hostilities of air.
That roof have I remembered many a year;
It once gave refuge to a hunted deer
Here, in those days, we found an aged pair;
But time untenants—ha! what seest thou there?
'Horror!—by Heaven, extended on a bed
Of naked fern, two human creatures dead!
Embracing as alive! ah, no!—no life!
Cold, breathless!'
                'Tis the shepherd and his wife.
I knew the scene, and brought thee to behold
What speaks more strongly than the story told—
They died through want.
                'By every power I swear,
If the wretch treads the earth, or breathes the air,
Through whose default of duty, or design,
These victims fell, he dies.'
                        They fell by thine.
'Infernal! Mine!—by'—
                    Swear on no pretence:
A swearing justice wants both grace and sense.

A Farewell Hymn to the Valley of Irwan.

Farewell, the fields of Irwan's vale,
  My infant years where Fancy led,
And soothed me with the western gale,
  Her wild dreams waving round my head,
While the blithe blackbird told his tale.
Farewell, the fields of Irwan's vale!

The primrose on the valley's side,
  The green thyme on the mountain's head,
The wanton rose, the daisy pied,
  The wilding's blossom blushing red;
No longer I their sweets inhale
Farewell, the fields of Irwan's vale!

How oft, within yon vacant shade,
  Has evening closed my careless eye!
How oft, along those banks I've strayed,
  And watched the wave that wandered by;
Full long their loss shall I bewail.
Farewell, the fields of Irwan's vale!

Yet still, within yon vacant grove,
  To mark the close of parting day,
Along yon flowery banks to rove,
  And watch the wave that winds away;
Fair Fancy sure shall never fail,
Though far from these and Irwan's vale.

William Julius Mickle (1735-88) is remembered as an early translator of the *Lusiad* from the Portuguese of Camoens, and was a poet of some natural gift, though of no great power. He was son of the minister of Langholm in Dumfriesshire, and became clerk and then chief-partner in an Edinburgh brewery; but he failed in business, and in 1763 went to London with literary ambitions. Lord Lyttelton encouraged his poetic efforts, and Mickle was buoyed up with dreams of patronage and celebrity. Two years of increasing destitution dispelled this vision, and the poet was glad to accept a situation as corrector of the Clarendon Press at Oxford (1765). Here he published *Pollio*, an elegy, and the *Concubine*, a poem in the manner of Spenser, which he afterwards reprinted with the title of *Syr Martyn*. Mickle affected the archaic phraseology of Spenser, which was antiquated even in the age of the *Faerie Queene*, and had been almost wholly discarded by Thomson in his *Castle of Indolence*. The first stanza of this poem was quoted by Sir Walter Scott—divested of its antique spelling—to show that Mickle, 'with a vein of great facility, united a power of verbal melody, which might have been envied by bards of much greater renown:'

Awake, ye west winds, through the lonely dale,
And Fancy to thy faery bower betake;
Even now, with balmy sweetness, breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;
Through the pale willows faltering whispers wake,
And Evening comes with locks bedropped with dew;
On Desmond's mouldering turrets slowly shake
The withered rye grass and the harebell blue,
And ever and anon sweet Mulla's plaints renew.

The poem was highly successful—not the less, perhaps, because it was printed anonymously, and was ascribed to different authors; and it went through three editions. *Voltaire in the Shades* (1770) was an attack on Hume. In 1771 Mickle published the first canto of his Camoens, which was completed in 1775; and being supported by a long list of subscribers, was highly advantageous both to his fame and fortune. His somewhat Popean version of *Os Lusiadas* is a fairly close rendering, with occasional expansions and paraphrases; but in its smoothness loses much of the directness of the original. In 1779 he went out to Portugal as secretary to Commodore Johnstone, and was received with much distinction in Lisbon by the countrymen of Camoens. On the return of the expedition Mickle was appointed joint-agent for the distribution of the prizes. His own share was considerable; and having received some money by his marriage with a farmer's daughter whom he had known in his obscure sojourn at Oxford, he spent his last years in ease and leisure. He died at Forest Hill near Oxford.

The most notable of Mickle's original poems is his ballad of *Cumnor Hall* (1784), which acquired additional interest later on through its having suggested to Sir Walter Scott the groundwork

John Langhorne's *Poetical Works* were collected by his son, the Rev. John T. Langhorne (2 vols. 1804), and are included in the sixteenth volume of Chalmers's *English Poets*.

of *Kenilworth;* it was Constable who proposed the title *Kenilworth* after Scott had intended to give the novel the same name as the ballad. Mickle also wrote a play on *The Siege of Marseilles*, which Garrick refused; and the *Prophecy of Queen Emma*, on American independence. He assisted in Evans's *Collection of Old Ballads* in which *Cumnor Hall* and other pieces of his first appeared in 1784; and though he did not reproduce the direct simplicity and unsophisticated ardour of the real old ballads, he attained to something of their tenderness and pathos. He wrote a number of songs, the last being on his birthplace, *Eskdale Braes.* The famous Scotch song originally called, somewhat absurdly, *The Mariner's Wife*, but usually named from its chorus *There's nae Luck about the House*, is almost certainly Mickle's; though in 1810 Cromek asserted it to be the work of Jean Adam (afterwards calling herself Miss Jane Adams), successively servant-maid in Greenock, schoolmistress, and hawker, who, born in 1710, died in 1765 in the Glasgow poorhouse, having published in 1734 a small volume of poor religious poems. *There's nae Luck* was sung in the streets about 1772, and was first asserted to be Jean's by some of her old pupils, without evidence. An imperfect, altered, and corrected copy was found among Mickle's manuscripts after his death; and his widow confirmed the external evidence in his favour by an express declaration that her husband had said the song was his own, and that he had explained to her the Scottish words. It is the fairest flower in his poetical chaplet, but was not published till after his death, by the editor of his works (1806). Beattie (a kinsman of Mickle's) added a double stanza to this song, containing a happy epicurean fancy—which Burns, who commended the whole song as 'one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots or any language,' said was 'worthy of the first poet:'

The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.

Cumnor Hall.

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies,
The sounds of busy life were still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

'Leicester,' she cried, 'is this thy love
That thou so oft has sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privity?

'No more thou com'st, with lover's speed,
Thy once beloved bride to see;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

'Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

'I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark so blithe, no flower more gay;
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.

'If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?

'And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was, you oft would say!
And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

'Yes! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily 's dead;
But he that once their charms so prized,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

'For know, when sickening grief doth prey
And tender love 's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay:
What floweret can endure the storm?

'At court, I 'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady 's passing rare,
That Eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

'Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?

''Mong rural beauties I was one;
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my passing beauty rare.

'But, Leicester—or I much am wrong—
It is not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

'Then, Leicester, why, again I plead—
The injured surely may repine—
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?

'Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave to mourn the livelong day?

'The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go:
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

'The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy 's their estate:
To smile for joy, than sigh for woe:
To be content, than to be great.

'How far less blest am I than them,
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

'Nor, cruel Earl! can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

'Last night as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
They winked aside, and seemed to say
"Countess, prepare; thy end is near."

'And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

'My spirits flag, my hopes decay;
Still that dread death bell smites my ear;
And many a body seems to say:
"Countess, prepare; thy end is near."'

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped his wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green;
Woe was the hour, for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor, now no more
Is cheerful feast or sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss grown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller has sighed,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wandering onwards they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

There's nae Luck about the House.

But are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jauds, fling by your wheel.
There's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's nae luck about the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

Is this a time to think o' wark
When Colin's at the door?
Rax down my cloak—I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the mickle pot;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat.

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their stockins white as snaw;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman—
He likes to see them braw.

There are twa hens into the crib,
Hae fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare.

Bring down to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown,
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
My stockins pearl blue—
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his tongue;
His breath's like caller air;
His very fit has music in't
As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought:
In troth I'm like to greet.

In the author's manuscript (which has 'button gown' where 'cotton gown' is usually given) another verse is added:

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave,
And gin I live to mak him sae,
I'm blest aboon the lave.

The following was the addition made by Beattie:

The cauld blasts of the winter wind
That thrilled through my heart,
They're a' blawn by; I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part.

But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.

The Spirit of the Cape. From the 'Lusiad.'

Now prosperous gales the bending canvas swelled;
From these rude shores our fearless course we held:
Beneath the glistening wave the god of day
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head
A black cloud hovered; nor appeared from far
The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star;
So deep a gloom the lowering vapour cast,
Transfixed with awe the bravest stood aghast.
Meanwhile a hollow bursting roar resounds,
As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds;

Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven,
The wonted signs of gathering tempest given
Amazed we stood—O thou, our fortune's guide,
Avert this omen, mighty God, I cried ;
Or through forbidden climes adventurous strayed,
Have we the secrets of the deep surveyed,
Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky
Were doomed to hide from man's unhallowed eye?
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more
Than midnight tempests and the mingled roar,
When sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore.
I spoke, when rising through the darkened air,
Appalled, we saw a hideous phantom glare ;
High and enormous o'er the flood he towered,
And thwart our way with sullen aspect lowered.
Unearthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,
Erect uprose his hairs of withered red ;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjoined, his gnashing teeth's blue rows ;
His haggard beard flowed quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined ;
His clouded front, by withering lightning scarred,
The inward anguish of his soul declared.
His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves
Shot livid fires : far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the caverned shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
Cold gliding horrors thrilled each hero's breast ;
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confessed
Wild dread : the while with visage ghastly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began :
'O you, the boldest of the nations, fired
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,
Who, scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Through these my waves advance your fearless prows,
Regardless of the lengthening watery way,
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,
Who 'mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore
Where never hero braved my rage before ;
Ye sons of Lusus, who, with eyes profane,
Have viewed the secrets of my awful reign,
Have passed the bounds which jealous Nature drew,
To veil her secret shrine from mortal view,
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend.
'With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage ;
The next proud fleet that through my dear domain,
With daring search shall hoist the streaming vane,
That gallant navy by my whirlwinds tossed,
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast.
Then he who first my secret reign descried,
A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide
Shall drive. Unless my heart's full raptures fail,
O Lusus! oft shalt thou thy children wail :
Each year thy shipwrecked sons shalt thou deplore
Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.' . .
He spoke, and deep a lengthened sigh he drew,
A doleful sound, and vanished from the view :
The frightened billows gave a rolling swell,
And distant far prolonged the dismal yell ;
Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud dispersing leaves the sky.

There is an edition of Mickle's works, with Life, by Sim (1806). Mickle's translation of the *Lusiad* superseded that of Fanshawe, and has been succeeded by those of Quillinan, Musgrave, Mitchell, and Sir Richard Burton.

James Beattie (1735-1803) was the son of a small farmer and shopkeeper at Laurencekirk in Kincardine. He lost his father in childhood, but was assisted in his education by a kindly elder brother; and in his fourteenth year he obtained a bursary or exhibition (implying some proficiency in Latin) at Marischal College, Aberdeen. Having graduated and been appointed schoolmaster of the parish of Fordoun (1753), he was placed amidst scenery which stirred his love of nature and poetry. The scenes sketched in his *Minstrel* were plainly those in which he had grown up, and the feelings and aspirations therein expressed were those of his own boyhood and youth. In 1758 he was elected a master of the grammar-school of Aberdeen, and in 1760 Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in Marischal College. In 1761 he published a collection of poems and translations contributed from time to time to the *Scots Magazine*, the piece called *Retirement* being most noticeable. In 1765 appeared *The Judgment of Paris*, and some ungenerous verses on the death of Churchill. His ardour for what he held to be the truth led him at times into intolerance, and he was too fond of courting the notice and approbation of the great. In 1770 the poet appeared as a metaphysician in his *Essay on Truth*, where orthodox principles were defended in no very philosophical temper, and in a style which suffered by comparison with that of his illustrious opponent, David Hume. Next year the first part of *The Minstrel* was published, and was received with universal approbation. Honours flowed in on the fortunate author. He visited London, and was admitted to all its brilliant and distinguished circles; Goldsmith, Johnson, Garrick, and Reynolds were numbered among his friends. On a second visit in 1773 he had an interview with the king and queen, which resulted in a pension of £200 per annum. Oxford made him LL.D., and Reynolds painted his portrait in an allegorical picture, in which he was seen by the side of the angel of Truth, thrusting down Prejudice, Scepticism, and Folly (two of them meant for Hume and Voltaire). He was even promised preferment in the Church of England. The second part of the *Minstrel* was published in 1774; the projected third part never appeared. Domestic sorrows marred Beattie's otherwise happy lot. His wife became insane, and had to be confined in an asylum; and he lost both of his accomplished sons. In his last years he was overcome by despondency, and sank into mental and physical decay.

To a new edition of the *Essay on Truth* in 1776, Beattie added essays on poetry and music, on laughter, and on the utility of classical learning; and in 1783 he published a series of moral and critical *Dissertations*, of which Cowper said that Beattie was the only author whose philosophical works were 'diversified and embellished by a poetical imagination that makes even the driest subject and the leanest a feast for epicures.' The

Elements of Moral Science, largely a digest of his college lectures, appeared in 1790 93.

The *Minstrel*, on which Beattie's fame now rests, is a didactic poem, in the Spenserian stanza, designed to 'trace the progress of a poetical genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a minstrel.' The idea was suggested by Percy's preliminary Dissertation to his *Reliques*. The character of Edwin, the minstrel - in which Beattie embodied his own early feelings and poetical aspirations -is the most essential part of a rather planless poem, the digressions and disquisitions being more tedious than the descriptive passages. Beattie was by nature a man of quick and tender sensibilities, and was well read in Gray, Collins, and other poets of the period. He had no original poetic power; but here and there he shows a keener love for the romantic and grand in nature than is found in his predecessors (thus ranking amongst the promoters of Romanticism), and some of his really picturesque descriptions, in melodious verse, may yet be read with pleasure. His verses to Alexander Ross, the author of *The Fortunate Shepherdess*, give him a minor place among Scottish vernacular poets. The two first selections which follow are from the *Minstrel*, the third from the ballad entitled *The Hermit*.

Beginning of 'The Minstrel.'

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war;
Checked by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropped into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

And yet the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all;
Him, who ne'er listened to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of Fame;
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
Nor need I here describe, in learned lay,
How forth the Minstrel fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely [illegible] array;
His waving locks and beard all hoary gray;
While from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung:
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain;
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide;
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign;
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain;
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float:
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the gray linnets carol from the hill,
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where they will.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are planned,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow,
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

Then grieve not thou, to whom the indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire:
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
The imperial banquet and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined?
No; let thy heaven-taught soul to Heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resigned;
Ambition's grovelling crew for ever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul,
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
Stung with disease, and stupefied with spleen;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide—
The mansion then no more of joy serene
Where fear, distrust, malevolence abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride?

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven? . .

Edwin.

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd swain, a man of low degree,
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie;
A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil: serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith: invincible in arms.

The shepherd swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;

The sickle, scythe, or plough he never swayed ;
An honest heart was almost all his stock ;
His drink the living water from the rock :
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock ;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er they
went.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy.
Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy ;
Silent when glad ; affectionate, though shy ;
And now his look was most demurely sad,
And now he laughed aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours stared and sighed, yet blessed the lad ;
Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed him
mad.

But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil he ever fled ;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps ; but to the forest sped,
Or roamed at large the lonely mountain's head,
Or where the maze of some bewildered stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

The exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring :
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap or net, by arrow or by sling ;
These he detested ; those he scorned to wield :
He wished to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field,
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

Lo! where the stripling, rapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine ;
And sees on high, amidst the encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine ;
While waters, woods, and winds in concert join,
And echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah, no! he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky lawn :
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while ;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil :
But, lo! the sun appears, and heaven, earth, ocean smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost—
What dreadful pleasure there to stand sublime,
Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,
And view the enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,
Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now embossed!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.
In darkness and in storm he found delight ;
Nor less than when on ocean wave serene,
The southern sun diffused his dazzling sheen.
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul ;
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wished not to control.

The Hermit.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove :
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began :
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

'Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthral :
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn ;
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away :
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

'Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguished her crescent displays ;
But lately I marked, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again ;
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

''Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew :
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn—
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?

''Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads, to bewilder ; and dazzles, to blind ;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
"O pity, great Father of Light," then I cried,
"Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee ;
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free!"

'And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.'

The standard edition of Beattie's poems is that by Dyce in the Aldine Series. Sir W. Forbes published a Life of him in 1806, and there is much about him in W. R. Fraser's *History of Laurencekirk* (1880).

Michael Bruce (1746-67) was born at Kinnesswood in Kinross-shire. His father, a poor weaver, trained his children to a knowledge of their letters and a deep sense of religious duty, and in the summer months Michael was put to herd cattle. His education suffered; but as poet he found his account in solitary communion with nature, amidst scenery overlooking Lochleven and its ruined castle. In his fifteenth year the boy was judged fit for college, and at this time a relation of his father left him a legacy of 200 merks Scots (£11, 2s. 2d. sterling). This sum the old weaver piously devoted to the education of his favourite son, who, enrolled in December 1762 a student at Edinburgh University, was soon distinguished for general proficiency and for taste in poetry. After three sessions at college, supported by parents, friends, and neighbours, he engaged to teach a school at Gairney Bridge on a salary of about £11 per annum. He completed his arts course in 1765, and entered the Divinity Hall in connection with the Burgher, or Associate, Synod, intending to become a minister. He obtained another school at Forest Mill near Tillicoultry in 1766, and taught for a time under equally depressing conditions. His schoolroom was low-roofed and damp, and the poor youth, oppressed by poverty and disappointment, lost health and spirits. He wrote his poem of *Lochleven* at Forest Mill, but was at length forced to return to his father's cottage, a victim of consumption. With death full in his view he wrote his *Elegy*—his best poem if we except the debated *Cuckoo*, whose authorship is discussed in the next article, where the poem is quoted; and he died on 5th July 1767, aged twenty-one.

His poems were published in 1770 by his college friend John Logan, who warmly eulogised Bruce's character and talents. Anderson's *British Poets* (1794) contained eleven of Bruce's poems. In 1807 Principal Baird published an edition by subscription for the benefit of Bruce's mother, then a widow. In 1837 a complete edition of the poems was issued, with a Life of the author, from original sources, by Mr Mackelvie, a Kinross-shire minister. The pieces left by Bruce have all the marks of youth—a style only half-formed and immature, and resemblances to other poets so close and frequent that the reader is constantly stumbling on some familiar image or expression. In *Lochleven*, a descriptive poem in blank verse, he obviously took Thomson as his model. The opening is a paraphrase of the commencement of Thomson's *Spring*, and epithets taken from the *Seasons* occur throughout the whole poem, with traces of Milton, Ossian, and many other familiar poets. And it is argued that considerable passages are additions by Logan. *The Last Day*, in blank verse, is inferior to *Lochleven*. Other poems are a pastoral, a pastoral song, a rhymed fable, 'an historical ballad' (on Sir James the Ross), and an 'anacreontic'—not to speak of some or all of the hymns or Scripture paraphrases printed as Logan's, including *The Complaint of Nature*, given in the next article. The *Elegy* has many weak lines and borrowed ideas (thus the odd locution 'shut of eve' is straight from Blair, page 306), but attracts the reader and stirs sympathetic admiration for the young Christian philosopher who could thus describe the cheering aspects of reviving nature in the certain expectation of his own speedy dissolution.

Elegy—Written in Spring

'Tis past: the iron North has spent his rage;
 Stern Winter now resigns the lengthening day;
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
 And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
 From southern climes, beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course:
 Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train,
 To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;
Where, throned on ice, he holds eternal reign;
 Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests roar.

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
 Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flowers; and all around
 Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new deck their withered boughs;
 Their ample leaves, the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose;
 The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
 Puts on the robe she neither sewed nor spun;
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
 Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
 From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings;
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
 Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden blooms
 That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
 While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
 Along the greensward, marked with Roman mound,
Beneath the blithsome shepherd's watchful eye,
 The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
 Who love to walk in Virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,
 And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws;
 Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind;
Thus heaven-taught Plato traced the Almighty cause,
 And left the wondering multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gathered academic bays;
 Thus gentle Thomson, as the seasons roll,
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
 And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walked along the dewy lawn ;
  My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn ;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
  And gathered health from all the gales of morn.

And, even when winter chilled the aged year,
  I wandered lonely o'er the hoary plain :
Though frosty Boreas warned me to forbear,
  Boreas, with all his tempests, warned in vain.

Then, sleep my nights, and quiet blessed my days ;
  I feared no loss, my mind was all my store ;
No anxious wishes e'er disturbed my ease ;
  Heaven gave content and health—I asked no more.

Now spring returns : but not to me returns
  The vernal joy my better years have known ;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
  And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in the inconstant wind,
  Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
  And count the silent moments as they pass :

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
  No art can stop, or in their course arrest ;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
  And lay me down in peace with them at rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate ;
  And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
  And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe ;
  I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
  Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields ! ye cheerful plains !
  Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
  And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
  When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes :
The world and all its busy follies leave,
  And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten in the clay,
  When death shall shut these weary aching eyes ;
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
  Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

John Logan (1748–88) was included by Isaac D'Israeli, in his *Calamities of Authors*, amongst unfortunate men of genius. Logan had undoubtedly ambitions he never realised ; but there is nothing to warrant the assertion that he died of a broken heart. Born at Soutra in East Lothian, the son of a small farmer, who educated him for the ministry, Logan, after he had finished his studies at Edinburgh, been duly 'licensed' to preach, and been for a time tutor at Ulbster to the afterwards famous Sir John Sinclair, was in 1773 appointed one of the ministers of South Leith. Under the auspices of Principal Robertson and Dr Hugh Blair, he read a course of lectures in Edinburgh, an outline of which he published in 1781 as *The Elements of the Philosophy of History;* and in 1782 he printed one of his lectures on the *Manners and Governments of Asia.* The same year he published his poems, and in 1783 *Runnamede*, a tragedy on the signing of Magna Charta. The play was acted in Edinburgh, but only once—on account of its political references, it was said. His parishioners disapproved this exercise of his talents, and unfortunately Logan had lapsed into irregular and dissipated habits. The consequence was that in 1786 he resigned his charge on receiving a small annuity, and settled in London, where he died. In London, Logan was a contributor to the *English Review*, and wrote a pamphlet on the *Charges against Warren Hastings*—an eloquent defence and counter-attack on his accusers—which led to the trial of Stockdale the publisher, and to one of the most memorable of Erskine's speeches. Among Logan's manuscripts were found several unfinished tragedies, twenty-two lectures on ancient history, portions of a periodical work, and a collection of fervid sermons, two volumes of which were published by his executors. By a perverse fate, what appear to have been Logan's lectures were printed (2 vols. 1788-93), as his own, under the title of *A View of Antient History*, by Dr William Rutherford, who was headmaster of a school at Uxbridge.

Logan it was who in 1770 published (see the preceding page) the poems of his dead college friend Michael Bruce. In doing so he exercised his editorial discretion by not printing several of the pieces amongst Bruce's manuscripts, as well as by making extensive alterations on and additions to Bruce's verses ; and, as he states in his preface, 'to make up a miscellany, poems wrote by different authors are inserted.' The best of these he afterwards claimed himself, and published as his own in 1781. With respect to the vexed question of the authorship of the ode *To the Cuckoo*—which Burke admired so much that on visiting Edinburgh he sought out Logan to compliment him—the evidence seems to be as follows : In favour of Logan, there is the open publication of the ode under his own name in 1781 ; the fact of his having shown it in manuscript to several friends before its publication, and declared it to be his composition ; and that during Logan's life his claim to be the author was not disputed. In republishing the ode, Logan made corrections such as an author was likely to make in a piece written by himself eleven or twelve years before. In 1873 a careful and conscientious sifter of evidence, David Laing, in a tract on the authorship of this ode, defended Logan's claim ; so did Dr John Small (*British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, 1877) and the Rev. Robert Small (1879) ; but Bruce's authorship was strenuously asserted by Dr Mackelvie (1837) and Dr A. B. Grosart (1865-86). There are certainly some arguments in support of Bruce's claim.

The question has not been absolutely settled, and perhaps hardly admits of demonstrative proof. It counts against Logan that he used in his sermons sentences or passages from Blair, Sherlock, Jeremiah Seed, and perhaps Zollikofer as translated. And it should be remembered that questions of literary property were not in Logan's century so strictly regarded as now. It is impossible to set[illegible] the authorship of some of the things by Swift and Arbuthnot and Pope. Great poets do not now incorporate with their own works, as Thomson did, passages by their friends; Mallet may have considerably altered and thought he had a claim to 'Rule Britannia,' though he did not write the first draft; and Erasmus Darwin unhesitatingly incorporated with the very opening of his *Botanic Garden* without remark, without her consent, and against her wish, a long passage that had already been published as a poem by h[illegible] friend Miss Seward. Apart from the ode *To t[illegible] Cuckoo*, the best of Logan's things are his ve[illegible] on a *Visit to the Country in Autumn*, his [illegible] dramatic poem of *The Lovers*, and his fine [illegible] stanzas on the *Braes of Yarrow*. Nine [illegible] best of the Paraphrases adopted by the [illegible] of Scotland in 1781, in several cases 'in[illegible] versions of older hymns by Doddridge and [illegible] are in their present shape attributed to him, these also have been claimed by some for Michael Bruce.

Logan's principles of the philosophy of history though in the end the book degenerates into jottings on the salient features of the history of Egypt, Persia, Sparta, Athens, Macedonia, and Rome—are sufficiently modern or 'advanced' to warrant a quotation. At the outset he insists that 'the physical causes are those qualities of the soil and climate which work insensibly on the temper,' and 'delivers the opinion' 'that the original character of nations arises chiefly from physical causes, and that the subsequent changes are almost entirely owing to moral.' He recognises three stages in early social development: savages who have no permanent possessions; barbarous tribes 'who have adopted the idea of permanent possession in their flocks and herds, but who, as they still continue to migrate, have no private property in land;' and the stage of 'nations when they forsake their roving life and, settling in the soil, appropriate land.'

> The arrangements and improvements which take place in human affairs result not from the efforts of individuals, but from a movement of the whole society.
>
> From want of attention to this principle, history hath often degenerated into the panegyric of single men and the worship of names. Lawgivers are recorded, but who makes mention of the people? When, moved with curiosity, we enquire into the causes of the singular institutions which prevailed at Sparta, at Athens, or Rome, historians think it sufficient to mention the names of Lycurgus, Solon, or Romulus. They seem to have believed that forms of government were established with as much ease as theories of government were written. Such visionary systems are foreign to human affairs. No constitution is formed by a concert: no government is copied from a plan. Sociability and policy are natural to mankind. In the progress of society, instincts turn into arts, and original principles are converted into actual establishments. When an inequality of possessions takes place, the few that are opulent contend for power, the many defend their rights: from this struggle of parties a form of government is established.
>
> Illustrations of this observation from ancient and modern states.
>
> The laws of a nation are derived from the same origin with their government.
>
> Ri[illegible]g, in this manner, from society, all human [illegible]nts appear in their proper place, not as [illegible] detached articles, but as the various regular [illegible]nena of one great system [illegible] arts, national manners and [illegible]uation and spirit of [illegible] philosophers, statesmen, [illegible]irection to that stream [illegible] ory, in its proper form, [illegible] as its object is not merely [illegible] princes or the intrigues of [illegible] ture of society and repre[illegible] of nations [illegible] duce similar appearances; and, [illegible] y is the same, nation will [illegible] to this hath filled the world with infinite volumes. The most remote resemblances in language, customs, or manners have suggested the idea of deriving one nation from another.
>
> Nature directs the use of all the faculties that she hath given; in favourable circumstances every animal unfolds its powers; and man is the same being over the whole world.
>
> Illustrations both from savage and civilized nations.
>
> Man is one animal; and, where the same situations occur, human nature is the same.
>
> Hence the foundation of everything is in nature; politics [illegible] a science; and there is a system in human affairs.
>
> It is peculiar to the human race that the species improves as well as the individual.
>
> Hence a noble field presents itself to the philosophical historian, to trace the rise and progress of society and the history of civilization.
>
> All nations have been rude before they were refined. The commencement of history is in the wood and the wilderness. Mankind appear everywhere, at first, a weak and infant species; and the most celebrated nations trace back their origin to a few wandering tribes.
>
> The early condition of our species, therefore, is a subject both of curiosity and importance. There are no records, however, of such a state. The youth of the society, like that of the individual, passes away unperceived.
>
> Happily for the historian, the discovery of America has supplied this defect.
>
> The history of the aborigines of America is curious;

and we deliver it not as the annals of the new world, but as it belongs to the antiquities of mankind, and delineates the picture of all nations in the rude state.

To the Cuckoo

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
  Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
  And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
  Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
  Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
  I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
  From birds among the bowers.

The school boy, wandering through the wood
  To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
  And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
  Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
  Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
  Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
  No Winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
  We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
  Companions of the Spring.

The third line of the fourth verse originally stood
'Starts thy curious voice to hear,'
which was doubtless altered by Logan as defective in quantity, though 'curious' has been defended as truer to fact than 'new.'

The Complaint of Nature.

'Few are thy days, and full of woe,
  O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
  And shalt to dust return."

'Determined are the days that fly
  Successive o'er thy head;
The numbered hour is on the wing
  That lays thee with the dead.

'Alas! the little day of life
  Is shorter than a span;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
  To miserable man.

'Gay is thy morning, flattering hope
  Thy sprightly step attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
  And the dark night descends.

'Before its splendid hour the cloud
  Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
  Man tarries but a night.

'Behold! sad emblem of thy state,
  The flowers that paint the field;
Or trees that crown the mountain's brow,
  And boughs and blossoms yield.

'When chill the blast of Winter blows,
  Away the Summer flies,
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
  And all their beauty dies.

'Nipt by the year the fo[illegible]
  And, shaking to the w[illegible]
The leaves toss to and f[illegible]k
  The wilderness behind.

'The Winter past, reviving flowers
  Anew shall paint the plain,
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
  And flourish green again.

'But man departs this earthly scene,
  Ah! never to return;
No second Spring shall e'er revive
  The ashes of the urn.

'The inexorable doors of death,
  What hand can e'er unfold?
Who from the cerements of the tomb
  Can raise the human mould?

'The mighty flood that rolls along
  Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost can ne'er recall
  From that abyss again.

'The days, the years, the ages, dark
  Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeemed
  Back to the gates of light.

'So man departs the living scene,
  To night's perpetual gloom;
The voice of morning ne'er shall break
  The slumbers of the tomb.

'Where are our fathers? Whither gone
  The mighty men of old?
The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
  In sacred books enrolled?

'Gone to the resting place of man,
  The everlasting home,
Where ages past have gone before,
  Where future ages come.'

Thus nature poured the wail of woe,
  And urged her earnest cry;
Her voice, in agony extreme,
  Ascended to the sky.

The Almighty heard: then from his throne
  In majesty he rose;
And from the heaven that opened wide,
  His voice in mercy flows:

'When mortal man resigns his breath,
  And falls a clod of clay,
The soul immortal wings its flight
  To never setting day.

'Prepared of old for wicked men
The bed of torment lies;
The just shall enter into bliss
Immortal in the skies.'

The Braes of Yarrow.

'Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!
When now thy waves his body cover!
For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

'He promised me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page,
To 'squire me to his father's towers;
He promised me a wedding-ring, —
The wedding-day was fix'd to morrow; —
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave in Yarrow!

'Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him!
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

'His mother from the window look'd,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her brother:
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

'No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid!
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough,
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

'The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow;
I'll seek thy body in the stream
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.'
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

From 'Runnamede.'

He is a traitor to his native land,
A traitor to mankind who in a cause
That down the course of time will fire the world,
Rides not upon the lightning of the sky
To save his country . . .
The voice of freedom's not a still, small voice:
'Tis in the fire, the thunder and the storm
The goddess Liberty delights to dwell.
If rightly I foresee Britannia's fate
The hour of peril is the halcyon hour;
The shock of parties brings her best repose,
Like her wild waves, when working in a storm,
That foam and roar and mingle earth and heaven,
Yet guard the island which they seem to shake.

Amongst the poems reprinted, in whole or in part, after the Psalter in Scottish Bibles as 'paraphrases' or 'hymns' are the well-known ones, 'O God of Abraham [Bethel] by whose hand,' 'Few are thy days and full of woe' (abridged from the poem quoted above), 'O happy is the man who hears,' 'Behold the mountain of the Lord,' and 'Where high the heavenly temple stands.' These are all amongst the nine hymns published in 1781 as by Logan. 'O God of Bethel' is, as Lord Selborne said, Dr Doddridge's, 'rewritten and certainly improved by Logan.' And it should be noted that the most convinced defender of Logan's right to most of the disputed poems insists that Bruce must have written something on the lines of 'The Complaint of Nature,' though as it stands it is largely or mostly Logan's, the artistic rounding off being certainly his. Mr D. J. Maclagan in *The Scottish Paraphrases* (1889) takes Logan's side; Dr Julian in his great *Dictionary of Hymnology* (1892) follows Grosart.

Nathaniel Cotton (1705-88) wrote *Visions in Verse, for the Entertainment and Instruction of Younger Minds*, which are, on the whole, more likely to instruct than to amuse. He was born in London, the son of a Levant merchant, and as a medical practitioner at St Albans was distinguished for his skill in the treatment of mental disorders. Cowper, a patient in Cotton's happily named 'Collegium Insanorum,' bears evidence to his 'well-known humanity and sweetness of temper.' Both in his nine *Visions* (Friendship, Happiness, Slander, Marriage, Death, &c.) and in his seven *Fables* ('The Scholar and the Cat,' 'The Snail and the Gardener,' &c.) he imitated Gay in verse and manner, though, as a contemporary said, 'with greater forcibleness of the moral spirit.' There are also tales, epitaphs, imitations, and miscellanies, in some of which there are anticipations of the nineteenth-century spirit, though in eighteenth-century words.

To Children listening to a Lark.

See the lark prunes his active wings, preens
Rises to heaven, and soars, and sings.
His morning hymns, his mid-day lays,
Are one continued song of praise.
He speaks his Maker all he can
And shames the silent tongue of man.
When the declining orb of light
Reminds him of approaching night,
His warbling vespers swell his breast,
And as he sings he sinks to rest.
Shall birds instructive lessons teach,
And we be deaf to what they preach?
No, ye dear nestlings of my heart,
Go, act the wiser songster's part.
Spurn your warm couch at early dawn,
And with your God begin the morn.
To Him your grateful tribute pay
Through every period of the day.
To Him your evening songs direct;
His eye shall watch, His arm protect.
Though darkness reigns, He's with you still,
Then sleep, my babes, and fear no ill.

The Fireside.

Dear Cloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we 'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we 'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here;
Nor intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark:
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explored the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutored right, they 'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise:
We 'll form their minds with studious care
To all that 's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They 'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They 'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys! they 're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state:
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We 'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given;
Dear Cloe, this is wisdom's part:
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We 'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we 'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we 'll go;
Its checkered paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we 'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

His works, *Various Pieces in Prose and Verse*, published after his death by his son, fill two volumes (1791), and are included in some of the collections of the poets.

Samuel Bishop (1731-95), born in London and educated at Merchant Taylors' School and St John's, Oxford, became, after taking orders, master of his old school. His poems (which fill two volumes quarto!) are none of them long, and deal with subjects as miscellaneous as spring, the man of taste, cricket, the library, Sunday, the privateer, the easy-chair, arithmetic, landscape painting, and the English sailor. Many of his happiest verses were addressed to his wife and daughter.

To Mrs Bishop, on the Anniversary of her Wedding-day, with a Ring.

'Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed,'
So, fourteen years ago, I said.
Behold another ring! 'For what?'
'To wed thee o'er again?' Why not?
With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;
Taste long admired, sense long revered,
And all my Molly then appeared.
If she, by merit since disclosed,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.
Here, then, to-day, with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense, as pure,
As when, amidst the rites divine,
I took thy troth, and plighted mine,
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring:
A token and a pledge I bring;
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
Those virtues which, before untried,
The wife has added to the bride;
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,

My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake as well as love's.
And why? They shew me every hour
Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence,
And teach me all things—but repentance.

Two hundred and ninety-seven short poems are classified—oddly enough, some of them—as 'epigrams,' of which these are specimens:

John Bull.

John Bull whene'er the maggot bites,
Cropsick with ease and quiet,
Raves about wrongs, roars about rights,
All rumpus, rage, and riot.

But if a foreign foe intrudes,
John tells a different story:
Away with fears! away with feuds!
All's Union, Triumph, Glory!

He scorns Dons, Dutchmen, and Mounseers,
And spite of their alliance,
With half the world about his ears,
Bids t'other half defiance!

When England's foes her follies view
Each day, each hour shews something new;
But let them try in arms their skill,
And England is—Old England still!

Plus Ultra.

When Johnson the lives of our poets composed, [closed.
He scarce thought how his own would be hacked when it
We've had life upon life without end or cessation,
A perfect biographical superfetation;
Male, female, friend, foe, have had hands in the mess,
And the paper announces still more in the press.
Not a cat, though a cat's fate spins ninefold the thread,
Has so many lives, living, as Johnson has dead!

Hugh Blair (1718–1800), an Edinburgh minister, was long regarded as the most famous exponent of 'sacred eloquence' both in theory and in practice. The number of sets of volumes of his sermons still to be seen in book-stalls and at book auctions testifies not less strongly to the popularity he once enjoyed than to the change of taste in that department. He was at first minister of a country church in Fifeshire, but was successively preferred to the Canongate, Lady Yester's, and the High Church, Edinburgh. In 1759 he commenced a course of lectures on rhetoric and *belles-lettres*, being made professor of that subject at the university in 1762; and in 1763 he published his *Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian*, in which he zealously defended the authenticity of Macpherson's Ossianic discoveries. In 1777 appeared the first volume of his *Sermons*. It was so well received that the author published three other volumes, and a fifth was printed after his death. A royal pension of £200 further rewarded the author. Blair next published his university *Lectures* (1783), and they also met with a favourable reception. Though some[illegible] accepted as a supreme code of the laws of taste that prevailed at the time. The sermons are written with taste and elegance, wholly without fervour, force, or profundity, and, after the manner of the 'Moderates,' inculcate Christian morality without allusion to controversial topics.

On the Cultivation of Taste.

Such studies have this peculiar advantage, that they exercise our reason without fatiguing it. They lead to inquiries acute, but not painful; profound, but not dry or abstruse. They strew flowers in the path of science; and while they keep the mind bent in some degree and active, they relieve it at the same time from that more toilsome labour to which it must submit in the acquisition of necessary erudition or the investigation of abstract truth. The cultivation of taste is further recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The most busy man in the most active sphere cannot be always occupied by business. Men of serious professions cannot always be on the stretch of serious thought. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. How, then, shall these vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which more or less occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to dispose of them in any way that shall be more agreeable in itself, or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taste and the study of polite literature? He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for these has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a pernicious passion. He [illegible] hazard of being a burden to himself. He [illegible] to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence.

Providence seems plainly to have pointed out this useful purpose to which the pleasures of taste may be applied, by interposing them in a middle station between the pleasures of sense and those of pure intellect. We were not designed to grovel always [illegible] the former; nor are we capable of dwelling [illegible] so high a region as the latter. The [illegible] taste refresh the [illegible] labours of abstract study, and they gradually [illegible]

[illegible] very age appeared more important to wise men [illegible] early with a relish [illegible] The transition is commonly made with [illegible] It is favourable to many virtues. Whereas [illegible] entirely devoid of relish for eloquence, poetry, [illegible] the fine arts, is justly construed to be an unpromising symptom of youth; and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or destined [illegible] more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of [illegible] with which the improvement of taste is not more or less connected. A cultivated taste increases sensibility to all the tender and humane passions, by giving them frequent exercise; while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions.

> 'Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
> Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.'

The elevated sentiments and high examples which poetry, eloquence, and history are often bringing under our view naturally tend to nourish in our minds public spirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune, and the admiration of what is truly illustrious and great. I will not go so far as to say that the improvement of taste and of virtue is the same, or that they may always be expected to coexist in an equal degree. More powerful correctives than taste can apply are necessary for reforming the corrupt propensities which too frequently prevail among mankind. Elegant speculations are sometimes found to float on the surface of the mind, while bad passions possess the interior regions of the heart. At the same time, this cannot but be admitted, that the exercise of taste is, in its native tendency, moral and purifying. From reading the most admired productions of genius, whether in poetry or prose, almost every one rises with some good impressions left on his mind; and though these may not always be durable, they are at least to be ranked among the means of disposing the heart to virtue. One thing is certain, that without possessing the virtuous affections in a strong degree, no man can attain eminence in the sublime parts of eloquence. He must feel what a good man feels, if he expects greatly to move or to interest mankind. They are the ardent sentiments of honour, virtue, magnanimity, and public spirit, that only can kindle that fire of genius, and call up into the mind those high ideas which attract the admiration of ages; and if this spirit be necessary to produce the most distinguished efforts of eloquence, it must be necessary also to our relishing them with proper taste and feeling.

Dugald Stewart (1753-1828), by his essays and treatises no less than by his lectures, gave high dignity and popularity to the Scottish Philosophy. The son of the Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, he was born in the college buildings there. While yet a youth he was appointed his father's assistant and successor, and in 1785, when Dr Adam Ferguson retired from the Moral Philosophy chair, Stewart was appointed his successor, and discharged the duties of the office till 1810. The latter years of his life were spent in literary retirement at Kinneil House near Bo'ness. His political friends, the Whigs, when in office in 1806, created for him the sinecure office of Gazette writer for Scotland. Few lecturers have ever been more popular than Dugald Stewart; his eloquence, taste, and dignity rendered him both fascinating and impressive. His writings are marked by the same characteristics, and can be read with pleasure even by those who have no very keen interest in metaphysical studies. This, indeed, the secret of their success then, has helped to render them obsolete now. They deal not merely with metaphysics, but with logic, psychology, ethics, natural theology, the principles of taste, politics, and political economy. He considerably developed the Scottish Philosophy, improving on its founder, Reid, by the fuller and more systematic exposition of the powers of the mind; and his contribution to the philosophy of taste was a notable advance. The works include *The Philosophy of the Human Mind* (1792-1827), *Philosophical Essays* (1810), a *Dissertation on the Progress of Metaphysical and Ethical Philosophy* (originally for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*), and *The Active and Moral Powers of Man*, published a few weeks before his death. Stewart also published *Outlines of Moral Philosophy*, and wrote colourless Memoirs of Principal Robertson, of Adam Smith, and of Reid. 'All the years I remained about Edinburgh,' said James Mill, 'I used, as often as I could, to steal into Mr Stewart's class to hear a lecture, which was always a high treat. I have heard Pitt and Fox deliver some of their most admired speeches, but I never heard anything nearly so eloquent as some of the lectures of Professor Stewart. The taste for the studies which have formed my favourite pursuits, and which will be so to the end of my life, I owe to him.' Other notable men who were taught by Stewart were Lords Jeffrey and Cockburn, Francis Horner, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Brougham, Sir James Mackintosh, the future Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Palmerston, and Earl Russell; for Stewart's fame and his philosophic Liberalism, as much as the Toryism of the English universities, attracted to Edinburgh many scions of the great English Whig houses. Sydney Smith was an admiring auditor; and the Scottish metaphysician contributed in no small degree to the training of the next generation of English Whig statesmen and publicists. His sympathy with the Americans and, in the earlier stage, with the French Revolution provoked irritation and opposition amongst those of another way of thinking. He had occasionally American colonials amongst his hearers; thus the father of James Russell Lowell studied under the Edinburgh philosopher.

On Memory

It is generally supposed that, of all our faculties, memory is that which nature has bestowed in the most unequal degrees on different individuals; and it is far from being impossible that this opinion may be well founded. If, however, we consider that there is scarcely any man who has not memory sufficient to learn the use of language, and to learn to recognise, at the first glance, the appearances of an infinite number of familiar objects, besides acquiring such an acquaintance with the laws of nature and the ordinary course of human affairs as is necessary for directing his conduct in life, we shall be satisfied that the original disparities among men in this respect are by no means so immense as they seem to be at first view; and that much is to be ascribed to different habits of attention, and to a difference of selection among the various objects and events presented to their curiosity.

It is worthy of remark, also, that those individuals who possess unusual powers of memory with respect to any one class of objects are commonly as remarkably deficient in some of the other applications of that faculty. I knew a person who, though completely ignorant of Latin, was able to repeat over thirty or forty lines of Virgil, after having heard them once read to him—not, indeed, with perfect exactness, but with such a degree of resemblance as (all circumstances considered) was truly astonishing; yet this person (who was in the condition of a servant) was singularly deficient in memory in all cases in which that faculty is of real practical utility. He was noted in every family in which he had been employed for habits of forgetfulness, and could scarcely deliver an ordinary message without committing some blunder.

A similar observation, I can almost venture to say, will be found to apply to by far the greater number of those in whom this faculty seems to exhibit a preternatural or anomalous degree of force. The varieties of memory are indeed wonderful, but they ought not to be confounded with inequalities of memory. One man is distinguished by a power of recollecting names, and dates, and genealogies; a second, by the multiplicity of speculations and of general conclusions treasured up in his intellect; a third, by the facility with which words and combinations of words (the very words of a speaker or of an author) seem to lay hold of his mind; a fourth, by the quickness with which he seizes and appropriates the sense and meaning of an author, while the phraseology and style seem altogether to escape his notice; a fifth, by his memory for poetry; a sixth, by his memory for music; a seventh, by his memory for architecture, statuary, and painting, and all the other objects of taste which are addressed to the eye. All these different powers seem miraculous to those who do not possess them; and as they are apt to be supposed by superficial observers to be commonly united in the same individuals, they contribute much to encourage those exaggerated estimates concerning the original inequalities among men in respect to this faculty which I am now endeavouring to reduce to their first standard.

As the great purpose to which this faculty is subservient is to enable us to collect and to retain, for the future regulation of our conduct, the results of our past experience, it is evident that the degree of perfection which it attains in the case of different persons must vary; first, with the facility of making the original acquisition; secondly, with the permanence of the acquisition; and thirdly, with the quickness or readiness with which the individual is able, on particular occasions, to apply it to use. The qualities, therefore, of a good memory are, in the first place, to be susceptible; secondly, to be retentive; and thirdly, to be ready.

It is but rarely that these three qualities are united in the same person. We often, indeed, meet with a memory which is at once susceptible and ready; but I doubt much if such memories be commonly very retentive; for the same set of habits which are favourable to the first two qualities are adverse to the third. Those individuals, for example, who, with a view to conversation, make a practice of informing themselves with respect to the popular topics of the day, or of turning over the ephemeral publications subservient to the amusement or to the politics of the times, are naturally led to cultivate a susceptibility and readiness of memory, but have no inducement to aim at that permanent retention of selected ideas which enables the scientific student to combine the most remote materials, and to concentrate at will, on a particular object, all the scattered lights of his experience and of his reflections. Such men (as far as my observation has reached) seldom possess a familiar or correct acquaintance even with those classical remains of our own earlier writers which have ceased to furnish topics of discourse to the fashionable world. A stream of novelties is perpetually passing through their minds, and the faint impressions which it leaves soon vanish to make way for others, like the traces which the ebbing tide leaves upon the sand. Nor is this all. In proportion as the associating principles which lay the foundation of susceptibility and readiness predominate in the memory, those which form the basis of our more solid and lasting acquisitions may be expected to be weakened, as a natural consequence of the general laws of our intellectual frame.

Stewart's works, edited by Sir William Hamilton, with a Life by Professor Veitch, appeared in 1854-58 in eleven volumes; a [illegible] H. G. Graham's *Scottish Men of Letters* (1901).

Henry Mackenzie (1745-1831), long the Nestor of literary Edinburgh, was an imitator of Sterne in sentiment, pathos, and style, more careful of the proprieties, less addicted to excursiveness, but vastly inferior in originality, force, and humour. The son of an Edinburgh physician, he was educated at the High School and University of Edinburgh, and made the law his profession. To qualify for work in the Exchequer Court, he went to London in 1765 and studied the English Exchequer practice; and on his return to Edinburgh he was made free of its literary circles, which then included men like Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, and Blair. In 1771 appeared his novel, *The Man of Feeling*, which was followed by *The Man of the World* (1773) and *Julia de Roubigné* (1777). Mackenzie was by far the most frequent and important contributor to the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, the first periodicals of the kind in Scotland, both of which he founded and edited (1779-80 and 1785-87), and he wrote some dramatic pieces, which were brought out at Edinburgh with but indifferent success. In the *Mirror* and the *Lounger* he imitated Addison rather closely, and was even called by Scott 'the Northern Addison.' At some time or another he imitated, deliberately or unconsciously, the most conspicuous writers of the century—not merely the *Spectator* group and Sterne, but Richardson, Fielding, and others. He accordingly never attained to distinction or individuality, but his style is always good and wonderfully free from Scotticisms. In the *Lounger* he had the glory of introducing Robert Burns to the Edinburgh wits and wider circles. The friend of David Hume, he was still reading papers in the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1812; and after 1820 was the life of the company and one of the most active sportsmen [illegible] parties at Abbotsford, along with Scott himself and Sir Humphry Davy. And it was largely by a paper of his on the German theatre (1788) that interest had been awakened in Scotland in German literature. He supported the Government of Pitt in pamphlets written with great acuteness. In real life the sentimental novelist was shrewd and practical; he had early exhausted his vein of romance, and was an active man of business. And it is curious to remember that the Man of Feeling was much addicted to cock fighting! In 1804 the Government appointed him to the office of comptroller of taxes for Scotland, a lucrative post which entailed much drudgery. In this office, enjoying the society of his family, his many friends, and his favourite sports of the field, writing occasionally on subjects of taste and literature (for 'the old stump,' he said, 'would still occasionally send forth a few green shoots'), Mackenzie lived to the age of eighty-six.

His first novel is on the whole the best of his works, unless we rank above it some of his short contributions to the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, such as the tale of La Roche, an idealised sketch of David Hume. There is no regular story in the *Man of Feeling*; but the character of Harley, his bashfulness and excessive delicacy, entertain the reader, though the whole is very unlike real life. His adventures in London, the talk of club and park frequenters, his visit to Bedlam, and his relief of the old soldier and his daughter, are partly modelled on the affected sentimental style of the inferior romances, but show a facility in moral and pathetic portraiture that had till then been surpassed by Richardson alone. The character of Sir Thomas Sindall—Mackenzie's Lovelace—is forced and unnatural; his plots and intrigues imply a deliberate villainy and defiance of public opinion quite incredible in view of his rank and position in the world; and his deathbed sensibility and penitence are undoubtedly out of keeping with the rest of his character. The 'romantic' adventures of young Annesly among the Indians are described with much spirit. *Julia de Roubigné*, more melancholy than the *Man of the World*, has no gorgeous descriptions to relieve the misery and desolation which overwhelm a group of innocents whom for their virtues the reader would wish to see happy. By this novel Mackenzie took a decided place amongst the literary abolitionists who followed Mrs Aphra Behn in denouncing West Indian slavery.

On Negro Slavery.

I have often been tempted to doubt whether there is not an error in the whole plan of negro servitude; and whether whites or creoles born in the West Indies, or perhaps cattle, after the manner of European husbandry, would not do the business better and cheaper than the slaves do. The money which the latter cost at first, the sickness (often owing to despondency of mind) to which they are liable after their arrival, and the proportion that die in consequence of it, make the machine, if it may be so called, of a plantation extremely expensive in its operations. In the list of slaves belonging to a wealthy planter, it would astonish you to see the number unfit for service, pining under disease, a burden on their master. I am only talking as a merchant; but as a man—good Heavens! when I think of the many thousands of my fellow creatures groaning under servitude and misery! great God! [illegible] peopled those [illegible] of thy world for the [illegible] casting out their inhabitants to chains and [illegible] land teeming with [illegible] to bring forth spontaneous [illegible] of man, ever at war [illegible] scene of profusion [illegible] into a theatre [illegible] of slavery, and [illegible]

Forgive the [illegible] apostrophe! Here it would not be understood; even my uncle, whose heart is far from a hard one, would smile at my romance, and tell me that things must be so. Habit, the tyrant of nature and of reason, is deaf to the voice of either; here she stifles humanity and debases the species—for the master of slaves has seldom the soul of a man.

HENRY MACKENZIE.

From the Portrait by Sir Henry Raeburn in the National Portrait Gallery

Harley sets out on his Journey—The Beggar and his Dog

He had taken leave of his aunt on the eve of his intended departure; but the good lady's affection for her nephew interrupted her sleep, and early as it was, next morning when Harley came down-stairs to set out, he found her in the parlour with a tear on her cheek and her caudle-cup in her hand. She knew enough of physic to prescribe against going abroad of a morning with an empty stomach. She gave her blessings with the draught; her instructions she had delivered the night before. They consisted mostly of negatives; for London, in her idea, was so replete with temptations, that it needed the whole armour of her friendly cautions to repel their attacks.

Peter stood at the door. We have mentioned this faithful fellow formerly. Harley's father had taken him up an orphan, and saved him from being cast on the parish; and he had ever since remained in the service of him and of his son. Harley shook him by the hand as he passed, smiling, as if he had said: 'I will not weep.' He sprung hastily into the chaise that waited for him; Peter folded up the step. 'My dear master,' said he, shaking the solitary lock that hung on either side of his head, 'I have been told as how London is a sad place.' He was choked with the thought, and his benediction could not be heard. But it shall be heard, honest Peter! where these tears will add to its energy.

In a few hours Harley reached the inn where he proposed breakfasting; but the fulness of his heart would not suffer him to eat a morsel. He walked out on the road, and gaining a little height, stood gazing on the quarter he had left. He looked for his wonted prospect, his fields, his woods, and his hills; they were lost in the distant clouds! He pencilled them on the clouds, and bade them farewell with a sigh!

He sat down on a large stone to take out a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose sort of coat, mended with different coloured rags, amongst which the blue and the russet were the predominant. He had a short knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn; his knees (though he was no pilgrim) had worn the stuff of his breeches; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ankles. In his face, however, was the plump appearance of good-humour: he walked a good round pace, and a crook-legged dog trotted at his heels.

'Our delicacies,' said Harley to himself, 'are fantastic: they are not in nature! that beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones barefooted, while I have lost the most delightful dream in the world from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe.'—The beggar had by this time come up, and, pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley; the dog began to beg too: it was impossible to resist both; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before. The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number; and, with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Harley, 'that if he wanted his fortune told'—Harley turned his eye briskly on the beggar: it was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately. 'I would much rather learn,' said Harley, 'what it is in your power to tell me: your trade must be an entertaining one: sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession; I have often thought of turning fortune-teller for a week or two myself.'

'Master,' replied the beggar, 'I like your frankness much; God knows I had the humour of plain dealing in me from a child; but there is no doing with it in this world; we must live as we can, and lying is, as you call it, my profession: but I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I dealt once in telling truth.

'I was a labourer, sir, and gained as much as to make me live: I never laid by, indeed; for I was reckoned a piece of a wag, and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr Harley.' 'So,' said Harley, 'you seem to know me.' 'Ay, there are few folks in the county that I don't know something of: how should I tell fortunes else?' 'True; but to go on with your story: you were a labourer, you say, and a wag; your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade; but your humour you preserve to be of use to you in your new.'

'What signifies sadness, sir? a man grows lean on't: but I was brought to my idleness by degrees; first I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was seized with a jail-fever at the time of the assizes being in the county where I lived; for I was always curious to get acquainted with the felons, because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought, qualities I had ever an esteem for. In the height of this fever, Mr Harley, the house where I lay took fire, and burnt to the ground; I was carried out in that condition, and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I got the better of my disease, however, but I was so weak that I spat blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week when I was able to joke; I seldom remained above six months in a parish, so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any: thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I found it, Mr Harley. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed; and the few who gave me a halfpenny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. In short, I found that people do not care to give alms without some security for their money; a wooden leg or a withered arm is a sort of draft upon Heaven for those who choose to have their money placed to account there; so I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophesy happiness to others. This I found by much the better way: folks will always listen when the tale is their own; and of many who say they do not believe in fortune-telling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintance; amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neighbours; and indeed people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose; they dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for every one is anxious to hear what they wish to believe; and they who repeat it, to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerable good memory and some share of cunning; with the help of walking a-nights over heaths and churchyards; with this, and shewing the tricks of that there dog, whom I stole from the sergeant of a marching regiment (and, by the way, he can steal too upon occasion), I make shift to pick up a livelihood. My trade, indeed, is none of the honestest; yet people are not much cheated neither, who give a few halfpence for a prospect of happiness, which I have heard some persons say is all a man can arrive at in this world. But I must bid you good day, sir; for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm or captains in the army: a question which I promised to answer them by that time.'

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket; but Virtue bade him consider on whom he was going to bestow it. Virtue held back his arm: but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as Pity, smiled upon him: his fingers lost their compression; nor did Virtue offer to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground, than the watchful cur (a trick he had been taught) snapped it up, and, contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.

(From *The Man of Feeling*.)

Robert Burns.

I know not if I shall be accused of such enthusiasm and partiality, when I introduce to the notice of my readers a poet of our own country, with whose writings I have lately become acquainted; but if I am not greatly deceived, I think I may safely pronounce him a genius of no ordinary rank. The person to whom I allude is Robert Burns, an Ayrshire ploughman, whose poems were some time ago published in a county town in the west of Scotland, with no other ambition, it would seem, than to circulate among the inhabitants of the county where he was born, to obtain a little fame from those who had heard of his talents. I hope I shall not be thought to assume too much if I endeavour to place him in a higher point of view, to call for a verdict of his country on the merit of his works, and to claim for him those honours which their excellence appears to deserve.

In mentioning the circumstance of his humble station, I mean not to rest his pretensions solely on that title, or to urge the merits of his poetry when considered in relation to the lowness of his birth, and the little opportunity of improvement which his education could afford. These particulars, indeed, might excite our wonder at his productions; but his poetry, considered abstractedly, and without the apologies arising from his situation, seems to me fully entitled to command our feelings, and to obtain our applause. One bar, indeed, his birth and education have opposed to his fame, the language in which most of his poems are written. Even in Scotland, the provincial dialect which Ramsay and he have used is now read with a difficulty which greatly damps the pleasure of the reader: in England it cannot be read at all, without such a constant reference to a glossary as nearly to destroy that pleasure. . . . [Here Mackenzie quotes a long extract from the 'Vision' and the whole of the 'Mountain Daisy.']

The power of genius is not less admirable in tracing the manners than in painting the passions, or in drawing the scenery of nature. That intuitive glance with which a writer like Shakespeare discerns the characters of men, with which he catches the many changing hues of life, forms a sort of problem in the science of mind, of which it is easier to see the truth than to assign the cause. Though I am very far from meaning to compare our rustic bard to Shakespeare, yet whoever will read his lighter and more humorous poems, his Dialogue of the Dogs, his Dedication to G—— H——, Esq., his Epistles to a Young Friend, and to W. S——n, will perceive with what uncommon penetration and sagacity this heaven-taught ploughman, from his humble and unlettered station, has looked upon men and manners. Against some passages of those last-mentioned poems, it has been objected that they breathe a spirit of libertinism and irreligion. But if we consider the ignorance and fanaticism of the lower class of people in the country where these poems were written, a fanaticism of that pernicious sort which sets faith in opposition to good works, the fallacy and danger of which a mind so enlightened as our poet's could not but perceive, we shall not look upon his lighter muse as the enemy of religion (of which in several places he expresses the justest sentiments), though she has sometimes been a little unguarded in her ridicule of hypocrisy. In this as in other respects it must be allowed that there are exceptionable parts of the volume he has given to the public, which caution would have suppressed, or correction struck out; but poets are seldom cautious, and our poet had, alas! no friends or companions from whom correction could be obtained. When we reflect on his rank in life, the habits to which he must have been subject, and the society in which he must have mixed, we regret perhaps more than wonder that delicacy should be so often offended in perusing a volume in which there is so much to interest and to please us.

Burns possesses the spirit as well as the fancy of a poet. That honest pride and independence of soul which are sometimes the muse's only dower, break forth on every occasion in his works. It may be, then, I shall wrong his feelings while I indulge my own, in calling the attention of the public to his situation and circumstances. That condition, humble as it was, in which he found content and wooed the muse might not have been deemed uncomfortable; but grief and misfortunes have reached him there; and one or two of his poems hint, what I have learnt from some of his countrymen, that he has been obliged to form the resolution of leaving his native land, to seek under a West-Indian clime that shelter and support which Scotland has denied him. But I trust means may be found to prevent this resolution from taking place; and that I do my country no more than justice when I suppose her ready to stretch out her hand to cherish and retain this native poet, whose 'wood-notes wild' possess so much excellence. To repair the wrongs of suffering or neglected merit; to call forth genius from the obscurity in which it had pined indignant, and place it where it may profit or delight the world: these are exertions which give to wealth an enviable superiority, to greatness and to patronage a laudable pride.

(From *The Lounge*, 9th Dec. 1786.)

See Robert Chambers's *Eminent Scotsmen* (1834); H. G. Graham's *Scottish Men of Letters in the Eighteenth Century* (1901).

Joseph Priestley (1733–1804), a great chemist, an original and unorthodox theologian, and a Radical and unpopular political thinker, was born, a cloth dresser's son, at Fieldhead in Birstall parish, near Leeds, 13th March 1733, and was carefully trained in the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism by his pious mother. He learnt French and High Dutch enough to translate and write business letters in both languages for an uncle. After four years at a Dissenting academy at Daventry, in 1755 he became Presbyterian minister at Needham Market, and wrote *The Scripture Doctrine of Remission*, denying that Christ's death was a sacrifice, and rejecting the Trinity and Atonement. In 1758 he removed to Nantwich, where he ministered to a small congregation; several 'travelling Scotchmen' or pedlars who frequented the place he found to his surprise were none of them at all Calvinistical. Priestley became a tutor at Warrington Academy in 1761. In yearly visits to London he met Franklin, who supplied him with books for his *History of Electricity* (1767). In 1764 he was made LL.D. of Edinburgh, and in 1766 F.R.S. In 1767 he became minister of a chapel at Mill Hill, Leeds, where he took up the study of chemistry. In 1774, as literary companion, he accompanied Lord Shelburne on a Continental tour, and published *Letters to a Philosophical Unbeliever*. But at home he was branded as an atheist in spite of his *Disquisition relating to Matter and Spirit* (1777), affirming from revelation our hope of resurrection. He was elected to the French Academy of Sciences in 1772, and to the St Petersburg Academy in 1780, and in 1780 too he became minister of a chapel at Birmingham. His *History of the Corruptions of Christianity* (1782) and his *History of Early Opinions concerning Jesus Christ* (1786) occasioned renewed controversy. His reply to Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution* secured him formal citizenship of the republic and election to the convention as deputy for Orne; an earlier and more important consequence for him was that it led a Birmingham mob first to wreck his chapel, and then break into his house and destroy its contents (1791). He now settled as a Unitarian minister and successor to Dr Price at Hackney, but in 1794 removed to America, where he was heartily received, and became a more convinced Republican and a more pronounced Unitarian; finally at Northumberland, in Pennsylvania, he died, believing himself to hold the doctrines of the primitive Christians, and looking for the second coming of Christ. Priestley is justly called the father of the newer or pneumatic chemistry (as opposed to the phlogiston theory which his discoveries exploded); good authorities (see *Nature*, xlii. 1890) defend the priority of his discovery of oxygen (1774) and of the composition of water (1781), and deny Lavoisier's claim to be considered an independent discoverer. It was Priestley, not Bentham, who first coined the phrase 'The greatest happiness of the greatest number;' and the sentiment from the *Corruptions of Christianity* is characteristic: 'As the greatest things often take rise from the smallest beginnings, so the worst things sometimes proceed from good intentions.'

The following paragraphs are from Priestley's autobiographical *Memoirs*, the first extract having been written at Birmingham in 1787, the second in 1795, after he had settled in the United States:

I esteem it a singular happiness to have lived in an age and country in which I have been at full liberty both to investigate, and by preaching and writing to propagate, [illegible] truth; that though the freedom I have used for this purpose was for some time disadvantageous to me, [illegible] long, and that my present situation is such [illegible] I can with the greatest openness urge whatever [illegible] me to be the truth of the gospel, not only [illegible] least offence, but with the entire [illegible] of those with whom I am particularly con[illegible]. As to the odium which I have drawn upon myself by my writings, whether that of the Calvinistic party in or out of the church of England, those who rank with rational dissenters, but who have been exceedingly offended at my carrying my inquiries farther than [illegible] [illegible] I am thankful that it gives less disturbance to me than it does to themselves, and that their dislike is much more than compensated by the cordial esteem and approbation of my conduct by a few whose minds are congenial to my own, and especially that the number of such persons increases.

. . . .

About two years before I left Birmingham the question about the *test act* was much agitated both in and out of parliament. This, however, was altogether without any concurrence of mine. I only delivered, and published, a sermon on the 5th of November 1789, recommending the most peaceable method of pursuing our object. Mr Madan, however, the most respectable clergyman in the town, preaching and publishing a most inflammatory sermon on the subject, inveighing in the bitterest manner against the Dissenters in general, and myself in particular, I addressed a number of *familiar letters to the inhabitants of Birmingham* in our defence. This produced a reply from him, and other letters from me. All mine were written in an ironical and rather a pleasant manner, and in some of the last of them I introduced a farther reply to Mr Burn, another clergyman in Birmingham, who had addressed to me *letters on the infallibility of the testimony of the Apostles concerning the person of Christ*, after replying to his first set of Letters, in a separate publication.

From these small pieces I was far from expecting any serious consequences. But the Dissenters in general being very obnoxious to the court, and it being imagined, though without any reason, that I had been the chief promoter of the measures which gave them offence, the clergy, not only in Birmingham, but through all England, seemed to make it their business, by writing in the public papers, by preaching, and other methods, to inflame the minds of the people against me. And on occasion of the celebration of the anniversary of the French revolution on July 14th, 1791, by several of my friends, but with which I had little to do, a mob encouraged by some persons in power, first burned the meeting house in which I preached, then another meeting house in the town, and then my dwelling house, demolishing my library, apparatus, and, as far as they could, every thing belonging to me. They also burned, or much damaged, the houses of many Dissenters, chiefly my friends; the particulars of which I need not recite, as they will be found in two *Appeals* which I published on the subject written presently after the riots.

Being in some personal danger on this occasion, I went to London; and so violent was the spirit of party which then prevailed, that I believe I could hardly have been safe in any other place. There, however, I was perfectly so, though I continued to be an object of troublesome attention until I left the country altogether. It shewed no small degree of courage and friendship in Mr William Vaughan to receive me into his house, and also in Mr Salte, with whom I spent a month at Tottenham. But it shewed more in Dr Price's congregation at Hackney, to invite me to succeed him, which they [illegible] unanimously, some time after my arrival in L[illegible].

In this situation I found myself as happy as I [illegible] been at Birmingham, and contrary to general expectation, I opened my lectures to young persons with great [illegible], being attended by many from London; and though I lost some of the hearers, I [illegible] the congregation [illegible] on than that in which I found it.

On the whole, I spent my time even more happily at Hackney than ever I had done before; having every advantage for my philosophical and theological studies, in some respects superior to what I had enjoyed at Birmingham, especially from my easy access to Mr Lindsey, and my frequent intercourse with Mr Belsham, professor of divinity in the New College, near which I lived. Never, on this side the grave, do I expect to enjoy myself so much as I did by the fire side of Mr Lindsey, conversing with him and Mrs Lindsey on theological and other subjects, or in my frequent walks with Mr Belsham, whose views of most important subjects were, like Mr Lindsey's, the same with my own.

I found, however, my society much restricted with respect to my philosophical acquaintance; most of the members of the Royal Society shunning me on account of my religious or political opinions, so that I at length withdrew myself from them, and gave my reasons for so doing in the Preface to my *Observations and Experiments on the generation of air from water*, which I published at Hackney. For, with the assistance of my friends, I had in a great measure replaced my Apparatus, and had resumed my experiments, though after the loss of near two years.

See Rutt's edition of Priestley's *Works* (1831-32), including the autobiographical *Memoirs*, and Martineau's *Essays* (vol. i. 1891).

Jean Louis De Lolme (1740-1806) was somewhat inaptly called by Isaac D'Israeli 'the English Montesquieu.' For, born at Geneva, he was an advocate at home, and did not come to England till 1769; and there, in spite of his literary activity, he lived in great poverty, always in debt and repeatedly in prison. Having inherited a small property, he returned to Geneva in 1775. And the work by which he earned his sobriquet, though Englished by another hand, apparently, in 1775, as *The Constitution of England*, was written in French, and published at Amsterdam (1771). The translation, which flattered England, reached a tenth edition (with Life, 1853). The work shed no new light on English history: the theory that the excellence of the English constitution depends on the beautiful equilibrium of the several departments or institutions has been not unjustly described as an expanded paraphrase of a single chapter of Montesquieu; and though for nearly a century it remained an authority for lack of better, it has long been superseded by works based on real historical research, and on scholarly and scientific study of records and original documents. In 1772 there had been published anonymously *A Parallel between the English Constitution and the former Government of Sweden*, mainly an unauthorised translation of part of the *Constitution*. *A History of the Flagellants* and *Strictures on the Union* were two of his half-dozen books and political pamphlets. A quotation from De Lolme in the preface to the 'Junius' letters in 1771 (before any translation had appeared) led the musical literary Dr Thomas Busby to argue, incredibly enough, that De Lolme was concealed under that terrible *nom de guerre*.

Robert Orme (1728-1801), historian of India, was born in Travancore, the son of an army doctor in the East India Company's service; was educated at Harrow; and from 1743 till 1758 was himself in the employment of the Company, at first as writer, and ultimately as commissary and accountant-general. His health failing, he settled in London in 1760, and wrote his *History of the Military Transactions of the British Nation in Indostan from the Year 1745* (1763-78), a work which furnished the favourite reading of Colonel Newcome, and was praised by Macaulay as one of the most authentic and best-written in the English tongue, though tedious from its minute details. Even now some prefer to [illegible] day's, for their old-fashioned stateliness and vigour, Orme's account of Bengal, his version of the Black Hole tragedy, and his description of the battle of Plassey. In 1782 he published *Historical Fragments of the Mogul Empire, of the Morattoes, and of the English Concerns in Indostan*.

The Black Hole of Calcutta.

[The Nawab of Bengal, Siraj ud Daula (Surajah Dowlah), having captured the fort of the Calcutta factory, caused all the prisoners, 140 in number, to be crowded into one small apartment 18 feet square.] In the meantime every minute had increased their sufferings. The first effect of their sufferings was a profuse and continued sweat, which soon produced intolerable thirst, succeeded by excruciating pains in the breast, with difficulty of breathing little short of suffocation. . . . Attempts were again made to force the door, which, failing as before, redoubled their rage: but the thirst increasing, nothing but water! water! became soon after the general cry. The good Jemautdar immediately ordered some skins of water to be brought to the windows; but, instead of relief, his benevolence became a more dreadful cause of destruction; for the sight of the water threw every one into such excessive agitations and ravings, that, unable to resist this violent impulse of nature, none could wait to be regularly served, but each with the utmost ferocity battled against those who were likely to get it from him; and in these conflicts many were either pressed to death by the efforts of others, or suffocated by their own. This scene, instead of producing compassion in the guard without, only excited their mirth; and they held up lights to the bars, in order to have the diabolical satisfaction of seeing the deplorable contentions of the sufferers within, who, finding it impossible to get any water whilst it was thus furiously disputed, at length suffered those who were nearest to the windows, to convey it in their hats to those behind them. It proved no relief either to their thirst or other sufferings; for the fever increased every moment with the increasing depravity of the air in the dungeon, which had been so often respired, and was saturated with the hot and deleterious effluvia of putrefying bodies, of which the stench was little less than mortal. Before midnight, all who were alive and had not partaken of the air at the windows, were either in a lethargic stupefaction or raving with delirium. Every kind of invective and abuse was uttered, in hopes of provoking the guard to put an end to their miseries, by firing into the dungeon; and whilst some were blaspheming their Creator with the frantic execrations of torment in despair, heaven was implored by others with wild and incoherent prayers; until the weaker, exhausted by these agitations, at length laid down quietly, and expired on the bodies of their dead or agonizing friends. Those who still survived in the inward part of the dungeon, finding that the water had afforded them no relief, made a last effort to obtain air, by endeavouring to scramble over the heads of those who stood between them and the windows; where the utmost strength of every one was employed for two hours, either in maintaining his own ground, or in endeavouring to get that of which others were in possession. All regards of compassion and affection were lost, and no one would recede or give way for the relief of another. Faintness sometimes gave short pauses of quiet, but the first motion of any one renewed the struggle through all, under which ever and anon some one sunk to rise no more. At two o'clock not more than fifty remained alive. But even this number were too many to partake of the saving air, the contest for which, and life, continued until the morn, long implored, began to break; and, with the hope of relief, gave the few survivors a view of the dead. The survivors then at the window, finding that their intreaties could not prevail on the guard to open the door, it occurred to Mr Cooke, the secretary of the council, that Mr Holwell, if alive, might have more influence to obtain their relief; and two of the company undertaking the search, discovered him, having still some signs of life; but when they brought him towards the window, every one refused to quit his place, excepting Captain Mills, who with rare generosity offered to resign his; on which the rest likewise agreed to make room. He had scarcely begun to recover his senses, before an officer, sent by the Nabob, came and enquired if the English chief survived; and soon after the same man returned with an order to open the prison. The dead were so thronged, and the survivors had so little strength remaining, that they were employed near half an hour in removing the bodies which lay against the door, before they could clear a passage to go out one at a time; when of one hundred and forty-six who went in, no more than twenty-three came out alive, the ghastliest forms that ever were seen.

Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-92) was indisputably one of the great painters of the world (as well as greatest of English portrait painters), and he holds a place in literature in virtue of his *Discourses on Painting*, which, though probably revised and touched up by Johnson, Burke, and other friends, reflects Reynolds's own experience and opinion in an admirable style which is mainly his own. According to Mr Monkhouse, his advice to students is permanently valuable, and if we make allowance for the time, his criticisms on pictures and painters are substantially sound. His literary education Reynolds received mainly at his father's grammar school, his father being a clergyman and schoolmaster at Plympton Earls near Plymouth. Art he studied in London and in Rome, whence he returned in 1752 to rise rapidly to full fame in London. It was he who founded in 1764 that famous literary club of which Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, and the rest of the famous circle were members. He was elected president of the Royal Academy on its institution in 1768, and from 1769 (when he was knighted) to 1790 he delivered to the students of the Academy the famous fifteen lectures on the principles and practice of painting. In the fourteenth he pays a generous tribute to Gainsborough. His paper on art in the *Idler*, his annotations to Du Fresnoy's *Art of Painting*, and his *Notes on the Art of the Low Countries* all show a cultivated literary style. The extracts are from the first of the *Discourses*.

Genius and Labour.

It is indisputably evident that a great part of every man's life must be employed in collecting materials for the exercise of Genius. Invention, strictly speaking, is little more than a new combination of those images which have been previously gathered and deposited in the memory: nothing can come of nothing: he who has laid up no materials can produce no combinations. A Student unacquainted with the attempts of former adventurers is always apt to over-rate his own abilities; to mistake the most trifling excursions for discoveries of moment, and every coast new to him, for a new-found country. If by chance he passes beyond his usual limits, he congratulates his own arrival at those regions which they who have steer'd a better course have long left behind them. The productions of such minds are seldom distinguished by an air of originality: they are anticipated in their happiest efforts; and if they are found to differ in any thing from their predecessors, it is only in irregular sallies and trifling conceits. The more extensive therefore your acquaintance is with the works of those who have excelled, the more extensive will be your powers of invention; and what may appear still more like a paradox, the more original will be your conceptions. But the difficulty on this occasion is to determine who ought to be proposed as models of excellence, and who ought to be considered as the properest guides.

On whom then can he rely, or who shall show him the path that leads to excellence? The answer is obvious: Those great masters who have travelled the same road with success are the most likely to conduct others. The works of those who have stood the test of ages have a claim to that respect and veneration to which no modern can pretend. The duration and stability of their fame is sufficient to evince that it has not been suspended upon the slender thread of fashion and caprice, but bound to the human heart by every tye of sympathetic approbation. There is no danger of studying too much the works of those great men; but how they may be studied to advantage is an enquiry of great importance.

Some who have never raised their minds to the consideration of the real dignity of the Art, and who rate the works of an Artist in proportion as they excel or are defective in the mechanical parts, look on Theory as something that may enable them to talk but not to paint better; and confining themselves entirely to mechanical practice, very assiduously toil on in the drudgery of copying; and think they make a rapid progress while they faithfully exhibit the minutest part of a favourite picture. This appears to me a very tedious, and I think a very erroneous method of proceeding. Of every large composition, even of those which are most admired, a great part may be truly said to be *common place*. This, though it takes up much time in copying, conduces little to advancement. I consider general copying as a delusive kind of industry; the Student satisfies himself with the appearance of doing something; he falls into the dangerous habit of imitating without selecting, and of labouring without any determinate object; as it requires no effort of the mind, he sleeps over his work; and those powers of invention and composition which ought particularly to be called out and put in action lie torpid, and lose their energy for want of exercise. It is an observation that all must have made, how incapable those are of producing any thing of their own, who have spent much of their time in making finished copies.

These instructions I have ventured to offer from my own experience, but as they deviate widely from received opinions, I offer them with diffidence; and when better are suggested, shall retract them without regret. There is one precept, however, in which I shall only be opposed by the vain, the ignorant, and the idle. I am not afraid that I shall repeat it too often. You must have no dependence on your own genius. If you have great talents, industry will improve them: if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labour: nothing is to be obtained without it. Not to enter into metaphysical discussions on the nature or essence of genius, I will venture to assert, that assiduity unabated by difficulty, and a disposition eagerly directed to the object of its pursuit, will produce effects similar to those which some call the result of *natural powers*. Though a man cannot at all times, and in all places, paint or draw, yet the mind can prepare itself by laying in proper materials, at all times, and in all places. Both Livy and Plutarch, in describing Philopoemen, one of the ablest generals of antiquity, have given us a striking picture of a mind always intent on its profession, and by assiduity obtaining those excellencies which some all their lives vainly expect from Nature. I shall quote the passage in Livy at length, as it runs parallel with the practice I would recommend to the Painter, Sculptor, or Architect.

I cannot help imagining that I see a promising young Painter, equally vigilant, whether at home, or abroad in the streets, or in the fields. Every object that presents itself is to him a lesson. He regards all Nature with a view to his profession, and combines her beauties, or corrects her defects. He examines the countenance of men under the influence of passion, and often catches the most pleasing hints from subjects of turbulence or deformity. Even bad Pictures themselves supply him with useful documents; and, as Leonardo da Vinci has observed, he improves upon the fanciful images that are sometimes seen in the fire, or are accidentally sketched upon a discoloured wall. The Artist who has his mind thus filled with ideas, and his hand made expert by practice, works with ease and readiness: whilst he who would have you believe that he is waiting for the inspirations of Genius is in reality at a loss how to begin, and is at last delivered of his Monsters, with difficulty and pain. The well-grounded Painter, on the contrary, has only maturely to consider his subject, and all the mechanical parts of his Art follow without his exertion. Conscious of the difficulty of obtaining what he possesses, he makes no pretensions to secrets, except those of closer application. Without conceiving the smallest jealousy against others, he is contented that all shall be as great as himself, who are willing to undergo the same fatigue: and as his pre-eminence depends not upon a trick, he is free from the painful suspicions of a juggler, who lives in perpetual fear, lest his tricks should be discovered.

stood high with his contemporaries as orator, politician, and author, and time has hardly abated his reputation; he still ranks as the most eloquent of our publicists, and, with the possible exception of Bacon, the most philosophical of English statesmen. Burke was born in Dublin, 12th January 1729, the son of a Protestant solicitor; his mother, whose name was Nagle, was a Roman Catholic. He was educated at a Quaker's school at Ballitore in Kildare, and afterwards (1743-48) at Trinity College, Dublin, where he read widely and desultorily. In 1750 he removed to London, and entered himself as a student of the Middle Temple, but he seems soon to have abandoned his intention of prosecuting the law as a profession. In 1756 he published anonymously a parody of Bolingbroke, a *Vindication of Natural Society*, in which the paradoxical reasoning of the noble sceptic is pushed to a ridiculous extreme; the majestic style was so skilfully imitated that many of the best judges believed the serious *jeu-d'esprit* to be Bolingbroke's. In 1757 he published *A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*, which at once secured universal attention, all the more because of its novelty. It relied largely on physiological considerations; objects appear beautiful because they have 'the power of producing a peculiar relaxation of our nerves and fibres.' The *Inquiry* was translated into French and German. Its author was soon made free of the society of Johnson, Reynolds, Garrick, Goldsmith, and the other eminent men of the day; but he was still struggling with difficulties and compiling for booksellers. He suggested to Dodsley the plan of an *Annual Register*, which that spirited publisher adopted, Burke furnishing a large portion of the original matter for the first year (1759); and he continued for nearly thirty years to write the 'Survey of Events' in the *Register*. In 1761 Burke went to Ireland as private secretary to 'Single-speech Hamilton' (Chief Secretary to the Earl of Halifax, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland). This connection lasted only three years, as Burke's literary impulses rebelled against the conditions imposed that he must give all his time to his patron. In 1765 he became secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, and was returned to the House of Commons as member for the pocket borough of Wendover. He soon distinguished himself in Parliament, but the Rockingham administration was dissolved in 1766, and Burke joined the Opposition.

Though he held no office till the downfall of the North Ministry in 1782, Burke's public activity never ceased till his death. His eloquence, political knowledge, and force of character gave him a foremost place in public life. Lord North's long administration (1770-82) was marked by the unsuccessful coercion of the American colonies, by corruption, extravagance,

and reaction. Against this policy Burke and his Whig friends could only raise a strong protest. The best of Burke's writings and speeches belong to this period, and may be described as a defence of sound constitutional statesmanship against prevailing abuse and misgovernment. His first great pamphlet, *Observations on the Present State of the Nation* (1769), was a reply to George Grenville; *On the Causes of the Present Discontents* (1770) treats of the Wilkes controversy. Perhaps the finest of his many efforts are the speech on *American Taxation* (1774), the speech on *Conciliation with America* (1775), and the *Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol* (1777)—all advocating wise and liberal measures, which might have averted the mischief that ensued. In 1773 he made a visit to Paris; in 1774 he had to retire from his seat for Wendover, when he was elected by Bristol. But his support of the proposals for relaxing the restrictions on the trade of Ireland with Great Britain, and for alleviating the laws against Catholics, cost him the seat in 1780, and from that time till 1794 he represented Malton. When the disasters of the American war brought Lord North's Government to a close, Burke was Paymaster of the Forces under Rockingham (1782), as also under Portland (1783). After the fall of the Whig Ministry in 1783 Burke was never again in office, and, misled by party feeling, he opposed Pitt's measure for Free Trade with Ireland and the Commercial Treaty with France. In 1788 he opened the trial of Warren Hastings by the speech which will always rank among the masterpieces of English eloquence. He opposed Pitt's Regency Bill (1788); and from this time forward his energies were mainly absorbed by the French Revolution, then 'blackening the horizon'—to use one of his own metaphors. His *Reflections on the French Revolution* (1790) reached an eleventh edition in a year, was read all over Europe, and powerfully encouraged its rulers in strenuous resistance to the Revolution. Burke, alienated on this subject from Fox and the Whigs, became more and more vehement in his denunciations of the French innovations. The *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs*, *Thoughts on French Affairs*, and *Letters on a Regicide Peace* were marred by the vehemence with which he urged the Government not only to fight the Revolution, but to suppress free opinions at home. Burke died 9th July 1797, and was buried in the little church at Beaconsfield, where in 1768 he had purchased the estate of Gregories. During his whole political life his private affairs were sadly embarrassed; he had to borrow money to buy that estate, and he was always deep in debt. Two pensions were granted him in 1794, when a proposal to raise him to the peerage as Lord Beaconsfield was arrested by the death of his only son.

EDMUND BURKE.

From the Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the National Portrait Gallery.

Burke ranks as one of the foremost orators and political thinkers of England. He had vast knowledge of affairs, a glowing imagination, passionate sympathies, and an inexhaustible wealth of powerful and cultured expression; but his delivery was awkward and ungainly, and speeches which captivate the reader only served to empty the benches of the House of Commons.

The splendour of even his least happy disquisitions, the various knowledge which they display, the rich imagery with which they abound, and the spirit of philosophical reflection which pervades them all, stamp them among the foremost literary productions of their time; such a flood of rich illustration had never before been poured on questions of State policy and government. At the same time, Burke was eminently practical in his views. His greatest efforts will be found directed to the redress of some existing wrong or the preservation of some existing good to hatred of actual oppression, to the removal of useless restrictions, and to the calm and sober improvement of the laws and government which he venerated, without 'coining to himself Whig principles from a French die, unknown to the impress of our fathers in the constitution.' Where inconsistencies are found in his writings between his early and later opinions, it may be argued that they consist largely in matters of detail or in expression. He wished, he says, to preserve consistency, but only by varying his means to secure the unity of his end: 'When the equipoise of the vessel in which he sails may be endangered by overloading it upon one side, he is desirous of carrying the small weight of his reasons to that which may preserve its equipoise.' When the Revolution broke out, his sagacity enabled him to foresee the dreadful consequences which it would entail upon France and the world; he became the victim of a fixed idea, and his enthusiastic temperament led him to state his impressions in language sometimes overcharged and even bombastic, though sometimes full of prophetic fire. In one of the debates on the Revolution, after mentioning that he understood that three thousand daggers had been ordered from Birmingham, Burke drew one from under his coat, and throwing it on the floor, melodramatically exclaimed, 'This is what you are to gain by an alliance with France—this is your fraternisation!' The orator's imagination was not always under the control of perfect taste; many of his utterances were absurdly hyperbolical; on the other hand, some of his similes and illustrations were—especially by enemies—accounted 'low.' In his reply to Pitt on the Commercial Treaty with France in 1787, he maintained that the Minister had contemplated the subject with a narrowness peculiar to limited minds 'as an affair of two little counting-houses, and not of two great nations. He seems to consider it as a contention between the sign of the *Fleur-de-lis* and the sign of the old *Red Lion* for which should obtain the best custom.' Replying to the argument that the Americans were our children, and should not have revolted against their parent, he said: 'They are our children, it is true, but when children ask for bread, we are not to give them a stone. When those children of ours wish to assimilate with their parent, and to respect the beauteous countenance of British liberty, are we to turn to them the shameful parts of our constitution? Are we to give them our weakness for their strength, our opprobrium for their glory, and the slough of slavery, which we are not able to work off, to serve them for their freedom?' His account of the ill-assorted administration of Lord Chatham is no less ludicrous than correct. 'He made an administration so checkered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented, and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tesselated pavement without cement, here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers; king's friends and republicans; Whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had assorted at the same boards stared at each other, and were obliged to ask: "Sir, your name?" "Sir, you have the advantage of me;" "Mr Such-a-one, I beg a thousand pardons." I venture to say it did so happen, that persons had a single office divided between them, who had never spoke to each other in their lives, until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed.'

From the Speech on Conciliation with America, 1775

Mr Speaker, I cannot prevail on myself to hurry over the great consideration. It is good for us to be here. We stand where we have an immense view of what is, and what is past. Clouds, indeed, and darkness, rest upon the future. Let us, however, before we descend from this noble eminence, reflect that this growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened within sixty-eight years. There are those alive whose memory might touch the two extremities. For instance, my Lord Bathurst [the first Earl, 1684-1775] might remember all the stages of the progress. He was in 1704 of an age at least to be made to comprehend such things. He was then old enough *acta parentum jam legere, et quæ sit poterit cognoscere virtus.* Suppose, sir, that the angel of this auspicious youth, foreseeing the many virtues which made him one of the most amiable, as he is one of the most fortunate men of his age, had opened to him in vision, that, when in the fourth generation, the third prince of the house of Brunswick had sat twelve years on the throne of that nation, which—by the happy issue of moderate and healing councils—was to be made Great Britain, he should see his son, lord-chancellor of England, turn back the current of hereditary dignity to its fountain, and raise him to a higher rank of peerage, whilst he enriched the family with a new one. If amidst these bright and happy scenes of domestic honour and prosperity that angel should have drawn up the curtain, and unfolded the rising glories of his country, and whilst he was gazing with admiration on the then commercial grandeur of England, the Genius should point out to him a little speck, scarce visible in the mass of the national interest, a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body, and should tell him: 'Young man, there is America—which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death, shew itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilising conquests and civilising settlements in a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America in the course of a single life!' If this state of his country had been foretold to him, would it not require all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate, indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect and cloud the setting of his day! . . .

You cannot station garrisons in every part of these deserts. If you drive the people from one place, they will carry on their annual tillage, and remove with their flocks and herds to another. Many of the people in the back settlements are already little attached to particular situations. Already they have topped the Appalachian mountains. From thence they behold before them an immense plain, one vast, rich, level meadow; a square of five hundred miles. Over this they would wander without a possibility of restraint; they would change their manners with the habits of their life; would soon forget a government by which they were disowned; would become hordes of English Tartars, and, pouring down upon your unfortified frontiers a fierce and irresistible cavalry, become masters of your governors and your counsellors, your collectors and comptrollers, and all the slaves that adhere to them. Such would, and in no long time must, be the effect of attempting to forbid as a crime, and to suppress as an evil, the command and blessing of Providence—'increase and multiply.' Such would be the happy result of an endeavour to keep as a lair of wild beasts that earth which God, by an express charter, has given to the children of men. Far different, and surely much wiser, has been our policy hitherto. Hitherto we have invited our people, by every kind of bounty, to fixed establishments. We have invited the husbandman to look to authority for his title. We have taught him piously to believe in the mysterious virtue of wax and parchment. We have thrown each tract of land, as it was peopled, into districts, that the ruling power should never be wholly out of sight. We have settled all we could, and we have carefully attended every settlement with government. Adhering, sir, as I do to this policy, as well as for the reasons I have just given, I think this new project of hedging-in population to be neither prudent nor practicable.

To impoverish the colonies in general, and in particular to arrest the noble course of their marine enterprises, would be a more easy task. I freely confess it. We have shewn a disposition to a system of this kind; a disposition even to continue the restraint after the offence; looking on ourselves as rivals to our colonies, and persuaded that of course we must gain all that they shall lose. Much mischief we may certainly do. The power inadequate to all other things is often more than sufficient for this. I do not look on the direct and immediate power of the colonies to resist our violence as very formidable. In this, however, I may be mistaken. But when I consider that we have colonies for no purpose but to be serviceable to us, it seems to my poor understanding a little preposterous to make them unserviceable, in order to keep them obedient. It is, in truth, nothing more than the old and, as I thought, exploded problem of tyranny, which proposes to beggar its subjects into submission. But remember, when you have completed your system of impoverishment, that nature still proceeds in her ordinary course; and that discontent will increase with misery; and that there are critical moments in the fortunes of all states, when they who are too weak to contribute to your prosperity may be strong enough to complete your ruin. *Spoliatis arma supersunt.* The temper and character which prevail in our colonies are, I am afraid, unalterable by any human art. We cannot, I fear, falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates. The language in which they would hear you tell them this tale would detect the imposition; your speech would betray you. An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery. . . .

My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government; they will cling and grapple to you; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation, the cement is gone—the cohesion is loosened—and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia; but until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds you to the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the commerce of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your coquets [customs certificates] and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member. . . .

Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our places as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the church, *sursum corda!* We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire, and have made the most extensive and the only honourable conquests, not by destroying but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race. Let us get an American revenue as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all it can be. In full confidence of this unalterable truth, I now (*quod felix faustumque sit*) lay the first stone of the temple of peace.

Destruction of the Carnatic.

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from the flaming villages, in part were slaughtered: others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities; but, escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

The alms of the settlement, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal; and all was done by charity that private charity could do: but it was a people in beggary; it was a nation that stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance of our austerest fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India. I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is: but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum; these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting; they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearer; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march did they not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead uniform silence reigned over the whole region. . . . The Carnatic is a country not much inferior in extent to England. Figure to yourself, Mr Speaker, the land in whose representative chair you sit; figure to yourself the form and fashion of your sweet and cheerful country from Thames to Trent, north and south, and from the Irish to the German Sea, east and west, emptied and embowelled (may God avert the omen of our crimes!) by so accomplished a desolation!

(From speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, 1785.)

Marie Antoinette.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning-star full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what an heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

(From *Reflections on the Revolution in France.*)

The British Monarchy.

The learned professors of the rights of man regard prescription not as a title to bar all claim set up against old possession, but they look on prescription itself as a bar against the possessor and proprietor. They hold an immemorial possession to be no more than a long continued and therefore an aggravated injustice. Such are their ideas, such their religion, and such their law. But as to our country and our race, as long as the well-compacted structure of our church and state, the sanctuary, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple, shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British Sion—as long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the state, shall, like the proud keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers—as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard the subjected land, so long the mounds and dikes of the low fat Bedford Level will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of all the levellers of France. As long as our sovereign lord the king, and his faithful subjects, the lords and commons of this realm—the triple cord which no man can break; the solemn, sworn constitutional frankpledge of this nation; the firm guarantee of each other's being and each other's rights; the joint and several securities, each in its place and order for every kind and every quality of property and of dignity—as long as these endure, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe; and we are all safe together—the high from the blights of envy and the spoliations of rapacity; the low from the iron hand of oppression and the insolent spurn of contempt.

(From the *Reflections*.)

From Burke's 'Letter to a Noble Lord'

(the Duke of Bedford, who had opposed Burke's pension, 1796).

I was not, like his Grace of Bedford, swaddled, and rocked, and dandled into a legislator—*Nitor in adversum* is the motto for a man like me. I possessed not one of the qualities, nor cultivated one of the arts, that recommend men to the favour and protection of the great. I was not made for a minion or a tool. As little did I follow the trade of winning the hearts by imposing on the understandings of the people. At every step of my progress in life—for in every step was I traversed and opposed—and at every turnpike I met, I was obliged to shew my passport, and again and again to prove my sole title to the honour of being useful to my country, by a proof that I was not wholly unacquainted with its laws, and the whole system of its interests both abroad and at home. Otherwise, no rank, no toleration even for me. I had no arts but manly arts. On them I have stood, and, please God, in spite of the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, to the last gasp will I stand. . . .

I know not how it has happened, but it really seems that, whilst his Grace was meditating his well considered censure upon me, he fell into a sort of sleep. Homer nods, and the Duke of Bedford may dream; and as dreams—even his golden dreams—are apt to be ill-pieced and incongruously put together, his Grace preserved his idea of reproach to me, but took the subject-matter from the crown grants to his own family. This is 'the stuff of which his dreams are made.' In that way of putting things together, his Grace is perfectly in the right. The grants to the house of Russell were so enormous as not only to outrage economy, but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the leviathan among all the creatures of the crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk; he plays and frolics in the ocean of the royal bounty. Huge as he is, and whilst 'he lies floating many a rood,' he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me all over with the spray—everything of him and about him is from the throne. Is it for *him* to question the dispensation of the royal favour?

I really am at a loss to draw any sort of parallel between the public merits of his Grace, by which he justifies the grants he holds, and these services of mine, on the favourable construction of which I have obtained what his Grace so much disapproves. In private life, I have not at all the honour of acquaintance with the noble Duke. But I ought to presume, and it costs me nothing to do so, that he abundantly deserves the esteem and love of all who live with him. But as to public service, why, truly, it would not be more ridiculous for me to compare myself in rank, in fortune, in splendid descent, in youth, strength, or figure, with the Duke of Bedford, than to make a parallel between his services and my attempts to be useful to my country. It would not be gross adulation, but uncivil irony, to say that he has any public merit of his own, to keep alive the idea of the services by which his vast landed pensions were obtained. My merits, whatever they are, are original and personal; his are derivative. It is his ancestor, the original pensioner, that has laid up this inexhaustible fund of merit, which makes his Grace so very delicate and exceptious about the merit of all other grantees of the crown. Had he permitted me to remain in quiet, I should have said: ''Tis his estate; that's enough. It is his by law; what have I to do with it or its history?' He would naturally have said on his side: ''Tis this man's fortune. He is as good now as my ancestor was two hundred and fifty years ago. I am a young man with very old pensions: he is an old man with very young pensions—that's all.'

Why will his Grace, by attacking me, force me reluctantly to compare my little merit with that which obtained from the crown those prodigies of profuse donation by which he tramples on the mediocrity of humble and laborious individuals? . . . Since the new grantees have war made on them by the old, and that the word of the sovereign is not to be taken, let us turn our eyes to history, in which great men have always a pleasure in contemplating the heroic origin of their house.

The first peer of the name, the first purchaser of the grants, was a Mr Russell, a person of an ancient gentleman's family, raised by being a minion of Henry VIII. As there generally is some resemblance of character to create these relations, the favourite was in all likelihood much such another as his master. The first of those immoderate grants was not taken from the ancient demesne of the crown, but from the recent confiscation of the ancient nobility of the land. The lion having sucked the blood of his prey, threw the offal carcass to the jackal in waiting. Having tasted once the food of confiscation, the favourites became fierce and ravenous. This worthy favourite's first grant was from the lay nobility. The second, infinitely improving on the enormity of the first, was from the plunder of the church.

In truth, his Grace is somewhat excusable for his dislike to a grant like mine, not only in its quantity, but in its kind, so different from his own.

Mine was from a mild and benevolent sovereign; his, from Henry VIII. Mine had not its fund in the murder of any innocent person of illustrious rank, or in the pillage of any body of unoffending men; his grants were from the aggregate and consolidated funds of judgments iniquitously legal, and from possessions voluntarily surrendered by the lawful proprietors with the gibbet at their door.

The merit of the grantee whom he derives from, was that of being a prompt and greedy instrument of a levelling tyrant, who oppressed all descriptions of his people, but who fell with particular fury on everything that was great and noble. Mine has been in endeavouring to screen every man, in every class, from oppression, and particularly in defending the high and eminent, who in the bad times of confiscating princes, confiscating chief governors, or confiscating demagogues, are the most exposed to jealousy, avarice, and envy.

The merit of the original grantee of his Grace's pensions was in giving his hand to the work, and partaking the spoil with a prince who plundered a part of the national church of his time and country. Mine was in defending the whole of the national church of my own time and my own country, and the whole of the national churches of all countries, from the principles and the examples which lead to ecclesiastical pillage, thence to a contempt of all prescriptive titles, thence to the pillage of all property, and thence to universal desolation.

The merit of the origin of his Grace's fortune was in being a favourite and chief adviser to a prince who left no liberty to his native country. My endeavour was to obtain liberty for the municipal country in which I was born, and for all descriptions and denominations in it. Mine was to support, with unrelaxing vigilance, every right, every privilege, every franchise, in this my adopted, my dearer, and more comprehensive country; and not only to preserve those rights in this chief seat of empire, but in every nation, in every land, in every climate, language, and religion in the vast domain that still is under the protection, and the larger that was once under the protection, of the British crown. . . .

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family; I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shewn himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His Grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. He would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrised every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting reservoir of merit in me, or in any ancestry. He had in himself a salient living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived, he would have repurchased the bounty of the crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer, whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and whatever my querulous weakness might suggest—a far better. The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I must unfeignedly recognise the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbours of his who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury; it is a privilege; it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain, and poverty, and disease. It is an instinct; and under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me have gone before me; they who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation which ever must subsist in memory—that act of piety which he would have performed to me; I owe it to him to shew that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

A collected edition of Burke's works appeared in 1792-1827; another with his Correspondence in 1852 (8 vols.); the *Select Works* in 1874-78 (3 vols. ed. Payne); his writings on Irish affairs in 1881 (ed. Matthew Arnold). See the Life by Prior (1824; 5th ed. 1854), J. Morley's longer (1867) and shorter (1879) monographs, and Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century.*

George Steevens (1736-1800), dramatic critic and biographer, was associated with Johnson in the second edition of his Shakespeare (1773), which was republished with additions by Malone in 1780. In 1793 he published a completely new edition of Shakespeare, in which, instead of showing 'servile adherence to the ancient copies,' he took large liberties with the text, such as 'the expulsion of useless and supernumerary syllables, and an occasional supply of such as might fortuitously have been omitted.' He was acute and well read in dramatic literature, but prone to literary mystification, and, according to Johnson, was mischievous though not malignant. He it was who concocted the famous legend of the death-dealing terrors of the upas-tree, which so completely hoaxed Erasmus Darwin (see page 576).

Edward Gibbon.

historian of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, was by birth, education, and social standing distinctively an English gentleman; his father's family being an ancient Kentish house, though not (as Sir Egerton Brydges argued) descended from the Barons Say and Seale. Born at Putney, 27th April 1737, Gibbon was at first, on account of delicate health, privately educated; at fifteen he was entered of Magdalen College, Oxford. Almost from infancy he was a close student, but his indiscriminate appetite for books 'subsided by degrees in the historic line.' He arrived at Oxford, he has himself told us, with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed; and he spent fourteen months at college idly and unprofitably. At no period in its history had Oxford reached such a depth of degeneracy. 'The fellows of my time,' says Gibbon, 'were decent easy men who supinely enjoyed the gifts of the founder; their days were filled by a series of uniform employments; the chapel and the hall, the coffee-house and the common room, till they retired, weary and well satisfied, to a long slumber. From the toil of reading, or thinking, or writing, they had absolved their conscience; and the first shoots of learning and ingenuity withered in the ground, without yielding any fruits to the owners or the public. . . . Their conversation stagnated in a round of college business, Tory politics, personal anecdotes, and private scandal; their dull and deep potations excused the brisk intemperance of youth; and their constitutional toasts were not expressive of the most lively loyalty for the house of Hanover.' After studying Bossuet and Parsons the Jesuit, young Gibbon became a convert to the Roman Catholic religion; and at the feet of a priest in London, on the 8th of June 1753, he 'solemnly, though privately, abjured the errors of heresy.' In order to reclaim him his father placed him under the care of the deist and poet Mallet, by whose philosophy the young inquirer was rather scandalised than reclaimed. He was next sent for some years to Lausanne to be under the charge of M. Pavilliard, a Calvinist clergyman, whose judicious guidance brought his pupil back to Protestantism; and on Christmas Day 1754 he received the sacrament in the Protestant church at Lausanne. 'It was here that I suspended my religious inquiries, acquiescing with implicit belief in the tenets and mysteries which are adopted by the general consent of Catholics and Protestants.' Here he began and carried out with rare steadfastness of purpose those studies in French literature and in the Latin classics which, aided by his prodigious memory, made him a master of erudition without a superior. And here too he fell in love with Mademoiselle Suzanne Curchod, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the minister of Crassy, who lived to become the wife of the great French Minister and financier, M. Necker, and the mother of the gifted Madame de Staël. He found on his return to England that his father would not hear of the 'strange alliance,' and, like the more emotional Chateaubriand in the same case, submitted meekly to the family law. In the calm reflection of thirty years later he adds, 'After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate; I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son; my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life.' The pair remained constant friends in later life.

EDWARD GIBBON.

From an Engraving after the Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In 1758 Gibbon returned to England, and three years afterwards appeared as an author in a slight French treatise on the study of literature. He accepted the commission of captain in the Hampshire militia; and though his studies were interrupted, 'the discipline and evolutions of a modern battle gave me a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion, and the captain of the Hampshire grenadiers was not useless to the historian of the Roman Empire.' Released from his military duties at the peace of 1762, he paid a visit to France an[illegible]y. He had long been meditating some historical work, and whilst at Rome in 1764 his choice was determined. 'As I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of

Jupiter, the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started into my mind;' but years were to elapse before he realised his intentions. On returning to England in 1765 he seems to have been fashionable and idle; his father died in 1770, and he then began to form the plan of an independent life. The Hampshire estate of Buriton, his home off and on for the last twenty years, was left by his father much in debt, so that he determined to quit the country and live in London; and it was then he undertook the first volume of his history. 'At the outset all was dark and doubtful: even the title of the work, the true era of the decline and fall of the empire, the limits of the introduction, the division of the chapters, and the order of the narrative; and I was often tempted to cast away the labour of seven years. The style of an author should be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is the fruit of exercise. Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation: three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect.'

In 1774 he was returned for the borough of Liskeard, and sat in Parliament eight sessions during the memorable contest between Great Britain and America. Prudence, he says, condemned him to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute; the great speakers filled him with despair, the bad ones with terror. But he supported by his vote the administration of Lord North, by whom he was appointed one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations. In 1776, after seven years of unremitting toil and much fastidious polishing of the style, the first quarto volume of his history was given to the world. For a grave historical work, its success was almost unprecedented: 'The first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and third edition were scarcely adequate to the demand; and the bookseller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin: the book was on every table, and almost on every toilette.' His elder brother-historians, Hume and Robertson, generously greeted him with warm applause. 'Whether I consider the dignity of your style,' said Hume, 'the depth of your matter, or the extensiveness of your learning, I must regard the work as equally the object of esteem.' There was another bond of sympathy between the English and the senior of the Scottish historians: Gibbon had unmistakably worked from quite anti-orthodox views as to the origins of Christianity. 'The various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world were all considered by the people as equally true, by the philosopher as equally false, and by the magistrate as equally useful.' This dictum pretty clearly indicates Gibbon's own religious belief: the philosophers of France had triumphed over the Calvinist divinity of Lausanne. Gibbon treated the growth of Christianity as he did other historical phenomena, without reference to supernatural guidance; and his own temperament intensified the eighteenth century distrust and dislike of 'enthusiasm'; self-devoting zeal was hardly distinguished from fanaticism. It was not for some time that the religious world awakened to the very far-reaching issues of Gibbon's view of the growth and spread of Christianity in the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters, which, while not formally denying the 'convincing evidence of the doctrine itself, and the ruling providence of its great author,' nevertheless accounted for the rapid growth of the early Christian Church by 'secondary' or merely human causes. Of these Gibbon reckoned five: the inflexible and intolerant zeal of the Christians, the doctrine of a future life, the miraculous powers ascribed to the primitive Church, the virtues of the primitive Christians, and the union and discipline of the Christian republic. Ere long fierce controversy inevitably arose, and, as in the debates about Darwinism in the next century, thousands took a keen interest in the discussion and a strong side against the innovator who never had in their hands the book that raised the questions. Deism, supposed to have been routed from the field by the orthodox, had reasserted itself in a more formidable shape, and multitudes of 'answers' to Gibbon were written—perhaps the most noteworthy that by Watson, Bishop of Llandaff. But Gibbon deigned to reply only when a critic—the unfortunate 'Mr Davies of Oxford'—impugned 'not the faith but the fidelity of the historian.'

The author's modest claim for himself in the matter of style was amply justified: the stately and rhythmical roll of his sonorous periods stood out in contrast to anything yet attempted in English prose; though antithesis of sense and balance of phrase were at times too insistent, the style, in wonderful accord with the majestic and continuous march of the story, was at once less artificial and more English than Johnson's, more harmonious, more varied, and less tedious than Johnson is apt to become.

The second and third volumes of the history did not appear till 1781. After their publication, being disappointed of a place looked for from Ministerial patronage, Gibbon resolved to retire to Lausanne, where he was offered a residence by a friend of his youth, M. Deyverdun. Here he lived very happily for about four years, devoting his mornings to composition, and his evenings to the enlightened and polished society which had gathered in that city and neighbourhood. The completion of the history must be described in his own memorable words: 'It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.' The house occupied by Gibbon, wholly or partly rebuilt, is now a much-frequented hotel, called by the historian's name; the acacia walk still commands substantially the same glorious view.

A month later he started for England to superintend the printing of the work; and the last three volumes were issued in the May of 1788. He returned immediately to Lausanne, where within a twelvemonth his much-loved companion Deyverdun died. The state of France filled him with trouble, though it was some solace to have the exiled Neckers beside him at Coppet near Lausanne; the letters between his old love and himself are creditable in the highest degree to the hearts of both. But his last years were not happy; good living and want of exercise had brought on burdensome corpulency, and he began to be racked with gout. His aunt had already died in 1786, Deyverdun and other favourite friends had quickly followed; last came the unexpected death of his dear friend, Lady Sheffield, and though travelling was now terrible to him, he made up his mind to go to console Lord Sheffield. After three months' stay at Sheffield Place, he came to London, where he was seized with dropsy. An operation gave temporary relief, but two months later he died, on the 16th of January 1794.

The work of Gibbon was translated into French by Leclerc de Septchênes and others (1788-95 partly, it would seem, by Louis XVI., whose secretary Septchênes was. The whole was re-edited in 1812 by Suard, with notes by Guizot (not yet professor or statesman), who, like a devout Huguenot, took at first a very unfavourable view of Gibbon's attitude on the Christian problem, holding him guilty not merely of prejudice, but of serious errors. Later he said: 'A second attentive and regular perusal of the entire work, of the notes of the author, and of those which I had thought it right to subjoin, showed me how much I had exaggerated the importance of the reproaches which Gibbon really deserved; I was struck with the same errors, the same partiality on certain subjects; but I had been far from doing adequate justice to the immensity of his researches, the variety of his knowledge, and, above all, to that truly philosophical discrimination which judges the past as it would judge the present.'

Dean Milman was even more adverse to Gibbon than Guizot: 'Christianity alone receives no embellishment from the magic of Gibbon's language; his imagination is dead to its moral dignity; it is kept down by a general tone of jealous disparagement, or neutralised by a painfully elaborate exposition of its darker and degenerate periods. . . . This inextricable bias appears even to influence his manner of composition. . . . The successes of barbarous energy and brute force call forth all the consummate skill of composition, while the moral triumphs of Christian benevolence, the tranquil heroism of endurance, the blameless purity, the contempt of guilty fame and of honours destructive to the human race, which, had they assumed the proud name of philosophy, would have been blazoned in his brightest words, because they own religion as their principle, sink into narrow asceticism. The glories of Christianity, in short, touch on no chord in the heart of the writer; his imagination remains unkindled; his words, though they maintain their stately and measured march, have become cool, argumentative, and inanimate.'

Mr Bury, a more impartial judge, treats Milman's general charge against Gibbon of 'a bold and disingenuous attack on Christianity' as a libel impossible to prove or disprove. Gibbon's irony was thoroughly sincere; his contempt for enthusiasm largely a reflection of the temper of his times was shown towards anti-Christian fanaticism as well as towards Christian fervour. 'The guiding moral of his history is briefly stated in his epigram, "I have described the triumph of barbarism and religion;"' the historical development from the second century was a retrogression for which Christianity was mainly to blame. 'But to attempt to deny a general truth in Gibbon's point of view is vain, and it is feeble to deprecate his sneer. We may spare more sympathy for the warriors and the churchmen; but all that has since been added to his knowledge of facts has neither reversed nor blunted the point of the *Decline and Fall.*' If Gibbon were writing now, 'his manner would not be that of sometimes open, sometimes transparently veiled dislike; he would rather assume an attitude of detachment.' Neither the historian nor the man of letters 'will any longer subscribe without a thousand reserves to the theological chapters,' and 'no discreet inquirer would go there for his ecclesiastical history.' Yet Mr Bury even holds that Gibbon's success has in large measure been due to his scorn for the Church, which 'spiced the book' and excited interest by irritating the passions of readers. His works are read when those of his contemporaries are left on the shelf because of 'his accurate vision, his tact in managing perspective; his discreet reserves of judgment and timely scepticism; the immortal affectation of his unique manner.' Gibbon's diligent accuracy in the use of his materials cannot be overpraised, and it will not be diminished by giving due credit to his French predecessor Tillemont. Gibbon was accurate according to his lights; he was not always right. Modern research has added to our knowledge of facts and upset conclusions he was bound to draw. He relied, as did his contemporaries, on Al Wakidi's romance for the history of Mohammed, and he believed too fully in Procopius: Mommsen's study of Latin inscriptions, unknown in Gibbon's time, has reconstructed parts of Roman history; and the best recent work in Byzantine history proves that Gibbon's contemptuous attitude towards the Lower Empire was unjust.

But spite of the new facts and new views admirably summed up in Mr Bury's introduction to his great edition of the *Decline and Fall*, and though it be admitted that accordingly his first chapters are somewhat out of date, the monumental work of Gibbon is likely to remain our masterpiece in history. The magnitude of the subject is nobly sustained by the dignity of the treatment, and the whole fabric stands out, to borrow the image of Carlyle, a marvellous bridge flung by genius and erudition across the weltering centuries of confusion that separate the old world from the new. The glowing imagination of the writer gives life and vigour to the rounded periods and to the stately and pompous march of the narrative, and all defects of taste disappear in the admiration extorted from the most reluctant reader. Perhaps his most unique merit is his supreme and almost epic power of moulding into a lucid unity a bewildering multitude of details, and giving life and sequence to the whole. His prodigious memory moved freely under a ponderous weight of learning which his quickening imagination fused into a glowing stream of continuous narrative. The story of Constantinople is his greatest effort; his treatment of Julian, of Justinian, of the Arabs, and of the Crusades, the most splendid single episodes in our historical literature. He has painted in gorgeous colours all the splendours of the ancient Paganism, and portrayed with matchless force every figure that crossed the stage of history for a thousand years. The enduring merit of the work may be summarised in the words of a great modern master of history. 'That Gibbon should ever be displaced,' said Freeman, 'seems impossible. That wonderful man monopolised, so to speak, the historical genius and the historical learning of a whole generation, and left little indeed of either for his contemporaries. He remains the one historian of the eighteenth century whom modern research has neither set aside nor threatened to set aside. We may correct and improve from the stores which have been opened since Gibbon's time; we may write again large parts of his story from other and often truer and more wholesome points of view: but the work of Gibbon as a whole, as the encyclopædic history of 1300 years, as the grandest of historical designs, carried out alike with wonderful power and with wonderful accuracy, must ever keep its place. Whatever else is read, Gibbon must be read too.'

The Ancient Philosophers on the Immortality of the Soul.

The writings of Cicero represent in the most lively colours the ignorance, the errors, and the uncertainty of the ancient philosophers with regard to the immortality of the soul. When they are desirous of arming their disciples against the fear of death, they inculcate as an obvious though melancholy position, that the fatal stroke of our dissolution releases us from the calamities of life; and that those can no longer suffer who no longer exist. Yet there were a few sages of Greece and Rome who had conceived a more exalted, and in some respects a juster idea of human nature; though it must be confessed, that in the sublime inquiry, their reason had often been guided by their imagination, and that their imagination had been prompted by their vanity. When they viewed with complacency the extent of their own mental powers, when they exercised the various faculties of memory, of fancy, and of judgment, in the most profound speculations, or the most important labours; and when they reflected on the desire of fame, which transported them into future ages, far beyond the bounds of death and of the grave; they were unwilling to confound themselves with the beasts of the field, or to suppose that a being, for whose dignity they entertained the most sincere admiration, could be limited to a spot of earth, and to a few years of duration. With this favourable prepossession, they summoned to their aid the science, or rather the language, of metaphysics. They soon discovered that as none of the properties of matter will apply to the operations of the mind, the human soul must consequently be a substance distinct from the body—pure, simple, and spiritual, incapable of dissolution, and susceptible of a much higher degree of virtue and happiness after the release from its corporeal prison. From these specious and noble principles, the philosophers who trod in the footsteps of Plato deduced a very unjustifiable conclusion, since they asserted not only the future immortality, but the past eternity of the human soul, which they were too apt to consider as a portion of the infinite and self-existing spirit which pervades and sustains the universe. A doctrine thus removed beyond the senses and the experience of mankind might serve to amuse [illegible] philosophic mind; or, in the silence [illegible] impart a ray of comfort [illegible] faint impression which [illegible] schools was soon obliterated [illegible] business of active life. We are sufficiently [illegible] the eminent persons who flourished [illegible] and of the first Caesars, with [illegible] characters, and their motives, to [illegible] conduct in this life was never [illegible] conviction of the rewards or punishments [illegible] state. At the bar and in the [illegible] ablest orators were not apprehensive [illegible] to their hearers by exposing that [illegible] and extravagant opinion, which was [illegible] contempt by every man of a liberal [illegible] understanding.

Since, therefore, the most sublime e[illegible] osophy can extend no further than feebly [illegible] the desire, the hope, or at most the probal future state, there is nothing except a divine revelation that can ascertain the existence and describe the condition of the invisible country which is destined to receive the souls of men after their separation from the body.

(From *The Decline and Fall*, Chap. xv.)

The Magnificence of the Caliphs.

Almansor, the brother and successor of Saffah, laid the foundations of Bagdad (762 A.D.), the imperial seat of his posterity during a reign of five hundred years. The chosen spot is on the eastern bank of the Tigris, about fifteen miles above the ruins of Modain; the double wall was of a circular form; and such was the rapid increase of a capital now dwindled to a provincial town, that the funeral of a popular saint might be attended by eight hundred thousand men and sixty thousand women of Bagdad and the adjacent villages. In this city of peace, amidst the riches of the east, the Abbassides soon disdained the abstinence and frugality of the first caliphs, and aspired to emulate the magnificence of the Persian kings. After his wars and buildings, Almansor left behind him in gold and silver about thirty millions sterling; and this treasure was exhausted in a few years by the vices or virtues of his children. His son Mahadi in a single pilgrimage to Mecca expended six millions of dinars of gold. A pious and charitable motive may sanctify the foundation of cisterns and caravanseras, which he distributed along a measured road of seven hundred miles; but his train of camels, laden with snow, could serve only to astonish the natives of Arabia, and to refresh the fruits and liquors of the royal banquet. The courtiers would surely praise the liberality of his grandson Almamon, who gave away four-fifths of the income of a province—a sum of two millions four hundred thousand gold dinars—before he drew his foot from the stirrup. At the nuptials of the same prince, a thousand pearls of the largest size were showered on the head of the bride, and a lottery of lands and houses displayed the capricious bounty of fortune. The glories of the court were brightened rather than impaired in the decline of the empire, and a Greek ambassador might admire or pity the magnificence of the feeble Moctader. 'The caliph's whole army,' says the historian Abulfeda, 'both horse and foot, was under arms, which together made a body of one hundred and sixty thousand men. His state officers, the favourite slaves, stood near him in splendid apparel, their belts glittering with gold and gems. Near them were seven thousand eunuchs, four thousand of them white, the remainder black. The porters or door-keepers were in number seven hundred. Barges and boats with the most superb decorations were seen swimming upon the Tigris. Nor was the palace itself less splendid, in which were hung up thirty-eight thousand pieces of tapestry, twelve thousand five hundred of which were of silk embroidered with gold. The carpets on the floor were twenty-two thousand. A hundred lions were brought out, with a keeper to each lion. Among the other spectacles of rare and stupendous luxury was a tree of gold and silver spreading into eighteen large branches, on which, and on the lesser boughs, sat a variety of birds made of the same precious metals, as well as the leaves of the tree. While the machinery affected spontaneous motions, the several birds warbled their natural harmony. Through this scene of magnificence the Greek ambassador was led by the vizier to the foot of the caliph's throne.' In the west the Ommiades of Spain supported with equal pomp the title of commander of the faithful. Three miles from Cordova, in honour of his favourite sultana, the third and greatest of the Abdalrahmans constructed the city, palace, and gardens of Zehra. Twenty-five years, and above three millions sterling, were employed by the founder; his liberal taste invited the artists of Constantinople, the most skilful sculptors and architects of the age; and the buildings were sustained or adorned by twelve hundred columns of Spanish and African, of Greek and Italian marble. The hall of audience was incrusted with gold and pearls, and a great basin in the centre was surrounded with the curious and costly figures of birds and quadrupeds. In a lofty pavilion of the gardens one of these basins and fountains, so delightful in a sultry climate, was replenished not with water but with the purest quicksilver. The seraglio of Abdalrahman, his wives, concubines, and black eunuchs, amounted to six thousand three hundred persons; and he was attended to the field by a guard of twelve thousand horse, whose belts and scimitars were studded with gold.

In a private condition, our desires are perpetually repressed by poverty and subordination; but the lives and labours of millions are devoted to the service of a despotic prince, whose laws are blindly obeyed, and whose wishes are instantly gratified. Our imagination is dazzled by the splendid picture; and whatever may be the cool dictates of reason, there are few among us who would obstinately refuse a trial of the comforts and the cares of royalty. It may therefore be of some use to borrow the experience of the same Abdalrahman, whose magnificence has perhaps excited our admiration and envy, and to transcribe an authentic memorial which was found in the closet of the deceased caliph. 'I have now reigned above fifty years in victory or peace; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honours, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot: they amount to fourteen. O man! place not thy confidence in this present world.'

(From *The Decline and Fall*, Chap. lii.)

Conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders

Jerusalem has derived some reputation from the number and importance of her memorable sieges. It was not till after a long and obstinate contest that Babylon and Rome could prevail against the obstinacy of the people, the craggy ground that might supersede the necessity of fortifications, and the walls and towers that would have fortified the most accessible plain. These obstacles were diminished in the age of the crusades. The bulwarks had been completely destroyed and imperfectly restored: the Jews, their nation and worship, were for ever banished; but nature is less changeable than man, and the site of Jerusalem, though somewhat softened and somewhat removed, was still strong against the assaults of an enemy. By the experience of a recent siege, and a three years' possession, the Saracens of Egypt had been taught to discern, and in some degree to remedy, the defects of a place which religion as well as honour forbade them to resign

Aladin or Iftikhar, the caliph's lieutenant, was entrusted with the defence; his policy strove to restrain the native Christians by the dread of their own ruin and that of the holy sepulchre; to animate the Moslems by the assurance of temporal and eternal rewards. His garrison is said to have consisted of forty thousand Turks and Arabians; and if he could muster twenty thousand of the inhabitants, it must be confessed that the besieged were more numerous than the besieging army. Had the diminished strength and numbers of the Latins allowed them to grasp the whole circumference of four thousand yards (about two English miles and a half), to what useful purpose should they have descended into the valley of Ben Hinnom and torrent of Cedron, or approached the precipices of the south and east, from whence they had nothing either to hope or fear? Their siege was more reasonably directed against the northern and western sides of the city. Godfrey of Bouillon erected his standard on the first swell of Mount Calvary; to the left, as far as St Stephen's gate, the line of attack was continued by Tancred and the two Roberts; and Count Raymond established his quarters from the citadel to the foot of Mount Sion, which was no longer included within the precincts of the city. On the fifth day the crusaders made a general assault, in the fanatic hope of battering down the walls without engines, and of scaling them without ladders. By the dint of brutal force, they burst the first barrier, but they were driven back with shame and slaughter to the camp: the influence of vision and prophecy was deadened by the too frequent abuse of those pious stratagems, and time and labour were found to be the only means of victory. The time of the siege was indeed fulfilled in forty days, but they were forty days of calamity and anguish. A repetition of the old complaint of famine may be imputed in some degree to the voracious or disorderly appetite of the Franks, but the stony soil of Jerusalem is almost destitute of water; the scanty springs and hasty torrents were dry in the summer season; nor was the thirst of the besiegers relieved, as in the city, by the artificial supply of cisterns and aqueducts. The circumjacent country is equally destitute of trees for the uses of shade or building, but some large beams were discovered in a cave by the crusaders: a wood near Sichem, the enchanted grove of Tasso, was cut down: the necessary timber was transported to the camp by the vigour and dexterity of Tancred; and the engines were framed by some Genoese artists, who had fortunately landed in the harbour of Jaffa. Two movable turrets were constructed at the expense and in the stations of the Duke of Lorraine and the Count of Tholouse, and rolled forwards with devout labour, not to the most accessible, but to the most neglected parts of the fortification. Raymond's tower was reduced to ashes by the fire of the besieged, but his colleague was more vigilant and successful; the enemies were driven by his archers from the rampart; the drawbridge was let down; and on a Friday, at three in the afternoon, the day and hour of the Passion, Godfrey of Bouillon stood victorious on the walls of Jerusalem. His example was followed on every side by the emulation of valour; and about four hundred and sixty years after the conquest of Omar, the holy city was rescued from the Mohammedan yoke. In the pillage of public and private wealth, the adventurers had agreed to respect the exclusive property of the first occupant; and the spoils of the great mosque seventy lamps and massy vases of gold and silver rewarded the diligence and displayed the generosity of Tancred. A bloody sacrifice was offered by his mistaken votaries to the God of the Christians: resistance might provoke, but neither age nor sex could mollify their implacable rage: they indulged themselves three days in a promiscuous massacre, and the infection of the dead bodies produced an epidemical disease. After seventy thousand Moslems had been put to the sword, and the harmless Jews had been burnt in their synagogue, they could still reserve a multitude of captives whom interest or lassitude persuaded them to spare. Of these savage heroes of the cross, Tancred alone betrayed some sentiments of compassion; yet we may praise the more selfish lenity of Raymond, who granted a capitulation and safe conduct to the garrison of the citadel. The holy sepulchre was now free; and the bloody victors prepared to accomplish their vow. Bareheaded and barefoot, with contrite hearts, and in a humble posture, they ascended the hill of Calvary amidst the loud anthems of the clergy, kissed the stone which had covered the Saviour of the world, and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence the monument of their redemption.

(*Decline and Fall*, chap. lviii.)

Mohammed

According to the tradition of his companions, Mohammed was distinguished by the beauty of his person, an outward gift which is seldom despised, except by those to whom it has been refused. Before he spoke, the orator engaged on his side the affections of a public or private audience. They applauded his commanding presence, his majestic aspect, his piercing eye, his gracious smile, his flowing beard, his countenance that painted every sensation of the soul, and his gestures that enforced each expression of the tongue. In the familiar offices of life he scrupulously adhered to the grave and ceremonious politeness of his country: his respectful attention to the rich and powerful was dignified by his condescension and affability to the poorest citizens of Mecca; the frankness of his manner concealed the artifice of his views; and the habits of courtesy were imputed to personal friendship or universal benevolence. His memory was capacious and retentive, his wit easy and social, his imagination sublime, his judgment clear, rapid, and decisive. He possessed the courage both of thought and action; and although his designs might gradually expand with his success, the first idea which he entertained of his divine mission bears the stamp of an original and superior genius. The son of Abdallah was educated in the bosom of the noblest race, in the use of the purest dialect of Arabia; and the fluency of his speech was corrected and enhanced by the practice of discreet and seasonable silence. With these powers of eloquence, Mohammed was an illiterate barbarian; his youth had never been instructed in the arts of reading and writing; the common ignorance exempted him from shame or reproach, but he was reduced to a narrow circle of existence, and deprived of those faithful mirrors which reflect to our mind the minds of sages and heroes. Yet the book of nature and of man was open to his view; and some fancy has been indulged in the political and philosophical observations which are ascribed to the Arabian traveller. He compares the nations and religions of the earth; discovers the weakness of the Persian and Roman monarchies; beholds with pity and indignation the degeneracy of the times; and resolves to unite, under one God and one king, the invincible spirit and primitive virtues of the Arabs. Our more accurate inquiry will suggest, that instead of visiting the courts, the camps, the temples of the east, the two journeys of Mohammed into Syria were confined to the fairs of Bostra and Damascus; that he was only thirteen years of age when he accompanied the caravan of his uncle, and that his duty compelled him to return as soon as he had disposed of the merchandise of Cadijah. In these hasty and superficial excursions, the eye of genius might discern some objects invisible to his grosser companions; some seeds of knowledge might be cast upon a fruitful soil; but his ignorance of the Syriac language must have checked his curiosity, and I cannot perceive in the life or writings of Mohammed that his prospect was far extended beyond the limits of the Arabian world. From every region of that solitary world the pilgrims of Mecca were annually assembled by the calls of devotion and commerce: in the free concourse of multitudes, a simple citizen, in his native tongue, might study the political state and character of the tribes, the theory and practice of the Jews and Christians. Some useful strangers might be tempted or forced to implore the rites of hospitality; and the enemies of Mohammed have named the Jew, the Persian, and the Syrian monk, whom they accuse of lending their secret aid to the composition of the Koran. Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius; and the uniformity of a work denotes the hand of a single artist. From his earliest youth Mohammed was addicted to religious contemplation: each year, during the month of Ramadan, he withdrew from the world and from the arms of Cadijah: in the cave of Hera, three miles from Mecca, he consulted the spirit of fraud or enthusiasm, whose abode is not in the heavens but in the mind of the prophet. The faith which under the name of Islam he preached to his family and nation, is compounded of an eternal truth and a necessary fiction, that there is only one God, and that Mohammed is the apostle of God.

(From *The Decline and Fall*, Chap. L.)

Timour the Tartar.

The standard was unfurled for the invasion of China; the emirs made their report of two hundred thousand veteran soldiers of Iran and Touran; their baggage and provisions were transported by five hundred great waggons, and an immense train of horses and camels; and the troops might prepare for a long absence, since more than six months were employed in the tranquil journey of a caravan from Samarcand to Pekin. Neither age nor the severity of the winter could retard the impatience of Timour; he mounted on horseback, passed the Sihoon on the ice, marched seventy-six parasangs (three hundred miles) from his capital, and pitched his last camp in the neighbourhood of Otrar, where he was expected by the angel of death. Fatigue, and the indiscreet use of iced water, accelerated the progress of his fever; and the conqueror of Asia expired in the seventieth year of his age, thirty-five years after he had ascended the throne of Zagatai. His designs were lost; his armies were disbanded; China was saved; and fourteen years after his decease, the most powerful of his children sent an embassy of friendship and commerce to the court of Pekin.

The fame of Timour has pervaded the east and west; his posterity is still invested with the imperial title; and the admiration of his subjects, who revered him almost as a deity, may be justified in some degree by the praise or confession of his bitterest enemies. Although he was lame of a hand and foot, his form and stature were not unworthy of his rank; and his vigorous health, so essential to himself and to the world, was corroborated by temperance and exercise. In his familiar discourse, he was grave and modest, and if he was ignorant of the Arabic language, he spoke with fluency and elegance the Persian and Turkish idioms. It was his delight to converse with the learned on topics of history and science; and the amusement of his leisure hours was the game of chess, which he improved or corrupted with new refinements. In his religion he was a zealous, though not perhaps an orthodox, Mussulman; but his sound understanding may tempt us to believe that a superstitious reverence for omens and prophecies, for saints and astrologers, was only affected as an instrument of policy. In the government of a vast empire he stood alone and absolute, without a rebel to oppose his power, a favourite to seduce his affections, or a minister to mislead his judgment. It was his firmest maxim that whatever might be the consequence, the word of the prince should never be disputed or recalled; but his foes have maliciously observed that the commands of anger and destruction were more strictly executed than those of beneficence and favour. His sons and grandsons, of whom Timour left six-and-thirty at his decease, were his first and most submissive subjects; and whenever they deviated from their duty, they were corrected, according to the laws of Zingis, with the bastonade, and afterwards restored to honour and command. Perhaps his heart was not devoid of the social virtues; perhaps he was not incapable of loving his friends and pardoning his enemies; but the rules of morality are founded on the public interest; and it may be sufficient to applaud the wisdom of a monarch for the liberality by which he is not impoverished, and for the justice by which he is strengthened and enriched. To maintain the harmony of authority and obedience, to chastise the proud, to protect the weak, to reward the deserving, to banish vice and idleness from his dominions, to secure the traveller and merchant, to restrain the depredations of the soldier, to cherish the labours of the husbandman, to encourage industry and learning, and, by an equal and moderate assessment, to increase the revenue without increasing the taxes, are indeed the duties of a prince; but, in the discharge of these duties, he finds an ample and immediate recompense. Timour might boast that, at his accession to the throne, Asia was the prey of anarchy and rapine, whilst under his prosperous monarchy, a child, fearless and unhurt, might carry a purse of gold from the east to the west. Such was his confidence of merit, that from this reformation he derived an excuse for his victories, and a title to universal dominion. The four following observations will serve to appreciate his claim to the public gratitude; and perhaps we shall conclude that the Mogul emperor was rather the scourge than the benefactor of mankind. 1. If some partial disorders, some local oppressions, were healed by the sword of Timour, the remedy was far more pernicious than the disease. By their rapine, cruelty, and discord the petty tyrants of Persia might afflict their subjects; but whole nations were crushed under the footsteps of the reformer. The ground which had been occupied by flourishing cities was often marked by his abominable trophies by columns or pyramids of human heads. Astracan, Carizme, Delhi, Ispahan, Bagdad, Aleppo, Damascus, Boursa, Smyrna, and a thousand others, were sacked, or burned, or utterly destroyed in his presence, and by his troops; and perhaps his conscience would have been startled if a priest or philosopher had dared to number the millions of victims whom he had sacrificed to the establishment of peace and order. **2.** His most destructive wars were rather inroads than conquests. He invaded Turkestan, Kipzak, Russia, Hindostan, Syria, Anatolia, Armenia, and Georgia, without a hope or a desire of preserving those distant provinces. From thence he departed laden with spoil; but he left behind him neither troops to awe the contumacious, nor magistrates to protect the obedient natives. When he had broken the fabric of their ancient government, he abandoned them to the evils which his invasion had aggravated or caused; nor were these evils compensated by any present or possible benefits. **3.** The kingdoms of Transoxiana and Persia were the proper field which he laboured to cultivate and adorn, as the perpetual inheritance of his family. But his peaceful labours were often interrupted, and sometimes blasted, by the absence of the conqueror. While he triumphed on the Volga or the Ganges, his servants, and even his sons, forgot their master and their duty. The public and private injuries were poorly redressed by the tardy rigour of inquiry and punishment; and we must be content to praise the institutions of Timour as the specious idea of a perfect monarchy. **4.** Whatsoever might be the blessings of his administration, they evaporated with his life. To reign, rather than to govern, was the ambition of his children and grandchildren, the enemies of each other and of the people. A fragment of the empire was upheld with some glory by Sharokh, his youngest son; but after his decease, the scene was again involved in darkness and blood; and before the end of a century, Transoxiana and Persia were trampled by the Uzbeks from the north, and the Turkmans of the black and white sheep. The race of Timour would have been extinct, if a hero, his descendant in the fifth degree, had not fled before the Uzbek arms to the conquest of Hindostan. His successors—the great Moguls—extended their sway from the mountains of Cashmir to Cape Comorin, and from Candahar to the Gulf of Bengal. Since the reign of Aurungzebe, their empire has been dissolved; their treasures of Delhi have been rifled by a Persian robber; and the richest of their kingdoms is now possessed by a company of Christian merchants, of a remote island in the northern ocean.

(From *The Decline and Fall,* Chap. lxv.)

Death of Julian.

While Julian struggled with the almost insuperable difficulties of his situation, the silent hours of the night were still devoted to study and contemplation. Whenever he closed his eyes in short and interrupted slumbers, his mind was agitated with painful anxiety; nor can it be thought surprising that the Genius of the empire should once more appear before him, covering with a funeral veil his head and his horn of abundance, and slowly retiring from the Imperial tent. The monarch started from his couch, and stepping forth to refresh his wearied spirits with the coolness of the midnight air, he beheld a fiery meteor, which shot athwart the sky and suddenly vanished. Julian was convinced that he had seen the menacing countenance of the god of war; the council which he summoned, of Tuscan Haruspices, unanimously pronounced that he should abstain from action; but on this occasion necessity and reason were more prevalent than superstition; and the trumpets sounded at the break of day. The army marched through a hilly country; and the hills had been secretly occupied by the Persians. Julian led the van with the skill and attention of a consummate general; he was alarmed by the intelligence that his rear was suddenly attacked. The heat of the weather had tempted him to lay aside his cuirass; but he snatched a shield from one of his attendants, and hastened, with a sufficient reinforcement, to the relief of the rear-guard. A similar danger recalled the intrepid prince to the defence of the front; and, as he galloped between the columns, the centre of the left was attacked, and almost overpowered, by a furious charge of the Persian cavalry and elephants. This huge body was soon defeated by the well-timed evolution of the light infantry, who aimed their weapons with dexterity and effect against the backs of the horsemen and the legs of the elephants. The Barbarians fled: and Julian, who was foremost in every danger, animated the pursuit with his voice and gestures. His trembling guards, scattered and oppressed by the disorderly throng of friends and enemies, reminded their fearless sovereign that he was without armour, and conjured him to decline the fall of the impending ruin. As they exclaimed, a cloud of darts and arrows was discharged from the flying squadrons; and a javelin, after razing the skin of his arm, transpierced the ribs, and fixed in the inferior part of the liver. Julian attempted to draw the deadly weapon from his side; but his fingers were cut by the sharpness of the steel, and he fell senseless from his horse. His guards flew to his relief; and the wounded emperor was gently raised from the ground, and conveyed out of the tumult of the battle into an adjacent tent. The report of the melancholy event passed from rank to rank; but the grief of the Romans inspired them with invincible valour and the desire of revenge. The bloody and obstinate conflict was maintained by the two armies till they were separated by the total darkness of the night. The Persians derived some honour from the advantage which they obtained against the left wing, where Anatolius, master of the offices, was slain, and the præfect Sallust very narrowly escaped. But the event of the day was adverse to the Barbarians. They abandoned the field; their two generals, Meranes and Nohordates, fifty nobles or satraps, and a multitude of their bravest soldiers fell: and the success of the Romans, if Julian had survived, might have been improved into a decisive and useful victory

The first words that Julian uttered, after his recovery from the fainting fit into which he had been thrown by loss of blood, were expressive of his martial spirit. He called for his horse and arms, and was impatient to rush into the battle. His remaining strength was exhausted by the painful effort; and the surgeons who examined his wound discovered the symptoms of approaching death. He employed the awful moments with the firm temper of a hero and a sage; the philosophers who had accompanied him in this fatal expedition compared the tent of Julian with the prison of Socrates; and the spectators whom duty, or friendship, or curiosity, had assembled round his couch listened with respectful grief to the funeral oration of their dying emperor. 'Friends and fellow-soldiers, the seasonable period of my departure is now arrived, and I discharge with the cheerfulness of a ready debtor the demands of nature. I have learned from philosophy how much the soul is more excellent than the body; and that the separation of the nobler substance should be the subject of joy rather than of affliction. I have learned from religion that an early death has often been the reward of piety; and I accept as a favour of the gods the mortal stroke that secures me from the danger of disgracing a character which has hitherto been supported by virtue and fortitude. I die without remorse as I have lived without guilt. I am pleased to reflect on the innocence of my private life; and I can affirm with confidence that the supreme authority, that emanation of the Divine Power, has been preserved in my hands pure and immaculate. Detesting the corrupt and destructive maxims of despotism, I have considered the happiness of the people as the end of government. Submitting my actions to the laws of prudence, of justice, and of moderation, I have trusted the event to the care of providence. Peace was the object of my counsels, as long as peace was consistent with the public welfare; but when the imperious voice of my country summoned me to arms, I exposed my person to the dangers of war, with the clear fore-knowledge (which I had acquired from the art of divination) that I was destined to fall by the sword. I now offer my tribute of gratitude to the Eternal Being who has not suffered me to perish by the cruelty of a tyrant, by the secret dagger of conspiracy, or by the slow tortures of lingering disease. He has given me in the midst of an honourable career a splendid and glorious departure from this world; and I hold it equally absurd, equally base, to solicit or to decline the stroke of fate.—Thus much I have attempted to say; but my strength fails me, and I feel the approach of death.—I shall cautiously refrain from any word that may tend to influence your suffrages in the election of an emperor. My choice might be imprudent or injudicious; and if it should not be ratified by the consent of the army, it might be fatal to the person whom I should recommend. I shall only, as a good citizen, express my hopes that the Romans may be blessed with the government of a virtuous sovereign.' After this discourse, which Julian pronounced in a firm and gentle tone of voice, he distributed by a military testament the remains of his private fortune; and making some inquiry why Anatolius was not present, he understood from the answer of Sallust that Anatolius was killed, and bewailed with amiable inconsistency the loss of his friend. At the same time he reproved the immoderate grief of the spectators, and conjured them not to disgrace by unmanly tears the fate of a prince who in a few moments would be united with heaven and with the stars. The spectators were silent; and Julian entered into a metaphysical argument with the philosophers Priscus and Maximus on the nature of the soul. The efforts which he made, of mind as well as body, most probably hastened his death. His wound began to bleed with fresh violence: his respiration was embarrassed by the swelling of the veins: he called for a draught of cold water, and, as soon as he had drank it, expired without pain, about the hour of midnight. Such was the end of that extraordinary man, in the thirty-second year of his age, after a reign of one year and about eight months from the death of Constantius. In his last moments he displayed, perhaps with some ostentation, the love of virtue and of fame which had been the ruling passions of his life.

(From *The Decline and Fall*, Chap. xxiv.)

From the 'Autobiography.'

Wherever the distinction of birth is allowed to form a superior order in the state, education and example should always, and will often, produce among them a dignity of sentiment and propriety of conduct, which is guarded from dishonour by their own and the public esteem. If we read of some illustrious line so ancient that it has no beginning, so worthy that it ought to have no end, we sympathize in its various fortunes; nor can we blame the generous enthusiasm, or even the harmless vanity, of those who are allied to the honours of its name. For my own part, could I draw my pedigree from a general, a statesman, or a celebrated author, I should study their lives with the diligence of filial love. In the investigation of past events, our curiosity is stimulated by the immediate or indirect reference to ourselves; but in the estimate of honour we should learn to value the gifts of Nature above those of Fortune: to esteem in our ancestors the qualities that best promote the interests of society; and to pronounce the descendant of a king less truly noble than the offspring of a man of genius, whose writings will instruct or delight the latest posterity. The family of Confucius is, in my opinion, the most illustrious in the world. After a painful ascent of eight or ten centuries, our barons and princes of Europe are lost in the darkness of the middle ages; but, in the vast equality of the empire of China, the posterity of Confucius have maintained above two thousand two hundred years their peaceful honours and perpetual succession. The chief of the family is still revered by the sovereign and the people as the lively image of the wisest of mankind. The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the *Fairy Queen* as the most precious jewel of their coronet. Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who draw their origin from the Counts of Halsburg, the lineal descendants of Eltrico, in the seventh century, Duke of Alsace [an error; see page 347, note]. Far different have been the fortunes of the English and German divisions of the family of Habsburg: the former, the knights and sheriffs of Leicestershire, have slowly risen to the dignity of a peerage; the latter, the Emperors of Germany and Kings of Spain, have threatened the liberty of the old, and invaded the treasures of the new world. The successors of Charles the Fifth may disdain their brethren of England; but the romance of Tom Jones, that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escurial and the imperial eagle of the house of Austria.

That these sentiments are just, or at least natural, I am the more inclined to believe, as I am not myself interested in the cause; for I can derive from my ancestors neither glory nor shame. Yet a sincere and simple narrative of my own life may amuse some of my leisure hours; but it will subject me, and perhaps with justice, to the imputation of vanity. I may judge, however, from the experience both of past and of the present times, that the public are always curious to know the men who have left behind them any image of their minds: the most scanty accounts of such men are compiled with diligence and perused with eagerness; and the student of every class may derive a lesson or an example from the lives most similar to his own. My name may hereafter be placed among the thousand articles of a Biographia Britannica; and I must be conscious that no one is so well qualified as myself to describe the series of my thoughts and actions. The authority of my masters, of the grave Thuanus and the philosophic Hume, might be sufficient to justify my design; but it would not be difficult to produce a long list of ancients and moderns who in various forms have exhibited their own portraits. Such portraits are often the most interesting, and sometimes the only interesting parts of their writings; and if they be sincere, we seldom complain of the minuteness or prolixity of these personal memorials. The lives of the younger Pliny, of Petrarch, and of Erasmus are expressed in the epistles which they themselves have given to the world. The essays of Montaigne and Sir William Temple bring us home to the houses and bosoms of the authors: we smile without contempt at the headstrong passions of Benvenuto Cellini and the gay follies of Colley Cibber. The confessions of St Austin and Rousseau disclose the secrets of the human heart: the commentaries of the learned Huet have survived his evangelical demonstration; and the memoirs of Goldoni are more truly dramatic than his Italian comedies. The heretic and the churchman are strongly marked in the characters and fortunes of Whiston and Bishop Newton; and even the dulness of Michael de Marolles and Anthony Wood acquires some value from the faithful representation of men and manners. That I am equal or superior to some of these, the effects of modesty or affectation cannot force me to dissemble.

Lord Sheffield collected Gibbon's *Miscellaneous Works* (2 vols. 1796; enlarged ed. 5 vols. 1814). The *Decline and Fall* had the honour of being bowdlerised by the original Mr Bowdler in his last years, and was published (1826) after his death, 'with the careful omission of all passages of an irreligious or immoral tendency.' Sir W. Smith's edition of the *Decline and Fall* (8 vols. 1854-55) contains the notes of Guizot and Milman; a magistral edition, in 7 vols., edited by Mr J. B. Bury, was published in 1896-1900. A German translation in 1805-7 anticipated the French one, and there was a new one by Sporschil (4th ed. 1862). There have also been two German translations (1796 and 1801) of the *Autobiography*. There are Italian, Magyar, and modern Greek translations of the *Decline*. In 1897 another Lord Sheffield published the six versions of the *Autobiography*, from which Miss Holroyd pieced together the text till then accepted. Mr Birkbeck Hill gave us another edition in 1901, and two volumes of the letters were edited by Professor Prothero. See the monograph by J. C. Morison (1878), Frederic Harrison's address at the Gibbon Commemoration (1895), Sainte-Beuve's two essays in the eighth volume of the *Causeries du Lundi*, and *The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd* (1896).

Thomas Paine was for a century and more the most abhorred name in England, and was almost universally cited by way of assumed contempt as 'Tom Paine.' This most formidable of deists and Radicals—he was called atheist, and held to be the most destructive of revolutionaries—was born at Thetford in Norfolk on 29th January 1737, the son of a Quaker staymaker. The son, surely the most *un*-friendly of those descended from the Friends, expressly testifies that he was much influenced by Quaker views—as does the revolutionary novelist Robert Bage, who, though 'barely a Christian,' retained a strong affection for the Quaker faith in which he was brought up. Tom Paine was by turns staymaker and marine, schoolmaster, exciseman, and tobacconist. His first publication was a tract in aid of the excisemen's agitation for increase of wages in 1772. He had married twice, losing his first wife, and soon separating from the second, when in 1774, with introductions from Franklin, he sailed for Philadelphia. On 10th January 1776 appeared his pamphlet *Common Sense*, which argued simply but strongly for complete independence, and which, in Washington's words, 'worked a powerful change in the minds of many men.' His *Crisis*, a twelvemonth later, gave the battle-cry, 'These are the times that try men's souls,' for the Americans' first victory at Trenton, where Paine himself was serving as a private; and Congress rewarded him with the post of Secretary to the Committee of Foreign Affairs. He wrote fifteen *Crises* in all before 1783, to keep up the hearts of the rebels. He lost his post in 1779 for polemically discussing—and so divulging—State secrets about French supplies in a Pennsylvania paper, but was appointed clerk of the Pennsylvania legislature. In 1781 he was secretary of a mission to France, which returned with 2,500,000 livres and military stores; and soon after he received a public salary, and from the State of New York a gift of the confiscated farm of New Rochelle.

In 1787 he returned, by way of Paris, to England, where in 1791-92 he published *The Rights of Man*, most famous of all the replies to Burke's *Reflections upon the French Revolution*. The work, of which a million and a half copies were sold in England alone, involved many in heavy penalties; Thomas Muir, for instance, for circulating it got fourteen years' transportation. Paine, however, had slipped off to Paris, having been elected by the department of Pas-de-Calais its deputy to the National Convention. Here he voted with the Girondists, and at Louis XVI.'s trial he 'alone,' says Madame de Staël, 'proposed what would have done France honour—the offer to the king of an asylum in America.' He thereby offended the Robespierre faction, and in 1794 was thrown into prison—possibly by the procurement of the American Minister, Gouverneur Morris, who disliked the French Revolution and the alliance between the new republics—just before his arrest having written Part I. of *The Age of Reason*, against atheism and against Christianity, and in favour of deism. Part II. appeared in 1795, and a portion of Part III. in 1807. The book alienated most of his old friends; and it was not till after an imprisonment of eleven months that he was released at the request of Monroe, the new American Minister, and restored to his seat in the Convention. But he soon became disgusted with French politics, and occupied himself chiefly with the study of finance; and, irate at the long acquiescence of the American Government in his imprisonment, he violently attacked Washington as a commander and as a statesman. In 1802 he returned to America, refusing to go by a ship placed at his service by President Jefferson. In America he was welcomed by his own party, but hooted by orthodox mobs and tabooed by society. He was embarrassed in finances, constantly embroiled in controversy theological and political, and seems to have taken to drinking—though doubtless the stories about his intemperance were greatly exaggerated. He died at New York 8th June 1809. In 1819 his bones were removed by Cobbett (q.v.) from New Rochelle to England; they were seized as part of the property of Cobbett's son, a bankrupt, in 1836; their whereabouts since 1844 is unknown.

Replies to Paine's theological views were much fiercer than those against his political doctrines—Gilbert Wakefield's and Bishop Watson's being famous. As an apologist for the American rebels, 'Tom' was hated by patriotic Englishmen; his *Rights of Man* was the text-book of all the extreme Radicals and sympathisers with the French Revolution—another ground for hatred; and his deism was hateful to many who shared his Radicalism. He was sincere and courageous, but vain and bigoted; he held that his pen had done as much for the United States as Washington's sword; he thought his opponents knaves and fools; and his attacks on revelation are rather shrewd and bold than scholarly or profound. 'Paine's ignorance,' says Mr Leslie Stephen, 'was vast and his language brutal; but he had the gift of a true demagogue—the power of wielding a fine vigorous English.' The two following selections are from the *Rights of Man*.

Order due to Society, not to Government.

Great part of that order which reigns among mankind is not the effect of government. It has its origin in the principles of society and the natural constitution of man. It existed prior to government, and would exist if the formality of government was abolished. The mutual dependence and reciprocal interest which man has upon man, and all the parts of a civilised community upon each other, create that great chain of connection which holds it together. The landholder, the farmer, the manufacturer, the merchant, the tradesman, and every occupation prospers by the aid which each receives from the other and from the whole. Common interest regulates their concerns and forms their law; and the laws which common usage ordains have a greater influence than the laws of government. In fine, society performs for itself almost everything which is ascribed to government.

To understand the nature and quantity of government proper for man, it is necessary to attend to his character. As Nature created him for social life, she fitted him for the station she intended. In all cases she made his natural wants greater than his individual powers. No one man is capable, without the aid of society, of supplying his own wants; and those wants acting upon every individual, impel the whole of them into society, as naturally as gravitation acts to a center.

But she has gone further. She has not only forced man into society by a diversity of wants which the reciprocal aid of each other can supply, but she has implanted in him a system of social affections, which, though not necessary to his existence, are essential to his happiness. There is no period in life when this love for society ceases to act. It begins and ends with our being.

If we examine with attention into the composition and constitution of man, the diversity of his wants, and the diversity of talents in different men for reciprocally accommodating the wants of each other, his propensity to society, and consequently to preserve the advantages resulting from it, we shall easily discover that a great part of what is called government is mere imposition.

Government is no farther necessary than to supply the few cases to which society and civilization are not conveniently competent; and instances are not wanting to shew that everything which government can usefully add thereto has been performed by the common consent of society, without government.

For upwards of two years from the commencement of the American war, and to a longer period in several of the American States, there were no established forms of government. The old governments had been abolished, and the country was too much occupied in defence to employ its attention in establishing new governments; yet during this interval order and harmony were preserved as inviolate as in any country in Europe. There is a natural aptness in man, and more so in society, because it embraces a greater variety of abilities and resource, to accommodate itself to whatever situation it is in. The instant formal government is abolished, society begins to act. A general association takes place, and common interest produces common security.

So far is it from being true, as has been pretended, that the abolition of any formal government is the dissolution of society, that it acts by a contrary impulse, and brings the latter the closer together. All that part of its organization which it had committed to its government devolves again upon itself, and acts through its medium. When men, as well from natural instinct as from reciprocal benefits, have habituated themselves to social and civilized life, there is always enough of its principles in practice to carry them through any changes they may find necessary or convenient to make in their government. In short, man is so naturally a creature of society that it is almost impossible to put him out of it.

Formal government makes but a small part of civilized life; and when even the best that human wisdom can devise is established, it is a thing more in name and idea than in fact. It is to the great and fundamental principles of society and civilization—to the common usage universally consented to, and mutually and reciprocally maintained—to the unceasing circulation of interest, which, passing through its million channels, invigorates the whole mass of civilized man—it is to these things, infinitely more than to anything which even the best instituted government can perform, that the safety and prosperity of the individual and of the whole depends.

The more perfect civilization is, the less occasion has it for government, because the more does it regulate its own affairs and govern itself; but so contrary is the practice of old governments to the reason of the case, that the expences of them increase in the proportion they ought to diminish. It is but few general laws that civilized life requires, and those of such common usefulness, that whether they are enforced by the forms of government or not, the effect will be nearly the same. If we consider what the principles are that first condense men into society, and what the motives that regulate their mutual intercourse afterwards, we shall find, by the time we arrive at what is called government, that nearly the whole of the business is performed by the natural operation of the parts upon each other.

The Landed Interest.

It is difficult to discover what is meant by the *landed interest*, if it does not mean a combination of aristocratical land-holders opposing their own pecuniary interest to that of the farmer and every branch of trade, commerce, and manufacture. In all other respects it is the only interest that needs no partial protection. It enjoys the general protection of the world. Every individual, high or low, is interested in the fruits of the earth; men, women, and children, of all ages and degrees, will turn out to assist the farmer, rather than a harvest should not be got in; and they will not act thus by any other property. It is the only one for which the common prayer of mankind is put up, and the only one that can never fail from the want of means. It is the interest, not of the policy, but of the existence of man, and when it ceases, he must cease to be. No other interest in a nation stands on the same united support. Commerce, manufactures, arts, sciences, and everything else, compared with this, are supported but in parts. Their prosperity or their decay has not the same universal influence. When the valleys laugh and sing, it is not the farmer only, but all creation that rejoices. It is a prosperity that excludes all envy; and this cannot be said of anything else.

The completest editions of Paine's works are those by Mendum (3 vols. Boston, 1850), and Mr Moncure D. Conway (4 vols. London, 1894-96); of his numerous biographies may be mentioned those by 'Francis Oldys' (i.e. George Chalmers, 1791), Cheetham (1809), Rickman (1814), Sherwin (1819), Vale (1841), Blanchard (1860), and especially that by Moncure D. Conway (2 vols. 1892). See also Leslie Stephen's *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* (1880), and Alger's *Englishmen in the French Revolution* (1889).

George Colman 'the Elder' (1732-94), playwright and manager, was the son of the English envoy at Florence, was educated at Westminster and Oxford, and called to the Bar in 1755. His theatrical proclivities were much hampered by his mother's aristocratic connections, the Earl of Bath and General Pulteney; but in 1760 his first piece, *Polly Honeycombe*, was produced at Drury Lane with great success; next year came *The Jealous Wife*, and in 1766 *The Clandestine Marriage*, written in conjunction with Garrick. In 1767 he purchased, with three others, Covent Garden Theatre, and held the office of manager for seven years, when he sold his share. During his management he had quarrels with his partners, and with Garrick and Macklin; a pamphlet war and a succession of lawsuits followed. In 1776 he purchased the Haymarket Theatre from Foote. He wrote many minor comedies, produced 'acting' versions of plays by Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Terence, of Milton's *Comus*, and of some French pieces. His own translation of Terence was received with enthusiasm, and so was his translation, with notes, of Horace's *De Arte Poetica*. He wrote essays, edited Beaumont and Fletcher's works, and Ben Jonson's, and was author of some poems, criticisms, and other prose pieces (published in 3 vols. 1787). Many of his plays are not merely clever, but brilliant; and though a collection of his *Dramatic Works* was published in four volumes in 1777, many of his things have never been printed. Peake's *Memoirs of the Colman Family* (1841) and his own son's *Random Recollections* (1830) contain biographical materials; and *Some Particulars of the Life of the Late George Colman* (1795) is largely autobiographical. In 1785 he had a stroke of paralysis, and he died in confinement. His son, George Colman 'the Younger,' was perhaps even more famous on the same lines well into the next century.

Richard Cumberland (1732-1811), novelist and essayist, was the son of the Bishop of Clonfert and great-grandson of Dr Richard Cumberland (see page 47), and was born in the lodge of Trinity College, Cambridge. His mother was Joanna, daughter of Dr Bentley, erroneously said to be the Phœbe of Byrom's pastoral (see page 279); and he inherited not a little of his grandfather's combative temper. From Bury St Edmunds and Westminster, where he was contemporary with Cowper, Churchill, and Warren Hastings, he passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, and was a Fellow at twenty. Becoming private secretary to Lord Halifax, he gave up his intention of taking orders. Through the influence of his patron, he was made Crown-agent for the province of Nova Scotia; and he was afterwards appointed, by Lord George Germain, secretary to the Board of Trade. His popularity as a writer of plays introduced him to all the literary and distinguished society of his day. In 1780 he was employed on a secret mission to Spain, in order to endeavour to detach that country from the hostile confederacy against England; but after a twelvemonth at Madrid he was recalled, and payment of his drafts refused. A sum of £5000 was due to him; but as Cumberland had failed in the negotiation, and had exceeded his commission through excess of zeal, the Minister refused to reimburse him. The unfortunate dramatist-diplomatist was accordingly compelled to sell his paternal estate and retire into private life. He took up his abode at Tunbridge, and there poured forth farces, comedies, tragedies, pamphlets, essays, and poems, among them two epics, *Calvary* and *The Exodiad*, the latter written in conjunction with Sir James Bland Burgess. None of these was above mediocrity: the vivifying power of genius was shown only in two or three of his plays. In the *Memoirs of his Own Life*

Cumberland is graphic and entertaining, but too many of his anecdotes of contemporaries are imperfectly authenticated. His fame rests on two or three of his plays, which include *The West Indian* (1771) his best, produced with much success by Garrick; *The Brothers* (1769); *The Fashionable Lover* (1772); *The Jew*; and *The Wheel of Fortune*.

One would have thought that the unquestionable dramatic gift manifested in the best plays, his knowledge of life and manners at home and abroad, would have made Cumberland a notable novelist. But it was not so. His first novel, *Arundel* (1789), was hurriedly composed; but the scene being partly in college and at court, and dealing with high life, the author drew upon his recollections, and painted vigorously what he had felt and witnessed. His second work, *Henry* (1795), carefully elaborated in imitation of Fielding, was less happy; Cumberland was not at home in the humbler walks of life, and his portraits are grossly overcharged. The character of Ezekiel Dow, a Methodist preacher, was praised by Sir Walter Scott as exquisite and just. But the resemblance to Fielding's Parson Adams is too marked, and the Methodistic elements are less convincing than the learned simplicity and *bonhomie* of the worthy parson. And as Scott said 'He had a peculiar taste in love-affairs, which induced him to reverse the natural and usual practice of courtship, and to throw upon the softer sex the task of wooing, which is more gracefully, as well as naturally, the province of the man.' In these wooing scenes there is inevitably a lack of delicacy; Scott, who ranked his comedies next to Sheridan's, thought his romances indecent. His third novel, *John de Lancaster*, was the inferior work of his advanced years. In the *Retaliation* Goldsmith somewhat hyperbolically praised him as

> The Terence of England, the mender of hearts—

surely one of the finest compliments ever paid by one author to another, were it not obviously satirical, though not perhaps unkindly meant. Actually Goldsmith does not seem to have been drawn to him, thought he had over-refined comedy, and set himself to succeed by avoiding his rival's defect; while Sheridan made the world laugh at him as 'Sir Fretful Plagiary.' The *West Indian* is a comedy of intrigue, and its scheme of honour and morals is by no means unexceptionable. The hero, arriving rich and libertine from Jamaica, falls in love with a beautiful girl, addresses her in the street, pursues her to her lodging, and importunes her to a dishonourable alliance. Some trouble ensues, but so soon as the hero has had an opportunity of explaining in a dignified manner that a disreputable landlady had hinted to him that the lady was not the sister but the mistress of the secondary hero, the mistake is at once seen to be natural and venial; the lady, her brother and father, and friends on both sides regard the principal hero's conduct on the whole as generous and admirable in a high degree, and the insulted lady accepts, not merely without hesitation but with enthusiasm, his formal suit for her hand

Mr Johnson and Tea-Drinking.

At the tea table he made considerable demands upon his favourite beverage; and I remember when Sir Joshua Reynolds at my house reminded him that he had drunk eleven cups, he replied: 'Sir, I did not count your glasses of wine; why should you number up my cups of tea?' And then, laughing in perfect good humour, he added: 'Sir, I should have released the lady from any further trouble if it had not been for your remark; but you have reminded me that I want one of the dozen, and I must request Mrs Cumberland to round up my number.' When he saw the readiness and complacency with which my wife obeyed his call, he turned a kind and cheerful look on her, and said: 'Madam, I must tell you for your comfort you have escaped much better than a certain lady did a while ago, upon whose patience I intruded greatly more than I have done on yours; but the lady asked me for no other purpose than to make a zany of me, and set me gabbling to a parcel of people I knew nothing of; so, madam, I had my revenge on her, for I swallowed five-and-twenty cups of her tea, and did not treat her with as many words.'

(From the *Memoirs*.)

From 'The West Indian.'

Mrs Fulmer. Why, how you sit, musing and moping, sighing and desponding! I'm ashamed of you, Mr Fulmer: is this the country you described to me, a second Eldorado, rivers of gold and rocks of diamonds? You found me in a pretty snug retir'd way of life at Boulogne, out of the noise and bustle of the world, and wholly at my ease; you, indeed, was upon the wing, with a fiery persecution at your back: but, like a true son of Loyola, you had then a thousand ingenious devices to repair your fortune; and this your native country was to be the scene of your performances: fool that I was, to be inveigled into it by you: . . . for what have we got, whom have we gull'd but ourselves? which of all your trains has taken fire? even this poor expedient of your bookseller's shop seems abandoned; for if a chance customer drops in, who is there, pray, to help him to what he wants?

Fulmer. Patty, you know it is not upon slight grounds that I despair; there had us'd to be a livelihood to be pick'd up in this country, both for the honest and dishonest: I have tried each walk, and am likely to starve at last: there is not a point to which the wit and faculty of man can turn, that I have not set mine to; but in vain, I am beat through every quarter of the compass.

Mrs Ful. Ah! common efforts all: strike me a master-stroke, Mr Fulmer, if you wish to make any figure in this country.

Ful. But where, how, and what? I have bluster'd for prerogative; I have bellowed for freedom; I have offer'd to serve my country; I have engaged to betray it: a master-stroke, truly; why, I have talked treason, writ treason, and if a man can't live by that he can live by nothing. Here I set up as a bookseller, why men left off reading; and if I was to turn butcher, I believe o' my conscience they'd leave off eating.

Mrs Ful. Why, there now 's your lodger, old Captain Dudley, as he calls himself; there 's no flint without fire;

something might be struck out of him, if you 'd the wit to find the way.

Ful. Hang him, an old dry skin'd curmudgeon; you may as well think to get truth out of a courtier, or candour out of a critic: I can make nothing of him; besides, he 's poor, and therefore not for our purpose.

Mrs Ful. The more fool he! Wou'd any man be poor that had such a prodigy in his possession?

Ful. His daughter, you mean: she is, indeed, uncommonly beautiful.

Mrs Ful. Beautiful! Why, she need only be seen, to have the first men in the kingdom at her feet. Egad, I wish I had the leasing of her beauty; what would some of your young Nabobs give ——?

Ful. Hush! here comes the captain; good girl, leave us to ourselves, and let me try what I can make of him.

Mrs Ful. Captain, truly! i' faith I'd have a regiment, had I such a daughter, before I was three months older.

[*Exit as* Captain DUDLEY *enters*.

Ful. Captain Dudley, good morning to you.

Dudley. Mr Fulmer, I have borrowed a book from your shop; 'tis the sixth volume of my deceased friend Tristram: he is a flattering writer to us poor soldiers; and the divine story of Le Fevre, which makes part of this book, in my opinion of it, does honour not to its author only, but to human nature.

Ful. He's an author I keep in the way of trade, but one I never relish'd: he is much too loose and profligate for my taste

Dud. That 's being too severe: I hold him to be a moralist in the noblest sense; he plays indeed with the fancy, and sometimes perhaps too wantonly; but while he thus designedly makes his main attack, he comes at once upon the heart; refines, amends it, softens it; beats down each selfish barrier from about it, and opens every sluice of pity and benevolence.

Ful. We of the catholic persuasion are not much bound to him. Well, Sir, I shall not oppose your opinion; a favourite author is like a favourite mistress; and there you know, Captain, no man likes to have his taste arraigned.

Dud. Upon my word, Sir, I don't know what a man likes in that case; 'tis an experiment I never made.

Ful. Sir! Are you serious.

Dud. 'Tis of little consequence whether you think so.

Ful. What a formal old prig it is! [*aside*]. I apprehend you, Sir; you speak with caution; you are married?

Dud I have been.

Ful. And this young lady, which accompanies you

Dud. Passes for my daughter.

Ful. Passes for his daughter! humph -[*aside*]. She is exceedingly beautiful, finely accomplished, of a most enchanting shape and air.

Dud. You are much too partial; she has the greatest defect a woman can have.

Ful How so, pray?

Dud. She has no fortune.

Ful. Rather say that you have none: and that 's a sore defect in one of your years, Captain Dudley: you 've served, no doubt?

Dud. Familiar coxcomb! But I'll humour him [*aside*].

Ful. A close old fox! But I'll unkennel him [*aside*].

Dud. Above thirty years I 've been in the service, Mr Fulmer.

Ful. I guess'd as much; I laid it at no less: why, 'tis a wearisome time; 'tis an apprenticeship to a profession fit only for a patriarch. But preferment must be closely followed: you never could have been so far behind hand in the chace unless you had palpably mistaken your way. You 'll pardon me, but I begin to perceive you have lived in the world, not with it.

Dud. It may be so; and you, perhaps, can give me better counsel. I 'm now soliciting a favour; an exchange to a company on full pay; nothing more; and yet I meet a thousand bars to that; tho', without boasting, I should think the certificate of services which I sent in might have purchased that indulgence to me.

Ful. Who thinks or cares about 'em? Certificate of services, indeed! Send in a certificate of your fair daughter; carry her in your hand with you

Dud. What! Who! My daughter! Carry my daughter! Well, and what then?

Ful. Why, then your fortune 's made, that 's all.

Dud. I understand you: and this you call knowledge of the world? Despicable knowledge; but, sirrah, I will have you know —[*threatening him*].

Ful. Help! Who 's within? Wou'd you strike me, Sir; wou'd you lift up your hand against a man in his own house?

Dud. In a church, if he dare insult the poverty of a man of honour.

Ful. Have a care what you do; remember there is such a thing in law as an assault and battery; ay, and such trifling forms as warrants and indictments.

Dud. Go, Sir; you are too mean for my resentment: 'tis that, and not the law, protects you. Hence!

Ful. An old, absurd, incorrigible blockhead! I'll be reveng'd of him [*aside*].

See his *Memoirs* (2 vols. 1807), and George Paston's *Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century* (1901). His plays are in Mrs Inchbald's *British Theatre*.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan,

dramatist and political orator, was the most brilliant of a gifted family representing an old native Irish clan in County Cavan. His great-grandson, Lord Dufferin, reckoned that in two hundred and fifty years the family had produced twenty-seven authors and upwards of two hundred books; and the author of *Letters from High Latitudes* was fully entitled to include himself and his gifted mother, the author of *The Lament of the Irish Emigrant*. Thomas Sheridan, D.C.L. and Jacobite historical writer, suffered for the cause of James II., and was father of the Chevalier Sheridan, Prince Charlie's tutor and comrade in arms; Thomas's nephew, another Thomas, D.D. and friend of Swift, was a schoolmaster in Dublin, and translator. His son, a third Thomas (1719–88), became a teacher of elocution in Dublin and author of a Life of Swift, but was first an actor and playwright, and at this stage of his career married the poetess Frances Chamberlaine, who as Mrs Frances Sheridan (1724–66) was to be a notable novelist and dramatist; her works comprise three unimportant comedies and two novels—*The Memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph* (1761), which was praised by Johnson, approved by the public, and translated into French by the Abbé Prevost; and *The*

History of Nourjahad, an Oriental tale adapted for the stage by Sophia Lee (see page 653). The son of this couple was the brilliant dramatist, who also attained his ambition of becoming a statesman.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in Dublin on the 30th of October 1751, and was educated partly in Dublin and then at Harrow; his parents had settled in London, and Richard never revisited his old home. After leaving school, he and a school-friend named Halhed wrote a three-act farce called *Jupiter*, and he tried a verse translation of the *Epistles of Aristaenetus*. In 1771 the Sheridans removed to Bath, where they made acquaintance with the family of Linley the composer, and, after a romantic courtship, Richard married Elizabeth Linley in 1773. The young couple settled in London to a life much beyond their means, and Sheridan now made more serious efforts at dramatic composition. In 1775 *The Rivals* was produced at Covent Garden, and, though at first it failed, was after some revision universally recognised as a great and admirable comedy. In the same year appeared the poor farce called *St Patrick's Day*, and also *The Duenna*, which had a run of over seventy nights in the first season. In 1776 Sheridan, with the aid of Linley and another friend, bought half the patent of Drury Lane Theatre for £35,000 from Garrick, and in 1778 the remaining share for £45,000, the money being largely raised on mortgage. His first production was the *Rivals*, his second a purified edition of Vanbrugh's *Relapse*, under the title of *A Trip to Scarborough*. Three months later appeared his greatest work, *The School for Scandal*, which, if somewhat lacking in cohesion, presents a series of extraordinarily brilliant scenes and a succession of wonderfully witty dialogues. *The Critic* (1779), teeming with sparkling wit, was Sheridan's last dramatic effort, with the exception of a poor tragedy, *Pizarro*, much altered from the German of Kotzebue. On the dissolution of Parliament in 1780 Sheridan was elected for Stafford, and in 1782 became Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs under Rockingham; he was afterwards Secretary to the Treasury in the Coalition Ministry (1783). His parliamentary reputation dates from his great speeches in the impeachment of Warren Hastings (1787-94). In 1794 he again electrified the House by a magnificent oration in reply to Lord Mornington's denunciation of the French Revolution; but he urged unconditional resistance to Bonaparte, and sympathised with the Spaniards and others who rose against French tyranny. He remained till the end the devoted friend and adherent of Fox, and was also the defender and spokesman of the Prince Regent. On Fox's death (1806) he was disappointed in his hope of being made leader of the Whigs, but under the 'Ministry of all the Talents' he was made treasurer to the navy. In 1807 he was defeated at Westminster, and though he found a seat for Ilchester, his parliamentary career came to an end in 1812. In 1792 his first wife died, and three years later he married a daughter of the Dean of Winchester, who survived him. The affairs of the theatre had gone badly. The old building had to be closed as unfit to hold large audiences, and a new one, opened in 1794, was burned in 1809. This last calamity put the finishing touch to Sheridan's pecuniary difficulties, which had long been serious. He died 7th July 1816; but Mr Fraser Rae has proved that the story is not true that at the end he suffered severe privation or was in want of ordinary comforts. His funeral in Westminster Abbey was exceptionally magnificent.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

From the Crayon Portrait by John Russell, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

His inconsiderate and happy-go-lucky ways led all his life long to greatly exaggerated or unfounded stories about his convivial excesses and other extravagances. But it was always acknowledged that as a politician he was incorrupt in a corrupt age, independent, and intrepid. He eagerly opposed the war with America and the

Irish Union, and zealously defended the liberty of the press. On Dr Johnson's motion, he was made a member of the famous Literary Club; and he was a member of Brooks's, and eminently popular in society. His political orations, if they erred on the side of exuberance, were many of them great oratorical triumphs. His bitterness against Warren Hastings was doubtless the outcome of sincere conviction that the Indian proconsul merited the worst that could befall him: for 'Sherry' was always transparently free from envy or malice, and was charitable to a fault.

As dramatist, he ranks in popularity next to Shakespeare, and is the last great writer of English comedy. He represents that comedy of manners, of wit and repartee, of which Etherege and Wycherley were the first notable exponents, Congreve the supreme master, and Goldsmith the reviver. And if in sheer brilliancy of wit Congreve surpasses all of them, Sheridan is surpassed by none in truly mirth-provoking situations and collocations, in entertaining dialogue, or in the fascination which is the dramatist's highest triumph. His satire is not that of the moralist; indeed, it has been objected to the *School for Scandal* that, as in *Tom Jones* - with which it has some points of resemblance the extravagant libertine is generous and warm-hearted, the grave and decorous character a mean hypocrite. If the *School for Scandal* has borrowed some features from *Tom Jones* and Blifil, the *Rivals* owes not a little to *Humphry Clinker*. Captain Absolute has a prototype in testy Matthew Bramble; and Mrs Malaprop's immortal allegory on the banks of the Nile has not a few congeners in Mrs Winifred Jenkins's derangement of epitaphs. On the other hand, some of the speeches in *Pizarro* were said to have a closer resemblance to Sheridan's own oratory in the House of Commons than to that of the sixteenth century Spaniards or Kotzebue's Peruvians. 'Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,' sung in the *School for Scandal*, became a standard English song 'Had I a heart for falsehood framed' is the only one in the score of songs and 'airs' in the *Duenna* that is still remembered. 'I own the soft impeachment' is another of Mrs Malaprop's sayings which, in whole or in part, is now an essential part of the Philistine vocabulary; and it was Sir Benjamin Backbite who first spoke of 'a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin.' 'The malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick,' and 'When ingratitude barbs the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it,' occur both in the *School for Scandal*. 'Love gilds the scene and women guide the plot' is from the epilogue to the *Rivals;* and at least one saying of the playwright-politician in his own proper character has become proverbial: 'The right honourable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests and to his imagination for his facts' was a retort by Sheridan to Dundas in the House of Commons. It rarely happened that Sheridan's stage characters were identified with actual persons, but it was universally taken for granted that Sir Fretful Plagiary was a caricature of Cumberland the dramatist. *Pizarro* is forgotten; but no comedies have a stronger hold on modern play-going Englishmen of all classes than the *Rivals* and the *School for Scandal*, as strong as in the days when Kemble and Mrs Siddons were still playing for the genial dramatist-manager.

Song from 'The Duenna.'

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you;
For though your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true
To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong:
But friends in all the aged you 'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
Another with your heart,
They 'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part:
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong;
For friends in all the aged you 'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

From 'The Critic.'

Servant [*entering*]. Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir.

Dangle. Beg him to walk up. Now, Mrs Dangle, Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

Mrs Dangle. I confess he is a favourite of mine, because everybody else abuses him.

Sneer. Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgment.

Dan. But, egad! he allows no merit to any author but himself; that 's the truth on 't, though he 's my friend.

Sneer. Never. He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty; and then the insidious humility with which he seduces you to give a free opinion on any of his works, can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

Dan. Very true, egad! though he 's my friend.

Sneer. Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures; though, at the same time, he is the sorest man alive, and shrinks like scorched parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism: yet is he so covetous of popularity, that he had rather be abused than not mentioned at all.

Dan. There 's no denying it; though he 's my friend.

Sneer. You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you?

Dan. O yes; he sent it to me yesterday.

Sneer. Well, and you think it execrable, don't you?

Dan. Why, between ourselves, egad! I must own - though he 's my friend - that it is one of the most he 's here! -[*Aside*]--finished and most admirable perform

Sir Fretful. Mr Sneer with him, did you say? [*Enters.*]

Dan. Ah, my dear friend! Egad! we were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, Sir Fretful; admirable!

Sneer. You never did anything beyond it, Sir Fretful; never in your life.

Sir F. You make me extremely happy; for, without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours; and Mr Dangle's.

Mrs D. They are only laughing at you, Sir Fretful; for it was but just now that —

Dan. Mrs Dangle! Ah! Sir Fretful, you know Mrs Dangle. My friend Sneer was rallying just now. He knows how she admires you, and

Sir F. O Lord! I am sure Mr Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to —— A double-faced fellow! [*Aside.*

Dan. Yes, yes; Sneer will jest, but a better-humoured

Sir F. Oh, I know.

Dan. He has a ready turn for ridicule; his wit costs him nothing.

Sir F. No, egad! or I should wonder how he came by it. [*Aside.*

Mrs D. Because his jest is always at the expense of his friend.

Dan. But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet? or can I be of any service to you? . . .

Sir F. Sincerely, then, you do like the piece?

Sneer. Wonderfully!

Sir F. But, come, now, there must be something that you think might be mended, eh? — Mr Dangle, has nothing struck you?

Dan. Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to —

Sir F. With most authors it is just so; indeed, they are in general strangely tenacious; but, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of shewing a work to a friend if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer. Very true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

Sir F. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer. I think it wants incident.

Sir F. Good God! you surprise me! wants incident?

Sneer. Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir F. Good God! Believe me, Mr Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference; but I protest to you, Mr Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded. — My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

Dan. Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir F. Rises, I believe you mean, sir.

Dan. No; I don't, upon my word.

Sir F. Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul; it certainly don't fall off, I assure you; no, no, it don't fall off.

Dan. Now, Mrs Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light?

Mrs D. No, indeed, I did not. I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

Sir F. Upon my soul, the women are the best judges after all!

Mrs D. Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece; but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

Sir F. Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

Mrs D. O lud! no. I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

Sir F. Then I am very happy — very happy indeed; because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play. I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but on these occasions the watch, you know, is the critic.

Mrs D. Then, I suppose it must have been Mr Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

Sir F. Oh, if Mr Dangle read it, that's quite another affair; but I assure you, Mrs Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

Mrs D. I hope to see it on the stage next. [*Exit.*

Dan. Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

Sir F. The newspapers! sir, they are the most villainous, licentious, abominable, infernal — not that I ever read them; no, I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dan. You are quite right; for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

Sir F. No; quite the contrary; their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric; I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Sneer. Why, that's true; and that attack, now, on you the other day

Sir F. What? where?

Dan. Ay, you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

Sir F. Oh, so much the better; ha, ha, ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise

Dan. Certainly, it is only to be laughed at, for —

Sir F. You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

Sneer. Pray, Dangle; Sir Fretful seems a little anxious — —

Sir F. O lud, no! anxious? not I, not the least — I — but one may as well hear, you know.

Dan. Sneer, do *you* recollect? Make out something. [*Aside.*

Sneer. I will. [*To Dangle.*] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir F. Well, and pray now — not that it signifies — what might the gentleman say?

Sneer. Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever, though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha! very good!

Sneer. That, as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your commonplace-book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the Lost and Stolen Office.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha! very pleasant!

Sneer. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to *steal* with taste; but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments, like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir F. Ha, ha!

Sneer. In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable if the thoughts were ever suited to the expressions; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms.

Sir F. Ha, ha!

Sneer. That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakespeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir F. Ha!

Sneer. In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating, so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilise.

Sir F. [*After great agitation.*] Now, another person would be vexed at this.

Sneer. Oh, but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

Sir F. I know it. I *am* diverted—ha, ha, ha! Not the least invention! ha, ha, ha! very good, very good!

Sneer. Yes; no genius! ha, ha, ha!

Dan. A severe rogue, ha, ha, ha!—but you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir F. To be sure; for if there [illegible] anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to [illegible] at it; and if it is abuse, why, one is always [illegible] to hear of it from one d—d good-natured friend or another!

From 'The School for Scandal.'

Lady Sneerwell. Maria, my dear, how do you do? What's the matter?

Maria. Oh, there is that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slipt out, and ran hither to avoid them.

Lady S. Is that all?

Joseph Surface. If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

Lady S. Nay, now you are severe; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard *you* were here.—But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done that you should avoid him so?

Maria. Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis for what he has said: his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

Joseph. Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him—for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend; and his uncle Crabtree's as bad.

Lady S. Nay, but we should make allowance. Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

Maria. For my part, I own, madam, wit loses its respect with me when I see it in company with malice.—What do you think, Mr Surface?

Joseph. Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

Lady S. Pshaw! there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill nature—the malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick. What's your opinion, Mr Surface?

Joseph. To be sure, madam; that conversation where the spirit of raillery is suppressed will ever appear tedious and insipid.

Maria. Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalship, and a thousand little motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

Servant [*entering.*] Madam, Mrs Candour is below, and if your ladyship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

Lady S. Beg her to walk in. Now, Maria, however, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs Candour is a little talkative, everybody allows her to be the best natured and best sort of woman.

Maria. Yes—with a very gross affectation of good-nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

Joseph. I' faith, that's true, Lady Sneerwell; whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

Lady S. Hush! here she is!

Mrs Candour [*entering.*] My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century?—Mr Surface, what news do you hear? though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

Joseph. Just so, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs C. O Maria! child—what! is the whole affair off between you and Charles? His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of [illegible]

Maria. I am very sorry [illegible] town has so little to do.

Mrs C. True, true, child: but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

Maria. 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

Mrs C. Very true, child: but what's to be done? People will talk—there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filligree Flirt. But there's no minding what one hears; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

Maria. Such reports are highly scandalous.

Mrs C. So they are, child—shameful, shameful! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes. Well, now, who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet, such is the ill nature of people, that they say her uncle stopt her last week, just as she was stepping into the York mail with her dancing master.

Maria. I'll answer for 't there are no grounds for that report.

Mrs C. Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear: no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month of Mrs Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino;

though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

Joseph. The license of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

Maria. 'Tis so—but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

Mrs C. To be sure they are; tale-bearers are as bad as the tale-makers—'tis an old observation, and a very true one. But what 's to be done, as I said before? how will you prevent people from talking? To-day, Mrs Clackitt assured me Mr and Mrs Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

Joseph. Ah, Mrs Candour, if everybody had your forbearance and good-nature!

Mrs C. I confess, Mr Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best. By the bye, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined?

Joseph. I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

Mrs C. Ah! I heard so—but you must tell him to keep up his spirits; everybody almost is in the same way—Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, Captain Quinze, and Mr Nickit—all up, I hear, within this week; so, if Charles is undone, he 'll find half his acquaintance ruined too; and that, you know, is a consolation.

Joseph. Doubtless, ma'am—a very great one.

Servant [*entering*]. Mr Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite.

Lady S. So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you: positively you shan't escape.

Crabtree [*entering with* Sir BENJAMIN BACKBITE]. Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand. Mrs Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite. Egad! ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet too. Isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

Sir Benjamin. O fie, uncle!

Crab. Nay, egad! it 's true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymer in the kingdom. Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire? Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs Drowzie's conversazione. Come now: your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and——

Sir B. Uncle, now—prithee——

Crab. I' faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at all these sort of things.

Lady S. I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish anything.

Sir B. To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print; and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. However, I have some love elegies, which, when favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public. [*Pointing to Maria.*]

Crab. 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they 'll immortalise you! You will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura or Waller's Sacharissa.

Sir B. [*To Maria.*] Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin. 'Fore gad, they will be the most elegant things of their kind!

Crab. But, ladies, that 's true—have you heard the news?

Mrs C. What, sir, do you mean the report of——

Crab. No, ma'am, that 's not it.—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman.

Mrs C. Impossible!

Crab. Ask Sir Benjamin.

Sir B. 'Tis very true, ma'am; everything is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke.

Crab. Yes; and they do say there were pressing reasons for it.

Lady S. Why, I have heard something of this before.

Mrs C. It can't be; and I wonder any one should believe such a story of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

Sir B. O lud! ma'am, that 's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved, that everybody was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

Mrs C. Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny sickly reputation that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robuster characters of a hundred prudes.

Sir B. True, madam, there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution; who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

Mrs C. Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

Crab. That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am . . . O lud! Mr Surface, pray, is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

Joseph. Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

Crab. He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe. Sad comfort, whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on.

Joseph. Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

Sir B. To be sure he may; for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

Crab. That 's true, egad! nephew. If the Old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman: no man more popular there! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine; and that, whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

Sir B. Yet no man lives in greater splendour. They tell me, when he entertains his friends, he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antechamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

Joseph. This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen; but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

Maria. [*Aside.*] Their malice is intolerable. [*Aloud.*] Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good morning: I'm not very well. [*Exit Maria.*

Mrs C. O dear! she changes colour very much.

Lady S. Do, Mrs Candour, follow her: she may want your assistance.

Mrs C. That I will, with all my soul, ma'am. Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be!

Rolla to the Peruvian Army. From 'Pizarro.'

My brave associates! partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No! you have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate *their* minds and *ours*. *They*, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule. *We*, for our country, our altars, and our homes. *They* follow an adventurer whom they fear, and a power which they hate. *We* serve a monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore! Where'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress; where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error. Yes, *they* will give enlightened freedom to *our* minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride! They offer us their protection; yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this: The throne *we* honour is the people's choice; the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hopes of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them, too, we seek no change, and least of all such change as they would bring us.

From the Speech against Warren Hastings.

Filial Piety! It is the primal bond of society—it is that instinctive principle which, panting for its proper good, soothes, unbidden, each sense and sensibility of man! it now quivers on every lip!—it now beams from every eye! it is an emanation of that gratitude which, softening under the sense of recollected good, is eager to own the vast countless debt it ne'er, alas! can pay, for so many long years of unceasing solicitudes, honourable self-denials, life-preserving cares! it is that part of our practice where duty drops its awe! where reverence refines into love! It asks no aid of memory! it needs not the deductions of reason!—pre-existing, paramount over all, whether law or human rule, few arguments can increase, and none can diminish it! it is the sacrament of our nature! not only the duty, but the indulgence of man—it is his first great privilege—it is amongst his last most endearing delights! it causes the bosom to glow with reverberated love! it requites the visitations of nature, and returns the blessings that have been received! it fires emotion into vital principle! it renders habituated instinct into a master-passion—sways all the sweetest energies of man—hangs over each vicissitude of all that must pass away—aids the melancholy virtues in their last sad tasks of life, to cheer the languors of decrepitude and age—explores the thought—elucidates the asking eye!—and breathes sweet consolation even in the awful moment of dissolution! . . .

O Faith! O Justice! I conjure you by your sacred names to depart for a moment from this place, though it be your peculiar residence; nor hear your names profaned by such a sacrilegious combination as that which I am now compelled to repeat! where all the fair forms of nature and art, truth and peace, policy and honour, shrunk back aghast from the deleterious shade! where all existences, nefarious and vile, had sway—where, amidst the black agents on one side, and Middleton with Impey on the other, the toughest head, the most unfeeling heart! the great figure of the piece, characteristic in his place, stood aloof and independent from the puny profligacy in his train! but far from idle and inactive—turning a malignant eye on all mischief that awaited him! the multiplied apparatus of temporising expedients, and intimidating instruments! now cringing on his prey, and fawning on his vengeance! now quickening the limping pace of craft, and forcing every stand that retiring nature can make in the heart! violating the attachments and the decorums of life! sacrificing every emotion of tenderness and honour! and flagitiously levelling all the distinctions of national characteristics! with a long catalogue of crimes and aggravations, beyond the reach of thought, for human malignity to perpetrate, or human vengeance to punish!

Sheridan's son Tom, who was Colonial treasurer at the Cape of Good Hope, was [illegible] beautiful and [illegible] attained literary [illegible], Lady Dufferin and Mrs Norton (Lady Stirling-Maxwell). [illegible] were prefixed to editions of Sheridan's works by Leigh Hunt [illegible] Browne [illegible] and Stainforth [illegible] Watkins [illegible] Moore [illegible] *Mrs [illegible]* [illegible] granddaughter [illegible] Fitzgerald [illegible] that most of the earlier [illegible] Mr Fraser Rae [illegible] Dufferin [illegible] Memoir [illegible] Mr Fraser Rae [illegible]. The editions of the works and of the principal plays are innumerable.

Thomas Holcroft (1745-1809), author of the *Road to Ruin*, and the first to introduce the melodrama into England, was born in London. 'Till I was six years old,' says Holcroft, 'my father kept a shoemaker's shop in Orange Court; and I have a faint recollection that my mother dealt in greens and oysters.' Humble as this condition was, it seems to have been succeeded by greater poverty, and the future dramatist and comedian was employed in the country by his parents to hawk goods as a pedlar. When he attained to the dignity of a Newmarket stable-boy, he was proud of his new livery; and during the three years he spent there, a charitable person who kept a school taught him to read. Returning at sixteen years to London, he worked with his father as a shoemaker; but now a passion for books was predominant and as the confinement of the shoemaker's stall did not agree with him, he attempted to start a school in the country. Becoming in 1770 a provincial actor, he spent seven years in strolling about England in every variety of wretchedness; then settling in London, he took gradually to authorship. *Alwyn, or the Gentleman Comedian* (1780), was the first of four novels; the comedy *Duplicity* (1781) the first of upwards of thirty plays. It was acted with great success at Covent Garden; and among its successors were *The Follies of a Day* (1784), adapted from Beaumarchais' *Mariage de Figaro*, and *The Road to Ruin* (1792), which brought him £600 and £1300. 'The *Road to Ruin*,' said Mrs Inchbald, 'ranks amongst the most successful of modern plays. There is merit in the writing, but much more in that dramatic science which disposes character, scenes, and dialogue with minute attention to theatric exhibition.' Holcroft also wrote *A Tour in Germany and France* (the fruits of a four years' stay in Hamburg and Paris, 1799-1803), and numerous translations from German, French, and Italian. During the period of the French Revolution he was a zealous reformer, and in 1794, on hearing that his name was included in the same bill of indictment with Tooke and Hardy, he surrendered himself in open court, but was discharged without being brought to trial. The great sorrow of his life was the death of his eldest son, William (1773-89), who, having robbed his father of £40, and being found by him on an American-bound vessel, shot himself: for a twelvemonth the stern, strong man hardly quitted the house. The *Road to Ruin* is still a stock-acting piece, and Holcroft is also remembered by this song from his third novel, *Hugh Trevor*:

Gaffer Gray

Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray?
And why does thy nose look so blue?
'Tis the weather that 's cold,
'Tis I 'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new,
Well a day!

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray;
And warm thy old heart with a glass.
'Nay, but credit I 've none,
And my money 's all gone.
Then say how may that come to pass.
Well a day!'

Hie away to the house on the brow,
Gaffer Gray,
And knock at the jolly priest's door.
'The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches,
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
Well-a-day!'

The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray;
Warmly fenced both in back and in front.
'He will fasten his locks,
And will threaten the stocks
Should he ever more find me in want.
Well-a-day!'

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray;
And the season will welcome you there.
'His fat beeves and his beer,
And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,
Well a day!'

My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray;
What then? While it lasts, man, we 'll live.
'The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
Well-a-day!'

From 'The Road to Ruin.'

MR DORNTON'S *House*.

Dornton. Still the same hurry, the same crowd, Mr Smith?

Mr Smith. Much the same, sir; the house never experienced a day like this!—Mr Sulky thinks we shall never get through.

Dorn. Is Milford taken?

Mr Smith. Yes, sir.

Dorn. Unprincipled prodigal! My son owes his ruin to him alone! But he shall suffer!

Mr Smith. My young master's tradesmen are waiting.

Dorn. Bid them come in. All my own fault, my own fond folly! Denied him nothing!—encouraged him to spend.

Mr Smith [*re-entering*]. This way, gentlemen.

Dorn. Zounds! what an army!—A vile thoughtless profligate!

Servant. [*To Mr Dornton*.] You are wanted in the counting-house, sir.

Dorn. Very well.—I'll be with you in a moment, gentlemen.— Abandoned spendthrift! . . .

Dorn. [*re-entering*]. Your servant, gentlemen, your servant.—Pray, how happens it that you bring your accounts in here?

1 *Tradesman*. We received notice, sir. . . .

Dorn. I understand you!—And what are you, sir, who seem to stand apart from the rest?

Hosier. A hosier, sir. I am unworthy the company of these honest gentlemen, who live in style. I never affront a punctual paymaster, not I: and, what they will think strange, I get more by those who do look over their bills than those who do not! . . .

Dorn. And what may be the amount of your bill, sir?

Hosier. A trifle, for which I have no right to ask.

Dorn. No right! What do you mean?

Hosier. Your son, sir, made me what I am; redeemed me and my family from ruin; and it would be an ill requital of his goodness to come here, like a dun, at such a time as this; when I would rather, if that could help him, give him every shilling I have in the world.

Dorn. Would you? Would you? [*Greatly affected*.] You look like an honest man! But what do you do here then?

Hosier. Mr Dornton, sir, knew I should be unwilling to come, and sent me word he would never speak to me more if I did not; and, rather than offend him, I would even come here on a business like this.

Dorn. [*Shakes him by the hand*.] You are an honest fellow! An unaccountable ...! And so Harry has been your friend?

Hosier. Yes, sir; a liberal-minded friend; for he lent me money, though I was sincere enough to tell him of his faults.

Dorn. Zounds, sir! How came you to be a weaver of stockings?

Hosier. I don't know, sir, how I came to be at all; I only know that here I am.

Dorn. A philosopher!

Hosier. I am not fond of titles, sir—I'm a man.

Dorn. Why, is it not a shame, now, that the soul of Socrates should have crept and hid himself in the body of a stocking-weaver? Give me your bill!

Hosier. Excuse me, sir.

Dorn. Give me your bill, I tell you! I'll pay this bill myself.

Hosier. I cannot, must not, sir.

Dorn. Sir, I insist on—— [*Enter* HARRY DORNTON.] So, sir! [*Turning angrily round.*] Why have you assembled these people into whose debt you have dishonestly run, wanting the power to pay; and who have as dishonestly trusted you, hoping to profit exorbitantly by your extravagance?

Harry. O sir, you don't know them! They are very complaisant, indulgent kind of people. Are not you, gentlemen?

1 *Trades.* Certainly, sir.

Omnes. Certainly.

Harry. Be kind enough to wait a few minutes without, my very good friends. [*Exeunt Tradesmen.*] Mr Williams—— [*Takes his hand.*

Hosier. Sir—— [*Exit.*

Dorn. How dare you introduce this swarm of locusts here? How dare you?

Harry. [*With continued good humour.*] Despair, sir, is a dauntless hero.

Dorn. Have you the effrontery to suppose that I can or shall pay them?—What is it you mean?

Harry. To let you see I have creditors.

Dorn. Cheats! Bloodsuckers!

Harry. Some of them: but that is my fault—They must be paid.

Dorn. Paid!

Harry. The innocent must not suffer for the guilty.

Dorn. You will die in an alms house!

Harry. May be so; but the orphan's and the widow's curse shall not meet me there!

Dorn. Harry! Zounds! [*Checking his fondness.*] Paid! Whom do you mean to rob?

Harry. My name is Dornton, sir.

Dorn. Are you not—— [*Wanting words.*

Harry. Yes, sir.

Dorn. Quit the room! Begone!

Harry. You are the best of men, sir, and I—But I hate whining. Repentance is a pitiful scoundrel, that never brought back a single yesterday. Amendment is a fellow of more mettle. But it is too late—Suffer I ought, and suffer I must—My debts of honour discharged, do not let my tradesmen go unpaid.

Dorn. You have ruined me!

Harry. The whole is but five thousand pounds!

Dorn. But?—The counter is loaded with the destruction you have brought upon us all!

Harry. No, no—I have been a sad fellow, but not even my extravagance can shake this house.

Mr Smith [*entering in consternation.*] Bills are pouring in so fast upon us, we shall never get through!

Harry. [*Struck with horror.*] What!—What is that you say?

Mr Smith. We have paid our light gold so often over that the people are very surly!

Dorn. Pay it no more!—Sell it instantly for what it is worth, disburse the last guinea, and shut up the doors!

Harry. [*Taking Mr Smith aside.*] Are you serious?

Mr Smith. Sir!

Harry. [*Impatiently.*] Are you serious, I say?—Is it not some trick to impose upon me?

Mr Smith. Look into the shop, sir, and convince yourself!—If we have not a supply in half an hour, we must stop! [*Exit.*

Harry. [*Wildly.*] Tol de rol—My father!—Sir! [*Turning away.*] Is it possible?—Disgraced?—Ruined?—In reality ruined!—By me?—Are these things so?—Tol de rol——

Dorn. Harry!—How you look!—You frighten me!

Harry. [*Starting.*] It shall be done!

Dorn. What do you mean?—Calm yourself, Harry!

Harry. Ay! By Heaven!

Dorn. Hear me, Harry!

Harry. This instant! [*Going.*

Dorn. [*Calling.*] Harry!

Harry. Don't droop. [*Returning.*] Don't despair! I'll find relief——[*Aside.*] First to my friend—He cannot fail? But if he should! Why, ay, then to Megæra!—I will marry her, in such a cause! were she fifty widows and fifty furies!

Dorn. Calm yourself, Harry!

Harry. I am calm! Very calm!—It shall be done! Don't be dejected—You are my father—You were the first of men in the first of cities—Revered by the good, and respected by the great—You flourished prosperously!—But you had a son!—I remember it!

Dorn. Why do you roll your eyes, Harry?

Harry. I won't be long away.

Dorn. Stay where you are, Harry! [*Catching his hand.*] All will be well! I am very happy! Do not leave me! I am very happy!—Indeed, I am, Harry!—Very happy!

Harry. Tol de rol—Heaven bless you, sir! You are a worthy gentleman!—I'll not be long!

Dorn. Hear me, Harry!—I am very happy!

See Holcroft's interesting *Memoirs*, written by Himself and continued by Hazlitt (1815); also Kegan Paul's Life of Godwin (1876). Gifford treated him with contempt, real or assumed.

Hugh Kelly (1739-77), the son of a Dublin publican, was bred a staymaker, and in London from 1760 on was successively staymaker, attorney's clerk, writer for the newspapers, essayist, and scurrilous theatrical critic. He had written a novel, *Memoirs of a Magdalen* (1767), which had the honour of translation into French, when in 1768 he surprised the public by producing a sentimental comedy, *False Delicacy*, which, though without much point or power, had a remarkable influence both on the fortunes and character of the author; the profits of his first third night realised £150—the largest sum of money he had ever before seen—'and from a low, petulant, absurd, and ill-bred censurer,' says Davies, 'Kelly was transformed to the humane, affable, good-natured, well-bred man.' The play had the benefit of a prologue and epilogue from Garrick; it was repeated twenty times in the same season that produced Goldsmith's *Good-Natur'd Man*, and a printed edition of ten thousand copies was sold within the year, so that Kelly netted £700 by his lucky stroke. French, German, and Portuguese translations made his name known on the Continental stage. His other comedies, *A Word to the Wise*, *A School for Wives*, and *The Man of Reason*, and a tragedy, *Clementina*, had little or no success. Kelly had withdrawn from stage work in 1774, and became an unsuccessful barrister. An edition of his works, with a Life, by Hugh Hamilton, was published the year after his death.

Robert Bage (1728-1801) had as a novelist many points in common with Holcroft; like him he had adopted the principles of the French Revolution, which he inculcated in a series of works. Bage was born of Quaker parentage at Darley, Derbyshire, and became, like his father, a paper-maker. His manufactory was at Elford near Tamworth, and there he realised a decent competence. During the last eight years of his life he lived in Tamworth. His works are *Mount Kenneth* (1781), *Barham Downs* (1784), *The Fair Syrian* (1787), *James Wallace* (1788), *Man as He is* (1792), and *Hermsprong, or Man as He is Not* (1796). Bage's novels are distinctly inferior to those of Holcroft, and it can only surprise us that Sir Walter Scott should have admitted them into his *British Novelists* when he was excluding so many better stories. *Barham Downs* and *Hermsprong*, upon the whole the most interesting, contain good satirical portraits, though the plots of both are crude and defective.

Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802), born at Elston Hall, Newark, was educated at Chesterfield and St John's College, Cambridge, and then studied medicine at Edinburgh. After trying a practice for two months in Nottingham, he removed (November 1756) to Lichfield, where he long remained a successful and distinguished physician. After his first wife's death (1770) he devoted himself largely to botanical and literary pursuits, though at first afraid that the reputation of poet would injure him in his profession. At this time he lived in a pretty villa in the neighbourhood of Lichfield, with a grotto and fountain, and here he began to arrange a botanic garden in a spot he described as 'adapted to love-scenes, and as being thence a proper residence for the modern goddess of botany.' His *Botanic Garden*, a poem in polished heroic verse, was designed to describe, glorify, and allegorise the Linnæan system of botany. The Rosicrucian doctrine of gnomes, sylphs, nymphs, and salamanders seemed to 'afford a proper machinery for a botanic poem, as it is probable they were originally the names of hieroglyphic figures representing the elements.' In 1778 the poet was called to attend the children of Colonel Chandos Pole of Radbourne Hall, Derby; and a year after the colonel's death (1786) Dr Darwin married the widow, who possessed a jointure of £600 per annum. He was now released from all prudential fears and restraints about his poetical ambitions. In 1789 appeared the second part of his poem, *The Loves of the Plants*; the first part, the *Economy of Vegetation*, did not appear till 1792. Oddly enough, he incorporated at the beginning of this part, without acknowledgment, some fifty already published verses by Miss Seward, which had suggested to him the idea of the poem. This he did, he said, in compliment to the lady, who, however, in her memoir of Darwin complained gently of his not acknowledging the authorship in some way, as Mr Edgeworth said he was the last man who in this department needed 'to beg, borrow, or steal from any person on earth.'

Ovid having by poetic art transmuted men, women, and even gods and goddesses into trees and flowers, Darwin explained that in the *Loves of the Plants* he had 'undertaken, by similar art, to restore some of them to their original animality, after having remained prisoners so long in their vegetable mansions.'

From giant oaks, that wave their branches dark,
To the dwarf moss that clings upon their bark,
What beaux and beauties crowd the gaudy groves,
And woo and win their vegetable loves.
How snowdrops cold, and blue eyed harebells, blend
Their tender tears, as o'er the streams they bend;
The love sick violet, and the primrose pale,
Bow their sweet heads, and whisper to the gale;
With secret sighs the virgin lily droops,
And jealous cowslips hang their tawny cups.
How the young rose, in beauty's damask pride,
Drinks the warm blushes of his bashful bride:
With honeyed lips enamoured woodbines meet,
Clasp with fond arms, and mix their kisses sweet.
Stay thy soft murmuring waters, gentle rill;
Hush, whispering winds; ye rustling leaves, be still;
Rest, silver butterflies, your quivering wings;
Alight, ye beetles, from your airy rings:
Ye painted moths, your gold eyed plumage furl,
Blow your wide horns, your spiral trunks uncurl;
Glitter, ye glow worms, on your mossy beds;
Descend, ye spiders, on your lengthened threads;
Slide here, ye horned snails, with varnished shells;
Ye bee nymphs, listen in your waxen cells!

(From the opening of Canto iv.)

To such ingenious fancies in neat couplets, some passages add lofty thoughts in dignified verse:

Roll on, ye stars! exult in youthful prime,
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of time;
Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach;
Flowers of the sky! ye too to age must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field!
Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,
Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
And death, and night, and chaos mingle all!

Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal nature lifts her changeful form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another and the same!

(From the *Economy of Vegetation*, Canto iv.)

A description of the cassia plant, 'cinctured with gold,' committing its 'infant loves,' or seeds, to be borne by Ontario's floods and sea-currents to the coasts of Norway, naturally suggests Moses in his Nile cradle, as that does African slavery.

Moses on the Nile and Slavery.

So the sad mother at the noon of night,
From bloody Memphis stole her silent flight;
Wrapped her dear babe beneath her folded vest,
And clasped the treasure to her throbbing breast;
With soothing whispers hushed its feeble cry,
Pressed the soft kiss, and breathed the secret sigh.
With dauntless step she seeks the winding shore,
Hears unappalled the glimmering torrents roar;
With paper flags a floating cradle weaves,
And hides the smiling boy in lotus leaves;
Gives her white bosom to his eager lips,
The salt tears mingling with the milk he sips;
Waits on the reed-crowned brink with pious guile,
And trusts the scaly monsters of the Nile.
Erewhile majestic from his lone abode,
Embassador of heaven, the Prophet trod;
Wrenched the red scourge from proud oppression's hands
And broke, curst slavery, thy iron bands.
  Hark! heard ye not that piercing cry,
  Which shook the waves and rent the sky?
E'en now, e'en now, on yon [illegible] western shores
Weeps pale despair, and [illegible] anguish roars;
E'en now in Afric's groves [illegible] hideous yell,
Fierce slavery stalks, and slips the dogs of hell;
From vale to vale the gathering cries rebound,
And sable nations tremble at the sound!
Ye band of senators! whose suffrage sways
Britannia's realms, whom either Ind obeys;
Who right the injured and reward the brave,
Stretch your strong arm, for ye have power to save!
Throned in the vaulted heart, his dread resort,
Inexorable conscience holds his court;
With still small voice the plots of guilt alarms,
Bares his masked brow, his lifted hand disarms;
But wrapped in night with terrors all his own,
He speaks in th[illegible] when the deed is done
Hear him, ye [illegible]s! hear this truth sublime,
'He who allows oppression, shares the crime!'

(From *The Loves of the Plants*, Canto [illegible])

The two halves of the poem have no very close connection: Part II. only justifies the general and special title of the book, and in Part I. the section of Canto iv. addressed to the sylphs; the first three cantos of Part I. addressed to fire-spirits, gnomes or earth-spirits, and water-nymphs respectively deal with the forces of nature in general, and specially with the formation of the world. The plan of the book thus allows Darwin to bring in any subject he likes—'Loch-lomond by Moonlight,' Montgolfier's balloon, the pictures of Wright of Derby, compliments to Wedgwood and Brindley the canal-maker, and a really eloquent tribute to John Howard, the prisoners' friend. The following passage on the power of the steam-engine (written about 1780 in an invocation to the nymphs of fire, who are responsible for many chemical, electrical, and industrial inventions) goes beyond the achievements of M. Santos-Dumont and almost rivals in brief the visions of Mr H. G. Wells:

Nymphs! you erewhile on simmering cauldrons play'd,
And call'd delighted Savery to your aid;
Bade round the youth explosive Steam aspire,
In gathering clouds, and wing'd the wave with fire;
Bade with cold streams the quick expansion stop,
And sunk the immense of vapour to a drop.—
Press'd by the ponderous air the Piston falls
Resistless, sliding through its iron walls;
Quick moves the balanced beam, of giant birth,
Wields his large limbs, and nodding shakes the earth....

ERASMUS DARWIN.
From the Portrait by Joseph Wright in the National Portrait Gallery

Soon shall thy arm, Unconquered Steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
The flying-chariot through the fields of air.
  Fair crews triumphant, leaning from above,
Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move;
Or warrior-bands alarm the gaping crowd,
And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud

Darwin's parallels are sometimes both extravagant and gross: there is a constant throng of startling metaphors; and the descriptions are worked out with tiresome minuteness. A third part of the *Botanic Garden* was added in 1792; for the copyright of the whole he received £900. Darwin next published *Zoonomia, or the Laws of Organic Life* (1794-96), partly written long before, a curious and original physiological prose treatise. Sympathising with his aim here to establish the physiological basis of mental phenomena, G. H. Lewes credits him with 'a profounder insight into psychology than any of his contemporaries and the majority of his successors.' Johannes Muller quotes and corrects him; and the *Zoonomia* directly influenced medical science by insisting on the (only recently recognised) importance of stimulants in fever, and on the rational treatment of the insane. In 1801 Darwin issued another philosophical disquisition, *Phytologia, or the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening*. He also wrote a short treatise on *Female Education*, intended for the instruction and assistance of part of his own family. He praised, practised, and preached teetotalism, and died of gout in his seventy-first year. Shortly after his death was published a poem, *The Temple of Nature*, which is even more didactic than the *Botanic Garden*, and more inverted in style and diction.

The poetical reputation of Darwin was as bright and transient as the blooming of his plants and flowers. Cowper said his verse was as 'strong' as it was 'learned and sweet.' He really exercised an influence which may be traced in the *Pleasures of Hope* and other poems of the closing century. His command of poetic diction, elaborate metaphors, and sonorous versification was well seconded by his curious and multifarious knowledge; but the effect of the whole was artificial. The Rosicrucian machinery of Pope gave scope for wit and satire in the delineation of human passions and pursuits; but who can sympathise with the loves and metamorphoses of the plants? Multitudinous metaphors are less trying to faith and patience than long drawn-out and fantastic allegory such as this. But it seems generally admitted that it was an external accident that mainly blasted Darwin's fair fame. The personification of the plants and their 'pledging their nuptial vows' (not uncomplicated by polygamy and polyandry) gave a fatal opportunity to a parodist, and in the 'Loves of the Triangles' in George Canning's *Anti-Jacobin* (1799-1801) was too obviously and mercilessly burlesqued. Friends and critics, from Miss Seward to Charles Darwin, agree that the sudden collapse of Darwin's poetic credit was due to the ingenuity and prodigious popularity of the burlesque.

Horace Walpole in his letters repeatedly alludes with admiration to Dr Darwin's poetry, and writes thus in a letter of May 14, 1792:

> The 'Triumph of Flora,' beginning at the fifty-ninth line, is most beautifully and enchantingly imagined; and the twelve verses that by miracle describe and comprehend the creation of the universe out of chaos, are in my opinion the most sublime passages in any author, or in any of the few languages with which I am acquainted. There are a thousand other verses most charming, or indeed all are so, crowded with most poetic imagery, gorgeous epithets and style: and yet these four cantos do not please me equally with the *Loves of the Plants*.

The 'Triumph of Flora' begins with the line 'She comes! the goddess!' in the passage quoted below; the other twelve verses commended are last in the same extract, from 'Let there be light' on.

Invocation to the Goddess of Botany.

'Winds of the north! restrain your icy gales,
Nor chill the bosom of these happy vales!
Hence in dark heaps, ye gathering clouds, revolve!
Disperse, ye lightnings, and ye mists, dissolve!
Hither, emerging from yon orient skies,
Botanic goddess, bend thy radiant eyes;
O'er these soft scenes assume thy gentle reign,
Pomona, Ceres, Flora in thy train;
O'er the still dawn thy placid smile effuse,
And with thy silver sandals print the dews;
In noon's bright blaze thy vermeil vest unfold,
And wave thy emerald banner starred with gold.'
Thus spoke the genius as he stept along,
And bade these lawns to peace and truth belong;
Down the steep slopes he led with modest skill
The willing pathway and the truant rill,
Stretched o'er the marshy vale yon willowy mound,
Where shines the lake amid the tufted ground;
Raised the young woodland, smoothed the wavy green,
And gave to beauty all the quiet scene.
She comes! the goddess! through the whispering air,
Bright as the morn descends her blushing car;
Each circling wheel a wreath of flowers entwines,
And, gemmed with flowers, the silken harness shines;
The golden bits with flowery studs are decked,
And knots of flowers the crimson reins connect.
And now on earth the silver axle rings,
And the shell sinks upon its slender springs;
Light from her airy seat the goddess bounds,
And steps celestial press the pansied grounds.
Fair Spring advancing calls her feathered quire,
And tunes to softer notes her laughing lyre;
Bids her gay hours on purple pinions move,
And arms her zephyrs with the shafts of love.
Pleased gnomes, ascending from their earthly beds,
Play round her graceful footsteps as she treads;
Gay sylphs attendant beat the fragrant air
On winnowing wings, and waft her golden hair;
Blue nymphs emerging leave their sparkling streams,
And fiery forms alight from orient beams;
Musk'd in the rose's lap fresh dews they shed,
Or breathe celestial lustres round her head.
First the fine forms, her dulcet voice requires,
Which bathe or bask in elemental fires;
From each bright gem of day's refulgent car,
From the pale sphere of every twinkling star,
From each nice pore of ocean, earth, and air,
With eye of flame the sparkling hosts repair,
Mix their gay hues, in changeful circles play,
Like motes, that tenant the meridian ray.
So the clear lens collects with magic power
The countless glories of the midnight hour;
Stars after stars with quivering lustre fall,
And twinkling glide along the whitened wall.
Pleased as they pass, she counts the glittering bands,
And stills their murmur with her waving hands;
Each listening tribe with fond expectance burns,
And now to these, and now to those, she turns.
'Nymphs of primeval fire! your vestal train
Hung with gold tresses o'er the vast inane,
Pierced with your silver shafts the throne of night,
And charmed young Nature's opening eyes with light;

When love divine, with brooding wings unfurled,
Called from the rude abyss the living world.
'Let there be light!' proclaimed the Almighty Lord,
Astonished Chaos heard the potent word;
Through all his realms the kindling ether runs,
And the mass starts into a million suns;
Earths round each sun with quick explosions burst,
And second planets issue from the first;
Bend, as they journey with projectile force,
In bright ellipses their reluctant course;
Orbs wheel in orbs, round centres centres roll,
And form, self-balanced, one reluctant whole;
Onward they move amid their bright abode,
Space without bound, the bosom of their God.

(From exordium of the *Economy of Vegetation.*)

The thirty-eight lines that immediately precede this passage are almost verbatim Miss Seward's; and in this extract the eight lines from 'Thus spoke' are also hers. The rest is Darwin's.

Destruction of Senacherib's Army by a Pestilential Wind.

From Ashur's vales when proud Senacherib trod,
Poured his swoln heart, defied the living God,
Urged with incessant shouts his glittering powers,
And Judah shook through all her massy towers;
Round her sad altars press the prostrate crowd,
Hosts beat their breasts, and suppliant chieftains bowed;
Loud shrieks of matrons thrilled the troubled air,
And trembling virgins rent their scattered hair:
High in the midst the kneeling king adored,
Spread the blaspheming scroll before the Lord,
Raised his pale hands, and breathed his pausing sighs,
And fixed on heaven his dim imploring eyes.
'O mighty God, amidst thy seraph throng
Who sit'st sublime, the judge of right and wrong;
Thine the wide earth, bright sun, and starry zone,
That twinkling journey round thy golden throne;
Thine is the crystal source of life and light,
And thine the realms of death's eternal night.
O bend thine ear, thy gracious eye incline,
Lo! Ashur's king blasphemes thy holy shrine,
Insults our offerings, and derides our vows.
O strike the diadem from his impious brows,
Tear from his murderous hand the bloody rod,
And teach the trembling nations "Thou art God!"'
Sylphs! in what dread array with pennons broad,
Onward ye floated o'er the ethereal road;
Called each dank steam the reeking marsh exhales,
Contagious vapours and volcanic gales;
Gave the soft south with poisonous breath to blow,
And rolled the dreadful whirlwind on the foe!
Hark! o'er the camp the venomed tempest sings,
Man falls on man, on buckler buckler rings;
Groan answers groan, to anguish anguish yields,
And Death's loud accents shake the tented fields!
High rears the fiend his grinning jaws, and wide
Spans the pale nations with colossal stride,
Waves his broad falchion with uplifted hand,
And his vast shadow darkens all the land.

(From the *Economy of Vegetation*, Canto iv.)

Eliza at the Battle of Minden.

So stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;
Sought with bold eye, amid the bloody strife,
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed.
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;
While round her brows bright beams of Honour dart,
And Love's warm eddies circle round her heart.
Near and more near the intrepid beauty pressed,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;
Saw on his helm her virgin hands inwove
Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love;
Heard the exulting shout, 'They run! they run!'
'Great God!' she cried, 'he's safe! the battle's won!'
A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
(Some fury winged it, and some demon guides!)
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;
The red stream, issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.
'Ah me!' she cried, and sinking on the ground,
Kissed her dear babes, regardless of the wound;
'Oh cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!
Wait, gushing life, oh wait my love's return!
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far!
The angel Pity shuns the walks of war!
Oh spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age:
On me, on me,' she cried, 'exhaust your rage!'
Then with weak arms her weeping babes caressed,
And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest.
From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes;
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
'Eliza' echoes through the canvas walls;
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood
Lo! dead Eliza weltering in her blood!
Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
With open arms and sparkling eye he bounds:
'Speak low,' he cries, and gives his little hand.
'Eliza sleeps upon the dew-cold sand;'
Poor weeping babe with bloody fingers pressed
And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast;
'Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—
Why do you weep?—Mama will soon awake.'
'She'll wake no more!' the hapless mourner cried,
Upturned his eyes, and clasped his hands and sighed;
Stretched on the ground, a while entranced he lay,
And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
And all the father kindled in his heart:
'O heavens!' he cried, 'my first rash vow forgive;
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!'
Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson vest,
And clasped them sobbing to his aching breast.

(From *The Loves of the Plants*, Canto iii.)

Song to May.

Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May, thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower;
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light graces dressed in flowery wreaths
  And tiptoe joys their hands combine;
And Love his sweet contagion breathes
  And laughing dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life the glittering throngs
  On quivering fin and rustling wing
Delighted join their votive songs,
  And hail thee Goddess of the spring!

(From *The Loves of the Plants*, Canto ii.)

Song to Echo.

Sweet Echo! sleeps thy vocal shell,
Where this high arch o'erhangs the dell;
While Tweed, with sun reflecting streams,
Checkers thy rocks with dancing beams?

Here may no clamours harsh intrude,
No brawling hound or clarion rude;
Here no fell beast of midnight prowl,
And teach thy tortured cliffs to howl.

Be thine to pour these vales along
Some artless shepherd's evening song;
While night's sweet bird from yon high spray
Responsive listens to his lay.

And if, like me, some love-lorn maid
Should sing her sorrows to thy shade,
Oh, soothe her breast, ye rocks around,
With softest sympathy of sound.

(From *The Loves of the Plants*, Canto iv.)

Naturally it is 'fair Avena' (i.e. oats) that brings the poet to the Land o' Cakes.

If Darwin's poetic glories have been allowed to rest in oblivion, full justice has of late been done to his singular scientific and speculative insight. Dr Ernst Krause in his work on the subject compares him thus with his famous grandson:

> Almost every single work of the younger Darwin may be paralleled by at least a chapter in the works of his ancestor; the mystery of heredity, adaptation, the protective arrangements of animals and plants, sexual selection, insectivorous plants, and the analysis of the emotions and sociological impulses; nay, even the studies on infants are to be found already discussed in the writings of the elder Darwin. But at the same time we remark a material difference in their interpretation of nature. The elder Darwin was a Lamarckian, or, more properly, Jean Lamarck was a Darwinian of the older school, for he has only carried out further the ideas of Erasmus Darwin, although with great acumen; and it is to Darwin, therefore, that the credit is due of having first established a complete system of the theory of evolation. The evidence of this I shall adduce hereafter.
>
> The unusaal circumstance that a grandfather should be the intellectual precursor of his grandson in questions which nowadays more than any others move the minds of men, must of itself suffice to excite the liveliest interest. But at the same time it must be pointed out that in this fact we have not the smallest ground for depreciating the labours of the man who has shed a new lustre upon the name of his grandfather. It is one thing to establish hypotheses and theories out of the fullness of one's fancy, even when supported by a very considerable knowledge of nature, and another to demonstrate them by an enormous number of facts, and carry them to such a degree of probability as to satisfy those most capable of judging. Dr Erasmus Darwin could *not* satisfy his contemporaries with his physio-philosophical ideas; he was a century ahead of them, and was in consequence obliged to put up with seeing people shrug their shoulders when they spoke of his wild and eccentric fancies, and the expression 'Darwinising' (as employed, for example, by the poet Coleridge when writing on Stillingfleet) was accepted in England nearly as the antithesis of sober biological investigation.

Darwin had the misfortune to be one of the many victims of the 'practical' and mischievous jokes of George Steevens the Shakespearean commentator. In the fourth canto of the *Loves of the Plants* Darwin gives rather an extravagant version of the upas-tree superstition, and prints as *pièce justificative* a long article in the *London Magazine* for 1783, said to be from the Dutch of a physician resident in Java, but subsequently discovered to be a pure fabrication by Steevens.

See Krause's essay on Darwin's scientific works, translated by Dallas, and the prefatory Life by Charles Darwin (1879; 2nd ed. 1887). The earliest Life was that by Miss Seward.

Anna Seward (1747-1809), born at Eyam rectory, Derbyshire, was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Seward, from 1754 canon residentiary of Lichfield, who, himself a poet, was one of the editors of Beaumont and Fletcher. She was early trained to a taste for poetry, and before she was nine could repeat the first three books of *Paradise Lost*. Her own earliest verses were elegiac poems (on Captain Cook, Garrick, Major André, and others) which, spite of their artificial and inflated style, attained some measure of celebrity. Darwin complimented her as 'the inventress of epic elegy;' Johnson highly praised some of her things; and she was known by the name of the Swan of Lichfield. Miss Mitford, less complimentary, called her 'a sort of Dr Darwin in petticoats;' but she had more in common with Hayley and Gifford's other victims in the *Baviad*. A poetical novel, *Louisa* (1782), passed through several editions. Her *Memoir of Dr Darwin* appeared in 1804. After bandying compliments with the poets of one generation, Miss Seward in the next engaged Sir Walter Scott in a literary correspondence, and bequeathed to him for publication three volumes of her poetry, which he issued, with a memoir, in 1810, not without misgivings. At the same time she left her correspondence to Constable, who published the letters from 1784 and 1807 (6 vols. 1811). Both collections were unsuccessful. The applauses of Miss Seward's early admirers were only calculated to excite ridicule, and the vanity and affectation which were her besetting sins destroyed alike her poetry and her prose. Some of her letters, however, are written with spirit and discrimination; and Macaulay, writing to his sister Hannah, reported, 'The books which I had sent to the binder are come, and Miss Seward's letters are in a condition to bear twenty more reperusals.'

Hannah More (1745–1833), adopting fiction as a means of conveying religious instruction, can scarcely be said to have been ever 'free of the corporation' of novelists; nor would she perhaps have cared to owe her distinction solely to her connection with so motley and various a band. She withdrew from the fascinations of London society, the theatres and opera, in obedience to what she conceived to be the call of duty, and, latterly at any rate, much of contemporary literature became taboo to her. This lovable woman was the fourth of the five daughters of Jacob More, who taught a school in the Gloucestershire village of Stapleton (now absorbed in Bristol), where Hannah was born. At twelve she was sent to a boarding school just started by her eldest sister in Bristol. In 1773 she published a pastoral drama, *The Search after Happiness*, which by 1796 had reached an eleventh edition; in 1774 she brought out a tragedy, *The Inflexible Captive*. In 1773 or 1774 she made her entrance into the society of London, and was domesticated with Garrick, who proved one of her kindest and steadiest friends. She was received with favour by Johnson, Reynolds, Burke, and their set. In 1777 Garrick brought out her tragedy of *Percy* at Drury Lane, where it had a run of twenty-one nights; the theatrical profits amounted to £600, and for the copyright of the play she got £150 more. She had already published two legendary poems, *Sir Eldred of the Bower* and *The Bleeding Rock*; and in 1779 her third and last tragedy, *The Fatal Falsehood*, was acted, but only for three nights. At this time she lost her friend Garrick by death. In 1782 appeared a volume of *Sacred Dramas*, with a poem, *Sensibility*. All her works were successful, and Johnson, with a friend's partiality, declared she was 'the most powerful versificatrix in the English language.' Her poetry is now forgotten; but *Percy* has so many good points that one cannot help thinking the venerable Mrs Hannah More might have been remembered as a playwright had she settled down seriously to dramatic work. In 1786 she issued another volume of verse, *Florio, a Tale for Fine Gentlemen and Fine Ladies*; and *The Bas Bleu, or Conversation*. The latter—which Johnson complimented as 'a great performance'—was an elaborate eulogy on the Bas Bleu Club, a literary assembly that met at Mrs Montagu's (see page 418). About this time Hannah resolved to devote her abundant good sense and keen observation exclusively to high objects. The gay life of the fashionable world had lost its charms, and, having published her *Bas Bleu*, she retired to the small cottage of Cowslip Green in Blaydon parish in Somerset. Her first prose publication was ***Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society*** (1788), and, published anonymously, was by Cowper assumed to be the production of one of the most scholarly and well-born men of the time, presumably Wilberforce. This was followed in 1791 by an ***Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World***. As a means of counteracting the political tracts and exertions of Jacobins and levellers, 'Mrs' More (for so she came, in the fashion of the day, to be styled) in 1795–98 wrote a number of tales, published monthly under the title of *The Cheap Repository*, which attained to a sale of about a million each number; of these the best-known was *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*. With the same object, she published a volume on *Village Politics*. Her other principal works were *Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education* (1799); ***Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess*** (1805; written at the queen's request for behoof of the Princess Charlotte); ***Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*** (1809); *Practical Piety* (1811); ***Christian Morals*** (1812); ***Essay on the Character and Writings of St Paul*** (1815); and ***Moral Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic, with Reflections on Prayer*** (1819). Her collected works (1830) fill eleven volumes octavo. Of *Cœlebs* ten editions were sold in one year. The tale has a fine vein of delicate irony and sarcasm, and some of the characters are admirably drawn, but the didactic aim and tone repel ordinary novel-readers; the story was not unfairly called 'a dramatic sermon.'

The popularity of her books enabled her to live in ease, and to dispense charities generously. Her sisters also secured a competency, and they all lived together at Barley Wood, a house in the neighbouring parish of Wrington, Locke's birthplace, whither Hannah moved in 1802. 'From the day that the school was given up, the existence of the whole sisterhood appears to have flowed on in one uniform current of peace and contentment, diversified only by new appearances of Hannah as an authoress, and the ups and downs which she and the others met with in the prosecution of a most brave and human experiment—namely, their zealous effort to extend the blessings of education and religion among the inhabitants of certain villages situated in the wild Cheddar district some ten miles from their abode, who, from a concurrence of unhappy local and temporary circumstances, had been left in a state of ignorance hardly conceivable at the present day.' And their labours so prospered that ere long the sisterhood had the pleasure of witnessing a yearly festival celebrated on the hills of Cheddar, where above a thousand children, with the members of women's industrial clubs (also established by them)—after attending church service, were regaled at the expense of their benefactors. In Hannah's latter days there was perhaps a tincture of supererogatory severity in her religious views. But her unfeigned sincerity, her exertions to instruct miners and cottagers, and the untiring zeal with which she laboured, even amidst severe bodily infirmities, to spread sound principles and intellectual culture from palace to cottage, entitle her to rank amidst the self-devoting benefactors of her time and her country. In 1828, nine years after the death of her fourth sister, Hannah More moved to Clifton, and here she died at the age of eighty-eight. They are all five buried at Wrington. 'Mrs More' formed a link with the earlier Victorian age: it was this revered friend of his father and the Clapham sect that little Tom Macaulay, alone at the moment in the house, asked 'if he might not have the pleasure of offering a glass of old spirits'—having at four read that this was one of the customary refreshments of Robinson Crusoe. She left about £30,000, chiefly in legacies to charitable and religious institutions.

HANNAH MORE.
From an Engraving by Worthington after Pickersgil

The third sister, Sally (1743–1817), thus described Hannah's first interview (which founded a warm friendship) with the great English moralist during her London sojourn in 1773–74:

> We have paid another visit to Miss Reynolds; she had sent to engage Dr Percy (Percy's *Collection*, now you know him), quite a sprightly modern, not a rusty antique, as I expected; he was no sooner gone than the most amiable and obliging of women, Miss Reynolds, ordered the coach to take us to Dr Johnson's very own house: yes, Abyssinia's Johnson! Dictionary's Johnson! Rambler's, Idler's, and Irene's Johnson! Can you picture to yourselves the palpitation of our hearts as we approached his mansion? The conversation turned on a new work of his just going to the press (the *Tour to the Hebrides*) and his old friend Richardson. Mrs Williams, the blind poet who lives with him, was introduced to us. She is engaging in her manners, her conversation [illegible]. Miss Reynolds told the Doctor of all our rapturous exclamations on the road. He shook his scientific head at Hannah, and said 'she was a silly thing!' When our visit was ended, he called for his hat, as it rained, to attend us down a very long entry to our coach, and not Rasselas could have acquitted himself more *en cavalier*. We are engaged with him at Sir Joshua's, Wednesday evening. What do you think of us? I forgot to mention, that not finding Johnson in his little parlour when we came in, Hannah seated herself in his great chair, hoping to catch a little ray of his genius: when he heard it he laughed heartily, and told her it was a chair on which he never sat. He said it reminded him of Boswell and himself when they stopped a night, as they imagined, where the weird sisters appeared to Macbeth. The idea so worked on their enthusiasm, that it quite deprived them of rest. However, they learned the next morning, to their mortification, that they had been deceived, and were quite in another part of the country.

In a later letter (1776), after the publication of Hannah's *Sir Eldred*, the same lively writer Boswellised still further:

> If a wedding should take place before our return, don't be surprised—between the mother of Sir Eldred and the father of my much-loved Irene; nay, Mrs Montagu says if tender words are the precursors of connubial engagements, we may expect great things, for it is nothing but 'child,' 'little fool,' 'love,' and 'dearest.' After much critical discourse, he turns round to me, and with one of his most amiable looks, which must be seen to form the least idea of it, he says: 'I have heard that you are engaged in the useful and honourable employment of teaching young ladies.' Upon which, with all the same ease, familiarity, and confidence we should have done had only our own dear Dr Stonehouse been present, we entered upon the history of our birth, parentage, and education; showing how we were born with more desires than guineas, and how, as years increased our appetites, the cupboard at home began to grow too small to gratify them; and how, with a bottle of water, a bed, and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortunes; and how we found a great house with nothing in it; and how it was like to remain so till, looking into our knowledge boxes, we happened to find a little *larning*, a good thing when land is gone, or rather none; and so at last, by giving a little of this little *larning* to those who had less, we got a good store of gold in return; but how, alas! we wanted the wit to keep it. 'I love you both,' cried the inamorato—'I love you all five. I never was at Bristol—I will come on purpose to see you. What! five women live happily together! I will come and see you—I have spent a happy evening—I am glad I came—God for ever bless you! you live lives to shame duchesses.' He took his leave with so much warmth and tenderness, we were quite affected at his manner. If Hannah's head stands proof against all the adulation and kindness of the great folks here, why then I will venture to say nothing of this kind will hurt her hereafter. A literary anecdote: Mrs Medalla (Sterne's daughter) sent to all the correspondents of her deceased father, begging the letters which he had written to them; among other wits, she sent to Wilkes with the same request. He sent for answer, that as there happened to be nothing extraordinary in those he had received, he had burnt or lost them. On which the faithful editor of her father's works sent back to say, that if Mr Wilkes would be so good as to write a few letters in imitation of her father's style, it would do just as well, and she would insert them.

In a letter Hannah thus comments on

Garrick's Death.

From Dr Cadogan's I intended to have gone to the Adelphi, but found that Mrs Garrick was at that moment quitting her house, while preparations were making for the last sad ceremony; she very wisely fixed on a private friend's house for this purpose, where she could be at her ease. I got there just before her; she was prepared for meeting me; she ran into my arms, and we both remained silent for some minutes; at last she whispered: 'I have this moment embraced his coffin, and you come next.' She soon recovered herself, and said with great composure: 'The goodness of God to me is inexpressible; I desired to die, but it is his will that I should live, and He has convinced me He will not let my life be quite miserable, for He gives astonishing strength to my body, and grace to my heart; neither do I deserve; but I am thankful for both.' She thanked me a thousand times for such a real act of friendship, and bade me be comforted, for it was God's will. She told me they had just returned from Althorp, Lord Spencer's, where he had been reluctantly dragged, for he had felt unwell for some time; but during his visit he was often in such fine spirits, that they could not believe he was ill. On his return home, he appointed Cadogan to meet him, who ordered him an emetic, the warm bath, and the usual remedies, but with very little effect. On the Sunday he was in good spirits and free from pain; but as the suppression still continued, Dr Cadogan became extremely alarmed, and sent for Pott, Heberden, and Schomberg, who gave him up the moment they saw him. Poor Garrick stared to see his room full of doctors, not being conscious of his real state. No change happened till the Tuesday evening, when the surgeon who was sent for to blister and bleed him made light of his illness, assuring Mrs Garrick that he would be well in a day or two, and insisted on her going to lie down. Towards morning, she desired to be called if there was the least change. Every time that she administered the draughts to him in the night, he always squeezed her hand in a particular manner, and spoke to her with the greatest tenderness and affection. Immediately after he had taken his last medicine, he softly said 'O dear!' and yielded up his spirit with a groan, and in his perfect senses. His behaviour during the night was all gentleness and patience, and he frequently made apologies to those about him for the trouble he gave them. . . . I paid a melancholy visit to the coffin yesterday, where I found room for meditation till the mind 'burst with thinking.' His new house is not so pleasant as Hampton, nor so splendid as the Adelphi, but it is commodious enough for all the wants of its inhabitant; and, besides, it is so quiet that he never will be disturbed till the eternal morning, and never till then will a sweeter voice than his own be heard. May he then find mercy! They are preparing to hang the house with black, for he is to lie in state till Monday. I dislike this pageantry, and cannot help thinking that the disembodied spirit must look with contempt upon the farce that is played over its miserable relics. But a splendid funeral could not be avoided, as he is to be laid in the Abbey with such illustrious dust, and so many are desirous of testifying their respect by attending. I can never cease to remember with affection and gratitude so warm, steady, and disinterested a friend; and I can most truly bear this testimony to his memory, that I never witnessed in any family more decorum, propriety, and regularity than in his; where I never saw a card, nor even met—except in one instance—a person of his own profession at his table, of which Mrs Garrick, by her elegance of taste, her correctness of manners, and very original turn of humour, was the brightest ornament. All his pursuits and tastes were so decidedly intellectual, that it made the society and the conversation which was always to be found in his circle interesting and delightful.

The following couplets from *Bas Bleu* have been often quoted and are still remembered:

In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set mankind.

Small habits well pursued, betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes.

This is a fragment from *Percy*:

If there's a sin more deeply black than others,
Distinguished from the list of common crimes,
A legion in itself, and doubly dear
To the dark Prince of Hell, it is—Hypocrisy.

From the *Ode to Charity* come:

O Charity, divinely wise,
Thou meek-eyed daughter of the skies.

In *Cœlebs* (1809; 16th ed. 1826), a young north-country squire loses in succession a revered father and an adored mother, and setting forth into the world on his quest of a wife, endeavours to keep their maxims constantly in mind. He reports on a perfect galaxy of excellent women, young and older, set off by a much larger number who have very pronounced or less conspicuous faults or foibles; and has room for disquisitions not merely on women's duties and rights and women's education, but on the indispensable qualifications of a model clergyman, Antinomianism, and the beauties of Akenside's verse (than some of which 'there is nothing more splendid in the whole mass of our poetry,' and from which Thomson might to his advantage have learnt melody and rhythm). In the midst of amusing, lively, and witty accounts of his experiences, he sometimes interpolates a page or two on such somewhat irrelevant topics as grace and works, or the true principles of Sabbath-keeping. As Mrs Hannah's mouthpiece, he is more severe on 'high professors' who are selfish, inconsistent, and censorious than on kindly worldlings; and while disapproving 'irreligion' in all shapes, reserves the hottest indignation for what is really base and contemptible. We learn that children are now brought too much forward; that too much time is wasted by girls on music; that dozens of superfluous subjects are taught them (including a smattering of Italian and of German); while 'from the heiress of the man of rank to the daughter of the opulent tradesman there is no one subject in which young women are so generally deficient as in domestic economy.' The following quotations are from *Cœlebs*:

Conversation at Dinner.

From my fondness for conversation, my imagination had been early fired with Dr Johnson's remark, that there is no pleasure on earth comparable to the fine full flow of London talk. I who, since I had quitted college, had seldom had my mind refreshed but with the petty rills and penurious streams of knowledge which country society afforded, now expected to meet it in a strong and rapid current, fertilizing wherever it flowed, producing in abundance the rich fruits of argument and the gay flowers of rhetoric. I looked for an uninterrupted course of profit and delight. I flattered myself that every dinner would add to my stock of images; that every debate would clear up some difficulty, every discussion elucidate some truth; that every allusion would be purely classical, every sentence abound with instruction, and every period be pointed with wit.

On the tiptoe of expectation I went to dine with Sir John Belfield in Cavendish square. I looked at my watch fifty times. I thought it would never be six o'clock. I did not care to shew my country breeding by going too early, to incommode my friend, nor my town breeding by going too late, and spoiling his dinner. Sir John is a valuable, elegant minded man, and, next to **Mr Stanley**, stood highest in my father's esteem for his mental accomplishments and correct morals. As I knew he was remarkable for assembling at his table men of sense, taste, and learning, my expectations of pleasure were very high. 'Here at least,' said I, as I heard the name of one clever man announced after another, 'here at least I cannot fail to find

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul:"

here, at least, all the energies of my mind will be brought into exercise. From this society I shall carry away documents for the improvement of my taste; I shall treasure up hints to enrich my understanding, and collect aphorisms for the conduct of life.'

At first there was no fair opportunity to introduce any conversation beyond the topics of the day, and to those, it must be confessed, this eventful period gives a new and powerful interest. I should have been much pleased to have had my country politics rectified, and any prejudices which I might have contracted removed or softened, could the discussion have been carried on without the frequent interruption of the youngest man in the company. This gentleman broke in on every remark, by descanting successively on the merits of the various dishes; and, if it be true that experience only can determine the judgment, he gave proof of that best right to peremptory decision by not trusting to delusive theory, but by actually eating of every dish at table.

His animadversions were uttered with the gravity of a German philosopher and the science of a French cook. If any of his opinions happened to be controverted, he quoted, in confirmation of his own judgment, *l'Almanac des Gourmands*, which he assured us was the most valuable work that had appeared in France since the revolution. The author of this book he seemed to consider of as high authority in the science of eating as Coke or Hale in that of jurisprudence, or Quintilian in the art of criticism. To the credit of the company, however, be it spoken, he had the whole of this topic to himself. The rest of the party were, in general, of quite a different calibre, and as little acquainted with his favourite author as he probably was with theirs.

The lady of the house was perfectly amiable and well bred. Her dinner was excellent; and everything about her had an air of elegance and splendour: of course she completely escaped the disgrace of being thought a scholar, but not the suspicion of having a very good taste. I longed for the removal of the cloth, and was eagerly anticipating the pleasure and improvement which awaited me.

As soon as the servants were beginning to withdraw, we got into a sort of attitude of conversation; all except the eulogist of *l'Almanac des Gourmands*, who, wrapping himself up in the comfortable consciousness of his own superior judgment, and a little piqued that he had found neither support nor opposition, (the next best thing to a professed talker,) he seemed to have a perfect indifference to all topics except that on which he had shewn so much eloquence with so little effect.

The last tray was now carried out, the last lingering servant had retired. I was beginning to listen with all my powers of attention to an ingenious gentleman who was about to give an interesting account of Egypt, where he had spent a year, and from whence he was lately returned. He was just got to the catacombs,

'When on a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,

the mahogany folding doors, and in at once, struggling who should be first, rushed half a dozen children, lovely, fresh, gay, and noisy. This sudden and violent irruption of the pretty barbarians necessarily caused a total interruption of conversation. The sprightly creatures ran round the table to chuse where they would sit. At length this great difficulty of courts and cabinets, the choice of places, was settled. The little things were jostled in between the ladies, who all contended who should get possession of the little beauties. One was in raptures with the rosy cheeks of a sweet girl she held in her lap. A second exclaimed aloud at the beautiful lace with which the frock of another was trimmed, and which she was sure mamma had given her for being good. A profitable, and doubtless a lasting and inseparable, association was thus formed in the child's mind between lace and goodness. A third cried out, 'Look at the pretty angel! - do but observe her bracelets are as blue as her eyes. Did you ever see such a match?' 'Surely, Lady Belfield,' cried a fourth, 'you carried the eyes to the shop, or there must have been a shade of difference.' I myself, who am passionately fond of children, eyed the sweet little rebels with complacency, notwithstanding the unseasonableness of their interruption.

At last, when they were all disposed of, I resumed my enquiries about the resting place of the mummies. But the grand dispute who should have oranges and who should have almonds and raisins, soon raised such a clamour that it was impossible to hear my Egyptian friend. This great contest was, however, at length settled, and I was returning to the antiquities of Memphis, when the important point, who should have red wine and who should have white, who should have half a glass and who a whole one, set us again in an uproar. Sir John was visibly uneasy, and commanded silence. During this interval of peace, I gave up the catacombs and took refuge in the pyramids.

But I had no sooner proposed my question about the serpent said to be found in one of them, than the son and heir, a fine little fellow just six years old, reaching out his arm to dart an apple across the table at his sister, roguishly intending to overset her glass, unluckily overthrew his own, brimful of port wine. The whole contents were discharged on the elegant drapery of a white-robed nymph.

All was now consternation and distress, and disturbance and confusion; the gentlemen ringing for napkins, the ladies assisting the dripping fair one; each vying with the other who should recommend the most approved specific for getting out the stain of red wine, and comforting the sufferer by stories of similar misfortunes. The poor little culprit was dismissed, and all difficulties and disasters seemed at last surmounted. But you cannot heat up again an interest which has been so often cooled. The thread of conversation had been so frequently broken that I despaired of seeing it tied together again. I sorrowfully gave up catacombs, pyramids, and serpent, and was obliged to content myself with a little desultory chat with my next neighbour; sorry and disappointed to glean only a few scattered ears, where I had expected so abundant a harvest; and the day from which I had promised myself so much benefit and delight passed away with a very slender acquisition of either.

The Majesty and Meanness of Man

I returned to town at the end of a few days. To a speculative stranger, a London day presents every variety of circumstance in every conceivable shape of which human life is susceptible. When you trace the solicitude of the morning countenance, the anxious exploring of the morning paper, the eager interrogation of the morning guest; when you hear the dismal enumeration of losses by land and perils by sea, taxes trebling, dangers multiplying, commerce annihilating, war protracted, invasion threatening, destruction impending, your mind catches and communicates the terror, and you feel yourself 'falling with a falling state.'

But when, in the course of the very same day, you meet these gloomy prognosticators at the sumptuous 'not dinner but Hecatomb,' at the gorgeous fête, the splendid spectacle; when you hear the frivolous discourse, witness the luxurious dissipation, contemplate the boundless indulgence, and observe the [illegible] gaiety, you would be ready to exclaim, 'Am I not sojourning in the Antipodes of the land in which I breakfasted? Surely this is a country of different men, different characters, and different circumstances. This at least is a place in which there is neither danger, nor want, nor misery, nor war.'

If you observed the overflowing subscriptions raised, the innumerable societies formed, the committees appointed, the agents employed, the royal patrons engaged, the noble presidents provided, the palace-like structures erected: and all this to alleviate, to cure, and even to prevent every calamity which the indigent can suffer or the affluent conceive; to remove not only want but ignorance; to suppress not only misery but vice—would you not exclaim with Hamlet, 'What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In action how like an angel! in compassion how like a God!'

If you look into the whole comet-like eccentric orb of the human character, if you compared all the struggling contrariety of principle and of passion; the clashing of opinion and of action, of resolution and of performance; the victories of evil over the propensities to good; if you contrasted the splendid virtue with the disorderly vice; the exalted generosity with the selfish narrowness; the provident bounty with the thoughtless prodigality; the extremes of all that is admired, with the excesses of all that is [illegible], would you not exclaim in the very spirit of Pascal, 'Oh! the grandeur and the littleness, the excellence and the corruption, the majesty and the meanness of man!'

The Music Nuisance

'I look upon the great predominance of music in female education,' said Mr Stanley, 'to be the source of more mischief than is generally suspected; not from any evil in the thing itself, but from its being such a gulph of time, as really to leave little room for solid improvements. I have no objection, if it were only cultivated as an amusement, I would commend it. But the monstrous proportion, or rather disproportion of life which it swallows up, even in many religious families, and this is the chief object of my regret, has converted an innocent diversion into a positive sin. . . . Only figure to yourself my six girls daily playing their four hours a piece, which is now a moderate allowance! As we have but one instrument they must be at it in succession, day and night, to keep pace with their neighbours. If I may compare light things with serious ones, it would resemble,' said he, smiling, 'the perpetual psalmody of good Mr Nicholas Ferrar, who had relays of musicians every six hours to sing the whole Psalter through every day and night!' I mean not to ridicule that holy man; but my girls thus keeping their vigils in turn, we should only have the melody without any of the piety. No, my friend! I will have but two or three singing birds to cheer my little grove. If all the world are performers, there will soon be no hearers. Now, as I am resolved in my own family that some shall listen, I will have but few to perform.'

[illegible] W. Roberts (4 vols. [illegible]) [illegible] Mrs Yonge [illegible]

Anna Letitia Barbauld (1743-1825) was born at Kibworth Harcourt in Leicestershire. Her father, the Rev. John Aikin, D.D., then kept a boys' school, and Anna received the same instruction as the pupils, including a thorough knowledge of Greek and Latin. In 1758 Dr Aikin (whose father was a London Scot) undertook the office of classical tutor in a Dissenting academy at Warrington, and there his daughter lived for fifteen years. In 1773 she published a volume of poems, of which four editions were called for in the first year. In May 1774 she was married to the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, of Huguenot ancestry, who became minister of a Dissenting congregation at Palgrave near Diss, and there opened a boarding-school, which throve under his wife's capable assistance. In 1775 she commenced authoress with a volume of devotional pieces compiled from the Psalms, and with *Hymns in Prose* *for Children*. In 1780 Mr and Mrs Barbauld removed to Hampstead, and there the industrious helpmeet wrote several tracts in support of Whig principles. She also aided her brother (John Aikin, 1747–1822, physician and author, father of Lucy Aikin) in preparing a series of papers for children, the famous *Evenings at Home* (1796), the bulk of the work being the brother's; and she wrote critical essays on Akenside and Collins for editions of their works. After compiling a selection of essays from the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Guardian*, she edited the correspondence of Richardson, and wrote a Life of the novelist. Her last great enterprise was a collection of the British novelists, published in 1810, with an introductory essay and biographical and critical notices. Her husband drowned himself in a fit of insanity in 1808. Some of her lyrical pieces are flowing and harmonious, and her *Ode to Spring* was plainly an imitation of Collins's manner. Charles James Fox was a great admirer of Mrs Barbauld's poems, but most of them are artificial and unimpassioned. In one, *Eighteen Hundred and Eleven*, she anticipated Macaulay's New Zealander with a youth 'from the Blue Mountains or Ontario's Lake' who views the ruins of London (both Horace Walpole and Volney had already brought Peruvians or other wanderers thither). Her hymns were long popular, and some of her lighter things, like *The Washing Day*, are amusing. Lord Selborne included four of her pieces in his *Book of Praise*, the best known that of which the first three verses run:

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.
From an Engraving by Meyer.

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use;

Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse

By far her best serious poem is that on *Life*, of which the last exquisite stanza was so much admired by Wordsworth, Rogers, and Madame D'Arblay; like Flatman's 'Thought of Death' and Pope's 'Dying Christian,' the poem was inspired by Emperor Hadrian's 'Animula, vagula, blandula.'

Life

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.
But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be
As all that then remains of me.
O whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
And in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell where I must meet this compound I?
To the vast ocean of empyreal flame
From whence thy essence came
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base encumbering weed?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank oblivious years the appointed hour
To break thy trance and reassume thy power?
Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be?
O say what art thou when no more thou'rt thee?

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning.

Ode to Spring

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful Spring!
Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crowned;

From the green islands of eternal youth—
Crowned with fresh blooms and ever-springing shade—
Turn, hither turn thy step,
O thou, whose powerful voice,

More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed
Or Lydian flute, can soothe the madding winds,
And through the stormy deep
Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best beloved! the virgin train await
With songs and festal rites, and joy to rove
Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and dewy lawns,

With untired feet; and cull thy earliest sweets
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
Of him, the favoured youth
That prompts their whispered sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores; those tender showers
That drop their sweetness on the infant buds,
And silent dews that swell
The milky ear's green stem,

And feed the flowering osier's early shoots;
And call those winds which through the whispering boughs
With warm and pleasant breath
Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me sit beneath the whitening thorn,
And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale;
And watch with patient eye
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O nymph, approach! while yet the temperate Sun
With bashful forehead, through the cool moist air
Throws his young maiden beams,
And with chaste kisses woos

The Earth's fair bosom; while the streaming veil
Of lucid clouds, with kind and frequent shade
Protects thy modest blooms
From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short: the red dog-star
Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's scythe
Thy greens, thy flowerets all,
Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell;
For oh! not all that Autumn's lap contains,
Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,
Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring! whose simplest promise more delights
Than all their largest wealth, and through the heart
Each joy and new-born hope
With softest influence breathes.

To a Lady, with some Painted Flowers.

Flowers to the fair: to you these flowers I bring,
And strive to greet you with an earlier spring.
Flowers sweet, and gay, and delicate like you,
Emblems of innocence, and beauty too.
With flowers the Graces bind their yellow hair,
And flowery wreaths consenting lovers wear.
Flowers, the sole luxury which nature knew,
In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew.
To loftier forms are rougher tasks assigned;
The sheltering oak resists the stormy wind,
The tougher yew repels invading foes,
And the tall pine for future navies grows;
But this soft family, to cares unknown,
Were born for pleasure and delight alone.
Gay without toil, and lovely without art,
They spring to cheer the sense and glad the heart.
Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these;
Your best, your sweetest empire is—to please.

Hymn to Content.

O thou, the nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temperate vow:
Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth unaltered brow.

O come, in simplest vest arrayed,
With all thy sober cheer displayed,
To bless my longing sight;
Thy mien composed, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdued delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in some pure and equal sky,
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic vest,
And Innocence with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair opening through this vale of tears
A vista to the sky.

There Health, through whose calm bosom glide
The temperate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild unvarying cheek
To meet the offered blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage
With settled smiles to meet:
Inured to toil and bitter bread,
He bowed his meek submitted head,
And kissed thy sainted feet.

But thou, O nymph retired and coy!
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale?
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose and violet blossom round,
And lily of the vale.

O say what soft propitious hour
I best may choose to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle sway?
When autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder day?

Fragments.

This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.

The world has little to bestow
Where two fond hearts in equal love are joined.

Society than solitude is worse,
And man to man is still the greatest curse.

A *Memoir of Mrs. Barbauld* was published in 1874 by her grand- [illegible] Miss Thackeray's *Book of Sibyls* (1883). [illegible] Lockhart's *Life of Scott* for the share Mrs Barbauld had in awakening Scott's interest in German literature, by her reading at Edinburgh William Taylor's translation of Bürger's *Lenore*.

Mrs Elizabeth Inchbald (1753-1821), actress, dramatist, and novelist, was born at Stanningfield near Bury St Edmunds, the daughter of a Roman Catholic farmer. At eighteen, full of giddy romance, she ran off to London, having a few things in a band-box, but very little money. After many adventures and even some indignities, the unprotected girl applied for advice to Mr Inchbald, an actor she had known. Inchbald counselled marriage. 'But who would marry me?' she asked. 'I would,' replied her friend, 'if you would have me.' 'Yes, sir, and I would for ever be grateful'—and married they were in June 1772. The union thus singularly brought about was happy enough; but Inchbald died seven years afterwards. Mrs Inchbald played leading parts in the Scottish theatres for four years, and continued acting in London, Dublin, and elsewhere till 1780, when she retired from the stage. Her exemplary prudence and the profits of her works enabled her not only to live, but to save money; the applause and distinction she earned never led her to deviate from her simple almost ostentatiously simple habits. 'Last Thursday,' she writes, 'I finished scouring my bedroom, while a coach with a coronet and two footmen waited at my door to take me an airing.' She allowed a sister who was in ill-health £100 a year. 'Many a time this winter,' she records in her Diary, 'when I cried for cold, I said to myself: "But, thank God, my sister has not to stir from her room; she has her fire lighted every morning: all her provisions bought and brought ready cooked; she is now the less able to bear what I bear; and how much more should I suffer but for this reflection."' Her income was only £172 a year, and after the death of her sister she went to live in a boarding-house in which she enjoyed more of the comforts of life. Traces of feminine weakness break out in her private memoranda amidst the sterner records of her struggle for independence. Thus: '1798. London. Rehearsing *Lovers' Vows;* happy but for a suspicion, amounting to a certainty, of a rapid appearance of age in my face.' Her two tales, *A Simple Story* (1791) and *Nature and Art* (1796), are the supporters of her fame; but her light dramatic pieces were marked by various talent. Her first production was a farce entitled *The Mogul Tale* (1784), and from this time down to 1805 she wrote nine other plays and farces. Her last literary labour was writing biographical and critical prefaces to a collection of plays, in twenty-five volumes; a collection of farces, in seven volumes; and the *Modern Theatre*, in ten volumes. Phillips the publisher offered her £1000 for an autobiography she had written, but she declined the tempting offer; and the manuscript was, by her orders, destroyed after her death. She died as she had lived, a devout Catholic.

Of this remarkable and [illegible]ly interesting facts are recorded in Kegan Paul's *Life of Godwin* (1876). Mrs Shelley (Godwin's daughter) says of her: 'Living in mean lodgings, dressed with an economy allied to penury, without connections, and alone, her beauty, her talents, and the charm of her manners gave her entrance into a delightful circle of society. Apt to fall in love and desirous to marry, she continued single because the men who loved and admired her were too worldly to take an actress and a poor author, however lovely and charming, for a wife. Her life was thus spent in an interchange of hardship and amusement, privation and luxury. Her character partook of the same contrast: fond of pleasure, she was prudent in her conduct; penurious in her personal expenditure, she was generous to others. Vain of her beauty, we are told that the gown she wore was not worth a shilling, it was so coarse and shabby. Very susceptible to the softer feelings, she could yet guard herself against passion; and though she might have been called a flirt, her character was unimpeached. I have heard that a rival beauty of her day pettishly complained that when Mrs Inchbald came into a room, and sat in a chair in the middle of it, as was her wont, every man gathered round it, and it was vain for any other woman to attempt to gain attention. Godwin could not fail to admire her; she became and continued to be a favourite. Her talents, her beauty, her manners were all delightful to him. He used to describe her as a piquante mixture between a lady and a milkmaid, and added that Sheridan declared she was the only authoress whose society pleased him.' The extract is from *Nature and Art*.

Judge and Victim.

The day at length is come on which Agnes shall have a sight of her beloved William! She who has watched for hours near his door, to procure a glimpse of him going out or returning home; who has walked miles to see his chariot pass; she now will behold him, and he will see her, by command of the laws of his country. Those laws, which will deal with rigour towards her, are in this one instance still indulgent.

The time of the assizes at the country town in which she is imprisoned is arrived—the prisoners are demanded at the shire hall—the jail-doors are opened—they go in sad procession. The trumpet sounds—it speaks the arrival of the judge, and that judge is William.

The day previous to her trial, Agnes had read, in the printed calendar of the prisoners, his name as the learned judge before whom she was to appear. For a moment she forgot her perilous state in the excess of joy which the still unconquerable love she bore to him permitted her to taste, even on the brink of the grave! After-reflection made her check those worldly transports, as unfit for the present solemn occasion. But, alas! to her, earth and William were so closely united, that till she forsook the one, she could never cease to think, without the contending passions of hope, of fear, of love, of shame, and of despair, on the other.

Now fear took the place of her first immoderate joy: she feared that, although much changed in person since he had seen her, and her real name now added to many an *alias*, yet she feared that some well-known glance of the eye, turn of the action, or accent of speech, might recall her to his remembrance; and at that idea, shame overcame all her other sensations for still she retained pride, in respect to his opinion, to wish him not to know Agnes was that wretch she felt she was! Once a ray of hope beamed on her, that if he knew her if he recognised her he might possibly befriend her cause; and life bestowed through William's friendship seemed a precious object! But, again, that rigorous honour she had often heard him boast, that firmness to his word, of which she had fatal experience, taught her to know he would not, for any improper compassion, any unmanly weakness, forfeit his oath of impartial justice. In meditations such as these she passed the sleepless night.

When, in the morning, she was brought to the bar, and her guilty hand held up before the righteous judgment seat of William, imagination could not form two figures or two situations more incompatible with the existence of former familiarity than the judge and the culprit; and yet, these very persons had passed together the most blissful moments that either ever tasted! Those hours of tender dalliance were now present to her mind his thoughts were more nobly employed in his high office; nor could the haggard face, hollow eye, desponding countenance, and meagre person of the poor prisoner once call to his memory, though her name was uttered among a list of others which she had assumed, his former youthful, lovely Agnes!

She heard herself arraigned with trembling limbs and downcast looks, and many witnesses had appeared against her before she ventured to lift her eyes up to her awful judge; she then gave one fearful glance, and discovered William, unpitying but beloved William, in every feature! It was a face she had been used to look on with delight, and a kind of absent smile of gladness now beamed on her poor wan visage.

When every witness on the part of the prosecutor had been examined, the judge addressed himself to her: 'What defence have you to make?' It was William spoke to Agnes! The sound was sweet; the voice was mild, was soft, compassionate, encouraging. It almost charmed her to a love of life! Not such a voice as when William last addressed her, when he left her undone and pregnant, vowing never to see or speak to her more. She would have hung upon the present word for ever. She did not call to mind that this gentleness was the effect of practice, the art of his occupation; which at times is but a copy, by the unfeeling, of the benevolent brethren of the bench. In the present judge, tenderness was not designed for consolation of the culprit, but for the approbation of the auditors.

There were no spectators, Agnes, by your side when last he parted from you if there had, the awful William would have been awed to marks of pity.

Stunned with the enchantment of that well-known tongue directed to her, she stood like one just petrified all vital power seemed suspended. Again he put the question, and with these additional sentences, tenderly and emphatically delivered: 'Recollect yourself; have you no witnesses? no proof on your behalf?' A dead silence followed these questions. He then mildly but forcibly added: 'What have you to say?' Here a flood of tears burst from her eyes, which she fixed earnestly upon him as if pleading for mercy while she faintly articulated: 'Nothing, my lord.' After a short pause he asked her, in the same forcible but benevolent tone 'Have you no one to speak to your character?' The prisoner answered: 'No.' A second gush of tears followed this reply, for she called to mind by whom her character had first been blasted.

He summed up the evidence, and every time he was obliged to press hard upon the proofs against her, she shrunk, and seemed to stagger with the deadly blow—writhed under the weight of his minute justice, more than from the prospect of a shameful death. The jury consulted but a few minutes; the verdict was, 'Guilty.' She heard it with composure. But when William placed the fatal velvet on his head, and rose to pronounce the fatal sentence, she started with a kind of convulsive motion, retreated a step or two back, and lifting up her hands, with a scream exclaimed: 'Oh, not from you!' The piercing shriek which accompanied these words prevented their being heard by part of the audience; and those who heard them thought little of their meaning, more than that they expressed her fear of dying. Serene and dignified, as if no such exclamation had been uttered, William delivered the final speech ending with 'Dead, dead, dead.' She fainted as he closed the period, and was carried back to prison in a swoon; while he adjourned the court to go to dinner.

If, unaffected by the scene he had witnessed, William sat down to dinner with an appetite, let not the reader conceive that the most distant suspicion had struck his mind of his ever having seen, much less familiarly known, the poor offender whom he had just condemned. Still, this forgetfulness did not proceed from the want of memory for Agnes. In every peevish or heavy hour passed with his wife, he was sure to think of her; yet it was self love, rather than love of her, that gave rise to these thoughts. He felt the lack of female sympathy and tenderness to soften the fatigue of studious labour, to soothe a sullen, a morose disposition—he felt he wanted comfort for himself, but never once considered what were the wants of Agnes.

In the chagrin of a barren bed, he sometimes thought, too, even on the child that Agnes bore him; but whether it were male or female, whether a beggar in the streets or dead, various and important public occupation forbade him to inquire. Yet the poor, the widow, and the orphan frequently shared William's ostentatious bounty. He was the president of many excellent charities, gave largely, and sometimes instituted benevolent societies for the unhappy; for he delighted to load the poor with obligation, and the rich with praise.

There are persons like him who love to do everything good but that which their immediate duty requires. There are servants that will serve every one more cl[illegible]fully than their masters, there are men who will [illegible]bute money liberally to all except their creditors [illegible] there are wives who will love all mankind better than their own husbands. *Duty* is a familiar word which has little effect upon an ordinary mind; and as ordinary minds make a vast majority, we have acts of generosity, self denial, and honesty where smaller pains would constitute greater virtues. Had William followed the common dictates of charity, had he adopted private pity instead of public munificence, had he cast an eye at home before he sought abroad for objects of compassion, Agnes had been preserved from an ignominious death, and he had been preserved from *remorse*, the tortures of which he for the first time proved on reading a printed sheet of paper, accidentally thrown in his way a few days after he had left the town in which he had condemned her to die.

'*March* 10, 179-.

'The last dying Words, Speech, and Confession, birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour, of Agnes Primrose, who was executed this morning between the hours of ten and twelve, pursuant to the sentence passed upon her by the Honourable Justice Norwynne.

'Agnes Primrose was born of honest parents, in the village of Anfield, in the county of ——' [William started at the name of the village and county]; 'but being led astray by the arts and flattery of seducing man, she fell from the paths of virtue, and took to bad company, which instilled into her young heart all their evil ways, and at length brought her to this untimely end. So she hopes her death will be a warning to all young persons of her own sex, how they listen to the praises and courtship of young men, especially of those who are their betters; for they only court to deceive. But the said Agnes freely forgives all persons who have done her injury or given her sorrow, from the young man who first won her heart, to the jury who found her guilty, and the judge who condemned her to death.

'And she acknowledges the justice of her sentence, not only in respect of her crime for which she suffers, but in regard to many other heinous sins of which she has been guilty, more especially that of once attempting to commit a murder upon her own helpless child; for which guilt she now considers the vengeance of God has overtaken her, to which she is patiently resigned, and departs in peace and charity with all the world, praying the Lord to have mercy on her parting soul.'

POSTSCRIPT TO THE CONFESSION.

'So great was this unhappy woman's terror of death and the awful judgment that was to follow, that when sentence was pronounced upon her she fell into a swoon, from that into convulsions, from which she never entirely recovered, but was delirious to the time of her execution, except that short interval in which she made her confession to the clergyman who attended her. She has left one child, a youth almost sixteen, who has never forsaken his mother during all the time of her imprisonment, but waited on her with true filial duty; and no sooner was her final sentence passed than he began to droop, and now lies dangerously ill near the prison from which she is released by death. During the loss of her senses, the said Agnes Primrose raved continually of her child; and, asking for pen, ink, and paper, wrote an incoherent petition to the judge, recommending the youth to his protection and mercy; but notwithstanding this insanity, she behaved with composure and resignation when the fatal morning arrived in which she was to be launched into eternity. She prayed devoutly during the last hour, and seemed to have her whole mind fixed on the world to which she was going. A crowd of spectators followed her to the fatal spot, most of whom returned weeping at the recollection of the fervency with which she prayed, and the impression which her dreadful state seemed to make upon her.'

No sooner had the name of 'Anfield' struck William than a thousand incidents and remembrances flashed on his mind to give him full conviction who it was he had judged and sentenced. He recollected the sad remains of Agnes, such as he once had known her; and now he wondered how his thoughts could have been absent from an object so pitiable, so worthy of his attention, as not to give him even suspicion who she was, either from her name or from her person, during the whole trial. But wonder, astonishment, horror, and every other sensation was absorbed by *remorse*. It wounded, it stabbed, it rent his hard heart as it would do a tender one: it havocked on his firm inflexible mind as it would on a weak and pliant brain! Spirit of Agnes! look down, and behold all your wrongs revenged! William feels *remorse*.

There is a cumbrous Life of Mrs Inchbald (1833) compiled by Boaden from a journal she had kept for fifty years, and from her letters to friends; and a Memoir by W. Bell Scott prefixed to a new edition of *A Simple Story* (1880).

Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay).

The author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia* was the wonder and delight of the generation of novel readers after that of Fielding and Smollett. Frances Burney was the second daughter of Charles Burney, Mus. Doc. (1726-1814), author of the *History of Music*, who seems to have been of Scottish origin, the grandson of James MacBurney, a land steward in Shropshire, whose son dropped the Mac, and was ultimately a dancing master. Fanny was born at Lynn-Regis, 13th June 1752. Her father was then organist in Lynn, but in 1760 he returned to London; among his familiar friends and visitors were David Garrick, Sir Robert Strange the engraver, the poets Mason and Armstrong, and Barry the painter. One is not surprised to learn that all Burney's children distinguished themselves: the eldest, Rear-Admiral James Burney (1750-1821), accompanied Captain Cook in two of his voyages, and was author of a *History of Voyages of Discovery* and an *Account of the Russian Eastern Voyages*; the second, Dr Charles Burney (1757-1817), wrote critical works on the Greek classics, was a prebendary of Lincoln, and one of the king's chaplains; and Sarah, the youngest daughter, was also a novelist. Fanny was long held to be a sort of prodigy. At eight she did not even know her letters, but was shrewd and observant; at fifteen she had written several stories, plays, and poems, and was a great reader, even a critic. Her authorship was continued in secret, her sister only being admitted to her confidence. Thus she sketched out the plot of *Evelina*; but it was not published till January 1778, when 'little Fanny' was in her twenty-sixth year. When it was offered to Dodsley, the worthy publisher 'declined looking at anything anonymous.' Another bookseller, named Lowndes, gave £20 for the manuscript; and *Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World*, soon became the talk of the town. Dr Burney, in the fullness of his heart, told Mrs Thrale that 'our Fanny' was the author; and Dr Johnson, whom Fanny had met first on 20th March 1777, protested to Mrs Thrale that there were passages in it which might do honour to Richardson. Miss Burney was invited by the

Thrales to Streatham, and there she met the illustrious band of friends of whom we have ample notices in the *Diary*. Wherever she went, to London, Brighton, Bath, or Tunbridge, *Evelina* was the theme of praise, and Miss Burney the happiest of authors. In 1782 appeared her *Cecilia, or Memoirs of an Heiress*, for whose first edition of two thousand copies she received £250. It is more highly finished and laboured than *Evelina*, but less rich in amusing characters and dialogue. In 1785 Miss Burney went on a visit to Mrs Delany, a venerable lady, the friend of Swift, once connected with the court, who now lived on a pension at Windsor; here she was introduced to the king and queen, and speedily became a favourite. The result was that in 1786 she was appointed second keeper of the robes to Queen Charlotte, with a salary of £200 a year, a footman, apartments in the palace, and a coach between her and her colleague. The post was but splendid slavery. 'I was averse to the union,' said Miss Burney, 'and I endeavoured to escape it; but my friends interfered—they prevailed—and the knot is tied.' The queen was a considerate mistress; but the etiquette and formality of the court, and the unremitting attention its irksome duties required, rendered the position peculiarly disagreeable to one who had been so long flattered and courted by the brilliant society of her day. Her colleague, Mrs Schwellenberg, a coarse-minded, jealous, disagreeable German favourite, was also a perpetual source of annoyance. Poor Fanny at court was worse off than her heroine Cecilia was in choosing among her guardians. Her first official duty was to mix the queen's snuff and keep her box always replenished; then she was admitted to the great business of the toilet, helping Her Majesty off and on with her dresses, and being in strict attendance from six or seven in the morning till twelve at night! At length, in July 1791 she was permitted to retire with a pension of £100 a year; and in 1793 she married a French *émigré*, General D'Arblay, whom she had met when staying with a married sister near Dorking. Resuming her pen, in 1795 she produced a tragedy, *Edwy and Elgitha*, which was brought out at Drury Lane; it had at least one novelty—there were three bishops among the *dramatis personæ*. Mrs Siddons played the heroine; but in the dying scene, where the lady is brought from behind a hedge to expire before the audience, and is afterwards carried once more to the back of the hedge, the house was convulsed with laughter. Her next effort was her novel of *Camilla* (1796), which she published by subscription, and realised by it no less than three thousand guineas; out of the proceeds she built Camilla Cottage, Mickleham, near Dorking. In 1802 Madame D'Arblay joined her husband in Paris. Napoleon gave him a small civil appointment, and Madame D'Arblay lived at Passy till, in 1812, she returned with their son to England. Her success in prose fiction urged her to another trial, and in 1814 she produced *The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties*, a tedious tale in five volumes, which had no other merit than that of also bringing the authoress the large sum of £3000. The only other literary labour of Madame D'Arblay was a stilted Memoir of her father, Dr Burney, published in 1832. Her husband and her son—the Rev. Alexander D'Arblay of Camden Town Chapel—both predeceased her, the former in 1818, and the latter in 1837. Three years after her bereavement, Madame D'Arblay herself died at Bath, 6th January 1840, at the great age of eighty-seven. Her *Diary and Letters*, edited by her niece, was published in 1842–46 in seven volumes. It might with great advantage have been judiciously condensed; with its clever sketches of society and court manners, and its anecdotes of Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, and the rest, it is in any case exceptionally entertaining and valuable; but at least half of it is filled with unimportant details and private gossip, and the self-admiring weakness of the authoress shines out in almost every page. Miss Burney's early novels have left the most pleasing memorials of her name and history. In them we see her quick in discernment, lively in invention, and in her own way inimitable at portraying the humours and oddities of English society. Her good sense and correct feeling are more noticeable than her passion. Her love scenes are prosaic enough; but in 'shewing up' a party of 'vulgarly genteel' persons, painting the characters in a drawing-room, or catching the follies and absurdities that float on the surface of fashionable society, she has rarely been equalled. She deals with the palpable and familiar; and

FANNY BURNEY (MADAME D'ARBLAY).

From the Engraving by C. Turner after the Portrait by Edward W
[illegible]

though society has changed since the time of *Evelina*, and the glory of Ranelagh and Marylebone Gardens has departed, there is enough of life in her personages and point in her lessons to interest, amuse, and instruct; her sa[illegible] drollery, and rich humour must always be [illegible]ed. The first extract is from *Evelina*, the [illegible] extracts are all from the *Diary*.

A Game of Highway Robbery

When we had been out near two hours, and expected every moment to stop at the place of our destination, I observed that Lady Howard's servant, who attended us on horseback, rode on forward till he was out of sight, and soon after returning, came up to the chariot window, and delivering a note to Madame Duval, said he had met a boy who was just coming with it to Howard Grove, from the clerk of Mr Tyrell.

While she was reading it, he rode round to the other window, and making a sign for secrecy, put into my hand a slip of paper, on which was written, 'Whatever happens, be not alarmed, for you are safe, though you endanger all mankind!'

I really imagined that Sir Clement must be the author of this note, which prepared me to expect some disagreeable adventure: but I had no time to ponder upon it, for Madame Duval had no sooner read her own letter, than, in an angry tone of voice, she exclaimed: 'Why, now, what a thing is this; here we 're come all this way for nothing!'

She then gave me the note, which informed her that she need not trouble herself to go to Mr Tyrell's, as the prisoner had had the address to escape. I congratulated her upon this fortunate incident; but she was so much concerned at having rode so far in vain that she seemed less pleased than provoked. However, she ordered the man to make what haste he could home, as she hoped at least to return before the captain should suspect what had passed.

The carriage turned about, and we journeyed so quietly for near an hour that I began to flatter myself we should be suffered to proceed to Howard Grove without further molestation, when, suddenly, the footman called out: 'John, are we going right?'

'Why, I a'n't sure,' said the coachman; 'but I'm afraid we turned wrong.'

'What do you mean by that, sirrah?' said Madame Duval. 'Why, if you lose your way, we shall be all in the dark.'

'I think we should turn to the left,' said the footman.

'To the left!' answered the other. 'No, no; I'm pretty sure we should turn to the right.'

'You had better make some inquiry,' said I.

'*Ma foi*,' cried Madame Duval, 'we're in a fine hole here; they neither of them know no more than the post. However, I'll tell my lady, as sure as you're born, so you'd better find the way.'

'Let's try this road,' said the footman.

'No,' said the coachman; 'that's the road to Canterbury; we had best go straight on.'

'Why, that's the direct London road,' returned the footman; [illegible]

'*Pardi!*' cried Madame Duval; 'why, they won't go one way nor t'other; and, now we're come all this jaunt for nothing, I suppose we shan't get home to-night.'

'Let's go back to the public-house,' said the footman, 'and ask for a guide.'

'No, no,' said the other; 'if we stay here a few minutes, somebody or other will pass by; and the horses are almost knocked up already.'

'Well, I protest,' cried Madame Duval, 'I'd give a guinea to see them sots horsewhipped. As sure as I'm alive, they're drunk. Ten to one but they'll overturn us next.'

After much debating, they at length agreed to go on till we came to some inn, or met with a passenger who could direct us. We soon arrived at a small farm-house, and the footman alighted and went into it.

In a few minutes he returned, and told us we might proceed, for that he had procured a direction. 'But,' added he, 'it seems there are some thieves hereabouts, and so the best way will be for you to leave your watches and purses with the farmer, whom I know very well, and who is an honest man, and a tenant of my lady's.'

'Thieves!' cried Madame Duval, looking aghast; 'the Lord help us! I've no doubt but we shall be all murdered!'

The farmer came to us, and we gave him all we were worth, and the servants followed our example. We then proceeded; and Madame Duval's anger so entirely subsided that, in the mildest manner imaginable, she entreated them to make haste, and promised to tell their lady how diligent and obliging they had been. She perpetually stopped them to ask if they apprehended any danger, and was at length so much overpowered by her fears that she made the footman fasten his horse to the back of the carriage and then come and seat himself within it. My endeavours to encourage her were fruitless; she sat in the middle, held the man by the arm, and protested that if he did but save her life, she would make his fortune. Her uneasiness gave me much concern, and it was with the utmost difficulty I forbore to acquaint her that she was imposed upon; but the mutual fear of the captain's resentment to me, and of her own to him, neither of which would have any moderation, deterred me. As to the footman, he was evidently in torture from restraining his laughter, and I observed that he was frequently obliged to make most horrid grimaces from pretended fear, in order to conceal his risibility.

Very soon after, 'The robbers are coming!' cried the coachman.

The footman opened the door, and jumped out of the chariot.

Madame Duval gave a loud scream.

I could no longer preserve my silence. 'For Heaven's sake, my dear madam,' said I, 'don't be alarmed; you are in no danger; you are quite safe; there is nothing but—'

Here the chariot was stopped by two men in masks, who at each side put in their hands, as if for our purses. Madame Duval sank to the bottom of the chariot, and implored their mercy. I shrieked involuntarily, although prepared for the attack: one of them held me fast, while the other tore poor Madame Duval out of the carriage, in spite of her cries, threats, and resistance.

I was really frightened, and trembled exceedingly.

'My angel!' cried the man who held me, 'you cannot surely be alarmed. Do you not know me? I shall hold myself in eternal abhorrence if I have really terrified you.'

'Indeed, Sir Clement, you have,' cried I; 'but, for Heaven's sake, where is Madame Duval?—why is she forced away?'

'She is perfectly safe; the captain has her in charge; but suffer me now, my adored Miss Anville, to take the only opportunity that is allowed me to speak upon another, a much dearer, much sweeter subject.'

And then he hastily came into the chariot, and seated himself next to me. I would fain have disengaged myself from him, but he would not let me. 'Deny me not, most charming of women,' cried he, 'deny me not this only moment lent me to pour forth my soul into your gentle ears, to tell you how much I suffer from your absence, how much I dread your displeasure, and how cruelly I am affected by your coldness!'

'Oh sir, this is no time for such language; pray, leave me; pray, go to the relief of Madame Duval; I cannot bear that she should be treated with such indignity.'

'And will you—can you command my absence? When may I speak to you, if not now? Does the captain suffer me to breathe a moment out of his sight? and are not a thousand impertinent people for ever at your elbow?'

'Indeed, Sir Clement, you must change your style, or I will not hear you. The impertinent people you mean are among my best friends, and you would not, if you really wished me well, speak of them so disrespectfully.'

'Wish you well! O Miss Anville, point but out to me how, in what manner, I may convince you of the fervour of my passion—tell me but what services you will accept from me, and you shall find my life, my fortune, my whole soul at your devotion.'

'I want nothing, sir, that you can offer—I beg you not to talk to me so—so strangely. Pray, leave me; and pray, assure yourself you cannot take any method so successless to shew any regard for me as entering into schemes so frightful to Madame Duval, and so disagreeable to myself.'

'The scheme was the captain's; I even opposed it: though I own I could not refuse myself the so-long wished-for happiness of speaking to you once more without so many of your friends to watch me. And I had flattered myself that the note I charged the footman to give you would have prevented the alarm you have received.'

'Well, sir, you have now, I hope, said enough; and if you will not go yourself to seek for Madame Duval, at least suffer me to enquire what has become of her.'

'And when may I speak to you again?'

'No matter when; I don't know; perhaps'—

'Perhaps what, my angel?'

'Perhaps never, sir, if you torment me thus.'

'Never! O Miss Anville, how cruel, how piercing to my soul is that icy word! Indeed, I cannot endure such displeasure.'

'Then, sir, you must not provoke it. Pray, leave me directly.'

'I will, madam; but let me at least make a merit of my obedience—allow me to hope that you will in future be less averse to trusting yourself for a few moments alone with me.'

I was surprised at the freedom of this request; but while I hesitated how to answer it, the other mask came up to the chariot door, and in a voice almost stifled with laughter, said: 'I've done for her! The old buck is safe; but we must sheer off directly, or we shall be all aground.'

Sir Clement instantly left me, mounted his horse, and rode off. The captain, having given some directions to his servants, followed him.

I was both uneasy and impatient to know the fate of Madame Duval, and immediately got out of the chariot to seek her. I desired the footman to shew me which way she was gone; he pointed with his finger, by way of answer, and I saw that he dared not trust his voice to make any other. I walked on at a very quick pace, and soon, to my great consternation, perceived the poor lady seated upright in a ditch. I flew to her, with unfeigned concern at her situation. She was sobbing, nay, almost roaring, and in the utmost agony of rage and terror. As soon as she saw me she redoubled her cries, but her voice was so broken, I could not understand a word she said. I was so much shocked that it was with difficulty I forbore exclaiming against the cruelty of the captain for thus wantonly ill treating her, and I could not forgive myself for having passively suffered the deception. I used my utmost endeavours to comfort her, assuring her of our present safety, and begging her to rise and return to the chariot.

Almost bursting with passion, she pointed to her feet, and with frightful violence she actually beat the ground with her hands.

I then saw that her feet were tied together with a strong rope, which was fastened to the upper branch of a tree, even with a hedge which ran along the ditch where she sat. I endeavoured to untie the knot, but soon found it was infinitely beyond my strength. I was therefore obliged to apply to the footman; but being very unwilling to add to his mirth by the sight of Madame Duval's situation, I desired him to lend me a knife. I returned with it, and cut the rope. Her feet were soon disentangled, and then, though with great difficulty, I assisted her to rise. But what was my astonishment, when, the moment she was up, she hit me a violent slap on the face! I retreated from her with precipitation and dread, and she then loaded me with reproaches, which, though almost unintelligible, convinced me that she imagined I had voluntarily deserted her; but she seemed not to have the slightest suspicion that she had not been attacked by real robbers.

I was so much surprised and confounded at the blow that for some time I suffered her to rave without making any answer; but her extreme agitation and real suffering soon dispelled my anger, which all turned into compassion. I then told her that I had been forcibly detained from following her, and assured her of my real sorrow at her ill usage.

She began to be somewhat appeased, and I again entreated her to return to the carriage, or give me leave to order that it should draw up to the place where we stood. She made no answer, till I told her that the longer we remained still, the greater would be the danger of her ride home. Struck with this hint, she suddenly, and with hasty steps, moved forward.

Her dress was in such disorder that I was quite sorry to have her figure exposed to the servants, who all of them, in imitation of their master, held her in derision; however, the disgrace was unavoidable.

The ditch, happily, was almost dry, or she must have suffered still more seriously; yet so forlorn, so miserable a figure I never before saw. Her head dress had fallen off: her linen was torn; her négligée had not a pin left in it; her petticoats she was obliged to hold on; and her shoes were perpetually slipping off. She was covered with dirt, weeds, and filth, and her face was really horrible, for the pomatum and powder from her head, and the dust from the road, were quite pasted on her skin by her tears, which, with her rouge, made so frightful a mixture that she hardly looked human.

The servants were ready to die with laughter the moment they saw her; but not all my remonstrances could prevail on her to get into the carriage till she had most vehemently reproached them both for not rescuing her. The footman, fixing his eyes on the ground, as if fearful of again trusting himself to look at her, protested that the robbers avowed they would shoot him if he moved an inch, and that one of them had stayed to watch the chariot, while the other carried her off; adding that the reason of their behaving so barbarously was to revenge our having secured our purses. Notwithstanding her anger, she gave immediate credit to what he said, and really imagined that her want of money had irritated the pretended robbers to treat her with such cruelty. I determined therefore to be carefully on my guard not to betray the imposition, which could now answer no other purpose than occasioning an irreparable breach between her and the captain.

Just as we were seated in the chariot, she discovered the loss which her head had sustained, and called out: 'My God! what is become of my hair? Why, the villain has stole all my curls!'

She then ordered the man to run and see if he could find any of them in the ditch. He went, and presently returning, produced a great quantity of hair in such a nasty condition that I was amazed she would take it; and the man, as he delivered it to her, found it impossible to keep his countenance; which she no sooner observed than all her stormy passions were again raised. She flung the battered curls in his face, saying: 'Sirrah, what do you grin for? I wish you'd been served so yourself, and you wouldn't have found it no such joke; you are the impudentest fellow ever I see, and if I find you dare grin at me any more, I shall make no ceremony of boxing your ears.'

Satisfied with the threat, the man hastily retired, and we drove on.

Fanny tells George III. how she came to write 'Evelina.'

The king went up to the table, and looked at a book of prints, from Claude Lorraine, which had been brought down for Miss Dewes; but Mrs Delany, by mistake, told him they were for me. He turned over a leaf or two, and then said:

'Pray, does Miss Burney draw too?'

The *too* was pronounced very civilly.

'I believe not, sir,' answered Mrs Delany; 'at least she does not tell.'

'Oh,' cried he, laughing, 'that's nothing; she is not apt to tell; she never does tell, you know. Her father told me that himself. He told me the whole history of her *Evelina*. And I shall never forget his face when he spoke of his feelings at first taking up the book; he looked quite frightened, just as if he was doing it that moment. I never can forget his face while I live.'

Then coming up close to me, he said: 'But what! what! how was it?'

'Sir?' cried I, not well understanding him.

'How came you — how happened it — what — what?'

'I — I only wrote, sir, for my own amusement — only in some odd idle hours.'

'But your publishing — your printing — how was that?'

'That was only, sir — only because —'

I hesitated most abominably, not knowing how to tell him a long story, and growing terribly confused at these questions; besides, to say the truth, his own 'what! what?' so reminded me of those vile Probationary Odes [by Wolcot] that, in the midst of all my flutter, I was really hardly able to keep my countenance.

The *what!* was then repeated, with so earnest a look, that, forced to say something, I stammeringly answered: 'I thought, sir, it would look very well in print.'

I do really flatter myself this is the silliest speech I ever made. I am quite provoked with myself for it; but a fear of laughing made me eager to utter anything, and by no means conscious, till I had spoken, of what I was saying.

He laughed very heartily himself — well he might — and walked away to enjoy it, crying out: 'Very fair indeed; that's being very fair and honest.'

Then returning to me again, he said: 'But your father — how came you not to shew him what you wrote?'

'I was too much ashamed of it, sir, seriously.'

Literal truth that, I am sure.

'And how did he find it out?'

'I don't know myself, sir. He never would tell me.'

Literal truth again, my dear father, as you can testify.

'But how did you get it printed?'

'I sent it, sir, to a bookseller my father never employed, and that I never had seen myself, Mr Lowndes, in full hope that by that means he never would hear of it.'

'But how could you manage that?'

'By means of a brother, sir.'

'Oh, you confided in a brother, then?'

'Yes, sir — that is, for the publication.'

'What entertainment you must have had from hearing people's conjectures before you were known! Do you remember any of them?'

'Yes, sir, many.'

'And what?'

'I heard that Mr Baretti laid a wager it was written by a man; for no woman, he said, could have kept her own counsel.'

This diverted him extremely.

'But how was it,' he continued, 'you thought it most likely for your father to discover you?'

'Sometimes, sir, I have supposed I must have dropt some of the manuscripts; sometimes, that one of my sisters betrayed me.'

'Oh, your sister? What! not your brother?'

'No, sir, he could not, for —'

I was going on, but he laughed so much I could not be heard, exclaiming: 'Vastly well! I see you are of Mr Baretti's mind, and think your brother could keep your secret, and not your sister. Well, but,' cried he presently, 'how was it first known to you, you were betrayed?'

'By a letter, sir, from another sister. I was very ill, and in the country; and she wrote me word that my father had taken up a review in which the book was mentioned, and had put his finger upon its name, and said: "Contrive to get that book for me."'

'And when he got it,' cried the king, 'he told me he was afraid of looking at it, and never can I forget his face when he mentioned his first opening it. But you have not kept your pen unemployed all this time?'

'Indeed I have, sir.'

'But why?'

'I—I believe I have exhausted myself, sir.'

He laughed aloud at this, and went and told it to Mrs Delany, civilly treating a plain fact as a mere *bon mot*.

Then returning to me again, he said more seriously: 'But you have not determined against writing any more?'

'N—o, sir.'

'You have made no vow—no real resolution of that sort?'

'No, sir.'

'You only wait for inclination?'

How admirably Mr Cambridge's speech might have come in here.

'No, sir.'

A very civil little bow spoke him pleased with this answer, and he went again to the middle of the room, where he chiefly stood, and, addressing us in general, talked upon the different motives of writing, concluding with: 'I believe there is no constraint to be put upon real genius; nothing but inclination can set it to work. Miss Burney, however, knows best.' And then, hastily returning to me, he cried: 'What! what?'

'No, sir, I—I—believe not, certainly,' quoth I, very awkwardly, for I seemed taking a violent compliment only as my due; but I knew not how to put him off as I would another person.

Margaret Nicholson's Attempt on the Life of George III.

An attempt had just been made [August 1786] upon the life of the king! I was almost petrified with horror at the intelligence. If this king is not safe—good, pious, beneficent as he is—if his life is in danger from his own subjects, what is to guard the throne? and which way is a monarch to be secure?

Mrs Goldsworthy had taken every possible precaution so to soften the matter to the Princess Elizabeth as least to alarm her, lest it might occasion a return of her spasms; but, fortunately, she cried so exceedingly that it was hoped the vent of her tears would save her from those terrible convulsions.

Madame La Fite had heard of the attempt only, not the particulars; but I was afterwards informed of them in the most interesting manner, namely, how they were related to the queen. And as the newspapers will have told you all else, I shall only and briefly tell that.

No information arrived here of the matter before His Majesty's return, at the usual hour in the afternoon, from the levee. The Spanish minister had hurried off instantly to Windsor, and was in waiting at Lady Charlotte Finch's, to be ready to assure Her Majesty of the king's safety, in case any report anticipated his return.

The queen had the two eldest princesses, the Duchess of Ancaster, and Lady Charlotte Bertie with her when the king came in. He hastened up to her, with a countenance of striking vivacity, and said: 'Here I am!—safe and well, as you see—but I have very narrowly escaped being stabbed!' His own conscious safety, and the pleasure he felt in thus personally shewing it to the queen, made him not aware of the effect of so abrupt a communication. The queen was seized with a consternation that at first almost stupefied her, and, after a most painful silence, the first words she could articulate were, in looking round at the duchess and Lady Charlotte, who had both burst into tears, 'I envy you—I can't cry!' The two princesses were for a little while in the same state; but the tears of the duchess proved infectious, and they then wept even with violence.

The king, with the gayest good humour, did his utmost to comfort them; and then gave a relation of the affair, with a calmness and unconcern that, had any one but himself been his hero, would have been regarded as totally unfeeling.

You may have heard it wrong; I will concisely tell it right. His carriage had just stopped at the garden door at St James's, and he had just alighted from it, when a decently dressed woman, who had been waiting for him some time, approached him with a petition. It was rolled up, and had the usual superscription—'For the King's Most Excellent Majesty.' She presented it with her right hand; and, at the same moment that the king bent forward to take it, she drew from it, with her left hand, a knife, with which she aimed straight at his heart!

The fortunate awkwardness of taking the instrument with the left hand made her design perceived before it could be executed; the king started back, scarce believing the testimony of his own eyes; and the woman made a second thrust, which just touched his waistcoat before he had time to prevent her; and at that moment one of the attendants, seeing her horrible intent, wrenched the knife from her hand.

'Has she cut my waistcoat?' cried he, in telling it. 'Look! for I have had no time to examine.'

Thank Heaven, however, the poor wretch had not gone quite so far. 'Though nothing,' added the king in giving his relation, 'could have been sooner done, for there was nothing for her to go through but a thin linen and fat.'

While the guards and his own people now surrounded the king, the assassin was seized by the populace, who were tearing her away, no doubt to fall the instant sacrifice of her murtherous purpose, when the king, the only calm and moderate person then present, called aloud to the mob: 'The poor creature is mad! Do not hurt her! She has not hurt me.' He then came forward, and shewed himself to all the people, declaring he was perfectly safe and unhurt; and then gave positive orders that the woman should be taken care of, and went into the palace, and had his levee.

There is something in the whole of this behaviour upon this occasion that strikes me as proof indisputable of a true and noble courage: for in a moment so extraordinary an attack, in this country, unheard of before—to settle so instantly that it was the effect of insanity, to feel no apprehension of private plot or latent conspiracy—to stay out, fearlessly, among his people, and so benevolently to see himself to the safety of one who had raised her arm against his life—these little traits, all impulsive, and therefore to be trusted, have given me an impression of respect and reverence that I can never forget, and never think of but with fresh admiration.

If that love of prerogative, so falsely assigned, were true, what an opportunity was here offered to exert it! Had he instantly taken refuge in his palace, ordered out all his guards, stopped every avenue to St James's, and issued his commands that every individual present at this scene should be secured and examined, who would have dared murmur, or even blame such measures? The insanity of the woman has now fully been proved; but that noble confidence which gave that instant excuse for her was then all his own.

An Irish Gentleman.

I must now have the honour to present to you a new acquaintance, who this day dined here—Mr B——y, an Irish gentleman, late a commissary in Germany. He is between sixty and seventy, but means to pass for about thirty; gallant, complaisant, obsequious, and humble to the fair sex, for whom he has an awful reverence; but when not immediately addressing them, swaggering, blustering, puffing, and domineering. These are his two apparent characters; but the real man is worthy, moral, religious, though conceited and parading.

He is as fond of quotations as my poor '*Lady Smatter*,' and, like her, knows little beyond a song, and always blunders about the author of that. His language greatly resembles Rose Fuller's, who, as Mrs Thrale well says, when as old, will be much such another personage. His whole conversation consists in little French phrases, picked up during his residence abroad, and in anecdotes and story-telling, which are sure to be re-told daily and daily in the same words.

Having given you this general sketch, I will endeavour to illustrate it by some specimens; but you must excuse their being unconnected, and only such as I can readily recollect.

Speaking of the ball in the evening, to which we were all going, 'Ah, madam!' said he to Mrs Thrale, 'there was a time when tol-de-rol, tol-de-rol [rising, and dancing and singing], tol-de-rol! I could dance with the best of them; but, now a man, forty and upwards, as my Lord Ligonier used to say—but—tol-de-rol! there was a time!'

'Ay, so there was, Mr B——y,' said Mrs Thrale, 'and I think you and I together made a very venerable appearance!'

'Ah! madam, I remember once, at Bath, I was called out to dance with one of the finest young ladies I ever saw. I was just preparing to do my best, when a gentleman of my acquaintance was so cruel as to whisper me—"B——y! the eyes of all Europe are upon you!" for that was the phrase of the times. "B——y!" says he, "the eyes of all Europe are upon you!" I vow, ma'am, enough to make a man tremble!—tol-de-rol, tol-de-rol! [dancing]—the eyes of all Europe are upon you! I declare, ma'am, enough to put a man out of countenance!'

Dr Delap, who came here some time after, was speaking of Horace.

'Ah! madam,' cried Mr B——y, 'this Latin—things of that kind—we waste our youth, ma'am, in these vain studies. For my part, I wish I had spent mine in studying French and Spanish—more useful, ma'am. But, bless me, ma'am, what time have I had for that kind of thing? Travelling here, over the ocean, hills and dales, ma'am—reading the great book of the world—poor ignorant mortals, ma'am—no time to do anything!'

'Ay, Mr B——y,' said Mrs Thrale, 'I remember how you downed Beauclerk and Hamilton, the wits, once at our house, when they talked of ghosts!'

'Ah! ma'am, give me a brace of pistols, and I warrant I'll manage a ghost for you! Not but Providence may please to send little spirits—guardian angels, ma'am—to watch us: that I can't speak about. It would be presumptuous, ma'am—for what can a poor, ignorant mortal know?'

'Ay, so you told Beauclerk and Hamilton.'

'Oh, yes, ma'am. Poor human beings can't account for anything—and call themselves *esprits forts*. I vow 'tis presumption, ma'am! *Esprits forts*, indeed! they can see no farther than their noses, poor, ignorant mortals! Here's an admiral, and here's a prince, and here's a general, and here's a dipper—and poor Smoker, the bather, ma'am! What's all this strutting about, and that kind of thing? and then they can't account for a blade of grass!'

After this, Dr Johnson being mentioned,

'Ay,' said he, 'I'm sorry he did not come down with you. I liked him better than those others: not much of a fine gentleman, indeed, but a clever fellow—a deal of knowledge—got a deuced good understanding!'

Dr Delap rather abruptly asked my Christian name: Mrs Thrale answered, and Mr B——y tenderly repeated:

'Fanny! a prodigious pretty name, and a pretty lady that bears it. Fanny! Ah! how beautiful is that song of Swift's—

"When Fanny, blooming fair,
First caught my ravish'd sight,
Struck with her mien and air"'——

'Her face and air,' interrupted Mrs Thrale, 'for "mien and air" we hold to be much the same thing.'

'Right, ma'am, right! You, ma'am—why, ma'am—you know everything; but, as to me—to be sure, I began with studying the old Greek and Latin, ma'am: but, then, travelling, ma'am! going through Germany, and then France, and Spain, ma'am! and dipping at Brighthelmstone, over hills and dales, reading the great book of the world! Ay, a little poetry now and then, to be sure, I have picked up.

"My Phœbe and I,
O'er hills, and o'er dales, and o'er valleys will fly,
And love shall be by!"

But, as you say, ma'am!

"Struck with her face and air,
I felt a strange delight!"

How pretty that is: how progressive from the first sight of her! Ah! Swift was a fine man!'

'Why, sir, I don't think it's printed in his works!' said Dr Delap.

'No!' said Mrs Thrale, 'because 'tis Chesterfield's!'

'Ay, right, right, ma'am! so it is.'

Now, if I had heard all this before I wrote my play, would you not have thought I had borrowed the hint of my 'Witlings' from Mr B——y?

'I am glad, Mrs Thrale,' continued this hero, 'you have got your fire-place altered. Why, ma'am, there used to be such a wind, there was no sitting here. Admirable dinners—excellent company—*très bon* fare—and, all the time, "Signor Vento" coming down the chimney! Do you remember, Miss Thrale, how, one day at dinner, you burst out a-laughing because I said a *très bon* goose?'

But if I have not now given you some idea of Mr B——y's conversation, I never can, for I have written almost as many words as he ever uses, and given you almost as many ideas as he ever starts! And as he almost lives here, it is fitting I let you know something of him

The *Diary and Letters* (7 vols. 1842-46) was twice reprinted in 1890-91; the *Early Diary*, edited by Annie Raine Ellis, appeared in 1889. See Macaulay's famous Essay, and the editions of *Evelina* and *Cecilia* (1893) by Mr Brimley Johnson; *Fanny Burney and her Friends* (selections from the Diary, edited by Seeley, 1889); Mrs Walford, *Twelve English Authoresses* (1892).

Charlotte Smith (1749-1806), the elder daughter of Mr Nicholas Turner of Stoke House in Surrey, was early remarkable for a playful humour shown in conversation and in prose and verse composition. Having lost her mother at three, she was brought up carelessly though expensively by an aunt, and introduced into society at a very early age. After her father's second marriage, the aunt sought hurriedly to establish Charlotte in life, and in 1765 she was married to Benjamin Smith, son and partner of a rich West India merchant—the husband being twenty-one years, the wife fifteen. Smith was careless and extravagant, and his father, dying in 1770, left a will so complicated that lawsuits and embarrassments were the portion of this ill-starred pair for all their after-lives. Smith was ultimately forced to sell the greater part of his property, after being for seven months in prison in 1782, when his wife shared his confinement. In 1788, after an unhappy union of twenty-three years, Mrs Smith separated from her husband, and applied herself to her literary occupations with cheerful assiduity, supplying to her eight children the duties of both parents. She had already published *Elegiac Sonnets* (1784), and translated Prévost's exquisite *Manon Lescaut*; and now in eight months she completed her novel *Emmeline, or The Orphan of the Castle*, to which in 1790 succeeded *Ethelinde*, and in 1792 *Celestina*. Having adopted the doctrines of the French Revolution, she embodied them in *Desmond*, a romance which arrayed against her many of her friends and readers. But she regained the public favour by the *Old Manor House* (1793), the best of her novels. Part of it was written at Eartham, the residence of Hayley, during Cowper's visit to that poetical retreat. 'It was delightful,' says Hayley, 'to hear her read what she had just written, for she read, as she wrote, with simplicity and grace.' Cowper was also astonished at the rapidity and excellence of her composition. Mrs Smith, whose poetry is mostly pathetic in tone, continued her literary labours amidst private and family distress, and wrote a valuable little compendium for children, *Conversations*, in which she was aided by her sister, Mrs Catharine Ann Dorset, known for *The Peacock 'at Home'* (1807) and other poems.

On the Departure of the Nightingale.

Sweet poet of the woods, a long adieu!
 Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year!
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
 And pour thy music on the night's dull ear.
Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,
 Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive Muse shall own thee for her mate,
 And still protect the song she loves so well.
With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide
 Through the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest;
And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide
 The gentle bird who sings of pity best:
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow and to love!

English Scenery.

Haunts of my youth!
Scenes of fond day-dreams, I behold ye yet!
Where 'twas so pleasant by thy northern slopes,
To climb the winding sheep-path, aided oft
By scattered thorns, whose spiny branches bore
Small woolly tufts, spoils of the vagrant lamb,
There seeking shelter from the noonday sun;
And pleasant, seated on the short soft turf,
To look beneath upon the hollow way,
While heavily upward moved the labouring wain,
And stalking slowly by, the sturdy hind,
To ease his panting team, stopped with a stone
The grating wheel.
Advancing higher still,
The prospect widens, and the village church
But little o'er the lowly roofs around
Rears its gray belfry and its simple vane:
Those lowly roofs of thatch are half concealed
By the rude arms of trees, lovely in spring:
When on each bough the rosy-tinctured bloom
Sits thick, and promises autumnal plenty.
For even those orchards round the Norman farms,
Which, as their owners marked the promised fruit,
Console them, for the vineyards of the south
Surpass not these.
Where woods of ash and beech,
And partial copses fringe the green hill-foot,
The upland shepherd rears his modest home;
There wanders by a little nameless stream
That from the hill wells forth, bright now, and clear,
Or after rain with chalky mixture gray,
But still refreshing in its shallow course
The cottage garden: most for use designed,
Yet not of beauty destitute. The vine
Mantles the little casement; yet the brier
Drops fragrant dew among the July flowers;
And pansies rayed, and freaked, and mottled pinks,
Grow among balm and rosemary and rue;
There honeysuckles flaunt, and roses blow
Almost uncultured; some with dark-green leaves
Contrast their flowers of pure unsullied white;
Others like velvet robes of regal state
Of richest crimson; while, in thorny moss
Enshrined and cradled, the most lovely wear
The hues of youthful beauty's glowing cheek.
With fond regret I recollect e'en now

In spring and summer, what delight I felt
Among these cottage gardens, and how much
Such artless nosegays, knotted with a rush
By village housewife or her ruddy maid,
Were welcome to me; soon and simply pleased,
An early worshipper at nature's shrine,
I loved her rudest scenes—warrens, and heaths,
And yellow commons, and birch-shaded hollows,
And hedgerows bordering unfrequented lanes,
Bowered with wild roses and the clasping woodbine.

[illegible]

Mrs Radcliffe (1764-1823), once called the Salvator Rosa of British novelists, was born in London of respectable parentage, her maiden name being Ann Ward. In her twenty-third year she married William Radcliffe, graduate of Oxford and student of law, afterwards editor and proprietor of a weekly paper, the *English Chronicle*. Two years after her marriage, in 1789, Mrs Radcliffe published her first novel, *The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne*, the scene of which she laid in the Scottish Highlands during the remote and warlike times of the feudal barons. This work was immature; the authoress had made no attempt to portray national manners or historical events; and the plot was wild and unnatural. Her next effort was more successful. *The Sicilian Romance* (1790) attracted attention by its romantic adventures and copious descriptions of scenery. 'Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, and even Walpole,' said Sir Walter Scott, 'though writing upon an imaginative subject, are decidedly prose authors. Mrs Radcliffe has a title to be considered as the first poetess of romantic fiction; that is, if actual rhythm shall not be deemed essential to poetry.' Actual rhythm was also at her command; the novelist scattered verses throughout her works, but they are less poetical than her prose. In 1791 appeared *The Romance of the Forest*, exhibiting her powers in full maturity. To her scenes of mystery and surprise she now added the delineation of passion, as instanced in the character of La Motte. Like the painter with whom she was compared, she loved to sport with the romantic and terrible—with mountain forest and lake, the obscure solitude, cloud and storm, wild banditti, ruined castles, and all those half-discovered glimpses or visionary shadows of the supernatural which seem at times to cross our path and haunt and thrill the imagination. This faculty was more strongly shown in Mrs Radcliffe's next romance, *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794), by far the most popular of her performances, as no doubt it was the best. In 1794 she made a journey through Holland and western Germany, returning down the Rhine, of which next year she published an account, adding to it observations made during a tour to the lakes of Lancashire, Westmorland, and Cumberland. In 1797 she made her last appearance in fiction. The *Mysteries of Udolpho* had been purchased by her publisher for what was then considered an enormous sum (£500); but her new work brought her £800. It was entitled *The Italian*, and turned upon the tyranny of the Roman Inquisition. Mrs Radcliffe took up the popular notions on this subject without seeking after historical accuracy, and produced a work which, though very unequal in its execution, contains perhaps the most sensational of all her scenes and word-paintings. 'And it is a testimony to the power of her art,' says Professor Raleigh, 'that her fancy first conceived a type of character that subsequently passed from art into life. The man that Lord Byron tried to be was the invention of Mrs Radcliffe,' notably Schedoni in this story. The opening of the *Italian* is as follows:

English Travellers in a Neapolitan Church.

Within the shade of the portico, a person with folded arms, and eyes directed towards the ground, was pacing behind the pillars the whole extent of the pavement, and was apparently so engaged by his own thoughts as not to observe that strangers were approaching. He turned, however, suddenly, as if startled by the sound of steps, and then, without further pausing, glided to a door that opened into the church, and disappeared.

There was something too extraordinary in the figure of this man, and too singular in his conduct, to pass unnoticed by the visitors. He was of a tall thin figure, bending forward from the shoulders; of a sallow complexion and harsh features, and had an eye which, as it looked up from the cloak that muffled the lower part of his countenance, seemed expressive of uncommon ferocity.

The travellers, on entering the church, looked round for the stranger who had passed thither before them, but he was nowhere to be seen; and through all the shade of the long aisles only one other person appeared. This was a friar of the adjoining convent, who sometimes pointed out to strangers the objects in the church which were most worthy of attention, and who now, with this design, approached the party that had just entered. . . .

When the party had viewed the different shrines, and whatever had been judged worthy of observation, and were returning through an obscure aisle towards the portico, they perceived the person who had appeared upon the steps passing towards a confessional on the left, and as he entered it, one of the party pointed him out to the friar, and inquired who he was. The friar, turning to look after him, did not immediately reply; but on the question being repeated, he inclined his head, as in a kind of obeisance, and calmly replied: 'He is an assassin.'

'An assassin!' exclaimed one of the Englishmen; 'an assassin, and at liberty!'

An Italian gentleman who was of the party smiled at the astonishment of his friend.

'He has sought sanctuary here,' replied the friar; 'within these walls he may not be hurt.'

'Do your altars, then, protect a murderer?' said the Englishman.

'He could find shelter nowhere else,' answered the friar meekly. . . .

'But observe yonder confessional,' added the Italian, 'that beyond the pillars on the left of the aisle, below a painted window. Have you discovered it? The colours of the glass throw, instead of light, a shade over that part of the church, which perhaps prevents you from distinguishing what I mean.'

The Englishman looked whither his friend pointed, and observed a confessional of oak, or some very dark wood, adjoining the wall, and remarked that it was the same which the assassin had just entered. It consisted of three compartments, covered with a black canopy. In the central division was the chair of the confessor, elevated by several steps above the pavement of the church; and on either hand was a small closet or box, with steps leading up to a grated partition, at which the penitent might kneel, and, concealed from observation, pour into the ear of the confessor the consciousness of crimes that lay heavy at his heart.

'You observe it?' said the Italian.

'I do,' replied the Englishman; 'it is the same which the assassin has passed into, and I think it one of the most gloomy spots I ever beheld; the view of it is enough to strike a criminal with despair!'

'We in Italy are not so apt to despair,' replied the Italian smilingly.

'Well, but what of this confessional?' enquired the Englishman. 'The assassin entered it!'

'He has no relation with what I am going to mention,' said the Italian; 'but I wish you to mark the place, because some very extraordinary circumstances belong to it.'

'What are they?' said the Englishman.

'It is now several years since the confession which is connected with them was made at that confessional,' answered the Italian; 'the view of it, and the sight of this assassin, with your surprise at the liberty which is allowed him, led me to a recollection of the story. When you return to the hotel, I will communicate it to you, if you have no pleasanter way of engaging your time.' . . .

'After I have taken another view of this solemn edifice,' replied the Englishman, 'and particularly of the confessional you have pointed to my notice!'

While the Englishman glanced his eye over the high roofs, and along the solemn perspectives of the Santa del Pianto, he perceived the figure of the assassin stealing from the confessional across the choir, and, shocked on again beholding him, he turned his eyes, and hastily quitted the church.

The friends then separated, and the Englishman, soon after returning to his hotel, received the volume. He read as follows. . . .

After such an opening, who would not go on with the story? Most of Mrs Radcliffe's novels abound in pictures and situations as striking and as well grouped as those of the scenic artist and the playwright. Her latter years were spent in retirement; and it was an attack of the asthma which had long afflicted her that at last proved fatal. A posthumous romance entitled *Gaston de Blondeville*, containing a memoir of her, was published under the editorial superintendence of Serjeant Talfourd; and her Poems were collected and published in 1834.

Mrs Radcliffe was one of the most popular novelists of her day. Sir Walter Scott himself felt the charm of her 'utopian scenes and manners,' and Crabbe Robinson the diarist preferred her stories to the Waverley Novels—a preference not easy to be understood by the present generation. Her characters do not seem as real as the surroundings in which she places them, and one can as little believe in the reality of Emily and Adeline as in the solidity of the pasteboard castles wherein they are immured by sinister barons whose machinations are obvious and overworked. Her heroines are all young [illegible] trained by Mrs Chapone, who, when they are carried off, tell their ravishers that they 'can no longer remain here with propriety,' and must 'ask by what right they are detained.' Even the supernatural machinery which plays so great a part in her books is a mere arrangement of trapdoors and sliding panels, and the [illegible] fatally [illegible] on her explanation that there was really nothing after all in her [illegible]. Real passion and genuine pathos are as little evident in her pages as a sense of humour, but [illegible] respectable melodrama [illegible]. Her style, though stilted, is more correct than that of most women novelists of the Victorian period; but her once admired descriptions have lost their charm. It is noteworthy that she had never been in Italy when the *Mysteries of Udolpho* was written. Udolpho has many non-Italian features. Gothic castles are not common in Italy, and the name Udolpho has not the form of a normal Italian word. The development of the art of fiction has necessarily antiquated her popularity; and though Miss Christina Rossetti was a warm admirer, few readers nowadays can endure the weakness of her sentiment and the artificiality of her method. But her work must always remain historically interesting, as marking an important stage in the evolution of the romantic novel. Mr Andrew Lang has recently argued that in Mrs Radcliffe's *Sicilian Romance* are to be found the germs not only of Byron's *Giaour* and of *Northanger Abbey*, but of *Jane Eyre*—surely an extraordinary progeny. '*Northanger Abbey* was begun as a parody of Mrs Radcliffe, and developed into a real novel of character. So, too, Byron's gloomy, scowling adventurers, with their darkling past, are mere repetitions in rhyme of Mrs Radcliffe's Schedoni. This is so obvious that, in discussing Schedoni, Scott adds parallel passages from Byron's *Giaour*.

The Castle of Udolpho.

Towards the close of the day, the road wound into a deep valley. Mountains, whose shaggy steeps appeared to be inaccessible, almost surrounded it. To the east, a vista opened, and exhibited the Apennines in their darkest horrors; and the long perspective of retiring summits rising over each other, their ridges clothed with pines, exhibited a stronger image of grandeur than any that Emily had yet seen. The sun had just sunk below the top of the mountains she was descending, whose long shadow stretched athwart the valley; but his sloping rays, shooting through an opening of the cliffs, touched with a yellow gleam the summits of the forest that hung upon the opposite steeps, and streamed in full splendour upon the towers and battlements of a castle that spread its extensive ramparts along the brow of a precipice above. The splendour of these illumined objects was heightened by the contrasted shade which involved the valley below.

'There,' said Montoni, speaking for the first time in several hours, 'is Udolpho.'

Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the castle, which she understood to be Montoni's; for, though it was now lighted up by the setting sun, the Gothic greatness of its features, and its mouldering walls of dark grey stone, rendered it a gloomy and sublime object. As she gazed, the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which spread deeper and deeper as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were still tipped with splendour. From those, too, the rays soon faded, and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn duskiness of evening. Silent, lonely, and sublime, it seemed to stand the sovereign of the scene, and to frown defiance on all who dared to invade its solitary reign. As the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obscurity, and Emily continued to gaze till its clustering towers were alone seen rising over the tops of the woods, beneath whose thick shade the carriages soon after began to ascend.

The extent and darkness of these tall woods awakened terrific images in her mind, and she almost expected to see banditti start up from under the trees. At length the carriages emerged upon a heathy rock, and soon after reached the castle gates, where the deep tone of the portal bell, which was struck upon to give notice of their arrival, increased the fearful emotions that had assailed Emily. While they waited till the servant within should come to open the gates, she anxiously surveyed the edifice; but the gloom that overspread it allowed her to distinguish little more than a part of its outline, with the massy walls of the ramparts, and to know that it was vast, ancient, and dreary. From the parts she saw, she judged of the heavy strength and extent of the whole. The gateway before her, leading into the courts, was of gigantic size, and was defended by two round towers, crowned by overhanging turrets embattled, where, instead of banners, now waved long grass and wild plants that had taken root among the mouldering stones, and which seemed to sigh, as the breeze rolled past, over the desolation around them. The towers were united by a curtain, pierced and embattled also, below which appeared the pointed arch of a huge portcullis surmounting the gates; from these the walls of the ramparts extended to other towers, overlooking the precipice, whose shattered outline, appearing on a gleam that lingered in the west, told of the ravages of war. Beyond these, all was lost in the obscurity of evening.

An Italian Landscape.

These excursions sometimes led them to Puzzuoli, Baia, or the woody cliffs of Pausilippo; and as, on their return, they glided along the moonlit bay, the melodies of Italian strains seemed to give enchantment to the beauty of its shore. At this cool hour the voices of vine-dressers were frequently heard in trio, as they reposed from the labour of the day on some pleasant promontory under the shade of poplars; or the brisk [illegible] fishermen on the margin of the waves below. The boatmen rested on their oars, while their company listened to voices modulated by sensibility to finer eloquence than is in the power of art alone to display; and at others, while they observed the airy natural grace which distinguishes the dance of the fishermen and peasants of Naples. Frequently, as they glided round a promontory, whose shaggy masses impended far over the sea, such magic scenes of beauty unfolded, adorned by these dancing groups on the bay beyond, as no pencil could do justice to. The deep clear waters reflected every image of the landscape; the cliffs, branching into wild forms, crowned with groves, whose rough foliage often spread down their steeps in picturesque luxuriance; the ruined villa on some bold point peeping through the trees; peasants' cabins hanging on the precipices, and the dancing figures on the strand—all touched with the silvery tint and soft shadows of moonlight. On the other hand, the sea, trembling with a long line of radiance, and shewing in the clear distance the sails of vessels stealing in every direction along its surface, presented a prospect as grand as the landscape was beautiful.

Two of Mrs Radcliffe's books, the *Romance of the Forest* and the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, were included in Mrs Barbauld's Library of British Novelists, and Ballantyne's. There are critical estimates in Sir Walter Scott's *Biographical Notices of Eminent Novelists*, Julia Kavanagh's *English Women of Letters* (1863), and Professor Raleigh's *English Novel* (1894). For Mr Lang on the *Scottish Romance* see *Cornhill* for Dec. [illegible]

Mrs Anne Grant (1755-1838), born in Glasgow, the daughter of Duncan M'Vicar, an army officer, was with her father in America 1758-68, and accompanied him back to Scotland when in 1773 he was made barrack-master at Fort Augustus; in 1779 she married the Rev. James Grant, minister of Laggan. Left a widow in 1801, she published in 1802 a volume of *Poems* (1803), and was encouraged to edit for publication her best-known work, a selection from her own correspondence called *Letters from the Mountains* (1806). In this and a later work, *Superstitions of the Highlanders* (1811), she promoted that interest in the Highlands and things Gaelic that had been begun by 'Ossian.' In 1808 she published the *Memoirs of an American Lady* (Mrs Schuyler, widow of an American colonel), a work which was popular both in Britain and in America. In 1810 she settled in Edinburgh, where she took in boarders; and in 1825, on the initiative of Henry Mackenzie and Sir Walter Scott, she received a pension of £100. See the memoir by her son (1844).

[She should not be confounded with **Mrs Elizabeth Grant** (c. 1745-1814), author of one popular Scotch song, *Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch*, who was born near Aberlour, Banffshire, and died at Bath; having been twice married—first to her cousin, Captain James Grant of Carron in Strathspey; and afterwards to Dr Murray, a Bath physician.]

From 'The Highlander.'

Where yonder ridgy mountains bound the scene,
The narrow opening glens that intervene
Still shelter, in some lowly nook obscure,
One poorer than the rest—where all are poor;
Some widowed matron, hopeless of relief,
Who to her secret breast confines her grief;
Dejected sighs the wintry night away,
And lonely muses all the summer day:

Her gallant sons, who smit with honour's charm
Pursued the phantom Fame through war's alarm
Return no more, stretched on Hindostan's plain,
Or sunk beneath the unfathomable main
In vain her [illegible]
For heroes [illegible]
Let others [illegible]
For to her [illegible]
That, in [illegible]
Restored [illegible]
And as they [illegible]
Their [illegible]
Through her [illegible] the intrusive day,
And chased the [illegible] away!
No time can [illegible]
For ah! a heart [illegible]

Foyers in 1778

I lost a good [illegible] letter, [illegible] to Lady [illegible] in the [illegible] honour to know. [illegible] a fine little vessel [illegible]

The day [illegible] sublime [illegible] the woody [illegible] the fall, [illegible] repeated [illegible] many of the [illegible] Laird [illegible] proceeded to [illegible]

[illegible] rock, and look down [illegible] Fyers [illegible]

[illegible] with dewy moisture; [illegible] splendid arch continually over [illegible] and I shall account to you in some measure for the formation and fertility of this charming little [illegible]. Know, then, that the nymph of the Fyers, abundantly [illegible]

[illegible]

When [illegible]

[illegible] the rest [illegible] however, rowed us home, and left the [illegible] the drunken sailors.

You may judge how gaily we arrived. I fancy Solomon had just returned from a long party of pleasure on the sea of Tiberias, where one of his Mistresses had the hysterics, when he drew the pensive conclusion that 'all is vanity and vexation of spirit.' Adieu!

(Written from the Castle of Fort Augustus in 1778, to a Glasgow lady.)

Mrs Amelia Opie (1769-1853) was born at Norwich, the only child of James Alderson, M.D., a Radical and Unitarian; in 1798 she married the painter John Opie, R.A. (1761-1807). While very young she had written songs and tragedies, but her first acknowledged work was the domestic and pathetic tale of *The Father and Daughter* (1801). To this story of ordinary life, which went through a dozen editions, she contrived to give deep interest by her genuine painting of nature and passion and her animated dialogue. *Adeline Mowbray, or the Mother and Daughter* (1804); *Simple Tales* (1806); *Temper, or Domestic Scenes* (1812); *Tales of Real Life* (1813); *New Tales* (1818); *Tales of the Heart* (1820); *Madeline* (1822), all show the same characteristics—the portraiture of domestic life with the express aim of regulating the heart and affections; Godwin's political and social theories occasionally intrude. *Detraction Displayed* was written to expose that 'most common of all vices, which is found in every class or rank in society, from the peer to the peasant, from the master to the valet, from the mistress to the maid, from the most learned to the most ignorant, from the man of genius to the meanest capacity.' Mrs Opie's tales were soon thrown into the shade by the greater force of Miss Edgeworth, the fascination of Scott, and the more masculine temper of our modern literature. Like Henry Mackenzie, Mrs Opie was too uniformly pathetic and tender. 'She has not succeeded,' said Jeffrey, 'in copying either the concentrated force of weighty and deliberate reason, or the severe and solemn dignity of majestic virtue. To make amends, however, she represents admirably everything that is amiable, generous, and gentle.' And she possessed power of exciting and harrowing the feelings in no ordinary degree; some of her short tales are full of gloomy and terrific painting, alternately resembling those of Godwin and Mrs Radcliffe.

AMELIA OPIE.

From the Portrait by John Opie, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

After the death of her husband in 1807, Mrs Opie resided chiefly in her native city of Norwich, but often visited London, where her company was courted by literary and fashionable circles. In 1825 she was formally admitted into the Society of Friends or Quakers, whose services she had attended for eleven years; but her liveliness of character was in no whit thereby diminished, or the singular happiness of her old age clouded. Miss Sedgwick, in her *Letters from Abroad* (1841), declared: 'I owed Mrs Opie a grudge for having made me in my youth cry my eyes out over her stories; but her fair, cheerful face forced me to forget it. She long ago forswore the world and its vanities, and adopted the Quaker faith and costume; but I fancied that her elaborate simplicity, and the fashionable little train to her pretty satin gown, indicated how much easier it is to adopt a theory than to change one's habits.' Miss Thackeray's *Book of Sibyls* gives a delightful picture of her. An interesting volume of *Memorials* from her letters, diaries, and other manuscripts, by Miss Brightwell, was published in 1854. Mrs Opie's best-known poem, long included in schoolbook selections, is

The Orphan Boy's Tale.

Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale;
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake;
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child! how pleased was I
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought;
She could not bear to see my joy;
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud,
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears;
'Rejoice! rejoice!' still cried the crowd;
My mother answered with her tears.
'Why are you crying thus,' said I,
'While others laugh and cheer with joy?'
She kissed me—and, with such a sigh!
She called me her poor orphan boy.

'What is an orphan boy?' I cried,
  As in her face I looked, and smiled;
My mother through her tears replied:
  'You'll know too soon, ill-fated child!'
And now they've tolled my mother's knell,
  And I'm no more a parent's joy;
O lady, I have learned too well
  What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh, were I by your bounty fed!
  Nay, gentle lady, do not chide
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
  The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep! —ha!—this to me?
  You'll give me clothing, food, employ!
Look down, dear parents! look, and see
  Your happy, happy, orphan boy!

Mrs Hunter (1742-1821), the wife of the great physician John Hunter, was the daughter of Dr Home, an army surgeon; and Anne Home had become distinguished as a poetess years before her marriage. Her most famous song, *My Mother bids me bind my Hair*, was originally written to an air of Pleydell's, but owes its immortality largely to its having been set by Haydn to the tune everybody knows. Her other songs are mostly tender and natural, but hardly remarkable.

Song.

The season comes when first we met,
  But you return no more;
Why cannot I the days forget,
  Which time can ne'er restore?
O days too sweet, too bright to last,
Are you indeed for ever past?

The fleeting shadows of delight,
  In memory I trace;
In fancy stop their rapid flight,
  And all the past replace:
But, ah! I wake to endless woes
And tears the fading visions close!

Death-song written for an Original Indian Air

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away.
Begin, you tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low
Why so slow? Do you wait till I shrink from the pain?
No; the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away
Now the flame rises fast; you exult in my pain;
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone,
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son;
Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from pain;
And thy son, O Alknomook, has scorned to complain.

The Lot of Thousands.

When hope lies dead within the heart,
  By secret sorrow close concealed,
We shrink lest looks or words impart
  What must not be revealed.

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep;
  To speak when one would silent be;
To wake when one should wish to sleep,
  And wake to agony.

Yet such the lot by thousands cast
  Who wander in this world of care,
And bend beneath the bitter blast,
  To save them from despair.

But nature waits her guests to greet,
  Where disappointment cannot come;
And time guides with unerring feet
  The weary wanderers home.

Mrs Tighe (1772-1810), born Mary Blachford, was the daughter of a Wicklow clergyman, and married (unhappily) her cousin, who sat for Kilkenny in the Irish Parliament. She was a beautiful and accomplished woman, whose society was greatly prized. Of her poems, by far the most famous was a version, in melodious Spenserian stanzas, of the tale of Cupid and Psyche from the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius. Mackintosh said of the last three cantos that they were beyond all doubt the most faultless series of verses ever produced by a woman. Moore complimented her in song. Mrs Hemans wrote in her memory 'The Grave of a Poetess' and another elegy, and Keats seems to have been moved and even influenced by *Psyche*, which by 1853 had passed through half-a-dozen editions. Of less interest were her other poems, such as her moralisation on a lily, beginning—

How withered, perished seems the form
  Of yon obscure unsightly root;
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
  It hides secure the precious fruit.

From 'Psyche.'

She rose, and all enchanted gazed
On the rare beauties of the pleasant scene:
Conspicuous far, a lofty palace blazed
Upon a sloping bank of softest green;
A fairer edifice was never seen;
The high-ranged columns own no mortal hand,
But seem a temple meet for beauty's queen;
Like polished snow the marble pillars stand,
In grace-attempered majesty, sublimely grand.

Gently ascending from a silvery flood,
Above the palace rose the shaded hill,
The lofty eminence was crowned with wood,
And the rich lawns, adorned by nature's skill,
The passing breezes with their odours fill;
Here ever blooming groves of orange glow,
And here all flowers, which from their leaves distil
Ambrosial dew, in sweet succession blow,
And trees of matchless size a fragrant shade bestow.

The sun looks glorious 'mid a sky serene,
And bids bright lustre sparkle o'er the tide;
The clear blue ocean at a distance seen,
Bounds the gay landscape on the western side,
While closing round it with majestic pride,
The lofty rocks 'mid citron groves arise;
'Sure some divinity must here reside,'
As tranced in some bright vision, Psyche cries,
And scarce believes the bliss, or trusts her charmèd eyes.

When lo ! a voice divinely sweet she hears,
From unseen lips proceeds the heavenly sound :
'Psyche, approach, dismiss thy timid fears,
At length his bride thy longing spouse has found,
And bids for thee immortal joys abound ;
For thee the palace rose at his command,
For thee his love a bridal banquet crowned ;
He bids attendant nymphs around thee stand,
Prompt every wish to serve—a fond obedient band.'

Increasing wonder filled her ravished soul,
For now the pompous portals opened wide,
There, pausing oft, with timid foot she stole
Through halls high domed, enriched with sculptured pride.
While gay saloons appeared on either side,
In splendid vista opening to her sight ;
And all with precious gems so beautified,
And furnished with such exquisite delight,
That scarce the beams of heaven emit such lustre bright.

The amethyst was there of violet hue,
And there the topaz shed its golden ray,
The chrysoberyl, and the sapphire blue
As the clear azure of a sunny day,
Or the mild eyes where amorous glances play ;
The snow-white jasper, and the opal's flame,
The blushing ruby, and the agate gray,
And there the gem which bears his luckless name
Whose death, by Phœbus mourned, insured him deathless fame.

There the green emerald, there cornelians glow
And rich carbuncles pour eternal light,
With all that India and Peru can shew,
Or Labrador can give so flaming bright
To the charmed mariner's half-dazzled sight :
The coral pavèd baths with diamonds blaze ;
And all that can the female heart delight
Of fair attire, the last recess displays,
And all that luxury can ask, her eye surveys.

Now through the hall melodious music stole,
And self-prepared the splendid banquet stands ;
Self-poured, the nectar sparkles in the bowl ;
The lute and viol, touched by unseen hands,
And the soft voices of the choral bands ;
O'er the full board a brighter lustre beams
Than Persia's monarch at his feast commands :
For sweet refreshment all inviting seems
To taste celestial food, and pure ambrosial streams.

But when meek eve hung out her dewy star,
And gently veiled with gradual hand the sky
Lo ! the bright folding doors retiring far,
Display to Psyche's captivated eye
All that voluptuous ease could e'er supply
To soothe the spirits in serene repose
Beneath the velvet's purple canopy.
Divinely formed, a downy couch arose,
While alabaster lamps a milky light disclose.

Once more she hears the hymeneal strain :
Far other voices now attune the lay
The swelling sounds approach, a while remain,
And then retiring, faint dissolved away :
The expiring lamps emit a feebler ray,
And soon in fragrant death extinguished lie
Then virgin terrors Psyche's soul dismay,
When through the obscuring gloom she nought can spy
But softly rustling sounds declare some being nigh.

Oh, you for whom I write ! whose hearts can melt,
At the soft thrilling voice whose power you prove,
You know what charm, unutterably felt,
Attends the unexpected voice of love :
Above the lyre, the lute's soft notes above,
With sweet enchantment to the soul it steals,
And bears it to Elysium's happy grove ;
You best can tell the rapture Psyche feels,
When love's ambrosial lip the vows of Hymen seals.

''Tis he, 'tis my deliverer ! deep imprest
Upon my heart those sounds I well recall,'
The blushing maid exclaimed, and on his breast
A tear of trembling ecstacy let fall.
But, ere the breezes of the morning call
Aurora from her purple, humid bed,
Psyche in vain explores the vacant hall ;
Her tender lover from her arms is fled,
While sleep his downy wings had o'er her eyelids spread.

Helen Maria Williams (1762–1827), daughter of an officer, was brought up at Berwick, but in 1781 came to London with a verse-tale, *Edwin and Eltruda*, which attracted some notice and led to her producing a succession of poems (*Ode to Peace*; *Peru*, &c.; collected 1786). In 1788 she went to stay with her sister, the wife of Athanase Coquerel, Huguenot pastor in Paris, and became a fanatical supporter of revolution principles. A friend of Madame Roland, she was imprisoned by Robespierre, and was all but made a Girondist martyr. From 1794 till 1796 she was understood to be living under the protection of a Mr Stone, by whose side at Père-Lachaise she was buried ; and was said to have at one time lived with that same Imlay who did not protect Mary Wollstonecraft. Yet she remained a devout Christian and wrote admirable hymns ; though by Royalists in France and Tories in England, like the Anti-Jacobin set, she was treated as a disreputable person. Her long series of letters, narratives, sketches, and tours dealing with the state of France (1790–1815) are transparently sincere, but utterly and ignorantly one-sided, worth reading 'not as history but as a phase of opinion,' according to Professor Laughton, who pronounces her account of affairs at Naples in Nelson's time to be 'distinctly false in every detail.' She translated Humboldt's *Personal Narrative of Travels* (1814), and spent most of her last years at Amsterdam with her nephew, the famous rationalist preacher, A. L. C. Coquerel. The best known of her hymns are 'My God, all Nature owns Thy sway,' and 'While Thee I seek, protecting Power.' On her *Perourou, or the Bellows-mender*, Lord Lytton's *Lady of Lyons* was based. Her friend **Anne Plumptre** (1760–1818), daughter of the President of Queen's College, Cambridge, was also an enthusiastic revolutionist. She took a conspicuous part in naturalising German literature in England, by translating from Kotzebue, Musaus, &c., and by her own *Letters from Germany*. She wrote two or three novels and narratives of a sojourn in France and in Ireland.

William Cowper,

'the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter-writers,' as Southey called him, belonged to the English aristocracy; his father was the son of one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and a younger brother of the first Earl Cowper, Lord Chancellor. The name is the same as Cooper, and by the family is so pronounced. Cowper's mother, Anne Donne, was also well born, and through her he claimed the famous Dean of St Paul's as an ancestor. His father, a chaplain to George II., was rector of Great Berkhampstead in Hertfordshire, and there the poet was born, 26th (15th O.S.) November 1731. In his sixth year he lost his mother—whom he tenderly and affectionately remembered his life long—and was sent to a boarding-school. There the tyranny of a schoolfellow terrorised the timid and home-sick boy, and led after two years to his removal. At Westminster, where Vincent Bourne, the Latin poet, was one of his masters, he had Churchill and Warren Hastings as schoolfellows, and, as he says, served a seven years' apprenticeship to the classics. At eighteen he was articled to an attorney, having the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow as fellow-clerk; and in 1754 was called to the Bar. He never made law a study: in the solicitor's office he and Thurlow were 'constantly employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle;' in his chambers in the Temple he wrote lively verses, and idled with Bonnell Thornton, Colman, Lloyd, and other wits. He contributed a few papers to the *Connoisseur* and to the *St James's Chronicle*, both conducted by his friends; and in 1759 was appointed to a small sinecure as Commissioner of Bankrupts (worth £60 a year). Darker days were at hand. When he was in his thirty-second year, almost 'unprovided with an aim,' his kinsman, Major Cowper, presented him to the office of Clerk of the Journals to the House of Lords, a desirable and lucrative appointment. Cowper accepted it; but the labour of studying the forms of procedure, and the dread of having to stand an examination (though often a mere form) at the bar of the House of Lords, plunged him into the deepest misery. The seeds of insanity were then in his frame; and after brooding over imaginary terrors till reason and self-control had fled, he made several attempts to commit suicide. The appointment was given up, and Cowper was removed to the quaintly named 'Collegium Insanorum' at St Albans, kept by Dr Cotton (see page 532). The cloud of horror (from the conviction that he was eternally damned) gradually passed away, and on his recovery a few months later he resolved to withdraw entirely from the society and business of the world, and conscientiously resigned even his Commissionership. He had still a small fund left, and his family and friends subscribed a further sum to enable him to live frugally in retirement. He retired to Huntingdon in order to be near Cambridge, where his brother was a Fellow, and there formed an intimacy with the family of the Rev. Morley Unwin. He was adopted as one of the family; became almost wholly devoted to spiritual interests; and when in 1767 Mr Unwin died, of a fall from his horse, he continued to live in the house of the widow, engaged mainly in religious exercises, reading, and correspondence. Mary Unwin's name will ever be associated with Cowper's. Death only could sever a tie so strongly knit—cemented by mutual faith and friendship, and by sorrows of which the world knew nothing.

After the death of Mr Unwin the family were advised by the Rev. John Newton to fix their abode at Olney, in northern Buckinghamshire, where Mr Newton was curate; and Cowper removed with them to a spot for ever consecrated by his genius. He had still the river Ouse with him, as at Huntingdon, but the scenery was more varied and attractive, with many delightfully retired walks. His life was that of a religious recluse; he corresponded less regularly with his friends, and associated only with Mrs Unwin and the evangelical curate. Newton, who strove—not always judiciously, it may be—to cheer the gentle invalid, engaged his help in writing the famous 'Olney Hymns,' Cowper's share including sixty-seven. Cowper further aided Newton in parochial work, visiting the sick, and taking part in meetings; but his morbid melancholy gained ground, and in 1773 became once more decided insanity. When after about two years in this unhappy state Cowper began to recover, he took to gardening, rearing hares, sketching landscapes, and composing poetry. Poetry was fortunately his chief enjoyment; and its fruits appeared in a volume of poems published in 1782—poems on abstract subjects, the dialogue called *Table Talk* being added to enliven the tone. The sale was slow; but his friends were eager in praise of the book, which received the approbation of Johnson and Franklin. His correspondence had been resumed, and cheerfulness revived at Olney, whence Newton had now removed to a London rectory. This happy change was greatly promoted by the presence of Lady Austen, a widow who came to live near Olney, and by her conversation for a time charmed away the melancholy spirit. She told Cowper the story of John Gilpin, and 'the famous horseman and his feats were an inexhaustible source of merriment.' She it was also who prevailed upon the poet to try his powers in blank verse, and from her suggestion sprang the noble poem of *The Task*. This memorable friendship was at length disturbed; perhaps a little jealousy on the part of Mrs Unwin (to whom for a time he had been formally engaged, his mental condition alone having stood in the way of marriage) intervened; and before the *Task* was finished, its fair inspirer had finally (1783) left Olney. In 1785 the new volume was published. Its success was instant and decided, and it left its mark on the literary taste of the time. Eighteenth century readers were glad to hear the frank and spontaneous voice of poetry and of nature, and in the rural descriptions and fireside scenes of the *Task* they saw English scenery and domestic life faithfully and tenderly delineated. 'The *Task*,' said Southey, 'was at once descriptive, moral, and satirical. The descriptive parts everywhere bore evidence of a thoughtful mind and a gentle spirit, as well as of an observant eye; and the moral sentiment which pervaded them gave a charm in which descriptive poetry is often found wanting. The best didactic poems, when compared with the *Task*, are like formal gardens in comparison with woodland scenery.' The blank verse has nothing of Milton's grandeur, indeed, but possesses a sweetness and serious power of its own, though Cowper's rhymed couplets are neater and more masterly than his blank verse. He next undertook a translation of Homer, having, after critical study in the Temple, formed a poor opinion of Pope's translation. Setting himself to a daily task of forty lines, he at length accomplished the forty thousand verses, and published by subscription, his friends being generously active in supporting the work, which appeared in 1791 in two volumes quarto. The modest translator's confident expectation that he had for ever superseded Pope has not been fulfilled; baldness has proved a worse fault than ornament. Meanwhile the now successful author and Mrs Unwin had removed to Weston-Underwood, a beautiful village about a mile from Olney. His fascinating cousin, Lady Hesketh, had cheered him and encouraged him in the Homeric labour; he had also formed a friendly intimacy with the Catholic family of the Throckmortons, to whom Weston belonged, and his circumstances were comparatively easy. Yet his malady returned upon him in 1787; and Mrs Unwin being rendered helpless by paralytic attacks in 1791 and 1794, the task of nursing her fell upon the sensitive and dejected poet. He had translated poems from the French of Madame de Guyon, from the Greek poets, from Milton's Latin and Italian verse, and from Vincent Bourne's Latin, and now a careful revision of his Homer and an engagement to edit a new edition of Milton were his last literary undertakings. The Homer he did revise, but without improving the first edition; the second task was never finished. A deepening gloom settled on his mind, with occasional bright intervals. A visit to his friend Hayley, at Eartham, gave him a lucid interval, and in 1794 a pension of £300 was granted to him from the Crown. He was induced, in 1795, to remove with Mrs Unwin to East Dereham in Norfolk, and there Mrs Unwin died in December 1796. Cowper heard of his old friend's death apparently without emotion. He lingered on for more than three years, still under the same dark shadow of religious despondency and terror, but occasionally writing, and listening attentively to works read to him by his friends. His last poem was *The Castaway*, in touching and beautiful verse, which showed no decay of poetical power; and death came to his release on the 25th of April 1800.

WILLIAM COWPER.

From the Portrait by George Romney in the National Portrait Gallery.

So sad and strange a destiny has seldom befallen a man of genius. With wit and humour at will, he was nearly all his life weighed down by the deepest melancholy. Innocent, pious, and confiding, he lived in perpetual dread of everlasting punishment: he saw between him and heaven a high wall he could not scale; yet his intellectual vigour was not subdued by affliction. What he wrote for amusement or relief in the midst of 'supreme distress' shows no sign of mental disturbance; and in the very winter of his days, his fancy was often as fresh and blooming as in the spring and morning of existence. That he was constitutionally prone to melancholy and insanity is undoubted; but the predisposing causes were probably aggravated by his strict and secluded habits. His life was strangely isolated, and his position in the history of English literature is in many ways unique. He was in the eighteenth century, but not of it. He manifestly stands at the parting of the ways, and did not fully embody, though he heralded, the new spirit. He was neither Burns nor Byron nor Wordsworth, but had something of all of them. He was too much of a recluse, too little audacious or profound, to head a revolution or found a school of thought in poetry. Not very deeply impressed with the importance of his art or the value of his poetic message, he looked on poetry mainly as a means of enforcing morals and rendering religion attractive; his specific puritanism limited for him the world of life and joy and legitimate enterprise; with the eighteenth century he is accordingly eminently didactic in purpose, though the sweet spontaneity and simplicity of much of his work are his most conspicuous characteristics. The naturalness and transparent sincerity of his letters are hardly more remarkable than their easy grace and brightness of expression. Cowper was fifty years of age ere he became a poet; he found little pleasure then in reading poetry, English or other, though his mind was stored with fresh memories of youthful studies; he depended greatly on casual suggestions from others, which he accepted as his themes mainly in the hope of relieving his own melancholy; and when he sought to entertain others by his verse, it was with the hope of elevating and instructing, not in order to produce an artistic creation, secure fame, or establish an æsthetic renaissance. Yet everywhere in his poetry we see a spirit at work wonderfully different from that of his predecessors—from Pope or Johnson, from Goldsmith or Thomson: a true and genial joy in nature and natural objects (for no two poets seem to love nature and its aspects quite in the same way); a tender and kindly interest in the simple domestic affections; a sense of the brotherhood of man; a horror of cruelty or vice; a devout and warm religious heart. He does not expressly proclaim a revolt against the conventions of the artificial, critical, classical school, but good-naturedly takes his own independent way. Even when he is didactic he is not logically argumentative so much as friendly and communicative; the ideas come, as it were, of their own accord; and the clear simple English, the natural words and phrases, are manifestly his own and inevitable, as little designed to overthrow one school of poetic diction as to found another. He is not one of the greatest but one of the truest poets; his influence was deep and effective; and for those who can taste it there is a perennial charm in his poetry.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that Cowper's first volume was somewhat coldly received. The subjects (*Table Talk*, *The Progress of Error*, *Truth*, *Expostulation*, *Hope*, *Charity*, and the like) did not promise much, and his manner of handling them was not calculated to conciliate the man about town. He was both too plain and too spiritual for general readers. Johnson had written moral poems in the same form of verse, but they possessed a rhetorical grandeur and wealth of illustration which Cowper did not attempt, and probably would on principle have rejected. Yet there are in these simple, subdued, unobtrusive works passages of masterly execution and lively fancy. Selkirk's 'I am monarch of all I survey' and *Boadicea* are among the most frequently quoted. The character of Chatham in *Table Talk* (where the interlocutors are the impersonal 'individuals' A and B) is somewhat on the lines of Pope or Dryden:

A. Patriots, alas! the few that have been found,
Where most they flourish, upon English ground,
The country's need have scantily supplied;
And the last left the scene when Chatham died.
B. Not so; the virtue still adorns our age,
Though the chief actor died upon the stage.
In him Demosthenes was heard again;
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain;
She clothed him with authority and awe,
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.
His speech, his form, his action full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face,
He stood as some inimitable hand
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.
No sycophant or slave that dared oppose
Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose;
And every venal stickler for the yoke,
Felt himself crushed at the first word he spoke.

This is from the same poem:

Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appeared,
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard;
To carry nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth asked ages more.
Thus genius rose and set at ordered times,
And shot a dayspring into distant climes,
Ennobling every region that he chose;
He sunk in Greece, in Italy he rose;
And, tedious years of Gothic darkness past,
Emerged all splendour in our isle at last.
Thus lovely halcyons dive into the main,
Then shew far off their shining plumes again

Conversation, in this volume, is rich in Addisonian humour and quiet satire, and formed no unworthy prelude to the *Task*. In *Hope* and *Retirement* we see traces of the descriptive powers and kindly pleasantry afterwards more fully developed. A very characteristic passage is the sketch of the Greenland missionaries, from *Hope*:

Her sound still speaks salvation on her way,
The trumpet of a life-restoring day;
'Tis heard where England's eastern glory shines,
And in the gulfs of her Cornubian mines.
And still it spreads. See Germany send forth
Her sons to pour it on the farthest north:
Fired with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains and in eternal snows.

O blest within the inclosure of your rocks,
Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks ;
No fertilising streams your fields divide,
That shew reversed the villas on their side :
No groves have ye ; nor cheerful sound of bird
Or voice of turtle in your land is heard ;
Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
Of those that walk at evening where ye dwell ;
But Winter, armed with terrors here unknown,
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne,
Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast ;
Beckons the legions of his storms away
From happier scenes to make your land a prey ;
Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
And scorns to share it with the distant sun.
Yet Truth is yours, remote unenvied isle !
And Peace, the genuine offspring of her smile ;
The pride of lettered ignorance, that binds
In chains of error our accomplished minds,
That decks with all the splendour of the true,
A false religion, is unknown to you.
Nature indeed vouchsafes for our delight
The sweet vicissitudes of day and night ;
Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
Field, fruit, and flower, and every creature here ;
But brighter beams than his who fires the skies
Have risen at length on your admiring eyes,
That shoot into your darkest caves the day
From which our nicer optics turn away.

In this pleasing (rather than powerful) blending in plain-sailing verse of argument and piety, poetry and sound sense, we have distinctive traits of Cowper's genius. Practice in composition and Lady Austen's influence were obvious gains to him ; and when he entered upon the *Task*, he was far more disposed to look at the sunny side of things, and to attempt more detailed and picturesque description. His versification underwent a like improvement. His former poems were often rugged in style and expression, and were made so on purpose to avoid the polished uniformity of Pope and his imitators. He was now sensible that he had erred on the opposite side, and accordingly the *Task* was made to unite strength and freedom with elegance and harmony. Few poets have introduced so much idiomatic expression into a grave poem of blank verse ; but the higher passages are all carefully finished, and rise or fall, according to the nature of the subject, with grace and melody of their own, in contrast to Thomson, whose pompous march is never relaxed, however trivial be the theme. The variety of the *Task* in style and manner, no less than in subject, is one of its greatest charms. The mock-heroic opening illustrates his humour, and from this he glides naturally into description and reflection. The scenery of the Ouse, described with the detail of painting, leads up to higher themes

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night ; nor these alone whose notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake. . . .

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.
Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
Till half their beauties fade ; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.
Then snug enclosures in the sheltered vale,
Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,
Delight us, happy to renounce a while,
Not senseless of its charms, what still we love,
That such short absence may endear it more.
Then forests, or the savage rock may please
That hides the sea-mew in his hollow clefts
Above the reach of man ; his hoary head
Conspicuous many a league, the mariner
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waist
A girdle of half-withered shrubs he shews,
And at his feet the baffled billows die.
The common overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly gorse, that, shapeless and deform,
And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleasing ramble ; there the turf
Smells fresh, and rich in odoriferous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets.

From the beginning to the end of the *Task* we never lose sight of the author. His old boyish love of country rambles ; his walks with Mrs Unwin, when he had exchanged the Thames for the Ouse, and had 'grown sober in the vale of years ;' his playful satire and tender admonition, his denunciation of slavery, his noble patriotism, his devotional earnestness and sublimity, his tenderness to animals, his affection for his pets, his warm sympathy with his fellow-men, and his exquisite paintings of domestic peace and happiness are all so much self-portraiture, drawn with the ripe skill of a master and the modesty and good taste of the man The very rapidity of his transitions, where things light and sportive are ranged alongside the most solemn truths, is characteristic of his mind and temperament in ordinary life. The inimitable ease and colloquial freedom which lend such a charm to his letters are never long absent from his poetry. He never concealed his strongly Calvinistic tenets, yet they are not much obtruded in his great work; his piety is of the kind which wins sympathy; and if his temperament (he was 'a stricken deer that left the herd') tinged the prospect of life with too deep a shade, it also imparted a more impressive weight to his solemn appeals. Of his lighter things, *John Gilpin* is universally recognised as a masterpiece; and *The Dog and the Water Lily* is in another manner exquisite Most of his hymns are introspective, plaintive rather than joyous or confident; 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' 'Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,' 'The Spirit breathes upon the word,' and 'The Lord will happiness divine On contrite hearts bestow' are all in various ways representative; even 'Sometimes a light surprises,' 'Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,' and 'God moves in a mysterious way' are not without a touch of sadness; and 'O for a closer walk with God' is largely humiliation and prayer.

From 'Conversation.'

The emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose,
In contact inconvenient, nose to nose,
As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,
Touched with a magnet, had attracted his
His whispered theme, dilated and at large,
Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge
An extract of his diary—no more
A tasteless journal of the day before
He walked abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,
Called on a friend, drank tea, stept home again:
Resumed his purpose, had a world of talk
With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk:
I interrupt him with a sudden bow,
'Adieu, dear sir, lest you should lose it now.' . .
  A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,
Quite as absurd, though not so light as he:
A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask,
The solemn fop, significant and budge;
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge;
He says but little, and that little said,
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead
His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock, it never is at home:
'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage,
Some handsome present, as your hopes presage;
'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove
An absent friend's fidelity and love:
But when unpacked, your disappointment groans
To find it stuffed with brickbats, earth, and stones.
  Some men employ their health—an ugly trick
In making known how oft they have been sick,
And give us in recitals of disease
A doctor's trouble, but without the fees;
Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
How an emetic or cathartic sped;
Nothing is slightly touched, much less forgot;
Nose, ears, and eyes seem present on the spot.
Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
Victorious seemed, and now the doctor's skill;
And now—alas for unforeseen mishaps!
They put on a damp night cap, and relapse;
They thought they must have died, they were so bad;
Their peevish hearers almost wish they had.
  Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,
You always do too little or too much:
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain—
Your elevated voice goes through the brain:
You fall at once into a lower key—
That's worse—the drone pipe of an humble-bee.
The southern sash admits too strong a light;
You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.
He shakes with cold—you stir the fire, and strive
To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish:
With sole—that's just the sort he would not wish.
He takes what he at first professed to loathe,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet still o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to please him vain on every plan,
Himself should work that wonder, if he can.
Alas! his efforts double his distress,
He likes yours little, and his own still less.
Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is to be displeased
  I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face
Of needless shame and self-imposed disgrace.
Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.
We sometimes think we could a speech produce
Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose;
But being tied, it dies upon the lip,
Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip:
Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.

On receiving his Mother's Picture.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say:
'Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
Blest be the art that can immortalise,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it—here shines on me still the same.
  Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour, with an artless song
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief;

Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return:
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes:
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin—
And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile—
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast—
The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed—
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile
There sits quiescent on the floods, that shew
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;' From Garth
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest tossed,
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost:
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again:
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

Voltaire and the Lace-worker.

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit;
Receives no praise; but though her lot be such
Toilsome and indigent—she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
O happy peasant! O unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
He praised, perhaps, for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home:
He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She safe in the simplicity of hers.

(From *Truth*.)

To Mary.

Addressed to Mrs Unwin in Autumn 1793.

The twentieth year is well nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow;
'Twas my distress that brought thee low.
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more.
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads, with magic art,
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently pressed, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
That now at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two; yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though pressed with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know
How oft the sadness that I shew
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

England

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country! and, while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year, most part, deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies
And fields without a flower for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task:
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart
As any thunderer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too, and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.
How, in the name of soldiership and sense,
Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth
And tender as a girl, all-essenced o'er
With odours, and as profligate as sweet,
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight,—when such as these
Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?
Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children; praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.
Farewell those honours, and farewell with them
The hope of such hereafter! They have fallen
Each in his field of glory: one in arms,
And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap
Of smiling Victory that moment won,
And Chatham, heart sick of his country's shame.
They made us many soldiers. Chatham still
Consulting England's happiness at home,
Secured it by an unforgiving frown
If any wronged her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were swift to follow whom all loved.
Those suns are set. Oh, rise some other such!
Or all that we have left is empty talk
Of old achievements, and despair of new. . . .

(From *The Task*, Book ii.)

The last two lines in the above extract are altered from Churchill's [illegible] (see page [illegible]).

Slavery.

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave
And wear the bonds than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home.—Then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free.
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire; that where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

(From *The Task*, Book ii.)

The Fireside in Winter.

Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;

He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
And, having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light hearted wretch!
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some,
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh the important budget! ushered in
With such heart shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? have our troops awaked?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
Not such his evening who, with shining face,
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeezed
And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
Out scolds the ranting actor on the stage:
Nor his who patient stands till his feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots bursting with heroic rage,
Or placemen all tranquillity and smiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not even critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts ambition. On the summit see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence, in soft
Meanders, lubricate the course they take;
The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved
To engross a moment's notice, and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise:
The dearth of information and good sense
That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here;
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there,
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth, and ocean plundered of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs,
Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits,
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread

A German charlatan and conjurer

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That liberates and exempts me from them all. . . .
Oh Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age; thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know. . . .
Come, Evening, once again, season of peace;
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron step slow moving, while the night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employed
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day:
Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
Like homely featured Night, of clustering gems;
A star or two just twinkling on thy brow
Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
No less than hers: not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,

Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift;
And whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
When they command whom man was born to please,
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

(From *The Task*, Book iv.)

On the Loss of the 'Royal George'

Toll for the brave!
  The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
  Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
  Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
  And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
  And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
  With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
  Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
  His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
  No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
  She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in the sheath;
  His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
  With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
  Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
  The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
  And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
  And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
  His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
  Must plough the wave no more.

The Castaway

Obscurest night involved the sky,
  The Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I,
  Washed headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
  Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
  With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
  Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
  Or courage die away;
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted: nor his friends had failed
  To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevailed,
  That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford;
  And such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
  Delayed not to bestow.
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he
  Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
  Alone could rescue them;
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
  In ocean, self-upheld;
And so long he, with unspent power,
  His destiny repelled;
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried 'Adieu!'

At length, his transient respite past,
  His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
  Could catch the sound no more;
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him; but the page
  Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
  Is wet with Anson's tear:
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
  Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
  A more enduring date:
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allayed,
  No light propitious shone,
When, snatched from all effectual aid,
  We perished, each alone:
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

From the Translation of the 'Iliad'

'Think, O Achilles, semblance of the Gods!
On thy own father full of days like me,
And trembling on the gloomy verge of life.
Some neighbour Chief, it may be, even now
Oppresses him, and there is none at hand

No friend to succour him in his distress.
Yet, doubtless, hearing that Achilles lives,
He still rejoices, hoping day by day
That one day he shall see the face again
Of his own son from distant Troy return'd.
But me no comfort cheers, whose bravest sons,
So late the flower of Ilium, all are slain.
When Greece came hither I had fifty sons;
Nineteen were children of one bed, the rest
Born of my concubines. A numerous house!
But fiery Mars hath thinn'd it. One I had,
One, more than all my sons the strength of Troy,
Whom standing for his country thou hast slain—
Hector. His body to redeem I come
Into Achaia's fleet, bringing myself
Ransom inestimable to thy tent.
Reverence the Gods, Achilles! recollect
Thy father; for his sake compassion show
To me more pitiable still, who draw
Home to my lips (humiliation yet
Unseen on earth) his hand who slew my son.

(From Iliad, xxiv.)

To Mrs Unwin.

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from Heaven as some have feign'd they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,
That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
Verse that immortalizes whom it sings.
But thou hast little need. There is a book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright:
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And, since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

On Dr Johnson.

31 Oct. 1779.

My dear Friend,—I wrote my last Letter merely to inform you that I had nothing to say, in answer to which you have said nothing. I admire the propriety of your conduct, though I am a loser by it. I will endeavour to say something now, and shall hope for something in return. I have been well entertained with Johnson's biography, for which I thank you: with one exception, and that a swingeing one, I think he has acquitted himself with his usual good sense and sufficiency. His treatment of Milton is unmerciful to the last degree. A pensioner is not likely to spare a republican, and the Doctor, in order, I suppose, to convince his royal patron of the sincerity of his monarchical principles, has belaboured that great poet's character with the most industrious cruelty. As a man, he has hardly left him the shadow of one good quality. Churlishness in his private life, and a rancorous hatred of everything royal in his public, are the two colours with which he has smeared all the canvas. If he had any virtues, they are not to be found in the Doctor's picture of him, and it is well for Milton that some sourness in his temper is the only vice with which his memory has been charged; it is evident enough that if his biographer could have discovered more, he would not have spared him. As a poet, he has treated him with severity enough, and has plucked one or two of the most beautiful feathers out of his Muse's wing, and trampled them under his great foot. He has passed sentence of condemnation upon Lycidas, and has taken occasion from that charming poem to expose to ridicule (what is indeed ridiculous enough) the childish prattlement of pastoral compositions, as if Lycidas was the prototype and pattern of them all. The liveliness of the description, the sweetness of the numbers, the classical spirit of antiquity that prevails in it, go for nothing. I am convinced by the way that he has no ear for poetical numbers, or that it was stopped by prejudice against the harmony of Milton's. Was there ever anything so delightful as the music of the Paradise Lost? It is like that of a fine organ; has the fullest and the deepest tones of majesty, with all the softness and elegance of the Dorian flute. Variety without end and never equalled, unless perhaps by Virgil. Yet the Doctor has little or nothing to say upon this copious theme, but talks something about the unfitness of the English language for blank verse, and how apt it is in the mouth of some readers to degenerate into declamation. Oh! I could thrash his old jacket till I made his pension jingle in his pockets. I could talk a good while longer, but I have no room; our love attends you. Yours affectionately,

W. C.

Economy of Life

[illegible]

My dear Friend,—I have neither long visits to pay nor to receive, nor ladies to spend hours in telling me that which might be told in five minutes, yet often find myself obliged to be an economist of time, and to make the most of a short opportunity. Let our station be as retired as it may, there is no want of playthings and avocations, nor much need to seek them, in this world of ours. Business, or what presents itself to us under that imposing character, will find us out, even in the stillest retreat, and plead its importance, however trivial in reality, as a just demand upon our attention. It is wonderful how, by means of such real or seeming necessities, my time is stolen away. I have just time to observe that time is short, and by the time I have made the observation time is gone. I have wondered in former days at the patience of the antediluvian world; that they could endure a life almost millenary with so little variety as seems to have fallen to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer employments than we. Their affairs lay in a narrower compass; their libraries were indifferently furnished; philosophical researches were carried on with much less industry and acuteness of penetration; and fiddles, perhaps, were not even invented. How then could seven or eight hundred years of life be supportable? I have asked this question formerly, and been at a loss to resolve it; but I think I can answer it now. I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goat's milk and a dozen good sizeable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow, and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stript off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them; I boil them; I find them not done enough; I boil them again; my wife is angry; we dispute; we settle the point; but in the meantime the fire goes out and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing. I hunt; I bring home the prey; with the sion of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus what with tilling the ground and eating the fruit of it, hunting and walking, and running and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primeval world so much occupied as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find at the end of many centuries that they had all slipped through his fingers, and were passed away like a shadow. What wonder then that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement, when there is so much more to be wanted, and wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself now and then pinched in point of opportunity, and at some loss for leisure to fill four sides of a sheet like this. Thus, however, it is; and if the ancient gentlemen to whom I have referred, and their complaints of the disproportion of time to the occasions they had for it, will not serve me as an excuse, I must even plead guilty, and confess that I am often in haste when I have no good reason for being so.

The Candidate's Visit

March 29, 1784.

MY DEAR FRIEND, It being his Majesty's pleasure that I should yet have another opportunity to write before he dissolves the Parliament, I avail myself of it with all possible alacrity. I thank you for your last, which was not the less welcome for coming, like an extraordinary gazette, at a time when it was not expected.

As, when the sea is uncommonly agitated, the water finds its way into creeks and holes of rocks, which in its calmer state it never reaches, in like manner the effect of these turbulent times is felt even at Orchardside, where in general we live as undisturbed by the political element as shrimps or cockles that have been accidentally deposited in some hollow beyond the water mark by the usual dashing of the waves. We were sitting yesterday after dinner, the two ladies and myself, very composedly, and without the least apprehension of any such intrusion, in our snug parlour, one lady knitting, the other netting, and the gentleman winding worsted, when, to our unspeakable surprise, a mob appeared before the window, a smart rap was heard at the door, the boys hallooed, and the maid announced Mr Grenville. Puss was unfortunately let out of her box, so that the candidate, with all his good friends at his heels, was refused admittance at the grand entry, and referred to the back door, as the only possible way of approach.

Candidates are creatures not very susceptible of affronts, and would rather, I suppose, climb in at a window than be absolutely excluded. In a minute the yard, the kitchen, and the parlour were filled. Mr Grenville, advancing towards me, shook me by the hand with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing. As soon as he and as many more as could find chairs were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily gave me credit. I assured him I had no influence, which he was not equally inclined to believe, and the less, no doubt, because Mr Ashburner, the draper, addressing himself to me at that moment, informed me that I had a great deal. Supposing that I could not be possessed of such a treasure without knowing it, I ventured to confirm my first assertion by saying that if I had any I was utterly at a loss to imagine where it could be, or wherein it consisted. Thus ended the conference. Mr Grenville squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman. He is very young, genteel, and handsome. He has a pair of very good eyes in his head, which not being sufficient, as it should seem, for the many nice and difficult purposes of a senator, he has a third also, which he wore suspended by a riband from his buttonhole. The boys hallooed, the dogs barked, Puss scampered; the hero, with his long train of obsequious followers, withdrew. We made ourselves very merry with the adventure, and in a short time settled into our former tranquillity, never probably to be thus interrupted more. I thought myself, however, happy in being able to affirm truly that I had not that influence for which he sued; and for which, had I been possessed of it, with my present views of the dispute between the Crown and the Commons, I must have refused him, for he is on the side of the former. It is comfortable to be of no consequence in a world where one cannot exercise any without disobliging somebody. The town, however, seems to be much at his service, and, if he be equally successful throughout the county, he will undoubtedly gain his election. Mr Ashburner, perhaps, was a little mortified, because it was evident that I owed the honour of this visit to his misrepresentation of my importance. But had he thought proper to assure Mr Grenville that I had three heads, I should not, I suppose, have been bound to produce them.

To Lady Hesketh

Olney, Feb. 9, 1786.

MY DEAREST COUSIN, I have been impatient to tell you that I am impatient to see you again. Mrs Unwin partakes with me in all my feelings upon this subject, and longs also to see you. I should have told you so by the last post, but have been so completely occupied by this tormenting specimen that it was impossible to do it. I sent the General a Letter on Monday that would distress and alarm him; I sent him another yesterday that will, I hope, quiet him again. Johnson has apologized very civilly for the multitude of his friend's strictures, and his friend has promised to confine himself in future to a comparison of me with the original [Homer], so that I doubt not we shall jog on merrily together. And now my dear, let me tell you once more that your kindness in promising us a visit has charmed us both. I shall see you again, I shall hear your voice, we shall take walks together; I will shew you my prospects, the hovel, the alcove, the Ouse, and its banks, everything that I have described. I anticipate the pleasure of those days not very far distant, and I feel a part of it at this moment. Talk not of an inn; mention it not for your life. We have never had so many visitors but we could easily accommodate them all, though we have received Unwin, and his wife, and his sister, and his son all at once. My dear, I will not let you come till the end of May or beginning of June, because before that time my greenhouse will not be ready to receive us, and it is the only pleasant room belonging to us. When the plants go out, we go in. I line it with mats, and spread the floor with mats, and there you shall sit with a bed of mignonette at your side, and a hedge of honeysuckles, roses, and jasmine; and I will make you a bouquet of myrtle every day. Sooner than the time I mention the country will not be in complete beauty. And I will tell you what you shall find at your first entrance. Imprimis, as soon as you have entered the vestibule, if you cast a look on either side of you, you shall see on the right hand a box of my making. It is the box in which have been lodged all my Hares, and in which lodges Puss at present. But he, poor fellow, is worn out with age, and promises to die before you can see him. On the right hand stands a cupboard, the work of the same Author. It was once a dove-cage, but I transformed it. Opposite to you stands a table which I also made, but a merciless servant having scrubbed it until it became paralytic, it serves no purpose now but of ornament, and all my clean shoes stand under it. On the left hand, at the farther end of this superb vestibule you will find the door of the parlour into which I will conduct you, and where I will introduce you to Mrs Unwin (unless we should meet her before), and where we will be as happy as the day is long. Order yourself, my Cousin, to the Swan at Newport, and there you shall find me ready to conduct you to Olney.

My dear, I have told Homer what you say about Casks and Urns, and have asked him whether he is sure that it is a Cask in which Jupiter keeps his wine. He swears that it is a Cask, and that it will never be anything better than a Cask to Eternity. So if the God is content with it, we must even wonder at his taste, and be so too. Adieu my dearest, dearest Cousin, W. C.

The standard edition of Cowper's works is that by Southey, with a Memoir (15 vols. 1834-37; reprinted in Bohn's Library, 1853-54). Others are those of Grimshawe (8 vols. 1835), the Aldine (1865), and the Globe (1870). There are selections of his poems by Mrs Oliphant (18[illegible]), of his Letters by Benham (1884). The *Anti-Thelyphthora*, Cowper's first publication (1781), was an anonymous and vehement attack in verse on his cousin the Rev. Martin Madan's plea in defence of polygamy as the only expedient for abating the social evil; it is omitted from many editions of the works. See Lives by Hayley (2 vols. 1803; 4th ed., much extended, 4 vols. 1812), Goldwin Smith ('Men of Letters' series, 1880), and Thomas Wright (1892). For the Olney period compare *The Diary of Samuel Teedon*, schoolmaster at Olney (ed. Wright, 1902). And well worth reading are Sainte-Beuve's three delightful essays on Cowper in the eleventh volume of the *Causeries du Lundi*, and Mrs Browning's 'Cowper's Grave.'

Robert Lloyd (1733-64), the friend of Cowper and Churchill, was the son of an under master at Westminster School. He distinguished himself at Trinity College, Cambridge, but was irregular in his habits; about 1756 he became an usher under his father. The wearisome routine of this life soon disgusted him, and he attempted to earn a subsistence by his literary talents. His light and easy poem, *The Actor* (1760), attracted some notice, and was the precursor of Churchill's *Rosciad*. By contributing to periodicals as essayist, poet, and stage critic, Lloyd picked up a precarious subsistence, but his means were recklessly squandered in company with Churchill and other wits 'upon town.' He brought out two indifferent theatrical pieces, published his poems by subscription, and edited the *St James's Magazine* (1762-63), to which Colman, Bonnell Thornton, and others contributed. On Lloyd's being imprisoned for debt, Churchill generously allowed him a guinea a week, as well as a servant, and endeavoured to raise a subscription to extricate him from his embarrassments. Churchill died in November 1764, and 'Lloyd,' says Southey, 'had been apprised of his danger; but when the news of his death was somewhat abruptly announced to him as he was sitting at dinner, he was seized with a sudden sickness, and saying, "I shall follow poor Charles," took to his bed, from which he never rose again: dying, if ever man died, of a broken heart. The tragedy did not end here: Churchill's favourite sister, who is said to have possessed much of her brother's sense and spirit and genius, and to have been betrothed to Lloyd, attended him during his illness; and, sinking under the double loss, soon followed her brother and her lover to the grave.' Lloyd, in conjunction with Colman, parodied the odes of Gray and Mason, and the humour of their burlesques is not tinctured with malignity. The unlucky Lloyd, indeed, seems to have been one of the gentlest of witty observers and lively satirists, wrecked by the friendship of Churchill and the Nonsense Club. Both Churchill and Cowper copied and imitated his vivacious style.

The two following extracts are from 'The Temple of Favour' and 'The Author's Apology.' Lloyd's poems are included in the collections of Anderson and Chalmers.

The Miseries of a Poet's Life

The harlot muse, so passing gay,
Bewitches only to betray.
Though for a while with easy air
She smooths the rugged brow of care,
And laps the mind in flowery dreams,
With Fancy's transitory gleams;
Fond of the nothings she bestows,
We wake at last to real woes.
Through every age, in every place,
Consider well the poet's case;
By turns protected and caressed,
Defamed, dependent, and distressed.
The joke of wits, the bane of slaves,
The curse of fools, the butt of knaves;
Too proud to stoop for servile ends,
To lacquey rogues or flatter friends;
With prodigality to give,
Too careless of the means to live;
The bubble fame intent to gain,
And yet too lazy to maintain;
He quits the world he never prized,
Pitied by few, by more despised,
And, lost to friends, oppressed by foes,
Sinks to the nothing whence he rose.

O glorious trade! for wit's a trade,
Where men are ruined more than made!
Let crazy Lee, neglected Gay,
The shabby Otway, Dryden gray,
Those tuneful servants of the Nine—
Not that I blend their names with mine—
Repeat their lives, their works, their fame,
And teach the world some useful shame.

The Dismal Case of the Usher.

Were I at once empowered to shew
My utmost vengeance on my foe,
To punish with extremest rigour,
I could inflict no penance bigger

Than, using him as learning's tool,
To make him usher of a school.
For, not to dwell upon the toil
Of working on a barren soil,
And labouring with incessant pains,
To cultivate a blockhead's brains,
The duties there but ill befit
The love of letters, arts, or wit. . . .
For me, it hurts me to the soul
To brook confinement or control;
Still to be pinioned down to teach
The syntax and the parts of speech;
Or, what perhaps is drudgery worse
The links, and joints, and rules of verse;
To deal out authors by retail,
Like penny pots of Oxford ale;
Oh, 'tis a service irksome more
Than tugging at the slavish oar!
Yet such his task, a dismal truth,
Who watches o'er the bent of youth.
And while a paltry stipend earning,
He sows the richest seeds of learning,
And tills *their* minds with proper care
And sees them their due produce bear;
No joys, alas! his toil beguile,
His *own* lies fallow all the while.
'Yet still he's on the road,' you say,
'Of learning.' Why, perhaps he may,
But turns like horses in a mill,
Nor getting on, nor standing still:
For little way his learning reaches,
Who reads no more than what he teaches

John Newton (1725–1807), the hymn-writer and friend of Cowper, was born in London, the son of a shipmaster, and sailed with his father for six years. Impressed on board a man-of-war, he was made midshipman, but was degraded for attempted escape, and took service in a slave-trading ship. He was for some time servant to the negro mistress of a slave trader in Sierra Leone, and his own condition was practically that of a slave. He went to sea again, and, according to his own account, led a reckless, debauched, profane, and infidel life; but in March 1748 he was converted and became a new man. Yet, strange to say, it was after this that he became mate and then master of a slave ship, trading from Liverpool to West Africa and thence to America with slaves. He spent much time in religious exercises, kept a strict record of all his actions, and was a severe judge of his own conduct. But, like the majority of sincere and earnest Christians, his eyes were not therefore opened either to the wickedness of slavery or to a sense of the horrors of the slave trade. It gives a curious interest to his diary to find that so good a man seems as yet to have had hardly any misgivings as to the lawfulness of the trade he was engaged in, though afterwards he became a zealous opponent of slavery and the slave trade. After his conversion he lapsed once, for a very short time, into religious indifference (August 1748), but in Africa was revisited with affliction, which was the means, he says, 'of bringing him back to God.' On the next page (p. 30) of his abridged diary by Bull we find him writing:

> 'If you can inform me of my [lottery] ticket having turned up a great prize, the news will not be disagreeable;' and in the same letter, referring to his sister, he says: 'Thank her for the tolerably happy life I now lead, for to her only I owe it.' Again, in March 1749, addressing the same correspondent from Rio Sesters, he says: . . . 'Though we have been here six months, I have not been ten days in the ship, being continually cruising about in the boats to purchase souls, for which we are obliged to take as much pains as the Jesuits are said to do in making proselytes, sometimes venturing in a little canoe through seas like mountains, sometimes travelling through the woods, often in danger from the wild beasts, and much oftener from the more wild inhabitants, scorched by the sun in the day, and chilled by the dews in the night. Providence has preserved me safe through a variety of these scenes since I saw you last, and I hope will continue so to do. Notwithstanding what I have said in relation to the difficulties I meet with here, I assure you I was never so happy in my life as I have been since I left Liverpool. I can cheerfully submit to a great deal this voyage, because I hope it will be the last I shall make in an under station, and because I hope when it is finished a satisfactory meeting with my friends will make amends. I may be deceived, but, however, I find an advantage in persuading myself for the best.'

On the coast of Sierra Leone in 1752 he holds himself bound to testify for Christ and admonish careless Christians by earnest letters, yet records with thankfulness, and evidently without disgust or horror, the success he had in putting down a serious mutiny amongst the slaves on board his ship. And a month later he writes:

> 'One circumstance I cannot but set down here, and which I hope I shall always take pleasure in ascribing to the blessing of the God of peace. I mean the remarkable disposition of the men-slaves I have on board, who seem for some time past to have entirely changed their tempers. I was at first continually alarmed by their almost desperate attempts to make insurrections. One of these affairs has been mentioned, but we had more afterwards; and when most quiet they were always watching for opportunity. However, from the end of February they have behaved more like children in one family than slaves in chains and irons, and are really upon all occasions more observing, obliging, and considerate than our white people. Yet in this space they would often in all likelihood have been able to do much more mischief than in former parts of the voyage.'
>
> He sets Wednesday, November 21st, apart for the special purpose of seeking a blessing upon his voyage, and for protection through its various difficulties and dangers. . . . Mr Newton arrived at Liverpool, completing his second voyage in the *African*, on the 6th of August, 'having had,' he says, 'a favourable passage, and in general a comfortable sense of the presence of God through the whole, and towards the end some remarkable deliverances and answers to prayer. I had the pleasure to return thanks in the churches (at Liverpool) for an African voyage performed without any

accident, or the loss of a single man.' . . . Writing in 1763, he says: 'The reader may perhaps wonder, as I now do myself, that, knowing the state of this vile traffic to be as I have described' (the reference is to a letter in which he has been speaking of the state and circumstances of the slaves), 'and abounding with enormities which I have not mentioned, I did not at the time start with horror at my own employment as an agent in promoting it. Custom, example, and interest had blinded my eyes. I did it ignorantly, for I am sure had I thought of the slave trade then as I have thought of it since, no considerations would have induced me to continue in it. Though my religious views were not very clear, my conscience was very tender, and I durst not have displeased God by acting against the light of my mind. Indeed a slave ship, while on the coast, is exposed to such innumerable and continual dangers, that I was often then, and still am, astonished that any one, much more that so many, should leave the coast in safety. I was then favoured with an uncommon degree of dependence upon the providence of God, which supported me; but this confidence must have failed in a moment, and I should have been overwhelmed with distress and terror if I had known, or even suspected, that I was acting wrongly. I felt greatly the disagreeableness of the business. The office of a gaoler, and the restraints under which I was obliged to keep my prisoners, were not suitable to my feelings; but I considered it as the line of life which God in His providence had allotted me, and as a cross which I ought to bear with patience and thankfulness till He should be pleased to deliver me from it. Till then I only thought myself bound to treat the slaves under my care with gentleness, and to consult their ease and convenience so far as was consistent with the safety of the whole family of whites and blacks on board my ship.' In his *Narrative* Mr Newton says: 'I had often petitioned in my prayers that the Lord, in His own time, would be pleased to fix me in a more humane calling.'

He continued the African slave business till a sudden illness in August 1754 made him resign the command of a ship just about to start on another African voyage. In 1755 he became tide-surveyor at Liverpool. The 9th and 10th days of April 1756 he speaks of as days of much spiritual enjoyment; on May 4th:

> 'Determined this day to have a ticket in the ensuing lottery; not, I hope, with a desire of amassing money merely, but, if it should be so, of increasing my capacity for usefulness.'

His views on theatres are interesting as expressing the extreme form of hostility on the part of evangelicals of the old school:

> 'If there is any practice in this land sinful, attendance on the play-house is properly and eminently so. The theatres are fountains and means of vice; I had almost said in the same manner and degree as the ordinances of the gospel are the means of grace; and I can hardly think there is a Christian upon earth who would dare to be seen there, if the nature and effects of the theatre were properly set before him. Dr Witherspoon, of Scotland, has written an excellent piece upon the Stage, or, rather, against it, which I wish every person who makes the least pretence to fear God had an opportunity of perusing. I cannot judge much more favourably of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and all the innumerable train of dissipations by which the god of this world blinds the eyes of multitudes, lest the light of the glorious gospel should shine in upon them.'

In 1758 he applied for holy orders, and in 1764 he was offered the curacy of Olney and ordained. Hither William Cowper came four years later, and a very close friendship sprang up. A self-devoting minister, who was to contribute largely to the evangelical revival, Newton proved a tender and sympathetic spiritual director to the morbidly sensitive poet, and strove, though with somewhat imperfect insight, to relieve his constitutional gloom. In 1779 he became rector of St Mary Woolnoth, London, and was till the end, even after he became blind, a laborious and faithful minister of the Word. His prose works, especially the *Cardiphonia* (1781), a selection from his letters, simple in style, sincere, fervid, and soul-searching, were long popular, but are now little read, save the autobiographical *Remarkable Particulars in his own Life*. But some of his *Olney Hymns* (280 of which were from his pen) have been taken to the heart by the English world, including, 'Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat;' 'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds;' 'One there is, above all others;' 'Come, my soul, thy suit prepare;' 'Glorious things of thee are spoken;' and 'Quiet, Lord, my froward heart.' Edward Fitz-Gerald said: 'His journal to his wife, written at sea, contains some of the most beautiful things I ever read—fine feeling in very fine English.'

See Life by Cecil (1808), prefixed to a collected edition of Newton's works (1816); Thomas Wright, *The Town of Cowper* (1886); and other works cited at Cowper.

William Hayley (1745–1820) it was, the biographer of Cowper, of whom Southey observed that 'everything about that man is good except his poetry.' Yet his poems enjoyed great popularity in their day, and on Warton's death in 1790 he was offered but declined the laureateship. Besides his principal work, *The Triumphs of Temper*, a poem in six cantos (1781), he wrote an *Essay on History*, addressed to Gibbon (1780); an *Essay on Epic Poetry* (1782); a still entertaining *Essay on Old Maids* (1785); a *Life of Milton* (1796); *Essays on Sculpture*, addressed to Flaxman (1800); the *Life of Cowper* (1803); *The Triumph of Music* (1804); a *Life of Romney* (1809); and some half dozen other works. Blake illustrated his *Ballads founded on Anecdotes of Animals*. Born at Chichester, and educated at Eton and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, he settled in 1774 on his estate of Eartham Hall in Sussex, where he was visited by many of the eminent men of his times. His overstrained sensibility and romantic tastes exposed him to ridicule, yet he was amiable and accomplished, and a capital talker. It was through his personal application to Pitt that Cowper received his pension, and he wrote Cowper's epitaph; he seems, indeed, to have felt a sort of melancholy pride and satisfaction in writing epitaphs on his friends. Hayley prepared Memoirs of his own life (2 vols. 4to, 1823), which he disposed of to a publisher on condition of his receiving an annuity for the rest of his life; this he enjoyed for eight years.

Inscription on the Tomb of Cowper.

Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents dignified by sacred zeal,
Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust!
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his favourite name.
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
So clear a title to affection's praise:
His highest honours to the heart belong;
His virtues formed the magic of his song.

On the Tomb of Mrs Unwin

Trusting in God with all her heart and mind,
This woman proved magnanimously kind;
Endured affliction's desolating hail,
And watched a poet through misfortune's vale.
Her spotless dust, angelic guards, defend!
It is the dust of Unwin, Cowper's friend.
That single title in itself is fame,
For all who read his verse revere her name.

From 'To a Mother, on her Death.'

O thou fond spirit, who with pride hast smiled
And frowned with fear on thy poetic child.
Pleased, yet alarmed, when in his boyish time
He sighed in numbers or he laughed in rhyme;
While thy kind cautions warned him to beware
Of Penury, the bard's perpetual snare;
Marking the early temper of his soul,
Careless of wealth, nor fit for base control!
Thou tender saint, to whom he owes much more
Than ever child to parent owed before;
In life's first season, when the fever's flame
Shrunk to deformity his shrivelled frame,
And turned each fairer image in his brain
To blank confusion and her crazy train,
'Twas thine, with constant love, through lingering years,
To bathe thy idiot orphan in thy tears;
Day after day, and night succeeding night,
To turn incessant to the hideous sight,
And frequent watch, if haply at thy view
Departed reason might not dawn anew;
Though medicinal art, with pitying care,
Could lend no aid to save thee from despair,
Thy fond maternal heart adhered to hope and prayer:
Nor prayed in vain; thy child from Powers above
Received the sense to feel and bless thy love.
O might he thence receive the happy skill,
And force proportioned to his ardent will,
With truth's unfading radiance to emblaze
Thy virtues, worthy of immortal praise!
Nature, who decked thy form with beauty's flowers,
Exhausted on thy soul her finest powers;
Taught it with all her energy to feel
Love's melting softness, friendship's fervid zeal,
The generous purpose and the active thought,
With charity's diffusive spirit fraught.
There all the best of mental gifts she placed,
Vigour of judgment, purity of taste,
Superior parts without their spleenful leaven,
Kindness to earth, and confidence in heaven.
While my fond thoughts o'er all thy merits roll,
Thy praise thus gushes from my filial soul.

Sir William Jones (1746-94) earned his laurels rather as an Oriental scholar and judge, an enlightened lawyer and patriot, than as a poet. But by his mastery of an extraordinary wealth of Oriental lore he greatly widened the literary horizon of England and all European nations; he had himself exceptional skill and ease in expounding his favourite subjects; and his verse translations from Eastern tongues were in many ways memorable. Born in London, the son of an eminent mathematician, in 1753 he was sent to Harrow, where to Latin and Greek he added some knowledge of Arabic and Hebrew. Entered of University College, Oxford, in 1764, he assiduously read the Greek poets and historians, and pursued Oriental studies under the tuition of a native of Aleppo. In his nineteenth year he was made private tutor to Lord Althorp, afterwards Earl Spencer; and a fellowship at Oxford relieved the young scholar from pecuniary straits. In 1768 the King of Denmark visited England, and brought with him a Persian manuscript of the life of Nadir Shah, which Jones translated into French. In 1769 he accompanied his noble pupil to the Continent. Next year, entered a student of the Temple, he applied himself with his characteristic ardour to his new profession. He also wrote a Persian grammar, a French *Traité* (1770), a French *Dissertation* (1771), and Latin *Commentaria* (1774), all on Oriental poetry, and some translations, and was made F.R.S.; but finding that jurisprudence was a jealous mistress, he devoted himself for some years exclusively to his legal studies, practised at the Bar, and was appointed one of the Commissioners of Bankrupts. In 1778 he published a translation of the speeches of Isæus, and several treatises on law. He strongly opposed the American war and the slave trade, and in 1781 he published his famous Alcaic ode. Appointed one of the judges of the supreme court at Fort William in Bengal and knighted in his thirty-seventh year, he embarked for India (1783), never to return. In the intervals of leisure from his judicial labours he worked at all manner of scientific and literary subjects, and established the Bengal Asiatic Society. His contributions to the transactions of this society on Asiatic philology, ethnology, and chronology are epoch-making. Ultimately he was able to read in twenty-eight languages. He was the first English scholar to master Sanskrit; and it was he who first emphasised its close resemblance to Greek and Latin, becoming thus one of the founders of comparative philology. He translated from the Hitopadesa and from the Sakuntala, and made versions of Hindu hymns and of parts of the Vedas. He engaged to compile a digest of Hindu and Mohammedan laws; and in 1794, to secure for the natives of India the administration of justice by their own laws, he translated the *Ordinances of Menu*, the Hindu Justinian.

An Ode in Imitation of Alcæus.

What constitutes a state?
Not high raised battlement or laboured mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No; men, high minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain
These constitute a state,
And sovereign Law, that state's collected will.
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill;
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Discretion like a vapour sinks,
And e'en the all-dazzling Crown
Hides her faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave

A Persian Song of Hafiz.

Sweet maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's haunted gold, Bokhara's
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them their Eden cannot shew
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrowed gloss of art?

Speak not of fate: ah, change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage):
While music charms the ravished ear,
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard?
And yet, by Heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But oh far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung!

Quatrain from the Persian

On parent knees a naked new born child
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile while all around thee weep.

His works, with a Life by Lord Teignmouth, were published in nine volumes (1799-1804).

William Crowe (1745-1829) was born at Midgham, Berks, the son of a carpenter, and brought up at Winchester, where in 1758 he was admitted upon the foundation as a poor scholar. He passed in 1765 to New College, Oxford, and was elected Fellow in 1767. A sturdy, eccentric Whig, he rose to be Public Orator, holding at the same time the valuable rectory of Alton Barnes in Wiltshire. Crowe was author of *Lewesdon Hill* (1788), a descriptive poem in blank verse, and of various other pieces, collected in 1827. There is true poetry in his works, though they have never been popular.

Wreck of the 'Halsewell,' East Indiaman.

Such [illegible]
Pours down a tide [illegible]
Upon the curdled sea; where the black ship
Sails on the phosphor seeming waves. So fair,
But falsely flattering, was yon surface calm,
When forth for India sailed, in evil time,
That vessel, whose disastrous fate, when told,
Filled every breast with horror, and each eye
With piteous tears, so cruel was the loss

Methinks I see her, as, by the wintry storm
Shattered and driven along past yonder isle,
She strove, her latest hope, by strength or art,
To gain the port within it, or at worst,
To shun that harbourless and hollow coast
From Portland eastward to the promontory
Where still St Alban's high built chapel stands.
But art nor strength avail her—on she drives
In storm and darkness to the fatal coast;
And there 'mong rocks and high o'erhanging cliffs
Dashed piteously, with all her precious freight,
Was lost, by Neptune's wild and foamy jaws
Swallowed up quick! The richest-laden ship
Of spicy Ternate, or that annual sent
To the Philippines o'er the southern main
From Acapulco, carrying massy gold,
Were poor to this; freighted with hopeful youth,
And beauty and high courage undismayed
By mortal terrors, and paternal love,
Strong and unconquerable even in death—
Alas, they perished all, all in one hour!

The *Halsewell* (Captain Peirce) was wrecked in January 1786, having struck on the rocks near Seacombe, on the island of Purbeck. All the passengers perished; but out of two hundred and forty souls on board, seventy-four were saved.

The Miseries of War.

If the stroke of war
Fell certain on the guilty head, none else;
If they that make the cause might taste th' effect,
And drink themselves the bitter cup they mix,
Then might the bard, though child of peace, delight
To twine fresh wreaths around the conqueror's brow,
Or haply strike his high-toned harp, to swell
The trumpet's martial sound, and bid them on
Whom justice arms for vengeance. But, alas!
That undistinguishing and deathful storm
Beats heavier on th' exposed innocent;
And they that stir its fury, while it raves,
Stand at safe distance, send their mandate forth
Unto the mortal ministers that wait
To do their bidding. Oh, who then regards
The widow's tears, the friendless orphan's cry,
And famine, and the ghastly train of woes
That follow at the dogged heels of war?
They, in the pomp and pride of victory
Rejoicing o'er the desolated earth,
As at an altar wet with human blood,
And flaming with the fire of cities burnt,
Sing their mad hymns of triumph—hymns to God,
O'er the destruction of his gracious works!
Hymns to the Father o'er his slaughtered sons!

Thomas Moss, perpetual curate of Brierly Hill in Staffordshire, who died in 1808, was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and besides some sermons and a blank-verse poem *On the Imperfection of Human Enjoyments* (17[illegible]), published a small collection of *Poems on Several Occasions* (1769), one of which, 'The Beggar Man,' was long a popular favourite.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years;
And many a furrow in my grief worn cheek
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road,
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial forced me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow, and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn;
But ah! oppression forced me from my cot;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age!
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wide stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care!
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell—lingering fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

Song from 'The Shamrock' (Dublin, 1772).

Belinda's sparkling eyes and wit
Do various passions raise;
And, like the lightning, yield a bright
But momentary blaze.

Eliza's milder, gentler sway,
Her conquests fairly won,
Shall last till life and time decay,
Eternal as the sun.

Thus the wild flood with deafening roar,
Bursts dreadful from on high,
But soon its empty rage is o'er
And leaves the channel dry;

While the pure stream, which still and slow
Its gentler current brings,
Through every change of time shall flow,
With unexhausted springs.

Dr John Moore (1729–1802), author of *Zeluco*, was born at Stirling, son of a minister of the town, who died in 1737, leaving seven children to the care of his widow; and she thereupon removed to Glasgow, where her relations had property. After the usual education at the grammar-school and university, John began the study of medicine and surgery under Mr Gordon, the same surgeon to whom Smollett had been apprenticed. In his nineteenth year he accompanied the Duke of Argyll's regiment abroad, and served in the military hospitals at Maestricht. Thence he went to Flushing and Breda, and at the close of hostilities he accompanied General Braddock to England. Soon afterwards he became household surgeon to the Earl of Albemarle, British ambassador at the court of Versailles. In 1751 his old master invited him to become a partner in his business in Glasgow, and Moore, who had been two years in Paris, accepted the invitation. He practised in Glasgow with great success, married in 1757, and became the father of a daughter and five sons, the eldest the hero of Corunna. In 1772 he travelled with the young Duke of Hamilton on the Continent, spending five years in France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy; on his return in 1778 he removed his family to London, and commenced physician there.

In 1779 he published *A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany*, which was well received. In 1781 appeared his *View of Society and Manners in Italy*; in 1786, *Medical Sketches*; and, in the same year, *Zeluco: Various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, Foreign and Domestic*, selected to prove that, in spite of the gayest and most prosperous appearances, inward misery always accompanies vice. The hero (possibly suggested by Smollett's Count Fathom) is the only son of a noble family in Sicily, spoiled by maternal indulgence, and at length rioting in every prodigality and vice. The scene of the novel is laid chiefly in Italy; and Moore's familiarity with foreign manners enabled him to give his narrative many novel and vivid side-lights. Zeluco serves in the Spanish army, and becomes a slave-owner in the West Indies, so that Moore has an opportunity of condemning slavery; he gives touching pictures of the sufferings of the negroes and of their attachment to their masters; and the death of Hanno, the generous slave, is one of Moore's most masterly delineations.

Moore visited Scotland in the summer of 1786, and next year took a warm interest in the genius and fortunes of Burns. It is to him that we owe the precious Autobiography of the poet; and in their correspondence the extraordinary gifts of the peasant-bard show to advantage. In 1792 Moore accompanied the Earl of Lauderdale to Paris, and witnessed some of the scenes of the French Revolution; of this tour the record was published as *A Journal during a Residence in France* (2 vols. 1793-94), and was followed in 1795 by *A View of the Causes and Progress of the French Revolution*, a valuable work which was utilised both by Scott and Carlyle. In 1796 Moore produced a second novel, *Edward: Various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, chiefly in England*. As Zeluco was a model of villainy, Edward is a model of virtue, but is unhappily less interesting than his antitype. In 1797 Moore furnished a life of his friend Smollett for a collective edition of his works. In 1800 appeared *Mordaunt: Sketches of Life, Character, and Manners in Various Countries, including the Memoirs of a French Lady of Quality*, an insipid novel without much plot or incident, told in letters partly dated from the Continent and partly from England.

In the following extract from *Zeluco*, two Scotch servants in Italy, dining and drinking in the absence of their masters, have a dispute, followed by a duel and a reconciliation. Duncan Targe was a hot Highlander, who had been out in the Forty-five; George Buchanan had been born and educated among the Whigs of the west of Scotland.

Scots Abroad.

Buchanan filled a bumper, and gave for the toast, 'The Land of Cakes!'

This immediately dispersed the cloud which began to gather on the other's brow.

Targe drank the toast with enthusiasm, saying: 'May the Almighty pour his blessings on every hill and valley in it! That is the worst wish, Mr Buchanan, that I shall ever wish to that land.'

'It would delight your heart to behold the flourishing condition it is now in,' replied Buchanan; 'it was fast improving when I left it, and I have been credibly informed since that it is now a perfect garden.'

'I am very happy to hear it,' said Targe.

'Indeed,' added Buchanan, 'it has been in a state of rapid improvement ever since the Union.'

'Confound the Union!' cried Targe; 'it would have improved much faster without it.'

'I am not quite clear on that point, Mr Targe,' said Buchanan.

'Depend upon it,' replied Targe, 'the Union was the worst treaty that Scotland ever made.'

'I shall admit,' said Buchanan, 'that she might have made a better; but, bad as it is, our country reaps some advantage from it.'

'All the advantages are on the side of England.'

'What do you think, Mr Targe,' said Buchanan, 'of the increase of trade since the Union, and the riches which have flowed into the Lowlands of Scotland from that quarter?'

'Think!' cried Targe; 'why, I think they have done a great deal of mischief to the Lowlands of Scotland.'

'How so, my good friend?' said Buchanan.

'By spreading luxury among the inhabitants, the never-failing forerunner of effeminacy of manners. Why, I was assured,' continued Targe, 'by Sergeant Lewis Macneil, a Highland gentleman in the Prussian service, that the Lowlanders, in some parts of Scotland, are now very little better than so many English.'

'O fie!' cried Buchanan; 'things are not come to that pass as yet, Mr Targe: your friend the sergeant assuredly exaggerates.'

'I hope he does,' replied Targe. 'But you must acknowledge,' continued he, 'that, by the Union, Scotland has lost her existence as an independent state; her name is swallowed up in that of England. Only read the English newspapers; they mention England, as if it were the name of the whole island. They talk of the English army, the English fleet, the English everything. They never mention Scotland, except when one of our countrymen happens to get an office under government; we are then told, with some stale gibe, that the person is a Scotchman; or, which happens still more rarely, when any of them are condemned to die at Tyburn, particular care is taken to inform the public that the criminal is originally from Scotland! But if fifty Englishmen get places, or are hanged, in one year, no remarks are made.'

'No,' said Buchanan: 'in that case it is passed over as a thing of course.'

The conversation then taking another turn, Targe, who was a great genealogist, descanted on the antiquity of certain gentlemen's families in the Highlands; which, he asserted, were far more honourable than most of the noble families either in Scotland or England. 'Is it not shameful,' added he, 'that a parcel of mushroom lords, mere sprouts from the dunghills of law or commerce, the grandsons of grocers and attorneys, should take the pass of gentlemen of the oldest families in Europe?'

'Why, as for that matter,' replied Buchanan, 'provided the grandsons of grocers or attorneys are deserving citizens, I do not perceive why they should be excluded from the king's favour more than other men.'

'But some of them never drew a sword in defence of either their king or country,' rejoined Targe.

'Assuredly,' said Buchanan, 'men may deserve honour and pre-eminence by other means than by drawing their swords.' [He then instances his celebrated namesake, George Buchanan, whom he praises warmly as having been the best Latin scholar in Europe; while Targe upbraids him for want of honesty.]

'In what did he ever shew any want of honesty?' said Buchanan.

'In calumniating and endeavouring to blacken the reputation of his rightful sovereign, Mary, Queen of Scots,' replied Targe, 'the most beautiful and accomplished princess that ever sat on a throne.'

'I have nothing to say either against her beauty or her accomplishments,' resumed Buchanan; 'but surely, Mr Targe, you must acknowledge that she was a ——'

'Have a care what you say, sir!' interrupted Targe. 'I'll permit no man that ever wore breeches to speak disrespectfully of that unfortunate queen!'

'No man that ever wore either breeches or a philabeg,' replied Buchanan, 'shall prevent me from speaking the truth when I see occasion.'

'Speak as much truth as you please, sir,' rejoined Targe; 'but I declare that no man shall calumniate the memory of that beautiful and unfortunate princess in my presence while I can wield a claymore.'

'If you should wield fifty claymores, you cannot deny that she was a Papist!' said Buchanan.

'Well, sir,' cried Targe, 'what then? She was, like other people, of the religion in which she was bred.'

'I do not know where you may have been bred, Mr Targe,' said Buchanan; 'for aught I know, you may be an adherent to the worship of the Scarlet Lady yourself. Unless that is the case, you ought not to interest yourself in the reputation of Mary, Queen of Scots.'

'I fear you are too nearly related to the false slanderer whose name you bear!' said Targe.

'I glory in the name, and should think myself greatly obliged to any man who could prove my relation to the great George Buchanan!' cried the other.

'He was nothing but a disloyal calumniator,' cried Targe, 'who attempted to support falsehoods by forgeries, which, I thank Heaven, are now fully detected!'

'You are thankful for a very small mercy,' resumed Buchanan; 'but since you provoke me to it, I will tell you, in plain English, that your bonny Queen Mary was the strumpet of Bothwell, and the murderer of her husband!'

No sooner had he uttered the last sentence than Targe flew at him like a tiger, and they were separated with difficulty by Mr N——'s groom, who was in the adjoining chamber, and had heard the altercation.

'I insist on your giving me satisfaction, or retracting what you have said against the beautiful Queen of Scotland!' cried Targe.

'As for retracting what I have said,' replied Buchanan, 'that is no habit of mine; but with regard to giving you satisfaction, I am ready for that to the best of my ability; for let me tell you, sir, though I am not a Highlandman, I am a Scotchman as well as yourself, and not entirely ignorant of the use of the claymore; so name your hour, and I will meet you to-morrow morning.'

'Why not directly?' cried Targe; 'there is nobody in the garden to interrupt us.'

'I should have chosen to have settled some things first; but since you are in such a hurry, I will not balk you. I will step home for my sword and be with you directly,' said Buchanan.

The groom interposed, and endeavoured to reconcile the two enraged Scots, but without success. Buchanan soon arrived with his sword, and they retired to a private spot in the garden. The groom next tried to persuade them to decide their difference by fair boxing. This was rejected by both the champions as a mode of fighting unbecoming gentlemen. The groom asserted that the best gentlemen in England sometimes fought in that manner, and gave as an instance a boxing-match, of which he himself had been a witness, between Lord G.'s gentleman and a gentleman farmer at York races about the price of a mare.

'But our quarrel,' said Targe, 'is about the reputation of a queen.'

'That, for certain,' replied the groom, 'makes a difference.'

Buchanan unsheathed his sword.

'Are you ready, sir?' cried Targe.

'That I am. Come on, sir,' said Buchanan; 'and the Lord be with the righteous.'

'Amen!' cried Targe; and the conflict began.

Both the combatants understood the weapon they fought with, and each parried his adversary's blows with such dexterity that no blood was shed for some time. At length Targe, making a feint at Buchanan's head, gave him suddenly a severe wound in the thigh.

'I hope you are now sensible of your error?' said Targe, dropping his point.

'I am of the same opinion I was!' cried Buchanan; 'so keep your guard.' So saying, he advanced more briskly than ever upon Targe, who, after warding off several strokes, wounded his antagonist a second time. Buchanan, however, shewed no disposition to relinquish the combat. But this second wound being in the forehead, and the blood flowing with profusion into his eyes, he could no longer see distinctly, but was obliged to flourish his sword at random, without being able to perceive the movements of his adversary, who, closing with him, became master of his sword, and with the same effort threw him to the ground; and, standing over him, he said: 'This may convince you, Mr Buchanan, that yours is not the righteous cause! You are in my power; but I will act as the queen whose character I defend would order were she alive. I hope you will live to repent of the injustice you have done to that amiable and unfortunate princess.' He then assisted Buchanan to rise. Buchanan made no immediate answer: but when he saw Targe assisting the groom to stop the blood which flowed from his wounds, he said: 'I must acknowledge, Mr Targe, that you behave like a gentleman.'

After the bleeding was in some degree diminished by the dry lint which the groom, who was an excellent farrier, applied to the wounds, they assisted him to his chamber, and then the groom rode away to inform Mr N—— of what had happened. But the wound becoming more painful, Targe proposed sending for a surgeon. Buchanan then said that the surgeon's mate belonging to one of the ships of the British squadron then in the bay was, he believed, on shore, and as he was a Scotchman he would like to employ him rather than a foreigner. Having mentioned where he lodged, one of Mr N——'s footmen went immediately for him. He returned soon after, saying that the surgeon's mate was not at his lodging, nor expected for some hours. 'But I will go and bring the French surgeon,' continued the footman.

'I thank you, Mr Thomas,' said Buchanan; 'but I will have patience till my own countryman returns.'

'He may not return for a long time,' said Thomas. 'You had best let me run for the French surgeon, who, they say, has a great deal of skill.'

'I am obliged to you Mr Thomas,' added Buchanan; 'but neither Frenchman nor Spaniard shall dress my wounds when a Scottishman is to be found for love or money.'

'They are to be found, for the one or the other, as I am credibly informed, in most parts of the world,' said Thomas.

'As my countrymen,' replied Buchanan, 'are distinguished for letting slip no means of improvement, it would be very strange if many of them did not use that of travelling, Mr Thomas.'

'It would be very strange indeed, I own it,' said the footman.

'But are you certain of this young man's skill in his business when he does come?' said Targe.

'I confess I have had no opportunity to know anything of his skill,' answered Buchanan; 'but I know for certain that he is sprung from very respectable people. His father is a minister of the gospel, and it is not likely that his father's son will be deficient in the profession to which he was bred.'

'It would be still less likely had the son been bred to preaching!' said Targe.

'That is true,' replied Buchanan, 'but I have no doubt of the young man's skill: he seems to be a very douce [discreet] lad. It will be an encouragement to him to see that I prefer him to another, and also a comfort to me to be attended by my countryman.'

'Countryman or not countryman,' said Thomas, 'he will expect to be paid for his trouble as well as another.'

'Assuredly,' said Buchanan; 'but it was always a maxim with me, and shall be to my dying day, that we should give our own fish guts to our own sea mews.'

'Since you are so fond of your own sea mews,' said Thomas, 'I am surprised you were so eager to destroy Mr Targe there.'

'That proceeded from a difference in politics, Mr Thomas,' replied Buchanan, 'in which the best of friends are apt to have a misunderstanding; but though I am a Whig, and he is a Tory, I hope we are both honest men; and as he behaved generously when my life was in his power, I have no scruple in saying that I am sorry for having spoken disrespectfully of any person, dead or alive, for whom he has an esteem.'

'Mary, Queen of Scots, acquired the esteem of her very enemies,' resumed Targe. 'The elegance and engaging sweetness of her manners were irresistible to every heart that was not steeled by prejudice or jealousy.'

'She is now in the hands of a Judge,' said Buchanan, 'who can neither be seduced by fair appearances, nor imposed on by forgeries and fraud.'

'She is so, Mr Buchanan,' replied Targe; 'and her rival and accusers are in the hands of the same Judge.'

'We had best leave them all to His justice and mercy, then, and say no more on the subject,' added Buchanan; 'for if Queen Mary's conduct on earth was what you believe it was, she will receive her reward in heaven, where her actions and sufferings are recorded.'

'One thing more I will say,' rejoined Targe, 'and that is only to ask of you whether it is probable that a woman whose conscience was loaded with crimes imputed to her could have closed the varied scene of her life, and have met death with such serene and dignified courage, as Mary did?'

'I always admired that last awful scene,' replied Buchanan, who was melted by the recollection of Mary's behaviour on the scaffold; 'and I will freely acknowledge that the most innocent person that ever lived, or the greatest hero recorded in history, could not face death with greater composure than the queen of Scotland; she supported the dignity of a queen while she displayed the meekness of a Christian.'

'I am exceedingly sorry, my dear friend, for the misunderstanding that happened between us!' said Targe affectionately, and holding forth his hand in token of reconciliation; 'and I am now willing to believe that your friend, Mr George Buchanan, was a very great poet and understood Latin as well as any man alive!' Here the two friends shook hands with the utmost cordiality.

The edition of Moore's works (7 vols. 1820) contains a M[illegible] Dr Robert Anderson. *Zeluco* is included in Mrs Barbauld's [illegible]

William Beckford (1760–1844), the author of *Vathek*, was born at Fonthill in the south of Wiltshire. He had as great a passion for building towers as the caliph himself, and both his fortune and his genius have something of Oriental splendour about them. His father, Alderman Beckford (1709–70), M.P. from 1753 for the City of London, and twice Lord Mayor, was a doughty

Whig, a rival almost of Wilkes, a man who, according to a somewhat doubtful story, dared to speak face to face with a king. His only son, on coming of age, succeeded to a million of money and over £100,000 a year. His education had been desultory and irregular; but under tutors at Geneva a literary taste already manifested itself. In his seventeenth year he wrote *Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters* (published in 1780), a burlesque guide-book to the pictures at Fonthill, which by means of wholly fictitious biographies deftly satirised both Dutch and English artists under feigned names. His letters on his travels, 1780-82, in the Netherlands and Italy were printed in 1783, then suppressed, and reprinted in 1835, with omissions and additions, as *Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal*, the restored text becoming available only in 1891. In 1782 he wrote *Vathek*. 'I wrote it,' he told Cyrus Redding, 'at one sitting, and in French. It cost me three days and two nights of hard labour. I never took my clothes off the whole time.' As a matter of fact, he was working at it for most of a twelvemonth. In 1783 he married a daughter of the Earl of Aboyne; and they lived in Switzerland until her death at Vevay in 1786, after bearing a second daughter, who married the Duke of Hamilton. Late in that same year appeared in London an English version of *The History of the Caliph Vathek, an Arabian tale from an unpublished manuscript, with notes critical and explanatory*. Both translation and notes were made, with Beckford's co-operation, by the Rev. Samuel Henley, D.D., rector of Rendlesham in Suffolk, and first Principal of Haileybury; but the publication was quite unauthorised, anticipating as it did two editions of the French original (Paris and Lausanne, 1787). Yet Henley's version it is that still holds the field, if altered somewhat in the third edition (1816). Beckford's travel-pictures, though unequal and often disappointing, can yet be read with keen interest and pleasure. The point of view is sometimes startling; thus a modern art-lover is surprised to find that one of the things that chiefly attracted this great *cognoscente* to Holland was the prospect of 'revelling in Polemburgs.' And Beckford does in so many words rank Cornelis van Poelenburgh (1586-1667) among the greatest painters of the Low Countries, and far above Rubens. On the other hand, his raptures amid the sublime scenery of Alpine mountains and forests were compared with the finest things in Gray's letters.

Beckford was returned to Parliament for Wells and Hindon, but his love of magnificence and his voluptuary tastes were ill suited to English society. In 1794 he set off for Portugal with a retinue of thirty servants, and was absent about two years. He was said to have built a palace at Cintra—that 'glorious Eden of the south;' and Byron referred to it in the first canto of *Childe Harold*:

> There thou, too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,
> Once formed thy paradise

Byron had been misinformed: Beckford built no 'paradise' at Cintra. But he left a literary memorial of his residence in Portugal in his *Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha* (1835). In 1796 he returned to England, and took up his residence permanently on his Wiltshire estate. Two burlesque novels by him belong to this period—*Modern Novel Writing, or the Elegant Enthusiast* (1796), and *Azemia* (1797); but they are tedious extravaganzas. At Fonthill Beckford lived in a style of Oriental luxury and seclusion. He built a wall of nine miles round his property to shut out visitors; but in 1800 his gates were thrown open to receive Lord Nelson and Sir William and Lady Hamilton, in honour of whom he gave a series of splendid fêtes.

WILLIAM BECKFORD.
From an Engraving after Reynolds.

Next year he sold the furniture and pictures of Fonthill, pulled down the old house with its great hall, and for years employed himself in rearing the magnificent but unsubstantial Gothic structure known as Fonthill Abbey, with a tower 278 feet high, which fell in ruins in 1825. In 1822 he sold the place for £330,000, retaining only family pictures and books, and went to live at Bath. There he erected another costly building, Lansdowne House, which had a tower a hundred feet high, crowned with a model of the temple of Lysicrates at Athens, made of cast-iron! and there he died. Beckford was one of the most magnificent of bibliophiles, some of his purchases being perfectly imperial. He bought Gibbon's library at Lausanne, and handed it over to his physician. His own splendid collection, which passed to his descendants the Dukes of Hamilton, was sold in 1882 for £43,000.

Vathek was Byron's delight. 'For correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, this most Eastern and sublime tale surpasses all imitations,' said the author of *Childe Harold*; 'as an Eastern tale even *Rasselas* must bow before it.' Voluptuousness and cynicism are strangely combined in the work. The hero is the grandson of Haroun al Raschid, whose dominions stretched from Africa to India; he is fearless, proud, inquisitive, gourmand, fond of theological controversy, cruel, and magnificent. There certainly is much both of weirdness and of grandeur in some of the inventions; the catastrophe has real epic sublimity, and the conception of the vast multitude incessantly pacing the halls from which all hope has fled is Dantesque. Numberless graces of description, piquant allusions, humour and satire, and a wild yet witty spirit of mockery and derision diversify and distinguish a romance which gives Beckford a place of his own among our imaginative writers, even apart from the surprise excited by the work of a youth of twenty-two, who had never been in the countries described so vividly. But the work is conspicuously unequal. Only sometimes is the romancer convincing; often he fails of his intended effect: there are many passages of mere incredible phantasmagoria, and some of sheer dullness.

The Caliph Vathek and his Palaces.

Vathek, ninth caliph of the race of the Abbasides, was the son of Motassem, and the grandson of Haroun al Raschid. From an early accession to the throne, and the talents he possessed to adorn it, his subjects were induced to expect that his reign would be long and happy. His figure was pleasing and majestic; but when he was angry, one of his eyes became so terrible that no person could bear to behold it, and the wretch upon whom it was fixed instantly fell backward, and sometimes expired. For fear, however, of depopulating his dominions and making his palace desolate, he but rarely gave way to his anger.

Being much addicted to women and the pleasures of the table, he sought by his affability to procure agreeable companions; and he succeeded the better as his generosity was unbounded and his indulgences unrestrained: nor did he think, with the caliph Omar Ben Abdalaziz, that it was necessary to make a hell of this world to enjoy paradise in the next.

He surpassed in magnificence all his predecessors. The palace of Alkoremmi, which his father, Motassem, had erected on the hill of Pied Horses, and which commanded the whole city of Samarah, was in his idea far too scanty; he added, therefore, five wings, or rather other palaces, which he destined for the particular gratification of each of his senses. In the first of these were tables continually covered with the most exquisite dainties, which were supplied both by night and by day, according to their constant consumption, whilst the most delicious wines and the choicest cordials flowed forth from a hundred fountains that were never exhausted. This palace was called the Eternal, or Unsatiating Banquet. The second was styled the Temple of Melody, or the Nectar of the Soul. It was inhabited by the most skilful musicians and admired poets of the time, who not only displayed their talents within, but dispersing in bands without, caused every surrounding scene to reverberate their songs, which were continually varied in the most delightful succession.

The palace named the Delight of the Eyes, or the Support of Memory, was one entire enchantment. Rarities collected from every corner of the earth were there found in such profusion as to dazzle and confound, but for the order in which they were arranged. One gallery exhibited the pictures of the celebrated Mani (the founder of the Manichæans, who was famed as a magician and painter), and statues that seemed to be alive. Here a well-managed perspective attracted the sight; there the magic of optics agreeably deceived it; whilst the naturalist, on his part, exhibited in their several classes the various gifts that Heaven had bestowed on our globe. In a word, Vathek omitted nothing in this palace that might gratify the curiosity of those who resorted to it, although he was not able to satisfy his own, for he was of all men the most curious.

The Palace of Perfumes, which was termed likewise the Incentive to Pleasure, consisted of various halls, where the different perfumes which the earth produces were kept perpetually burning in censers of gold. Flambeaux and aromatic lamps were here lighted in open day. But the too powerful effects of this agreeable delirium might be alleviated by descending into an immense garden, where an assemblage of every fragrant flower diffused through the air the purest odours.

The fifth palace, denominated the Retreat of Mirth, or the Dangerous, was frequented by troops of young females, beautiful as the Houris and not less seducing, who never failed to receive with caresses all whom the caliph allowed to approach them and enjoy a few hours of their company. For he was by no means jealous, as his own women were secluded within the palace he inhabited himself.

Notwithstanding the sensuality in which Vathek indulged, he experienced no abatement in the love of his people, who thought that a sovereign immersed in pleasure was not less tolerable to his subjects than one that employed himself in creating them foes. But the unquiet and impetuous disposition of the caliph would not allow him to rest there. He had studied so much for his amusement in the lifetime of his father as to acquire a great deal of knowledge, though not a sufficiency to satisfy himself; for he wished to know everything, even sciences that did not exist. He was fond of engaging in disputes with the learned, but did not allow them to push their opposition with warmth. He stopped with presents the mouths of those whose mouths could be stopped; whilst others, whom his liberality was unable to subdue, he sent to prison to cool their blood: a remedy that often succeeded.

Vathek discovered also a predilection for theological controversy; but it was not with the orthodox that he usually held. By this means he induced the zealots to oppose him, and then persecuted them in return; for he resolved at anyrate to have reason on his side.

The great prophet Mahomet, whose vicars the caliphs are, beheld with indignation from his abode in the seventh heaven the irreligious conduct of such a vicegerent. 'Let us leave him to himself,' said he to the genii, who are always ready to receive his commands; 'let us see to what lengths his folly and impiety will carry him: if he run into excess, we shall know how to chastise him. Assist him, therefore, to complete the tower, which, in imitation of Nimrod, he hath begun; not, like that great warrior, to escape being drowned, but from the insolent curiosity of penetrating the secrets of Heaven: he will not divine the fate that awaits him.'

The genii obeyed; and, when the workmen had raised their structure a cubit in the daytime, two cubits more were added in the night. The expedition with which the fabric arose was not a little flattering to the vanity of Vathek: he fancied that even insensible matter shewed a forwardness to subserve his designs, not considering that the successes of the foolish and wicked form the first rod of their chastisement.

His pride arrived at its height when, having ascended for the first time the fifteen hundred stairs of his tower, he cast his eyes below, and beheld men not larger than pismires, mountains than shells, and cities than bee-hives. The idea which such an elevation inspired of his own grandeur completely bewildered him: he was almost ready to adore himself, till, lifting his eyes upward, he saw the stars as high above him as they appeared when he stood on the surface of the earth. He consoled himself, however, for this intruding and unwelcome perception of his littleness with the thought of being great in the eyes of others; and flattered himself that the light of his mind would extend beyond the reach of his sight, and extort from the stars the decrees of his destiny.

The Hall of Eblis.

In this manner they advanced by moonlight till they came within view of the two towering rocks that form a kind of portal to the valley, at the extremity of which rose the vast ruins of Istakar. Aloft, on the mountain, glimmered the fronts of various royal mausoleums, the horror of which was deepened by the shadows of night. They passed through two villages, almost deserted, the only inhabitants remaining being a few feeble old men, who, at the sight of horses and litters, fell upon their knees and cried out: 'O heaven! is it then by these phantoms that we have been for six months tormented? Alas! it was from the terror of these spectres, and the noise beneath the mountains, that our people have fled, and left us at the mercy of the maleficent spirits!' The caliph, to whom these complaints were but unpromising auguries, drove over the bodies of these wretched old men, and at length arrived at the foot of the terrace of black marble. There he descended from his litter, handing down Nouronihar; both, with beating hearts, stared wildly around them, and expected, with an apprehensive shudder, the approach of the Giaour. But nothing as yet announced his appearance.

A deathlike stillness reigned over the mountain and through the air. The moon dilated on a vast platform the shades of the lofty columns which reached from the terrace almost to the clouds. The gloomy watch-towers, whose number could not be counted, were covered by no roof; and their capitals, of an architecture unknown in the records of the earth, served as an asylum for the birds of night, which, alarmed at the approach of such visitants, fled away croaking.

The chief of the eunuchs, trembling with fear, besought Vathek that a fire might be kindled. 'No,' replied he: 'there is no time left to think of such trifles; abide where thou art, and expect my commands.' Having thus spoken, he presented his hand to Nouronihar, and, ascending the steps of a vast staircase, reached the terrace, which was flagged with squares of marble, and resembled a smooth expanse of water, upon whose surface not a leaf ever dared to vegetate. On the right rose the watch-towers, ranged before the ruins of an immense palace, whose walls were embossed with various figures. In front stood forth the colossal forms of four creatures, composed of the leopard and the griffin, and though but of stone, inspired emotions of terror. Near these were distinguished, by the splendour of the moon, which streamed full on the place, characters like those on the sabres of the Giaour, and which possessed the same virtue of changing every moment. These, after vacillating for some time, fixed at last in Arabic letters, and prescribed to the caliph the following words: 'Vathek! thou hast violated the conditions of my parchment, and deservest to be sent back; but in favour to thy companion, and, as the meed for what thou hast done to obtain it, Eblis permitteth that the portal of his palace shall be opened, and the subterranean fire will receive thee into the number of its adorers.'

He scarcely had read these words before the mountain against which the terrace was reared trembled, and the watch-towers were ready to topple headlong upon them. The rock yawned, and disclosed within it a staircase of polished marble that seemed to approach the abyss. Upon each stair were planted two large torches, like those Nouronihar had seen in her vision; the camphorated vapour of which ascended and gathered itself into a cloud under the hollow of the vault. . . .

The caliph and Nouronihar beheld each other with amazement at finding themselves in a place which, though roofed with a vaulted ceiling, was so spacious and lofty that at first they took it for an immeasurable plain. But their eyes at length growing familiar to the grandeur of the surrounding objects, they extended their view to those at a distance, and discovered rows of columns and arcades, which gradually diminished till they terminated in a point radiant as the sun when he darts his last beams athwart the ocean. The pavement, strewed over with gold-dust and saffron, exhaled so subtle an odour as almost overpowered them. They, however, went on, and observed an infinity of censers, in which ambergris and the wood of aloes were continually burning. . . .

In the midst of this immense hall a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts without once regarding anything around them. They had all the livid paleness of death. Their eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosphoric meteors that glimmer by night in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on, absorbed in profound reverie; some, shrieking with agony, ran furiously about like tigers wounded with poisoned arrows; whilst others, grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along more frantic than the wildest maniac. They all avoided each other; and though surrounded by a multitude that no one could number, each wandered at random, unheedful of the rest, as if alone on a desert where no foot had trodden. . . .

After some time, Vathek and Nouronihar perceived a gleam brightening through the drapery, and entered a vast tabernacle hung round with the skins of leopards. An infinity of elders, with streaming beards, and afrits in complete armour, had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence, on the top of which, upon a globe of fire, sat the formidable Eblis. His person was that of a young man, whose noble and regular features seemed to have been tarnished by malignant vapours. In his large eyes appeared both pride and despair; his flowing hair retained some resemblance to that of an angel of light. In his hand, which thunder had blasted, he swayed the iron sceptre that causes the monster Ouranbad, the afrits, and all the powers of the abyss to tremble. At his presence the heart of the caliph sank within him, and he fell prostrate on his face. Nouronihar, however, though greatly dismayed, could not help admiring the person of Eblis, for she expected to have seen some stupendous giant. Eblis, with a voice more mild than might be imagined, but such as penetrated the soul and filled it with the deepest melancholy, said: 'Creatures of clay, I receive you into mine empire; ye are numbered amongst my adorers; enjoy whatever this palace affords—the treasures of the pre-Adamite sultans, their bickering sabres, and those talismans that compel the dives to open the subterranean expanses of the mountain of Kaf, which communicate with these. There, insatiable as your curiosity may be, shall you find sufficient objects to gratify it. You shall possess the exclusive privilege of entering the fortresses of Aherman, and the halls of Argenk, where are portrayed all creatures endowed with intelligence, and the various animals that inhabited the earth prior to the creation of that contemptible being whom ye denominate the father of mankind.'

Vathek and Nouronihar, feeling themselves revived and encouraged by this harangue, eagerly said to the Giaour: 'Bring us instantly to the place which contains these precious talismans.' 'Come,' answered this wicked dive, with his malignant grin, 'come and possess all that my sovereign hath promised, and more.' He then conducted them into a long aisle adjoining the tabernacle, preceding them with hasty steps, and followed by his disciples with the utmost alacrity. They reached at length a hall of great extent, and covered with a lofty dome, around which appeared fifty portals of bronze, secured with as many fastenings of iron. A funereal gloom prevailed over the whole scene. Here, upon two beds of incorruptible cedar, lay recumbent the fleshless forms of the pre-Adamite kings who had been monarchs of the whole earth. They still possessed enough of life to be conscious of their deplorable condition. Their eyes retained a melancholy motion; they regarded one another with looks of the deepest dejection, each holding his right hand motionless on his heart. At their feet were inscribed the events of their several reigns, their power, their pride, and their crimes; Soliman Raad, Soliman Daki, and Soliman Gian Ben Gian, who, after having chained up the dives in the dark caverns of Kaf, became so presumptuous as to doubt of the Supreme Power. All these maintained great state, though not to be compared with the eminence of Soliman Ben Daoud [Solomon, the son of David].

This king, so renowned for his wisdom, was on the loftiest elevation, and placed immediately under the dome. He appeared to possess more animation than the rest. Though, from time to time, he laboured with profound sighs, and, like his companions, kept his right hand on his heart, yet his countenance was more composed, and he seemed to be listening to the sullen roar of a cataract, visible in part through one of the grated portals. This was the only sound that intruded on the silence of these doleful mansions. A range of brazen vases surrounded the elevation. 'Remove the covers from these cabalistic depositories,' said the Giaour to Vathek, 'and avail thyself of the talismans which will break asunder all these gates of bronze, and not only render thee master of the treasures contained within them, but also of the spirits by which they are guarded.'

The caliph, whom this ominous preliminary had entirely disconcerted, approached the vases with faltering footsteps, and was ready to sink with terror when he heard the groans of Soliman. As he proceeded, a voice from the livid lips of the prophet articulated these words: 'In my lifetime, I filled a magnificent throne, having on my right hand twelve thousand seats of gold, where the patriarchs and the prophets heard my doctrines; on my left the sages and doctors, upon as many thrones of silver, were present at all my decisions. Whilst I thus administered justice to innumerable multitudes, the birds of the air, hovering over me, served as a canopy against the rays of the sun. My people flourished, and my palace rose to the clouds. I erected a temple to the Most High, which was the wonder of the universe; but I basely suffered myself to be seduced by the love of women, and a curiosity that could not be restrained by sublunary things. I listened to the counsels of Aherman and the daughter of Pharaoh; and adored fire, and the hosts of heaven. I forsook the holy city, and commanded the genii to rear the stupendous palace of Istakhar, and the terrace of the watch-towers, each of which was consecrated to a star. There for a while I enjoyed myself in the zenith of glory and pleasure. Not only men, but supernatural beings, were subject also to my will. I began to think, as these unhappy monarchs around had already thought, that the vengeance of Heaven was asleep; when at once the thunder burst my structures asunder, and precipitated me hither; where, however, I do not remain, like the other inhabitants, totally destitute of hope; for an angel of light hath revealed that, in consideration of the piety of my early youth, my woes shall come to an end when this cataract shall for ever cease to flow. Till then I am in torments, ineffable torments! an unrelenting fire preys on my heart.'

Such was, and such should be, the punishment of unrestrained passions and atrocious deeds! Such shall be the chastisement of that blind curiosity which would transgress those bounds the wisdom of the Creator has prescribed to human knowledge; and such the dreadful disappointment of that restless ambition which, aiming at discoveries reserved for beings of a supernatural order, perceives not, through its infatuated pride, that the condition of man upon earth is to be humble and ignorant.

The [illegible] quarto referred to above as having been suppressed was called *Dreams, Waking Thoughts, and Incidents*; reprinted [illegible] in 18[illegible]. The text was first restored to its original [illegible] in Mr Bettany's edition for the 'Minerva Series.' See the Life of Beckford by Cyrus Redding (2 vols. 1859), based on materials not all trustworthy furnished by himself; M. Mallarmé's reprint of *Vathek* (Paris, 1876); Dr Garnett's (London, 1893); W. Gregory, *The Beckford Family* (1887); and Essay on Beckford by Mr Charles Whibley in *The Pageantry of Life* (1900).

Gilbert White.

Gilbert White (1720-93), the most charming of all English writers on the natural history of their country, was born at Selborne in Hampshire, and educated with the Wartons at their father's vicarage at Basingstoke, whence he passed to Oriel College, Oxford. After obtaining a fellowship there, he took orders in 1747, and in 1751 became curate of his native parish. Next year he was back in Oxford, as senior proctor at the university, but in 1755 returned to Selborne, where he passed the rest of his uneventful life, enjoying, after the fashion of that comfortable age of pluralism, one or two college curacies as well as the equally sinecure living of Morton Pinkney in Northamptonsh[illegible] He was never married, but once fell deep [illegible] Miss Mulso better known as the ex[illegible] [illegible] and edifying Mrs Chapone, who declined [illegible] es of letters to Thomas [illegible] and traveller, and the [illegible] hich form his delight [illegible] *Antiquities of Selborne*, [illegible] blished in 1789. The [illegible] uracy of his observ[illegible] [illegible] and unaffected grace of [illegible] out a touch of eighteenth- [illegible] l there, have given White [illegible] Isaac Walton and it is [illegible] *ral History of Selborne* has [illegible] ntelligent bird nesting as the [illegible] the rod and hook. In one [illegible] ll, that he used to carry a list in his pocket of the birds to be remarked on, and that, as he rode or walked about, he noted each day the continuance or omission of each bird's song.

Old Trees.

In the court of Norton farmhouse, a manor farm to the north west of the village, on the white malms, stood within these twenty years a broad leaved elm, or wych hazel, *Ulmus folio latissimo scabro* of Ray, which, though it had lost a considerable leading bough in the great storm in the year 1703, equal to a moderate tree, yet, when felled, contained eight loads of timber; and, being too bulky for a carriage, was sawn off at seven feet above the butt, where it measured near eight feet in the diameter. This elm I mention to show to what a bulk planted elms may attain; as this tree must certainly have been such from its situation.

In the centre of the village, and near the church, is a square piece of ground surrounded by houses, and vulgarly called 'The Plestor' [i.e. [illegible] stowe, or playing place]. In the midst of this spot stood, in old times, a vast oak, with a short squat body, and huge horizontal arms extending almost to the extremity of the area. This venerable tree, surrounded with stone steps, and seats above them, was the delight of old and young, and a place of much resort in summer evenings; where the former sat in grave debate, while the latter frolicked and danced before them. Long might it have stood, had not the amazing tempest in 170[illegible] overturned it at once, to the infinite regret of the inhabitants, and the vicar, who bestowed several pounds in setting it in its place again; but all his care could not avail; the tree sprouted for a time, then withered and died. This oak I mention to show to what a bulk planted oaks also may arrive: and planted this tree must certainly have been, as will appear from what will be said farther concerning this area when we enter on the antiquities of Selborne.

On the Blackmoor estate there is a small wood called Losel's, of a few acres, that was lately furnished with a set of oaks of a peculiar growth and great value; they were tall and taper like firs, but standing near together had very small heads, only a little brush without any large limbs. About twenty years ago the bridge at the Toy, near Hampton Court, being much decayed, some trees were wanted for the repairs that were fifty feet long, without bough, and would measure twelve inches diameter at the little end. Twenty such trees did purveyor find in this little wood, with this advantage, that many of them answered the description at sixty feet. These trees were sold for twenty pounds apiece.

In the centre of this grove there stood an oak, which, though shapely and tall on the whole, bulged out into a large excrescence about the middle of the stem. On this a pair of ravens had fixed their residence for such a series of years that the oak was distinguished by the title of the Raven Tree. Many were the attempts of the neighbouring youths to get at this eyry: the difficulty whetted their inclinations, and each was ambitious of surmounting the arduous task. But when they arrived at the swelling, it jutted out so in their way, and was so far beyond their grasp, that the most daring lads were awed, and acknowledged the undertaking to be too hazardous; so the ravens built on, nest upon nest, in perfect security, till the fatal day arrived in which the wood was to be levelled. It was in the month of February, when those birds usually sit. The saw was applied to the butt, the wedges were inserted into the opening, the woods echoed to the heavy blow of the beetle or mall or mallet, the tree nodded to its fall; but still the dam sat on. At last, when it gave way, the bird was flung from her nest; and, though her parental affection deserved a better fate, was whipped down by the twigs, which brought her dead to the ground.

Vanished Game.

This lonely domain is a very agreeable haunt for many sorts of wild fowls, which not only frequent it in the winter, but breed there in the summer; such as lapwings, snipes, wild ducks, and, as I have discovered within these few years, teals. Partridges in vast plenty are bred in good seasons on the verge of this forest, into which they love to make excursions; and in particular in the dry summers of 1740 and 1741, and some years after, they swarmed to such a degree that parties of unreasonable sportsmen killed twenty and sometimes thirty brace in a day.

But there was a nobler species of game in this forest, now extinct, which I have heard old people say abounded much before shooting flying became so common, and that was the heath-cock, black game, or grouse. When I was a little boy I recollect one coming now and then to my father's table. The last pack remembered was killed about thirty five years ago; and within these ten years one solitary grey hen was sprung by some beagles in beating for a hare. The sportsmen cried out, 'A hen pheasant!' but a gentleman present, who had often seen grouse in the north of England, assured me that it was a grey hen.

Nor does the loss of our black-game prove the only gap in the Fauna Selborniensis; for another beautiful link in the chain of beings is wanting. I mean the red deer, which toward the beginning of this century amounted to about five hundred head, and made a stately appearance. There is an old keeper, now alive, named Adams, whose great grandfather (mentioned in a perambulation taken in 1635), grandfather, father, and self enjoyed the head keepership of Wolmer Forest in succession for more than a hundred years. This person assures me that his father has often told him that Queen Anne, as she was journeying on the Portsmouth road, did not think the forest of Wolmer beneath her royal regard. For she came out of the great road at Lippock, which is just by, and, reposing herself on a bank smoothed for that purpose, lying about half a mile to the east of Wolmer Pond, and still called Queen's Bank, saw with great complacency and satisfaction the whole herd of red deer brought by the keepers along the vale before her, consisting then of about five hundred head. A sight this, worthy the attention of the greatest sovereign! But he farther adds that, by means of the Waltham blacks, or, to use his own expression, as soon as they began blacking, they were reduced to about fifty head, and so continued decreasing till the time of the late Duke of Cumberland. It is now more than thirty years ago that His Highness sent down a huntsman, and six yeoman prickers, in scarlet jackets laced with gold, attended by the stag-hounds; ordering them to take every deer in this forest alive, and to convey them in carts to Windsor. In the course of the summer they caught every stag, some of which showed extraordinary diversion: but in the following winter, when the hinds were also carried off, such fine chases were exhibited as served the country people for matter of talk and wonder for years afterwards. I saw myself one of the yeomen-prickers single out a stag from the herd, and must confess that it was the most curious feat of activity I ever beheld, superior to anything in Mr Astley's riding-school. The exertions made by the horse and deer much exceeded all my expectations; though the former greatly excelled the latter in speed. When the devoted deer was separated from his companions, they gave him, by their watches, law, as they called it, for twenty minutes; when, sounding their horns, the stop-dogs were permitted to pursue, and a most gallant scene ensued.

The Waltham Blacks were deer-stealers or poachers with blacked faces or masks, infesting Waltham Chase near Bishops Waltham in Hants, the property of the Bishops of Winchester. Against them 'the Black Act' of 1723 was levelled.

Migration of the Swallows

If ever I saw anything like actual migration, it was last Michaelmas Day. I was travelling, and out early in the morning; at first there was a vast fog; but by the time that I was got seven or eight miles from home towards the coast, the sun broke out into a delicate warm day. We were then on a large heath or common, and I could discern, as the mist began to break away, great numbers of swallows (*Hirundines rusticæ*) clustering on the stunted shrubs and bushes, as if they had roosted there all night. As soon as the air became clear and pleasant they were all on the wing at once, and, by a placid and easy flight, proceeded on southward towards the sea; after this I did not see any more flocks, only now and then a straggler.

I cannot agree with those persons that say that the swallow kind disappear some and some gradually, as they come, for the bulk of them seem to withdraw at once; only some stragglers stay behind a long while, and do never, there is the greatest reason to believe, leave this island. Swallows seem to lay themselves up, and to come forth in a warm day, as bats do continually of a warm evening, after they have disappeared for weeks. For a very respectable gentleman assured me that, as he was walking with some friends under Merton Wall on a remarkably hot noon, either in the last week in December or the first week in January, he espied three or four swallows huddled together on the moulding of one of the windows of that college. I have frequently remarked that swallows are seen later at Oxford than elsewhere; is it owing to the vast massy buildings of that place, to the many waters round it, or to what else?

When I used to rise in the morning last autumn, and see the swallows and martins clustering on the chimneys and thatch of the neighbouring cottages, I could not help being touched with a secret delight, mixed with some degree of mortification: with delight, to observe with how much ardour and punctuality those poor little birds obeyed the strong impulse towards migration, or hiding, imprinted on their minds by their great Creator; and with some degree of mortification when I reflected that, after all our pains and inquiries, we are yet not quite certain to what regions they do migrate; and are still farther embarrassed to find that some do not actually migrate at all.

These reflections made so strong an impression on my imagination that they became productive of a composition that may perhaps amuse you for a quarter of an hour when next I have the honour of writing to you.

Rushlights.

'Hic . . . tædæ pingues, hic plurimus ignis
Semper, et assiduâ postes fuligine nigri

Dear Sir, I shall make no apology for troubling you with the detail of a very simple piece of domestic economy, being satisfied that you think nothing beneath your attention that tends to utility. The matter alluded to is the use of rushes instead of candles, which I am well aware prevails in many districts besides this; but as I know there are countries also where it does not obtain, and as I have considered the subject with some degree of exactness, I shall proceed in my humble story, and leave you to judge of the expediency.

The proper species of rush for this purpose seems to be the *Juncus effusus*, or common soft rush, which is to be found in most moist pastures, by the sides of streams, and under hedges. These rushes are in best condition in the height of summer; but may be gathered, so as to serve the purpose well, quite on to autumn. It would be needless to add that the largest and longest are best. Decayed labourers, women, and children make it their business to procure and prepare them. As soon as they are cut they must be flung into water and kept there, for otherwise they will dry and shrink, and the peel will not run. At first a person would find it no easy matter to divest a rush of its peel or rind, so as to leave one regular, narrow, even rib from top to bottom that may support the pith; but this, like other feats, soon becomes familiar even to children; and we have seen an old woman, stone blind, performing this business with great dispatch, and seldom failing to strip them with the nicest regularity. When these *junci* are thus far prepared, they must lie out on the grass to be bleached, and take the dew for some nights, and afterwards be dried in the sun.

Some address is required in dipping these rushes in the scalding fat or grease; but this knack also is to be attained by practice. The careful wife of an industrious Hampshire labourer obtains all her fat for nothing; for she saves the scummings of her bacon-pot for this use; and if the grease abounds with salt, she causes the salt to precipitate to the bottom, by setting the scummings in a warm oven. Where hogs are not much in use, and especially by the sea-side, the coarser animal-oils will come very cheap. A pound of common grease may be procured for fourpence, and about six pounds of grease will dip a pound of rushes, and one pound of rushes may be bought for one shilling; so that a pound of rushes, medicated and ready for use, will cost three shillings. If men that keep bees will mix a little wax with the grease, it will give it a consistency and render it more cleanly, and make the rushes burn longer; mutton-suet would have the same effect.

A good rush, which measured in length two feet four inches and a half, being minuted, burnt only three minutes short of an hour; and a rush of still greater length has been known to burn one hour and a quarter.

These rushes give a good clear light. Watch-lights (coated with tallow), it is true, shed a dismal one, 'darkness visible;' but then the wick of those have two ribs of the rind, or peel, to support the pith, while the wick of the dipped rush has but one. The two ribs are intended to impede the progress of the flame and make the candle last.

In a pound of dry rushes, avoirdupois, which I caused to be weighed and numbered, we found upwards of one thousand six hundred individuals. Now suppose each of these burns, one with another, only half an hour, then a poor man will purchase eight hundred hours of light, a time exceeding thirty-three entire days, for three shillings. According to this account each rush, before dipping, costs $\frac{1}{33}$ of a farthing, and $\frac{1}{11}$ afterwards. Thus a poor family will enjoy five and a half hours of comfortable light for a farthing. An experienced old housekeeper assures me that one pound and a half of rushes completely supplies his family the year round, since working people burn no candles in the long days, because they rise and go to bed by daylight.

Little farmers use rushes much in the short days both morning and evening, in the dairy and kitchen; but the very poor, who are always the worst economists, and therefore must continue very poor, buy a halfpenny candle every evening, which in their blowing open rooms does not burn much more than two hours. Thus have they only two hours' light for their money instead of eleven.

While on the subject of rural economy, it may not be improper to mention a pretty implement of housewifery that we have seen nowhere else; that is, little neat besoms which our foresters make from the stalks of the *Polytrichum commune*, or great golden maiden hair, which they call silk-wood, and find plenty in the bogs. When this moss is well combed and dressed, and divested of its outer skin, it becomes of a beautiful bright-chestnut colour; and, being soft and pliant, is very proper for the dusting of beds, curtains, carpets, hangings, &c. If these besoms were known to the brush-makers in town, it is probable they might come much in use for the purpose above-mentioned.

The Rooks returning to their Nests.

The evening proceedings and manœuvres of the rooks are curious and amusing in the autumn. Just before dusk, they return in long strings from the foraging of the day, and rendezvous by thousands over Selborne Down, where they wheel round in the air, and sport and dive in a playful manner, all the while exerting their voices, and making a loud cawing, which, being blended and softened by the distance that we at the village are below them, becomes a confused noise or chiding; or rather a pleasing murmur, very engaging to the imagination, and not unlike the cry of a pack of hounds in hollow, echoing woods, or the rushing of the wind in tall trees, or the tumbling of the tide upon a pebbly shore. When this ceremony is over, with the last gleam of day they retire for the night to the deep beechen woods of Tisted and Ropley. We remember a little girl who, as she was going to bed, used to remark on such an occurrence, in the true spirit of physico-theology, that the rooks were saying their prayers; and yet this child was much too young to be aware that the Scriptures have said of the Deity, that 'He feedeth the ravens who call upon Him.'

Among the hundred and twenty or more editions are those of Jesse (1851), Frank Buckland (1875), Harting (1875), Bell (1877), Richard Jefferies (1887), Burroughs (1895), Grant Allen (1900), and Bowdler Sharpe (1901). White's MS. journal (1768-93) was found in 1880. See bibliographies by Richard Hooper in *Notes and Queries* for 1877-78, and by E. A. Martin (1897). The *Life and Letters* published by White's great grandnephew, Mr Rashleigh Holt White (2 vols. 1901), contains a good deal of new matter, serving to minimise the charge of pluralism; the united revenues were not large. In 1893 White's centenary was celebrated at Selborne, where his house, 'The Wakes,' still stands.

Arthur Young (1741-1820), author of *Travels in France*, and famous for the work he did in promoting the interests of agriculture, was born in London, but was the son of the rector of Bradfield near Bury St Edmunds. Bred for a counting-house, he in 1763 rented a farm of his mother's, on which he made 3000 experiments and lost much money. A large farm in Essex (1766-77) nearly ruined him; for two years he was in Ireland, and then resumed farming at Bradfield, but without any financial success. But he had learnt much, and was well-inspired to turn his knowledge to good account. In 1767 he made the first of his famous tours, the record of which, *A Six Weeks' Tour*, expounded to the public for the first time the facts and principles of Norfolk husbandry; tours in the south of England, the northern counties, &c., followed; in 1771 he issued *The Farmer's Calendar* (which reached a twenty-first edition in 1862). After 1783 he edited a periodical, *The Annals of Agriculture*, to which King George III. was an occasional contributor. A list of his published *Letters of a Farmer*, essays, pamphlets, &c. on subjects of rural economy, the poor laws, taxation, &c., would fill a page; but the most important of Young's works are his *Tour in Ireland* (1780) and the much more famous *Travels in France during 1787, '88, '89, and 1790*, in which he gives impressions of an acute observer during the Revolution. He was author also of surveys of the counties of Suffolk, Norfolk, Lincoln, Hertford, Essex, and Oxford; with reports on waste lands, enclosures, manures, soils, rotation of crops, &c. The French Revolution alarmed Young with respect to its probable effects on the English lower classes, and he wrote several warning treatises and political tracts. Sir John Sinclair (another enthusiastic agriculturist) having prevailed on Pitt to establish a Board of Agriculture, Arthur Young was appointed its secretary (1793), with a salary of £400, and he was indefatigable in his exertions to carry out the views of the association. To the end of his long life, even after he was afflicted with blindness and had become an earnest (even morbid) convert to extreme evangelical views, his attention was given to public interests. He was a correspondent of Priestley and Bentham, the Dukes of Bedford and Grafton, a friend of Dr Burney, and latterly of Wilberforce and his set. Young is deservedly regarded as the greatest English writer on agriculture. More than any man he compelled his contemporaries to realise the shameful mismanagement of this great national interest, and induced landlords to carry into farming the same spirit of enterprise as capitalists did into industrial undertakings; and in spite of the lamentable failure of his own attempts at practical farming, it was largely his doing that agriculture was seen to depend on science and insight rather than on tradition. His *Travels in France* from the first took rank as a literary classic and a first-hand authority on the state of France at the time of the Revolution. He had his limitations and made many mistakes: thus he blamed the Government directly for all the ills of the country. But his acute observation, vivacious description, and sympathetic comment are as charming as they are illuminative. Of the *Travels in France* the second part deals with agriculture in specific detail. Young's works were not merely translated into French, but into Russian and German, and exercised a wide influence in all three tongues. For [illegible] lively, direct English style Young has been compared with Cobbett.

The Old Regime

26th [Aug. 1787]. To Barbesieux, situated in [illegible]

you stumble on a grand seigneur, even one that was worth millions, you are sure to find his property desert. The Duke of Bouillon's and this prince's are two of the greatest properties in France; and all the signs I have yet seen of their greatness are wastes, *landes*, deserts, fern, ling. Go to their residence, wherever it may be, and you would probably find them in the midst of a forest, very well peopled with deer, wild boars, and wolves. Oh! if I was the legislator of France for a day, I would make such great lords skip again. We supped with the Duke de la Rochefoucauld; the provincial assembly of Saintonge is soon to meet, and this nobleman, being the president, is waiting for their assembling.

Paris in 1787.

The 25th [Oct.]. This great city appears to be in many respects the most ineligible and inconvenient for the residence of a person of small fortune of any that I have seen, and vastly inferior to London. The streets are very narrow, and many of them crowded, nine-tenths dirty, and all without foot-pavements. Walking, which in London is so pleasant and so clean that ladies do it every day, is here a toil and fatigue to a man, and an impossibility to a well-dressed woman. The coaches are numerous, and, what are much worse, there are an infinity of one-horse cabriolets, which are driven by young men of fashion and their imitators, alike fools, with such rapidity as to be real nuisances, and render the streets exceedingly dangerous, without an incessant caution. I saw a poor child run over and probably killed, and have been myself many times blackened with the mud of the kennels. This beggarly practice, of driving a one-horse booby-hutch about the streets of a great capital, flows either from poverty or a wretched and despicable economy; nor is it possible to speak of it with too much severity. If young noblemen at London were to drive their chaises in streets without footways as their brethren do at Paris, they would speedily and justly get very well threshed or rolled in the kennel. This circumstance renders Paris an ineligible residence for persons, particularly families, that cannot afford to keep a coach; a convenience which is as dear as at London. The *fiacres*, hackney coaches, are much worse than at that city; and chairs there are none, for they would be driven down in the streets. To this circumstance also it is owing that all persons of small or moderate fortune are forced to dress in black, with black [illegible] distinction; too clear a line drawn in company between a man that has a good fortune and another that has not. With the pride, arrogance, and ill temper of English wealth this could not be borne; but the prevailing good humour of the French eases all such untoward circumstances. Lodgings are not half so good as at London, yet considerably dearer. If you do not hire a whole suite of rooms at an hotel, you must probably mount three, four, or five pair of stairs, and [illegible] but a bedchamber. After the horrid fatigue of the streets, such an elevation is a [illegible]. You must search with trouble before you [illegible] a private family, as gentlemen usually are at London, [illegible] higher price. Servants' wages [illegible]. It is to be regretted that Paris [illegible] disadvantages, for in other respects I [illegible] a great city. The society for a man of letters, or who has any scientific pursuit, cannot be exceeded. The intercourse between such men and the great, which, if it is not upon an equal footing, ought never to exist at all, is respectable. Persons of the highest rank pay an attention to science and literature, and emulate the character they confer. I should pity the man who expected, without other advantages of a very different nature, to be well received in a brilliant circle at London because he was a Fellow of the Royal Society. But this would not be the case with a member of the Academy of Sciences at Paris; he is sure of a good reception everywhere. Perhaps this contrast depends in a great measure on the difference of the governments of the two countries. Politics are too much attended to in England to allow a due respect to be paid to anything else; and should the French establish a freer government, academicians will not be held in such estimation, when rivalled in the public esteem by the orators who hold forth liberty and property in a free parliament.

A French Family Party.

The 27th [Sept. 1788]. Among my letters, one to Mons. de la Livonière, perpetual secretary of the Society of Agriculture here. I found he was at his country seat, two leagues off at Mignanne. On my arrival at his seat, he was sitting down to dinner with his family; not being past twelve, I thought to have escaped this awkwardness; but both himself and madame prevented all embarrassment by very unaffectedly desiring me to partake with them, and making not the least derangement either in table or looks, placed me at once at my ease, to an indifferent dinner, garnished with so much ease and cheerfulness that I found it a repast more to my taste than the most [illegible] tables could afford. An English fam[illegible] [illegible] taken unawares in the same way, would receive you with an unmeaning hospitality and an anxious politeness; and after waiting for a hurry-scurry derangement of cloth, table, plates, sideboard, pot and spit, would give you perhaps so good a dinner that [illegible] the family, between anxiety and fatigue, could [illegible] word of conversation, and you would depart [illegible] cordial wishes that you might never return. This [illegible] common in England, is never met with in France: the French are quiet in their houses, and do things without effort. Mons. [illegible] conversed with me [illegible] readily, but thought it very extraordinary that neither Government, nor the Academy of Sciences, nor the Academy of Agriculture, should at least be at the [illegible] of my journey. This idea is purely French, [illegible] have no notion of private people going out of their way for the public good, without being paid by the [illegible] could well understand me when I told [illegible] that everything is well done in England except [illegible] public money. I was greatly concerned to find [illegible] [illegible] through the [illegible] and afterward heard, perhaps, that I had been [illegible] Angers—20 miles.

See [illegible] edited with memoir by Miss Betham-Edwards [illegible] A. W. Hutton's edition of the [illegible]

Francis Grose (1731-91), antiquary, was born at Greenford in Middlesex, son of a rich Swiss jeweller settled at Richmond. In the Heralds' College from 1755 till 1763, he next became adjutant of the Hampshire and Surrey Militia—a historic service, for it was in the Hampshire Militia that Gibbon and Mitford served; and, when his easy habits had cost him his fortune, put to profit the favourite studies of his youth and his excellent draughtsmanship. His *Antiquities of England and Wales* (1773-87) proved a success, and in 1789 he set out on an antiquarian tour through Scotland. His splendid social qualities, his rich humour and good nature, made him friends everywhere—Burns one of them. He went to Ireland on a like errand, but died suddenly in Dublin. Grose's work on the antiquities of Scotland (to which Burns contributed 'Tam o' Shanter,' commended by the friendly editor as a 'pretty poem') appeared 1789-91; that on Ireland in 1791. Other works were *A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* (1785; new ed. with Memoir by Pierce Egan, 1823), *A Provincial Glossary* (1787), *Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons* (1785-89), *Military Antiquities* (1786-88), *The Grumbler* (1791), and *The Olio* (1793).

Richard Gough (1735-1809), antiquary, born in London, published *British Topography* (1768), *Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain* (1786-96), an English version of Camden's *Britannia* (1789), and more than a score of other works, historical, archæological, topographical, and numismatical.

Dr Richard Farmer (1735-97), born at Leicester, and ultimately master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, published an *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare* (1767), which put an end to the dispute concerning the classical attainments of the great dramatist. Farmer certainly proved that Shakespeare had implicitly followed English translations of the ancient authors (as North's *Plutarch*), copying even their errors. He was indolent, but was a brilliant talker as well as an accomplished scholar.

Edmund Malone (1741-1812), editor of Shakespeare, was born in Dublin, the son of an Irish judge, and graduated at Trinity College. Called to the Irish Bar in 1767, he fell into a fortune, and from 1777 devoted himself to literary work in London, his first publication being a 'Supplement' to Steevens's version of Johnson's edition of Shakespeare (1778; see Vol. I. of this work, p. 37[illegible]). Malone's own edition of the great dramatist (1790), was warmly received, and deservedly so; his learned dissertations on the history of the stage and on the genuineness of the three plays of *Henry VI.* especially attracted notice. He had [illegible] Chatterton's Rowley Poems, and [illegible] Ireland's forgeries. He wrote a Life of his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds, he edited [illegible] with a memoir; and he left behind a large mass of materials for 'The Variorum Shakespeare,' edited in 1821 by James Boswell the younger. See the Life by Sir James Prior (1860).

Samuel Parr (1747–1825), 'the Whig Johnson,' was better known as a classical scholar than as a theologian, but probably owed the extraordinary fame he enjoyed to his extraordinary and amazing powers as a talker; though even here he was very inferior to his prototype—he had Johnson's pomposity, love of antithesis, and roughness without his deeper gifts. His collected works (8 vols. 8vo, 1828) deal with matters historical, critical, metaphysical; there are sermons and a mass of unarranged correspondence; but nothing here justifies or even explains his great reputation. His style is mannered and verbose to a degree, and nothing of his is now read. His *Characters of Fox* (1809) is his best-known work; it discusses Charles James Fox in various aspects, argues for reform of the criminal law, and is as usual overlaid with notes. His celebrated Spital sermon preached before the Lord Mayor at Easter 1800 displays in its printed form fifty-one pages of text and two hundred and twelve of notes. Sydney Smith humorously compared the sermon to Dr Parr's wig, which, 'while it trespassed a little on the orthodox magnitude of perukes in the anterior parts, scorned even episcopal limits behind, and swelled out into boundless convexity of frizz.' Godwin attacked some of the principles laid down in this discourse, as not sufficiently democratic for his taste; for, though a staunch Whig, Dr Parr was no revolutionist or leveller—his aim was to ameliorate the condition of the poor by education and other constitutional means. Parr, born a surgeon's son at Harrow, was educated at Harrow and Cambridge; taught at Harrow; was head-master of Norwich grammar-school (1778–86); held a series of livings, on one of which, at Hatton near Warwick, he spent the latter half of his life. An uncompromising Whig, he hated Evangelicals, and was theologically of the anti-mysterious school of Paley and Watson. De Quincey's—somewhat unfair—essay on Whiggism and literature contains a brilliant criticism of Parr.

William Coxe (1747–1828) was born in London, and from Eton passed to King's College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow in 1768. As tutor to the sons of four persons of quality, he spent most of twenty years on the Continent, and published accounts of his travels in Switzerland (1778–1801), and in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark (1778–84). His *History of the House of Austria* (1807) became at once the standard English authority on that subject, and his *Memoirs* of Sir Robert Walpole (1798) and of Marlborough (1818–19)—not to speak of other historical works—were important as containing letters (private, official, and diplomatic, with other details drawn from manuscript collections), though he was rather a dull writer, a partisan Whig, and as a biographer apt to magnify the merits and sink the defects of his hero. He died, a prebendary of Salisbury and Archdeacon of Wilts, at Bemerton rectory.

William Mitford (1744–1827), author of the famous *History of Greece*, was of Northumbrian stock but born in London, and educated at Cheam School, Surrey, and Queen's College, Oxford. He studied law, but on his father's death succeeded to the family estate at Exbury in Hampshire, where, devoting himself mainly to the study of Greek literature, he lived till his death. His first publication was an *Essay on the Harmony of Language* (1774). While in the militia he published a *Treatise on the Military Force, and particularly of the Militia of the Kingdom*—a subject which engrossed much of his attention; and when a member of the House of Commons he advocated the cause of the militia with much fervour, recommending a salutary jealousy of a standing army. On the suggestion of Gibbon, a fellow-officer in the South Hampshire Militia, he undertook his great work, *The History of Greece* (1784–1810; new editions repeatedly till 1835). Byron sketched his characteristics: 'His great pleasure consists in praising tyrants, abusing Plutarch, spelling oddly, and writing quaintly; and what is strange, after all, *his* is the best modern History of Greece in any language, and he is perhaps the best of all modern historians whatsoever. Having named his sins,' adds the courteous critic, 'it is but fair to state his virtues—learning, labour, research, wrath, and partiality. I call the latter virtues in a writer, because they make him write in earnest.' The earnestness of Mitford is too often directed against 'the inherent weakness and the indelible barbarism of democratical government.' He was a warm admirer of the English constitution and of the monarchical form of government, and a fanatical enemy of French republicanism. This bias led him to be unjust to the Athenian people, 'the sovereign beggars of Athens.' And while he unhesitatingly accepted all the good he found credited to monarchs and tyrants, he was apt to exaggerate or overstate defects charged against democracies and democrats. Philip of Macedonia was a great statesman, Demosthenes a mere noisy demagogue. But, as Byron said, his pugnacious zeal to prove his case made him diligent in minute research; his book surpassed all earlier English works on the subject, and held the field till the appearance of the fairer and more scholarly works of Thirlwall and Grote. Freeman, an uncompromising critic, said of Mitford that he was 'a bad scholar, a bad historian, and a bad writer of English,' but yet 'the first writer of any note who found out that Grecian history was a living thing with a practical bearing.' Mitford wrote also on the Corn Laws and on design in architecture.

Condemnation and Death of Socrates.

We are not informed when Socrates first became distinguished as a Sophist; for in that description of men he was in his own day reckoned. When the wit of Aristophanes was pointed against him in the theatre, he was already among the most eminent, but his eminence seems to have been then recent. It was about the tenth or eleventh year of the Peloponnesian war, when he was six or seven and forty years of age, that, after the manner of the old comedy, he was offered to public derision upon the [illegible] by his own name, as one of the persons of the [illegible] in the comedy of Aristophanes called *[illegible]* [illegible] yet extant.

Two or three and twenty years had elapsed since the first representation of [illegible] the storms of conquest suffered from a foreign enemy, and of four revolutions in the civil government of the country, had passed; nearly three years had followed of that quiet which the revolution under Thrasybulus produced, and the act of amnesty should have confirmed, when a young man named Melitus went to the king-archon, and in the usual form delivered [illegible] Socrates, and bound himself to prosecute. The information ran thus: 'Melitus, son of Melitus, of the borough of Pitthos, declares these upon oath against [illegible] of Sophroniscus, of the borough of Alopece [illegible] is guilty of reviling the gods whom the city [illegible]ledges, and of preaching other new gods: [illegible] he is guilty of corrupting the youth. Penalty, death.'

Xenophon begins his Memorials of his revered master with declaring his wonder how the Athenians could have been persuaded to condemn to death a man of such uncommonly clear innocence and exalted worth. Ælian, though for authority he can bear no comparison with Xenophon, has nevertheless, I think, given the solution. 'Socrates,' he says, 'disliked the Athenian constitution; for he saw that democracy is tyrannical, and abounds with all the evils of absolute monarchy.' But though the political circumstances of the time made it necessary for contemporary writers to speak with caution, yet both Xenophon and Plato have declared enough to shew that the assertion of Ælian was well founded; and further proof, were it wanted, may be derived from another early writer, nearly contemporary, and deeply versed in the politics of his age, the orator Æschines. Indeed, though not stated in the indictment, yet it was urged against Socrates by his prosecutors before the court, that he was disaffected to the democracy; and in proof, they affirmed it to be notorious that he had ridiculed what the Athenian constitution prescribed, the appointment to magistracy by lot. 'Thus,' they said, 'he taught his numerous followers, youths of the principal families of the city, to despise the established government, and to be turbulent and seditious; [illegible] had been seen in the conduct of [illegible] the most eminent, Alcibiades and Critias. Even the best things he converted to these ill purposes: from the most esteemed poets, and particularly from Homer, he selected passages to enforce his antidemocratical principles.'

Socrates, it appears, indeed, was not inclined to deny his disapprobation of the Athenian constitution. His defence itself, as reported by Plato, contains matter on which [illegible] affection to the sovereignty of the people, such [illegible] the zealous tyranny of the Athenian democracy [illegible] sometimes subject a man to the penalties of high treason. 'You well know,' he says, 'Athenians, that had I engaged in public business, I should long ago have perished without procuring any advantage either to you or to myself. Let not the truth offend you: it is no peculiarity of your democracy, or of your national character; but wherever the people is sovereign, no man who shall dare honestly to oppose injustice—frequent and extravagant injustice—can avoid destruction.'

Without this proof, indeed, we might reasonably believe that though Socrates was a good and faithful subject of the Athenian government, and would promote no sedition, no political violence, yet he could not like the Athenian constitution. He wished for wholesome changes by gentle means; and it seems even to have been a principal object of the labours to which he dedicated himself, to infuse principles into the rising generation that might bring about the desirable change insensibly.

Melitus, who stood forward as his principal accuser, was, as Plato informs us, noway a man of any great [illegible]ration. His legal description gives some proba[illegible] the conjecture that his father was one of the [illegible]ers sent to Lacedæmon from the moderate [illegible]pposed the ten successors of the thirty [illegible] Thrasybulus held Piræus, and Pausanias [illegible] before Athens. He was a poet, and [illegible] in a common cause of the poets, who [illegible] doctrine of Socrates injurious to their [illegible] supported, his accusation would have been [illegible]le; but he seems to have been a mere [illegible] the business. He was soon joined by [illegible] the most powerful speakers of his time. Lycon was the avowed patron of the rhetoricians, who, [illegible] poets, thought their interest injured by [illegible]ates's doctrine. I know not that on [illegible] in Grecian history we have any [illegible] of this kind of party interest operating; but [illegible] nearly analogous in our own country [illegible]te for poets the clergy, and for rhetoricians the lawyers, we may gather what might be the party spirit, and what the weight of influence of the rhetoricians and poets in Athens. With Lycon, Anytus, a man scarcely second to any in the commonwealth in rank and general estimation, who had held high command with reputation in the Peloponnesian war, and had been the principal associate of Thrasybulus [illegible] war against the thirty, and the restoration [illegible] declared himself a supporter of the prosecution. Nothing in the accusation could, by any [illegible] law of Athens, affect the life of the accused. In England no man would be put upon trial on so vague a charge; no grand jury would listen to it. But in Athens, if the party was strong enough, it signified [illegible] what was the law. When Lycon and Anytus [illegible] Socrates saw that his condemnation was [illegible].

By the course of his life, however, and by the turn of his thoughts for many years he had so prepared himself for all events, that, far from alarmed at the probability of his condemnation, he rather rejoiced at it, as at his age [illegible] fortunate occurrence. He was persuaded of the soul's immortality, and of the superintending providence of an [illegible] Deity, whose favour he had always been assiduously endeavouring to deserve. Men fear death, he said, [illegible] the greatest evil, and yet no man knows that it may not be the greatest good. If, indeed, [illegible] were in prospect, he might, and his friends for him, with somewhat more reason, regret the event; but at his years, and with his scanty fortune—though he was happy enough at seventy still to preserve both body and mind in vigour—yet even his present gratifications must necessarily soon decay. To avoid, therefore, the evils of age, pain, sickness, decay of sight, decay of hearing, perhaps decay of understanding, by the easiest of deaths (for such the Athenian mode of execution—by a draught of hemlock—was reputed), cheered with the company of surrounding friends, could not be otherwise than a blessing.

Xenophon says that, by condescending to a little supplication, Socrates might easily have obtained his acquittal. No admonition or entreaty of his friends, however, could persuade him to such an unworthiness. On the contrary, when put upon his defence, he told the people that he did not plead for his own sake, but for theirs, wishing them to avoid the guilt of an unjust condemnation. It was usual for accused persons to bewail their apprehended lot, with tears to supplicate favour, and, by exhibiting their children upon the bema, to endeavour to excite pity. He thought it, he said, more respectful to the court, as well as more becoming himself, to omit all this; however aware that their sentiments were likely so far to differ from his that judgment would be given in anger for it.

Condemnation pronounced wrought no change upon him. He again addressed the court, declared his innocence of the matters laid against him, and observed that, even if every charge had been completely proved, still, all together did not, according to any known law, amount to a capital crime. 'But,' in conclusion he said, 'it is time to depart—I to die, you to live; but which for the greater good, God only knows.'

It was usual at Athens for execution very soon to follow condemnation—commonly on the morrow; but it happened that the condemnation of Socrates took place on the eve of the day appointed for the sacred ceremony of crowning the galley which carried the annual offerings to the gods worshipped at Delos, and immemorial tradition forbade all executions till the sacred vessel's return. Thus the death of Socrates was respited thirty days, while his friends had free access to him in the prison. During all that time he admirably supported his constancy. Means were concerted for his escape; the jailer was bribed, a vessel prepared, and a secure retreat in Thessaly provided. No arguments, no prayers, could persuade him to use the opportunity. He had always taught the duty of obedience to the laws, and he would not furnish an example of the breach of it. To no purpose it was urged that he had been unjustly condemned: he had always held that wrong did not justify wrong. He waited with perfect composure the return of the sacred vessel, reasoned on the immortality of the [illegible] advantage of virtue, the happiness derived from having made it through life his pursuit, and with his friends about him, took the fatal cup and died.

Writers who, after Xenophon and Plato, have related the death of Socrates, seem to have held themselves bound to vie with those who preceded them in giving [illegible] to the story. The purpose here has been rather [illegible] guide, to shew its connection with the [illegible] History of Athens, to derive from it illustration of the political history. The magnanimity of Socrates, the principal [illegible] of the pathos, surely deserves admiration; yet it is not that in which he has most outshone other men. The circumstances of Lord Russell's fate were far more trying. Socrates, we may reasonably suppose, would have borne Lord Russell's trial; but with Bishop Burnet for his eulogist, instead of Plato and Xenophon, he would not have had his present splendid fame. The singular merit of Socrates lay in the purity and the usefulness of his manners and conversation; the clearness with which he saw and the steadiness with which he practised, in a blind and corrupt age, all moral duties; the disinterestedness and the zeal with which he devoted himself to the benefit of others; and the enlarged and warm benevolence, whence his supreme and almost only pleasure seems to have consisted in doing good. The purity of Christian morality, little enough, indeed, seen in practice, nevertheless is become so familiar in theory that it passes almost for obvious, and even congenial to the human mind. Those only will justly estimate the merit of that near approach to it which Socrates made who will take the pains to gather—as they may from the writings of his contemporaries and predecessors—how little conception was entertained of it before his time; how dull to a just moral sense the human mind has really been: how slow the progress in the investigation of moral duties, even where not only great pains have been taken, but the greatest abilities zealously employed; and when discovered, how difficult it has been to establish them by proofs beyond controversy, or proofs even that should be generally admitted by the reason of men. It is through the light which Socrates diffused by his doctrine, enforced by his practice, with the advantage of having both the doctrine and the practice exhibited to highest advantage in the incomparable writings of disciples such as Xenophon and Plato, that his life forms an era in the history of Athens and of man.

See the Life of Mitford, prefixed to the seventh edition of his *History* (1838), by his brother Lord Redesdale, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. The Rev. John Mitford (1781-1859), who wrote poems and criticism and edited a dozen of the Aldine poets, was a kinsman; he was an Oriel man, and held Benhall and two other Suffolk livings. Miss Mitford was of another stock.

John Horne Tooke (1736-1812), known in literature as philologist, but notable rather for his political and social character, was the son of Mr Horne, a wealthy London poulterer; so that when asked by schoolfellows what his father was, he could answer, 'A *Turkey* merchant.' Well educated first at Westminster, then at Eton, and afterwards at St John's College, Cambridge, he took orders, but disliking the clerical profession, he studied law at the Middle Temple, took a living for a short time to please his father, and travelled in France and Italy as tutor to a son of Elwes the miser; but having cast off the clerical character in these Continental tours, he never resumed it. He became an active politician and supporter of John Wilkes, in praise of whom he wrote an anonymous pamphlet in 1765. When in 1768 Wilkes stood for Middlesex, 'Parson Horne' pledged his credit for the expenses, and said that 'in a cause so just and holy he would dye his black coat red.' George III. having from the throne in 1770 censured an address presented by the London city authorities, the latter waited upon the sovereign with another 'humble address,' remonstrance, and petition, reiterating their request for the dissolution of Parliament and the dismissal of Ministers. They were again repulsed, the king saying that he would consider such a use of his prerogative as dangerous to the interests and constitution of the country. Horne Tooke, anticipating such a reception, suggested to his friend Beckford, the Lord Mayor, the idea of a reply to the sovereign a measure unexampled in our history. When the Lord Mayor had retired from the royal presence, 'I saw Beckford,' said Tooke, 'just after he came from St James's. I asked him what he had said to the king; and he replied that he had been so confused, he scarcely knew what he had said. "But," cried I, "*your speech* must be sent to the papers; I'll write it for you."' He did so; it was printed and circulated over the kingdom, and was ultimately engraved on the pedestal of Beckford's statue in Guildhall. This unspoken speech, famous as that of a parson who had bearded a king on his throne, is as follows:

Most Gracious Sovereign. Will your majesty be pleased so far to condescend as to permit the mayor of your loyal city of London to declare in your royal presence, on behalf of his fellow citizens, how much the bare apprehension of your majesty's displeasure would, at all times, affect their minds? The declaration of that displeasure has already filled them with inexpressible anxiety, and with the deepest affliction. Permit me, sire, to assure your majesty, that your majesty has not in all your dominions any subjects more faithful, more dutiful, or more affectionate to your majesty's person or family, or more ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes in the maintenance of the true honour and dignity of your crown. We do, therefore, with the greatest humility and submission, most earnestly supplicate your majesty that you will not dismiss us from your presence without expressing a more favourable opinion of your faithful citizens, and without some comfort, without some prospect at least of redress. Permit me, sire, further to observe that whoever has already dared, or shall hereafter endeavour, to alienate your majesty's affections from your loyal subjects in general, and from the city of London in particular, to withdraw your confidence in and regard for your people, is an enemy to your majesty's person and family, a violator of the public peace, and a betrayer of our happy constitution as it was established at the glorious and necessary revolution.

Horne's subsequent quarrel with Wilkes and controversy with Junius are well known. He had ere this formally severed himself from the Church (1773), and again taken to the study of the law. His successful opposition to an enclosure bill procured him favour and the prospect of a fortune [illegible] from a wealthy client, Mr Tooke of Purley near Reading, whose surname he in 1782 assumed. Hence also the sub-title of his greatest work, *Epea Pteroenta, or the Diversions of Purley*. So early as 1778 Horne Tooke had addressed a *Letter to Mr Dunning* on the rudiments of grammar, and the principles there laid down were followed up and treated at length in the *Diversions*, of which the first part appeared in 1786, and a second part in 1805. Wit, politics, metaphysics, etymology, and grammar are curiously mingled in this work. The aim wholly fallacious was to prove that all the parts of speech, including those which grammarians considered as expletives and unmeaning particles, may be resolved into nouns and verbs; and the author's knowledge of the Northern languages was no less highly commended than his liveliness and acuteness. Horne Tooke commenced the *Diversions* during an imprisonment in the King's Bench for promoting a subscription 'for the Americans barbarously murdered at Lexington by the king's soldiers in 1775;' and he was afterwards debarred from the Bar by the king's orders. In 1794 he was tried for high treason, being accused with Hardy, Thelwall, and others of conspiring and corresponding with the French Convention to overthrow the English constitution. His trial, to which the eloquence of Erskine, his counsel, gave something more than temporary importance, excited intense interest, lasted several days, and ended in acquittal. He twice stood unsuccessfully for Westminster; for a short time sat in Parliament as member for Old Sarum, but did not distinguish himself either as legislator or debater; and next year was excluded by a special Act preventing clerks in holy orders from sitting in Parliament. He spent his latter years in lettered retirement at Wimbledon, entertaining his friends to Sunday dinners and quiet parties, and delighting them with his lively and all too varied conversation. His fortune he left to his natural children.

Words as Signs or Abbreviations

H. I imagine that it is, in some measure, with the vehicles of our thoughts as with the vehicles for our persons. Necessity produced both. [illegible] for men was no doubt invented to [illegible] of those who from infirmity, or other causes [illegible]

[illegible] very learned indeed, it is

likely they would write as many volumes on the subject, and with as much bitterness against each other, as Grammarians have done from the same sort of mistake concerning Language: until perhaps it should be suggested to them that there may be not only signs of sounds, but again, for the sake of abbreviation, signs of those signs, one under another in a continued progression.

B.—I think I begin to comprehend you. You mean to say that the errors of Grammarians have arisen from supposing all words to be *immediately* either the signs of things or the signs of ideas: whereas in fact many words are merely *abbreviations* employed for despatch, and are the signs of other words. And that these are the artificial wings of Mercury, by means of which the Argus eyes of philosophy have been cheated.

H.—It is my meaning.

B.—Well, we can only judge of your opinion after we have heard how you maintain it. Proceed, and strip him of his wings. They seem easy enough to be taken off: for it strikes me now, after what you have said, that they are indeed put on in a peculiar manner, and do not, like those of other winged deities, make a part of his body. You have only to loose the strings from his feet, and take off his cap. Come! Let us see what sort of figure he will make without them.

H.—The first aim of Language was to *communicate* our thoughts; the second, to do it with *despatch*. (I mean intirely to disregard whatever additions or alterations have been made for the sake of beauty, or ornament, ease, gracefulness, or pleasure.) The difficulties and disputes concerning Language have arisen almost intirely from neglecting the consideration of the latter purpose of speech: which, though subordinate to the former, is almost as necessary in the commerce of mankind, and has a much greater share in accounting for the different sorts of words. Words have been called *winged*; and they well deserve that name, when their abbreviations are compared with the progress which speech could make without these inventions; but compared with the rapidity of thought, they have not the smallest claim to that title. Philosophers have calculated the difference of velocity between sound and light: but who will attempt to calculate the difference between speech and thought? What wonder then that the invention of all ages should have been upon the stretch to add such wings to their conversation as might enable it, if possible, to keep pace in some measure with their minds?—Hence chiefly the variety of words.

(From the *Diversions*, Chap. i.)

The interlocutors are *H.*, the author, and *B.*, his friend Dr Beadon, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester. See the Life by A. Stephens (1813), and Thorold Rogers's *Historical Gleanings* (2nd series, 1870).

Lord Thurlow (1732-1806), Lord Chancellor, was coarse in speech and manners, profane, and immoral; yet of him it was that Fox made the famous remark, 'No man was so wise as Thurlow looked.' Idle and insubordinate at school and college, he was sent down from Cambridge without a degree; but called to the Bar in 1754, he secured his great triumph by his speech in the Douglas Peerage Case (1769). A zealous supporter of Lord North, he won George III.'s good will by upholding strongly his American policy, and became Lord Chancellor in 1778. He was at the same time the secret and confidential adviser of the king, and the dictator of the House of Lords. Under Rockingham he undermined his colleagues; Fox and North compelled him to retire, and Pitt restored him. But when he again worked against his colleagues, Pitt told the king either he or Thurlow must retire, and the king at last assented to his dismissal (1792). He made one short speech that was 'superlatively great.' Its effect, both within the walls of Parliament and out of them, was prodigious. It gave Lord Thurlow an ascendency in the House which no Chancellor had ever possessed; it invested him in public opinion with a character of independence and honour; and this, though he was ever on the unpopular side in politics, made him always popular with the people. The Duke of Grafton, during a debate in the House of Lords, took occasion to reproach Thurlow with his plebeian extraction and his recent admission to the peerage. Thurlow rose from the woolsack, advanced slowly to the place from which the Chancellor generally addresses the House, then fixing on the Duke the look of Jove when he grasped the thunder, began in a loud voice:

> 'I am amazed at the attack the noble duke has made on me. Yes, my Lords,' considerably raising his voice, 'I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this House to successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble Lords the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I don't fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do; but, my Lords, I must say that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more, I can say, and will say, that as a peer of parliament, as Speaker of this right honourable House, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as Guardian of his Majesty's Conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England; nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered—as a man—I am at this moment as respectable—I beg leave to add, I am at this moment as much respected—as the proudest peer I now look down upon.'

Lord Erskine (1750-1823) left a series of printed speeches which rank amongst the finest specimens we have of English forensic oratory. Thomas Erskine was the youngest son of the Earl of Buchan, and brother of Harry Erskine, the eloquent and witty Lord Advocate of Scotland. He served both in the navy and army, but threw up his commission in order to study law at Lincoln's Inn, took also a degree at Cambridge, and was called to the Bar in his twenty-eighth year. His first speech (1778), in defence of Captain Baillie, lieutenant-governor of Greenwich Hospital (charged with libel), at once put him above all his brethren of the Bar. Next year saw an equally successful defence of Admiral Lord Keppel, and in 1781 he secured the acquittal of Lord George Gordon. In 1783 he entered Parliament as member for Portsmouth. The floor of the House of Commons, it has been said, is strewn with the wrecks of lawyers' reputations, and Erskine's appearances there were, comparatively, failures; he never became a great parliamentary orator. His sympathy with the French Revolution led him to join the 'Friends of the People,' and to undertake the defence in many political prosecutions of 1793-94. His acceptance of a retainer from Tom Paine cost him his appointment as attorney to the Prince of Wales; his speeches for him and Frost, Hardy, and Horne Tooke were specially famous; that for Hadfield (1800), indicted for shooting at George III., was a destructive analysis of the current theory of criminal responsibility in mental disease. In 1806 Erskine was raised to the peerage and the woolsack, but resigned next year, and gradually retired into private life, though he continued to mix in society, where his liveliness and wit, his vanity and eccentricities, rendered him a favourite. He died at Almondell in Linlithgowshire. In 1821 he had made a second marriage, this time at Gretna Green. He published a pamphlet on army abuses in 1772; a discussion of the war with France in 1797; a utopian political romance, *Armata;* a pamphlet in favour of the Greeks; and some poems. His decisions as Lord Chancellor were satirically styled the 'Apocrypha,' and added nothing to his fame. His reputation was solely forensic, and in this respect is unrivalled in the history of the English Bar. He was a zealous student of the best English literature, and knew most of Milton by heart. The following paragraphs are from Erskine's speech in defence of a publisher, Stockdale (9th December 1789), who had published a defence of Warren Hastings written by the Rev. John Logan (see page 529), and affirmed to constitute a libel on the House of Commons).

On the Law of Libel.

Gentlemen, the question you have therefore to try upon all this matter is extremely simple. It is neither more nor less than this: At a time when the charges against Mr Hastings were, by the implied consent of the Commons, in every hand and on every table—when, by their managers, the lightning of eloquence was incessantly consuming him, and flashing in the eyes of the public—when every man was with perfect impunity saying, and writing, and publishing just what he pleased of the supposed plunderer and devastator of nations—would it have been criminal in Mr Hastings himself to remind the public that he was a native of this free land, entitled to the common protection of her justice, and that he had a defence in his turn to offer to them, the outlines of which he implored them, in the meantime, to receive, as an antidote to the unlimited and unpunished poison in circulation against him? This is, without colour or exaggeration, the true question you are to decide. Because I assert, without the hazard of contradiction, that if Mr Hastings himself could have stood justified or excused in your eyes for publishing this volume in his own defence, the author, if he wrote it *bonâ fide* to defend him, must stand equally excused and justified; and if the author be justified, the publisher cannot be criminal, unless you have evidence that it was published by him with a different spirit and intention from those in which it was written. The question, therefore, is correctly what I just now stated it to be—Could Mr Hastings have been condemned to infamy for writing this book?

Gentlemen, I tremble with indignation to be driven to put such a question in England. Shall it be endured that a subject of this country may be impeached by the Commons for the transactions of twenty years—that the accusation shall spread as wide as the region of letters—that the accused shall stand, day after day and year after year, as a spectacle before the public, which shall be kept in a perpetual state of inflammation against him; yet that he shall not, without the severest penalties, be permitted to submit anything to the judgment of mankind in his defence? If this be law (which it is for you to-day to decide), such a man has *no trial.* That great hall, built by our fathers for English justice, is no longer a court, but an altar; and an Englishman, instead of being judged in it by *God and his country,* is *a victim and a sacrifice.*

On the Government of India.

The unhappy people of India, feeble and effeminate as they are from the softness of their climate, and subdued and broken as they have been by the knavery and strength of civilisation, still occasionally start up in all the vigour and intelligence of insulted nature. To be governed at all, they must be governed by a rod of iron; and our empire in the East would long since have been lost to Great Britain if skill and military prowess had not united their efforts to support an authority which Heaven never gave, by means which it never can sanction.

Gentlemen, I think I can observe that you are touched with this way of considering the subject; and I can account for it. I have not been considering it through the cold medium of books, but have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself amongst reluctant nations submitting to our authority. I know what they feel, and how such feelings can alone be suppressed. I have heard them in my youth, from a naked savage in the indignant character of a prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. 'Who is it?' said the jealous ruler over the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure—'who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains and empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it,' said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation. These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe; and, depend upon it, nothing but fear will control where it is vain to look for affection. . . .

It is the nature of everything that is great and useful, both in the animate and inanimate world, to be wild and irregular, and we must be contented to take them with the alloys which belong to them, or live without them. Genius breaks from the fetters of criticism, but its wanderings are sanctioned by its majesty and wisdom when it advances in its path: subject it to the critic, and you tame it into dullness. Mighty rivers break down their banks in the winter, sweeping away to death the flocks which are fattened on the soil that they fertilise in the summer: the few may be saved by embankments from drowning, but the flock must perish from hunger. Tempests occasionally shake our dwellings and dissipate our commerce; but they scourge before them the lazy elements which without them would stagnate into pestilence. In like manner, Liberty herself, the last and best gift of God to his creatures, must be taken just as she is: you might pare her down into bashful regularity, and shape her into a perfect model of severe scrupulous law, but she would then be Liberty no longer; and you must be content to die under the lash of this inexorable justice which you had exchanged for the banners of Freedom.

Justice and Mercy

Every human tribunal ought to take care to administer justice, as we look, hereafter, to have justice administered to ourselves. Upon the principle on which the Attorney-general prays sentence upon my client—God have mercy upon us! Instead of standing before him in judgment with the hopes and consolations of Christians, we must call upon the mountains to cover us; for which of us can present, for omniscient examination, a pure, unspotted, and faultless course? But I humbly expect that the benevolent Author of our being will judge us as I have been pointing out for your example. Holding up the great volume of our lives in his hands, and regarding the general scope of them, if he discovers benevolence, charity, and good-will to man beating in the heart, where he alone can look; if he finds that our conduct, though often forced out of the path by our infirmities, has been in general well directed; his all-searching eye will assuredly never pursue us into those little corners of our lives, much less will his justice select them for punishment, without the general context of our existence, by which faults may be sometimes found to have grown out of virtues, and very many of our heaviest offences to have been grafted by human imperfection upon the best and kindest of our affections. No, gentlemen; believe me, this is not the course of divine justice, or there is no truth in the Gospels of Heaven. If the general tenor of a man's conduct be such as I have represented it, he may walk through the shadow of death, with all his faults about him, with as much cheerfulness as in the common paths of life; because he knows that, instead of a stern accuser to expose before the Author of his nature those frail passages which, like the scored matter in the book before you, chequers the volume of the brightest and best spent life, his mercy will obscure them from the eye of his purity, and our repentance blot them out for ever.

Charles James Fox (1749-1806), the great Whig statesman and orator, during his intervals of relaxation from public life among other literary studies and occupations commenced a History of the Reign of James II., intending to continue it to the settlement at the Revolution of 1688. An Introductory Chapter, giving a rapid view of our constitutional history from the time of Henry VII., he completed. He wrote also some chapters of his History; but at the time of his death he had brought it down only to Monmouth's execution. Public affairs, private pleasures, and a devotion, eclectic and profound, to the classics, and to works of imagination and poetry, were constantly drawing him off from historical research; furthermore, he was fastidiously scrupulous as to the niceties of language, and wished to form his plan exclusively on the model of the ancient writers, without note, digression, or dissertation. 'He once assured me,' reported his nephew, Lord Holland, 'that he would admit no word into his book for which he had not the authority of Dryden.' We need not, therefore, wonder that Fox died before completing his History. In 1808 the fragment was given to the world by Lord Holland, a *History of the Early Part of the Reign of James II., with an Introductory Chapter.* An Appendix of original papers was also added. The History is plainly written, without pedantry or pretence; but the style of the great statesman, spite of the care bestowed upon it, is far from perfect. It wants force and vivacity, as if graphic clearness of narrative and distinct perception of events and characters had evaporated in the process of elaboration; and there is little trace of the power of the brilliant parliamentary debater.

See two works by Earl Russell (1853-66), Sir G. O. Trevelyan's *Early Life of C. J. Fox* (1880), and the Life by H. O. Wakeman (1890).

George Chalmers (1742-1825), born at Fochabers in Moray, practised as a lawyer at Baltimore from 1763 until the breaking out of the American War of Independence. He then settled in London (1775), and in 1786 became Clerk to the Board of Trade. His *History of the United Colonies, from their Settlement till the Peace of 1763*, appeared in 1780. Among his numerous works were a *Life of Sir David Lyndsay*, with an edition of his works, and a *Life of Mary, Queen of Scots, from the State Papers.* In 1807 he commenced the publication of his *Caledonia*, of which three large volumes had appeared before his death. It contains a laborious antiquarian detail of the earlier periods of Scottish history, with minute topographical and historical accounts of the various provinces of the country. A reprint (Paisley, 1888-95) comprised the matter prepared for the unpublished fourth volume, and a copious and much needed index.

John Gillies (1747-1836), born at Brechin, studied at Glasgow, and was travelling tutor to three sons of the Earl of Hopetoun. In 1793 he succeeded Robertson as Historiographer for Scotland. The monarchical spirit of his *History of Ancient Greece, its Colonies and Conquests* (2 vols. 1786), was scarcely less decided than that of Mitford. 'The history of Greece,' he says, 'exposes the dangerous turbulence of democracy, and arraigns the despotism of tyrants. By describing the incurable evils inherent in every republican policy, it evinces the inestimable benefits resulting to liberty itself from the lawful dominion of hereditary kings and the steady operation of well-regulated monarchy.' Dr Gillies also translated from Aristotle, and wrote a *View of the Reign of Frederick II. of Prussia* (1789), a *History of the World from the Reign of Alexander to Augustus* (1807-10), and other works.

Malcolm Laing (1762-1818), Scottish historian, was born at his paternal estate on the Mainland of Orkney, educated at Kirkwall and Edinburgh University, and called to the Scottish Bar in 1785. He appeared as an author in 1793, having completed Dr Henry's *History of Great Britain*. The sturdy Whig opinions of Laing formed a contrast to the tame moderatism of Henry, and his attainments and research were far superior to those of his predecessor. In 1800 he published *The History of Scotland from the Union of the Crowns to the Union of the Kingdoms, with Dissertations on the Gowrie Conspiracy and on Ossian's Poems*. Laing attacked the translator of *Ossian* with unmerciful and almost ludicrous severity; in revenge, the Highland admirers of the Celtic Muse attributed his sentiments to the prejudice natural to an Orkneyman. Laing replied in *The Poems of Ossian, &c., containing the Poetical Works of James Macpherson, Esq.* (1805). In 1804 he published a second edition of his *History of Scotland*, to which he prefixed a *Preliminary Dissertation on the Participation of Mary Queen of Scots in the Murder of Darnley*, on the whole his acutest and ablest work. Member for Orkney and Shetland 1807-12, Laing spent the last ten years of his life on his paternal estate in Orkney, where he promoted with ardour local and agricultural improvement.

John Pinkerton (1758-1826), born in Edinburgh, and bred for the law, in 1780 settled in London as a man of letters, in 1802 in Paris. His twenty-four works include *Essay on Medals* (1784); *Origin of the Scythians or Goths* (1787), in which he fell foul of the Celts; *Enquiry into the History of Scotland preceding the Reign of Malcolm III.* (1789); *History of Scotland, 1371-1542* (1797); *Walpoliana* (1799); and *Modern Geography* (1802-7). A vehement partisan and controversialist, he was an industrious collector of forgotten fragments of history, of *Scottish Ballads* (1781) and *Ancient Scottish Poems* (1786), but was neither a discriminating nor conscientious editor.

Joseph Ritson (1752-1803), a London conveyancer, born at Stockton-on-Tees, of Westmorland family, was indefatigable in his labours to illustrate English literature, particularly the neglected ballad-strains of the nation. He published in 1783 a valuable *Collection of English Songs*; in 1790, *Ancient Songs, from the time of Henry III. to the Revolution*; in 1792, *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*; in 1794, *A Collection of Scottish Songs*; in 1795, *A Collection of all the Ancient Poems, Songs, and Ballads relating to Robin Hood*. And he edited Minot and *Ancient Metrical Romances*, and produced sundry anthologies. Ritson was a faithful and acute editor, profoundly versed in literary antiquities, but of a jealous, irritable temper, and prone to an acerbity in criticism and comment which kept him in a state of constant warfare with almost all his brother collectors, except Sir Walter Scott. He attacked Joseph Warton and Bishop Percy with ferocity, though often his objections were not without just ground; he scolded Johnson and Steevens for their text of Shakespeare, nor did Malone's escape. He was in diet a strict Pythagorean, and wrote a treatise against the use of animal food. Sir Walter Scott, who bore ample testimony to the merits of this unhappy gleaner in the by-paths of literature, wrote to his friend Ellis in 1803: 'Poor Ritson is no more. All his vegetable soups and puddings have not been able to avert the evil day, which, I understand, was preceded by madness.'

Richard Porson was born on Christmas Day 1759 at East Ruston in Norfolk, son of the parish clerk. He was sent to a village school, and was afterwards taken in hand by the curate; and a neighbouring squire sent the precocious boy to Eton. In 1778 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, was elected a scholar, won the Craven Scholarship and the first chancellor's medal, and in 1782 was elected a Fellow. He now began to contribute to reviews; his *Notæ breves ad Toupii Emendationes in Suidam* (1790) carried his name beyond England. In 1787 appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* his three sarcastic letters on Hawkins's *Life of Johnson*, and during 1788-89 his far more famous letters to Archdeacon Travis on the spurious verse 1 John v. 7, which brought him no little odium, and were reprinted as a volume in 1790. In 1792 he was appointed regius professor of Greek at Cambridge; in 1795 he edited Æschylus, and in 1797-1801 four plays of Euripides; and in 1806 he was appointed librarian of the London Institution, but sadly neglected his duties. Struck down with apoplexy on the 19th of September 1808, he died six days later. Porson possessed a stupendous memory, unwearied industry, great acuteness, fearless honesty, and masculine sense, but was hampered and hindered all his life by poverty, ill-health, dilatoriness, and fits of intemperance. He achieved little, besides the works already named, but a few *bon mots*, some brilliant emendations, and the posthumous *Adversaria* (1812), notes on Aristophanes (1820), Pausanias (1820) and Suidas (1834), and the lexicon of Photius (1822). His love of drink amounted to a passion, or rather disease; Byron describes him as hiccuping Greek like a helot at the evening parties at Trinity College. But his company was irresistibly charming to his intimates; when at night he was in his glory, 'he poured out torrents of various

literature, the best sentences of the best writers, and sometimes the ludicrous beyond the gay; pages of Barrow, whole letters of Richardson, whole scenes of Foote, favourite pieces from the periodical press.' And this marvellous miscellany of remembered literature was set in a framework of his own admirable sense (sometimes, however, highly paradoxical) and trenchant wit and humour. Many of his pointed sayings were remembered. Being on one occasion informed that Southey considered his poem *Madoc* as likely to be a valuable possession to his family, Porson answered, '*Madoc* will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten.' The ornate style of Gibbon was his aversion. 'There could not,' he said, 'be a better exercise for a schoolboy than to turn a page of *The Decline and Fall* into *English*.' Unhappily he is even better remembered for such *Facetiæ Cantabrigienses* as:

> I went to Frankfort and got drunk
> With that most learn'd professor, Brunck;
> I went to Worms and got more drunken
> With that more learn'd professor, Ruhnken.
>
> When Dido found Æneas would not come,
> She mourned in silence and was di do dum.

From the Letters on Hawkins's 'Johnson.'

Mr Urban,—Two canons of criticism are undisputed: that an author cannot fail to use the best possible word on every occasion, and that a critic cannot chuse but know what that word is. And if these rules hold good in words, why not in sentences? These points being granted, it follows that whenever Sir John Hawkins, in quoting any part of Johnson's works, adopts a reading different from the editions, it is to be replaced in the text, and the other discarded. Now to apply. We read in the vulgar editions of *London*, vol. xi. p. 319, 'And fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore.' But how much better is Sir John's reading (56)! 'And fix'd in Cambria's solitary shore.' I would not believe that Johnson wrote otherwise, though Johnson himself should affirm it. Again, in the last number of *The Rambler*, vol. vii. p. 395, Johnson says, or is made to say, 'I have endeavoured to refine our language to grammatical purity.' How tame, dull, flat, lifeless, insipid, prosaic, &c. is this, compared to what the Knight has substituted (291)—grammar and purity! A fine instance of the figure *Hen dia duoin!* like Virgil's *pateris et auro*; or like ! I will not overpower you with my learning; or, more properly speaking, with my lettered ignorance; for that is the statutable phrase, and so it ought to have been printed in the verses on Levett, vol. xi. p. 366, upon the authority of the Knight (555), instead of lettered arrogance: Lettered ignorance is a beautiful oxymoron, and hints that people who affect to be men of learning may be very ignorant notwithstanding. Examples, I suppose, will occur to every reader. Here I cannot help hazarding, though somewhat out of its place, a conjecture of my own upon a passage in Sir John's work (311), 'Among men of real learning there is but one opinion—' Ought it not to be, 'Among us men of real learning '? . . . Critics in a dead language, when they dislike the common text, quarrel with the careless or faithless transcribers. My spleen is not less moved by those negligent, or worse than negligent, rogues, the printers, who have given us, in the preface to Johnson's Dictionary, vol. ix. p. 221, the following paragraph: 'In gathering the authorities, I forbore to copy those which I thought likely to occur whenever they were wanted. It is remarkable that in reviewing my collection, I found the word *sea* unexemplified.' Now would you believe, Mr Urban, that not a word of this is genuine? No. The true reading, or nearly the true reading (for the Knight (344) has not favoured us with the exact words) runs thus: 'So near perfection have I brought this Dictionary, that, upon a review of it, previous to my drawing up the preface, I am unable to detect the casual omission of more than one article, the appellative *ocean*.' You, I dare say, Mr Urban, and many others, had no more wit than to imagine that Johnson was rather confessing his weakness than exalting in his strength; that he meant to show how the most common things may escape our notice, and therefore says, 'In reviewing my collection, I found the word *sea* unexemplified.' See, Sir, how grievously you were mistaken. Johnson, in the sentence we have retrieved, boasts of the perfection to which he has brought his work, in the modest style of *Exegi monumentum*—: and it was not the word *sea* unexemplified that made the single fault but the appellative *ocean* omitted.

The next part of my task I would gladly decline, of proposing some corrections in Sir John's work. I shudder at my own rashness; but, since I have begun, it is too late to retreat. P. 384, 'I once travelled with Richardson in the Fulham stage-coach.' Tell me the truth, Mr Urban, is there not something in this sentence that grates upon your sound and religious ears? If the date of the fact were settled, I should pronounce at once that Sir John wrote, 'My own coach being out of order, I once travelled.' -A like omission has happened (419), 'I retired and staid in the outer room to take him home.' Read boldly, 'To take him home in my own coach.' Whoever is well acquainted with the Knight's writings knows that he never misses an opportunity of using the pronoun of the first person. It was on this ground I offered my first conjecture. Thus we find, from the beginning of the volume to the end, not only *my* own coach, but also *my* servants. *My* servant. *My* lands. *My* country house. *My* gate in the country. *My* gardener. While *I* was chairman. Intelligence in *my* judicial capacity. Kelly practised under *me*. A bill found before *me*. *I* have discharged debtors [i.e. as judge, not as creditor]. *My* discourse with Lord Rochford. *My* conversation with a nobleman. Bishop Hoadley himself told *me* [what he had told all the world before]. Sir John (386) has given a list of the books in *ana*, but has forgotten one of the most famous, called *Jomilleriana*. This is the more extraordinary, because he is indebted to it for two of his best stories in pages 192 and 348; and the Knight is a man of such nice honour that he never borrows from an author without acknowledging the obligation. Witness Mr Boswell, Mrs Piozzi, the *Gentleman's* and *European Magazines*, &c.

Did I tell you, Mr Urban, that Sir John has a delicate hand at a compliment? If I told you so, I told you nothing but the truth. Out of fifty proofs I shall produce two. P. 211, Dr Hill obtained from one of those universities (St Andrews), which would scarce refuse a degree to an apothecary's horse, a diploma. The civil things that Johnson said of Scotland were highly grateful and honourable to the natives, or Mr Boswell would not have recorded them. But, in my mind, the Knight is far superior to his model both in sentiment and language. . . .

Porson's *Tracts and Criticisms* were collected by Kidd (1815). See Selby Watson's *Life* of him (1861), and his *Correspondence* edited by Lugard (1867).

Sharon Turner (1768-1847), a London solicitor, London-born but of Yorkshire extraction, commenced in 1799 the publication of a series of works on English history. The first was a *History of the Anglo-Saxons* (1799-1805); the second, a *History of England* (1814-29), ultimately brought down to the end of the reign of Elizabeth; the whole series being comprised in twelve volumes, and containing much new and interesting information on the government, laws, literature, and manners, as well as on the civil and ecclesiastical history, of the country. From an ambitious attempt to rival Gibbon in loftiness of diction, Sharon Turner disfigured his History, especially in the later volumes, by pomp of expression and involved intricacy of style. The early part of his History, the labour of sixteen years, may be said to have revealed their ancestors to modern Englishmen, and gave a vast impulse to historical study and research; and though his work is now somewhat antiquated, it may safely be said that he made a much greater advance on his predecessors than his more fully equipped successors have done on him. He also wrote a very orthodox *Sacred History of the World*, in two volumes, and so late as 1845 published an historical poem, *Richard III.*

William Roscoe (1753-1831) was the only son of a Liverpool innkeeper and market-gardener. He was articled to an attorney in 1769, and began to practise in 1774. In 1777 he published a poem, *Mount Pleasant*, and another in 1787, *The Wrongs of Africa*, a protest against the slave-trade. Having in youth acquired a competent knowledge of Latin, French, and Italian, he applied himself about 1789 to the great task he had long meditated, a *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, called the Magnificent* (2 vols. 1796). The work ranked its author among the most popular of the day; a second edition was soon called for, and Cadell & Davies purchased the copyright for £1200. About the same time Roscoe relinquished practice as an attorney, and studied for the Bar, but in 1799 became partner and manager in a Liverpool bank. His next literary appearance was as the translator of *The Nurse* (1798), a poem from the Italian of Luigi Tansillo. His second great work, *The Life and Pontificate of Leo X.* (4 vols. 1805), though carefully prepared, and also enriched with new information, had not the success of his *Life of Lorenzo*. 'The history of the reformation of religion,' it was truly said, 'involved many questions of subtle disputation, as well as many topics of character and conduct; and, for a writer of great candour and discernment, it was scarcely possible to satisfy either the Papists or the Protestants.' Roscoe's liberal views and his accomplishments recommended him to his townsmen as a fit person to represent them in Parliament, and he was accordingly elected in 1806. He spoke in favour of the abolition of the slave-trade, and of the civil disabilities of the Catholics, thereby exciting against him a powerful and violent opposition; and on the dissolution in the following spring he was not again returned. But he still took a warm interest in passing events, and published several pamphlets on the topics of the day. A projected History of Art and Literature was not carried out. Pecuniary embarrassments came to cloud his latter days. The banking establishment of which he was a partner was forced in 1816 to suspend payment, and Roscoe had to sell his library, pictures, and other works of art; but his love of literature continued undiminished. *The Butterfly's Ball* (1807), the best-known of his poems, was written for the entertainment of his youngest child; the earliest (1777) was a descriptive poem, *Mount Pleasant*. He gave valuable assistance in the establishment of the Royal Institution of Liverpool. He edited an edition of Pope, which showed but little research or discrimination; and in his best work De Quincey detected 'the feebleness of the mere belles-lettrist.' See the Life by his son Henry (1833), the Memoir by J. S. Traill (1853), and Espinasse's *Lancashire Worthies* (2nd series, 1877).

Archibald Alison (1757-1839), the son of a Provost of Edinburgh, studied at Glasgow University and Balliol College, Oxford, received Anglican orders in 1784, and had held several preferments, including a prebend of Salisbury and the perpetual curacy of Kenley, Shropshire, when in 1800 he returned to his native city, and till 1831 served there as an Episcopal minister. In 1790 he published his *Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste*, designed to prove that material objects appear beautiful or sublime in consequence of their association with our moral feelings and affections; the objects presented to the eye generate trains of thought and pleasing emotion, and these constitute our sense of beauty. This theory, referring all our ideas of beauty to the law of association, was long maintained and disputed. Alison's too simple æsthetic theory was subsequently maintained by Jeffrey, but has been superseded by the modified associationist doctrines of Bain and Herbert Spencer, and is now mainly of historic interest. His two volumes of sermons (1814-15) were, like Blair's, 'elegant' in language, non-doctrinal and non-controversial. The following extracts are from his *Essays*:

Historic Association.

Even the peasant, whose knowledge of former times extends but to a few generations, has yet in his village some monuments of the deeds or virtues of his forefathers, and cherishes with a fond veneration the memorial of those good old times to which his imagination returns with delight, and of which he loves to recount the simple tales that tradition has brought him. And what is it that constitutes the emotion of sublime delight which every man of common sensibility feels upon his first prospect of Rome? It is not the scene of destruction which is before him. It is not the Tiber, diminished in his imagination to a paltry stream, flowing amidst the ruins of that magnificence which it once adorned. It is not the triumph of superstition over the wreck of human greatness, and its monuments erected upon the very spot where the first honours of humanity have been gained. It is ancient Rome which fills his imagination. It is the country of Cæsar, of Cicero, and Virgil which is before him. It is the mistress of the world which he sees, and who seems to him to rise again from her tomb to give laws to the universe. All that the labours of his youth, or the studies of his maturer age, have acquired with regard to the history of this great people, open at once on his imagination, and present him with a field of high and solemn imagery which can never be exhausted. Take from him these associations—conceal from him that it is Rome that he sees, and how different would be his emotion!

Sound coloured by Association.

The howl of the wolf is little distinguished from the howl of the dog, either in its tone or in its strength; but there is no comparison between their sublimity. There are few, if any, of these sounds so loud as the most common of all sounds, the lowing of a cow. Yet this is the very reverse of sublimity. Imagine this sound, on the contrary, expressive of fierceness or strength, and there can be no doubt that it would become sublime. The hooting of the owl at midnight, or amid ruins, is strikingly sublime; the same sound at noon, or during the day, is very far from being so. The scream of the eagle is simply disagreeable when the bird is either tame or confined; it is sublime only when it is heard amid rocks and deserts, and when it is expressive to us of liberty and independence, and savage majesty. The neighing of a war horse in the field of battle, or of a young untrained horse when at large among mountains, is powerfully sublime. The same sound in a cart-horse or a horse in the stable is simply indifferent, if not disagreeable. No sound is more absolutely mean than the grunting of swine. The same sound in the wild boar—an animal remarkable both for fierceness and strength—is sublime. The low and feeble sounds of animals which are generally considered the reverse of sublime are rendered so by association. The hissing of a goose and the rattle of a child's plaything are both contemptible sounds: but when the hissing comes from the mouth of a dangerous serpent, and the noise of the rattle is that of the rattlesnake, although they do not differ from the others in intensity, they are both of them highly sublime. . . . . There is certainly no resemblance, as sounds, between the noise of thunder and the hissing of a serpent—between the growling of a tiger and the explosion of gunpowder—between the scream of the eagle and the shouting of a multitude: yet all of these are sublime. In the same manner, there is as little resemblance between the tinkling of the sheep-fold bell and the murmuring of the breeze—between the hum of the beetle and the song of the lark—between the twitter of the swallow and the sound of the curfew; yet all these are beautiful.

John Howie (1735-93), a farmer at Lochgoin near Eaglesham in Renfrewshire, was sprung of a family which claimed descent from an Albigensian refugee of the name of Huet in the thirteenth century, and which had certainly suffered persecution and forfeiture for its adherence to the Covenant in the reign of Charles II. He was as keen and devout a Presbyterian as his ancestors, and his leisure was employed in the collection of a number of Covenanting relics still shown in the house at Lochgoin, and also in the editing of Presbyterian tracts and sermons, and the composition of the *Scots Worthies* (1774), a series of biographies of Presbyterian saints and martyrs from Patrick Hamilton down to James Renwick. The information which these biographies contain is taken chiefly from Knox, Calderwood, Wodrow, Patrick Walker, and other similar sources; but their pages are sometimes enriched (notably in the interesting life of Captain Paton) from the stories of local and family tradition. Howie was a workmanlike compiler, and wrote a simple and not ineffective style, and his book well deserved the national popularity it long enjoyed as a Presbyterian hagiography. Of the recent reprints, the great majority, like that by Rev. W. H. Carslaw (1870), omit the curious and characteristic 'Appendix containing a short Historical Hint of the Wicked Lives and Miserable Deaths of some of the most Remarkable Apostates and Bloody Persecutors in Scotland, from the Reformation to the Revolution.' The extract which follows is from the life of Captain Paton:

The Captain, with a few more, being one night quartered in the fore-mentioned house of Lochgoin, with James Howie, who was one of his fellow-sufferers; at which time one Captain Ingles, with a party, lay at the Dean of Kilmarnock's, who sent out parties on all hands to see what they could apprehend: and that night a party, being out in quest of some of the sufferers, came to Meadowhead, and from thence went to another remote place in the muirs of Fenwick, called Croilburn; but finding nothing there, they went next to Lochgoin, as apprehending they would not miss their design there; and that they might come upon this place more securely, they sent about five men with one Serjeant Rae by another way, whereby the main body could not come so well up undiscovered.

The sufferers had watched all night, which was very stormy, by turns; and about day break the Captain, on account of his asthmatical disorder, went to the far-end of the house for some rest. In the meanwhile, one George Woodburn went out to see if he could observe any (but it seems he looked not very surely); and going to secret duty instead of this, from which he was but a little time returned, until, on a sudden, ere they were aware, Serjeant Rae came to the inner door of the house, and cried out, Dogs! I have found you now. The four men took to the spence James and John Howie happened to be then in the byre, among the cattle. The wife of the house, one Isabel Howie, seeing none but the serjeant, cried to them to take the hills, and not be killed in the house. She took hold of Rae as he was coming boldly forward to the door of the place in which they were, and ran him backward out of the outer door of the house, giving him such a hasty turn as made him lie on the ground. In the meanwhile the Captain, being alarmed, got up, put on his shoes, though not very hastily, and they got all out, by which time the rest of the party was up. The serjeant fired his gun at them; which one John Kirkland answered by the like with his. The bullet passed so near the serjeant that it took off the knot of hair on the side of his head. The whole crew being alarmed, the Captain and the rest took the way for Eaglesham murrs, and they followed. Two of the men ran with the Captain, and other two stayed by turns, and fired back on the enemy, the enemy firing on them likewise; but by reason of some wetness their guns had got in coming through the water, they were not so ready to fire, which helped the others to escape.

After they had pursued them some time, John Kirkland turned about, and stooped down on his knee, and aimed so well that he shot a highland serjeant through the thigh, which made the front still stoop as they came forward, till they were again commanded to run. By this time the sufferers had gained some ground; and being come to the muirs of Eaglesham, the four men went to the heights, in view of the enemy, and caused the Captain, who was old and not able to run, take another way by himself. At last he got a mare upon the field, and took the liberty to mount her a little, that he might be more suddenly out of their reach. But ere he was aware, a party of dragoons going for Newmills was at hand; and what was more observable, he wanted his shoes, having cast them off before, and was riding on the beast's bare back; but he passed by them very slowly, and got off undiscovered; and at length gave the mare her liberty, which returned home, and went unto another of his lurking places. All this happened on a Monday morning; and on the morrow these persecutors returned, and plundered the house, drove off their cattle, and left almost nothing remaining.

Sir James Mackintosh (1765-1832) was born at Aldourie, on the banks of Loch Ness, October 24, 1765. His father was a brave Highland officer, possessed of a small estate, Kyllachy, in his native county. From his earliest days James Mackintosh had a passion for books; and though all his relatives were Jacobites, he was a staunch Whig. After studying at Aberdeen (where he had as a college companion and friend the pious and eloquent Robert Hall) Mackintosh went to Edinburgh and studied medicine. In 1788 he repaired to London, wrote for the press, and afterwards applied himself to the study of law. In 1791 he published his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, a defence of the French Revolution, in reply to Burke, which, for cogency of argument, historical knowledge, and logical precision, is a remarkable effort for a young man of twenty-six. Four years afterwards he acknowledged to Burke that he had been the dupe of his own enthusiasm, and that a 'melancholy experience' had undeceived him—a change of opinion bitterly resented by many of those who had most warmly welcomed the *Vindiciæ*. A series of lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations greatly extended his reputation. In 1795 he was called to the Bar, and as barrister in 1803 made a brilliant defence of M. Peltier, an emigrant royalist indicted for a libel on Napoleon, then First Consul. The forensic display of Mackintosh was too much like an elaborate essay or dissertation, but it marked him out for legal promotion, and he received the appointment (to which his poverty, not his will, consented) of Recorder of Bombay. He was knighted; sailed from England in the beginning of 1804; and after discharging faithfully his high official duties, returned at the end of seven years, the earliest period that entitled him to his retiring pension of £1200 per annum. Mackintosh in 1813 obtained a seat in Parliament for Nairn, and stuck faithfully by his old friends the Whigs, till, in 1827, his friend Canning, on the formation of his administration, made him a Privy-Councillor. On the accession of the Whig Ministry in 1830, he was appointed a commissioner for the affairs of India. On questions of criminal law and national policy Mackintosh spoke forcibly, but he was not accounted a successful parliamentary orator. Amid the bustle of public business he did not neglect literature, though he lacked resolution for continuous and severe study. The charms of society, the interruptions of public business, and the debilitating effects of his Indian sojourn cooperated with his constitutional indolence to prevent the realisation of the ambitious dreams of his youth. Nevertheless he wrote various articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, a long famous ***Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy*** for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and three volumes of a ***History of England*** for Lardner's *Cabinet*

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

From the Portrait by Sir Thomas Laurence in the National Portrait Gallery.

Cyclopædia, which, though without grace or charm of style, contains admirable statements of constitutional history. He also furnished for the same comprehensive series a short but valuable Life of Sir Thomas More; and at his death he was engaged on a ***History of the Revolution of 1688***, which was continued by another hand in a rather different spirit (1834). Mackintosh's *Dissertation* was long used as a text-book of the history of ethics, and as such was probably more widely known than anything else by him. It is even accounted his most important work, though James Mill was largely justified in criticising (as he did, however, with needless asperity) its lack of precision in thought and expression. It is curiously eclectic in standpoint: accepting Butler's supremacy of the conscience, it yet takes utility as the ethical criterion, and contrives to adopt Hartley's association theory as a help to explain the development of conscience. On the whole it represents a modified utilitarianism; as a treatise it is incomplete and inadequate, and has long since been superseded by more systematic and more profound works. But in its own time it filled a gap, and promoted ethical studies. Mackintosh's works were all little more than fragments of what he might have done; and there was no Boswell to record his brilliant conversation.

From the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ.'

The collision of armed multitudes [in Paris] terminated in unforeseen excesses and execrable crimes. In the eye of Mr Burke, however, these crimes and excesses assume an aspect far more important than can be communicated to them by their own insulated guilt. They form, in his opinion, the crisis of a revolution far more important than any change of government—a revolution in which the sentiments and opinions that have formed the manners of the European nations are to perish. 'The age of chivalry is gone, and the glory of Europe extinguished for ever!' He follows this exclamation by an eloquent eulogium on chivalry, and by gloomy predictions of the future state of Europe, when the nation that has been so long accustomed to give her the tone in arts and manners is thus debased and corrupted. A caviller might remark that ages much more near the meridian fervour of chivalry than ours have witnessed a treatment of queens as little gallant and generous as that of the Parisian mob. He might remind Mr Bruke that, in the age and country of Sir Philip Sidney, a queen of France, whom no blindness to accomplishment, no malignity of detraction, could reduce to the level of Marie Antoinette, was, by 'a nation of men of honour and cavaliers,' permitted to languish in captivity and expire on a scaffold; and he might add that the manners of a country are more surely indicated by the systematic cruelty of a sovereign than by the licentious frenzy of a mob. He might remark that the mild system of modern manners which survived the massacres with which fanaticism had for a century desolated and almost barbarised Europe, might perhaps resist the shock of one day's excesses committed by a delirious populace.

But the subject itself is, to an enlarged thinker, fertile in reflections of a different nature. That system of manners which arose among the Gothic nations of Europe, of which chivalry was more properly the effusion than the source, is, without doubt, one of the most peculiar and interesting appearances in human affairs. The moral causes which formed its character have not perhaps been hitherto investigated with the happiest success. But to confine ourselves to the subject before us, chivalry was certainly one of the most prominent features and remarkable effects of this system of manners. Candour must confess that this singular institution is not *alone* admirable as a corrector of the ferocious ages in which it flourished. It contributed to polish and soften Europe. It paved the way for that diffusion of knowledge and extension of commerce which afterwards in some measure supplanted it, and gave a new character to manners. Society is inevitably progressive. In government, commerce has overthrown that 'feudal and chivalrous' system under whose shade it first grew. In religion, learning has subverted that superstition whose opulent endowments had first fostered it. Peculiar circumstances softened the barbarism of the middle ages to a degree which favoured the admission of commerce and the growth of knowledge. These circumstances were connected with the manners of chivalry: but the sentiments peculiar to that institution could only be preserved by the situation which gave them birth. They were themselves enfeebled in the progress from ferocity and turbulence, and almost obliterated by tranquillity and refinement. But the auxiliaries which the manners of chivalry had in rude ages reared, gathered strength from its weakness and flourished in its decay. Commerce and diffused knowledge have, in fact, so completely assumed the ascendant in polished nations that it will be difficult to discover any relics of Gothic manners but in a fantastic exterior, which has survived the generous illusions that made these manners splendid and seductive. Their direct influence has long ceased in Europe; but their indirect influence, through the medium of those causes which would not perhaps have existed but for the mildness which chivalry created in the midst of a barbarous age, still operates with increasing vigour. The manners of the middle age were, in the most singular sense, compulsory. Enterprising benevolence was produced by general fierceness, gallant courtesy by ferocious rudeness, and artificial gentleness resisted the torrent of natural barbarism. But a less incongruous system has succeeded, in which commerce, which unites men's interests, and knowledge, which excludes those prejudices that tend to embroil them, present a broader basis for the stability of civilised and beneficent manners.

Mr Burke, indeed, forebodes the most fatal consequences to literature, from events which he supposes to have given a mortal blow to the spirit of chivalry. I have ever been protected from such apprehensions by my belief in a very simple truth—*that diffused knowledge immortalises itself.* A literature which is confined to a few may be destroyed by the massacre of scholars and the conflagration of libraries, but the diffused knowledge of the present day could only be annihilated by the extirpation of the civilised part of mankind.

There is a Life of Mackintosh by his son, Robert James Mackintosh (2 vols, 1835); and see the essays on him by Macaulay and De Quincey. His miscellaneous works were collected in three volumes in 1846.

William Paley (1743-1805) was a thinker of remarkable vigour and clearness rather than originality; his acquirements as a scholar and Churchman were grafted on a homely, shrewd, and kindly nature. He was born at Peterborough in 1743, the son of a minor canon, afterwards teacher of the grammar-school at Giggleswick, Yorkshire. At the age of fifteen he was entered as sizar at Christ's College, Cambridge, and after two years of idleness worked hard and came out senior wrangler. For a time a teacher and then curate at Greenwich, he was in 1768 elected a Fellow of his college, and lectured in the university on Moral Philosophy and the Greek Testament till he was presented with the rectory of Musgrave in Westmorland in 1776. He held contemporaneously the livings of Dalston, Great Salkeld, Appleby, and Stanwix; and was made prebendary (1780), archdeacon (1782), and chancellor (1785) of Carlisle. In 1785 appeared his long-meditated *Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy;* in 1790 his *Horæ Paulinæ;* and in 1794 his famous *View of the Evidences of Christianity.* Friends and preferment now crowded in on him. The Bishop of London (Porteus) made Paley a prebendary of St Paul's; the Bishop of Lincoln presented him with the subdeanery of Lincoln; and the Bishop of Durham gave him the rectory of Bishop-Wearmouth, worth £1200 a year and all these within six months, the luckiest half-year of his life. The boldness and freedom of some of Paley's disquisitions on government, a certain north-country roughness of speech and manner, his unspiritualness and 'common-sense' views of religion, and a suspected tendency to Unitarianism prevented his rising to the bench of bishops. In 1802 Paley published his *Natural Theology*, his last work, which reached a twentieth edition in 1820, and was translated into Spanish and Italian even. He enjoyed himself in the country with his duties and recreations: he was fond of angling; and he mixed familiarly with his neighbours in sociality and even conviviality. He disposed of his time with great regularity: in his garden he limited himself to one hour at a time, twice a day; in reading books of amusement, one hour at breakfast and another in the evening, and one for dinner and his newspaper.

Few theological or philosophical works were so extensively popular or held their place so long as those of Paley. His perspicacity of intellect was as remarkable as the vigour and simplicity of a style that in the eyes of his contemporaries was occasionally undignified. He had the rare art of popularising recondite knowledge and blending the business of life with philosophy. His doctrine of expediency as a rule of morals was even in his own time thought to trench on the authority of revealed religion, and to lower the standard of public duty; in the shape he put it, it could not be expected to foster the great and heroic virtues. In his early life he is reported to have said, on the subject of his having subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles, that he was 'too poor to keep a conscience;' and certainly there was little in him of poetry or enthusiasm. Like Dr Johnson, he was a practical moralist, abhorred pretence, cant, and hypocrisy, and was suspicious of ideal virtue and high-strung devotion. Paley did not write for philosophers or metaphysicians, but for the great body of the people anxious to acquire knowledge, and to be able to give 'a reason for the hope that is in them.' His common-sense philosophy and his teleological method are now antiquated. He considered the art of life to consist in properly 'setting our habits,' and for this no subtle distinctions or profound theories were necessary. His *Moral and Political Philosophy* is a utilitarian system with a religious sanction; virtue is 'doing good to mankind, in obedience to the will of God, and for the sake of future happiness.' It is not a new system, but rather an admirable compendium of the views of such earlier moralists as suited him, lucidly and vigorously stated. As in his other works, he made skilful use of any other writers whose arguments served his purpose – not, however, without many shrewd additions of his own. The famous argument from a watch was a commonplace, but was made classical in the pithy statement he gave it. Sir James Mackintosh summed up thus: 'The most original and ingenious of his writings is the *Horæ Paulinæ*. The *Evidences of Christianity* are formed out of an admirable translation of Butler's *Analogy*, and a most skilful abridgment of Lardner's *Credibility of the Gospel History.* He may be said to have thus given value to two works, of which the first was scarcely intelligible to most of those who were most desirous of profiting by it; and the second soon wearies out the greater part of readers, though the few who are more patient have almost always been gradually won over to feel pleasure in a display of knowledge, probity, charity, and meekness unmatched by an avowed advocate in a cause deeply interesting his warmest feelings. His *Natural Theology* is the wonderful work of a man who, after sixty, had studied anatomy in order to write it.' When Paley's name was mentioned to George III., the monarch said, 'Paley! what, *Pigeon Paley?*' – a nickname given to the archdeacon from a famous illustration in the *Moral and Political Philosophy* in a passage on property, which is a fair specimen of his style of reasoning.

Of Property.

If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn, and if—instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted, and no more—you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap, reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and the refuse, keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round and looking on all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about and wasting it; and if a pigeon more hardy and hungry than the rest touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it and tearing it to pieces: if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men. Among men, you see the ninety-and-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one, and this one, too, oftentimes the feeblest and worst of the whole set—a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool; getting nothing for themselves all the while but a little of the coarsest of the provision which their own industry produces; looking quietly on while they see the fruits of all their labour spent or spoiled; and if one of the number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him, and hanging him for the theft. There must be some very important advantages to account for an institution which, in the view of it above given, is so paradoxical and unnatural. The principal of these advantages are the following:

I. It increases the produce of the earth.

The earth, in climates like ours, produces little without cultivation; and none would be found willing to cultivate the ground if others were to be admitted to an equal share of the produce. The same is true of the care of flocks and herds of tame animals. Crabs and acorns, red deer, rabbits, game, and fish, are all which we should have to subsist upon in this country if we trusted to the spontaneous productions of the soil; and it fares not much better with other countries. A nation of North American savages, consisting of two or three hundred, will take up and be half starved upon a tract of land which in Europe, and with European management, would be sufficient for the maintenance of as many thousands. In some fertile soils, together with great abundance of fish upon their coasts, and in regions where clothes are unnecessary, a considerable degree of population may subsist without property in land, which is the case in the islands of Otaheite; but in less favoured situations, as in the country of New Zealand, though this sort of property obtain in a small degree, the inhabitants, for want of a more secure and regular establishment of it, are driven oftentimes by the scarcity of provision to devour one another.

II. It preserves the produce of the earth to maturity.

We may judge what would be the effects of a community of right to the productions of the earth from the trifling specimens which we see of it at present. A cherry-tree in a hedgerow, nuts in a wood, the grass of an unstinted pasture, are seldom of much advantage to anybody, because people do not wait for the proper season of reaping them. Corn, if any were sown, would never ripen; lambs and calves would never grow up to sheep and cows, because the first person that met them would reflect that he had better take them as they are than leave them for another.

III. It prevents contests.

War and waste, tumult and confusion, must be unavoidable and eternal where there is not enough for all, and where there are no rules to adjust the division.

IV. It improves the conveniency of living.

This it does two ways. It enables mankind to divide themselves into distinct professions, which is impossible unless a man can exchange the productions of his own art for what he wants from others, and exchange implies property. Much of the advantage of civilised over savage life depends upon this. When a man is, from necessity, his own tailor, tent-maker, carpenter, cook, huntsman, and fisherman, it is not probable that he will be expert at any of his callings. Hence the rude habitations, furniture, clothing, and implements of savages, and the tedious length of time which all their operations require. It likewise encourages those arts by which the accommodations of human life are supplied, by appropriating to the artist the benefit of his discoveries and improvements, without which appropriation ingenuity will never be exerted with effect. Upon these several accounts we may venture, with a few exceptions, to pronounce that even the poorest and the worst provided, in countries where property and the consequences of property prevail, are in a better situation with respect to food, raiment, houses, and what are called the necessaries of life, than any are in places where most things remain in common. The balance, therefore, upon the whole, must preponderate in favour of property with a manifest and great excess. Inequality of property, in the degree in which it exists in most countries of Europe, abstractedly considered, is an evil; but it is an evil which flows from those rules concerning the acquisition and disposal of property, by which men are incited to industry, and by which the object of their industry is rendered secure and valuable. If there be any great inequality unconnected with this origin, it ought to be corrected.

Distinctions of Civil Life lost in Church.

The distinctions of civil life are almost always insisted upon too much and urged too far. Whatever, therefore, conduces to restore the level, by qualifying the dispositions which grow out of great elevation or depression of rank, improves the character on both sides. Now things are made to appear little by being placed beside what is great. In which manner, superiorities, that occupy the whole field of the imagination, will vanish or shrink to their proper diminutiveness, when compared with the distance by which even the highest of men are removed from the Supreme Being, and this comparison is naturally introduced by all acts of joint worship. If ever the poor man holds up his head, it is at church: if ever the rich man views him with respect, it is there: and both will be the better, and the public profited, the oftener they meet in a situation in which the consciousness of dignity in the one is tempered and mitigated and the spirit of the other erected and confirmed. (From the same work.)

The World made with a Benevolent Design.

It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. 'The insect youth are on the wing.' Swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy and the exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment; so busy and so pleased: yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and, under every variety of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them. But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted but that this is a state of gratification: what else should fix them so close to the operation and so long? Other species are running about with an alacrity in their motions which carries with it every mark of pleasure. Large patches of ground are sometimes half covered with these brisk and sprightly natures. If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it—which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement—all conduce to shew their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Walking by the sea-side in a calm evening, upon a sandy shore and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height, perhaps, of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young shrimps in the act of bounding into the air from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this; if they had meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose, then, what I have no doubt of, each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment; what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view!

The young of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child, without knowing anything of the use of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak. Its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or perhaps of a single word which it has learned to pronounce, proves this point clearly. Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavours to walk, or rather to run—which precedes walking—although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having anything to say; and with walking, without knowing where to go. And, prior to both these, I am disposed to believe that the waking-hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision, or perhaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see.

But it is not for youth alone that the great Parent of creation hath provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat no less than with the playful kitten; in the arm chair of dozing age, as well as in either the sprightliness of the dance or the animation of the chase. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardour of pursuit, succeeds what is, in no inconsiderable degree, an equivalent for them all, 'perception of ease.' Herein is the exact difference between the young and the old. The young are not happy but when enjoying pleasure; the old are happy when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degrees of animal power which they respectively possess. The vigour of youth was to be stimulated to action by impatience of rest; whilst to the imbecility of age, quietness and repose become positive gratifications. In one important step the advantage is with the old. A state of ease is, generally speaking, more attainable than a state of pleasure. A constitution, therefore, which can enjoy ease is preferable to that which can taste only pleasure. This same perception of ease oftentimes renders old age a condition of great comfort, especially when riding at its anchor after a busy or tempestuous life. It is well described by Rousseau to be the interval of repose and enjoyment between the hurry and the end of life. How far the same cause extends to other animal natures cannot be judged of with certainty. The appearance of satisfaction with which most animals, as their activity subsides, seek and enjoy rest affords reason to believe that this source of gratification is appointed to advanced life under all or most of its various forms. In the species with which we are best acquainted, namely, our own, I am far, even as an observer of human life, from thinking that youth is its happiest season, much less the only happy one.

(From *Natural Theology*)

Character of St Paul.

Here, then, we have a man of liberal attainments, and, in other points, of sound judgment, who had addicted his life to the service of the gospel. We see him, in the prosecution of his purpose, travelling from country to country, enduring every species of hardship, encountering every extremity of danger, assaulted by the populace, punished by the magistrates, scourged, beat, stoned, left for dead: expecting, wherever he came, a renewal of the same treatment, and the same dangers; yet, when driven from one city, preaching in the next; spending his whole time in the employment, sacrificing to it his pleasures, his ease, his safety; persisting in this course to old age, unaltered by the experience of perverseness, ingratitude, prejudice, desertion; unsubdued by anxiety, want, labour, persecutions; unwearied by long confinement, undismayed by the prospect of death. Such was Paul. We have his letters in our hands; we have also a history purporting to be written by one of his fellow-travellers, and appearing, by a comparison with these letters, certainly to have been written by some person well acquainted with the transactions of his life. From the letters, as well as from the history, we gather not only the account which we have stated of *him*, but that he was one out of many who acted and suffered in the same manner: and that of those who did so, several had been the companions of Christ's ministry, the ocular witnesses, or pretending to be such, of his miracles and of his resurrection. We moreover find this same person referring in his letters to his supernatural conversion, the particulars and accompanying circumstances of which are related in the history; and which accompanying circumstances, if all or any of them be true, render it impossible to have been a delusion. We also find him positively, and in appropriate terms, asserting that he himself worked miracles, strictly and properly so called, in support of the mission which he executed; the history, meanwhile, recording various passages of his ministry which come up to the extent of this assertion. The question is, whether falsehood was ever attested by evidence like this. Falsehoods, we know, have found their way into reports, into tradition, into books; but is an example to be met with of a man voluntarily undertaking a life of want and pain, of incessant fatigue, of continual peril; submitting to the loss of his home and country, to stripes and stoning, to tedious imprisonment, and the constant expectation of a violent death, for the sake of carrying about a story of what was false, and what, if false, he must have known to be so?

(From the *Horæ Paulinæ*.)

Paley published in all a score of works, including various collections of sermons. Collective editions appeared in 1805-8, 1819, 1825, 1837, 1838, and 1851. There are Lives by Meadley (1809), his son (1825), and the other editors of the works.

John Brown of Haddington (1722-87), the founder of a house famous in Scottish theology, science, and literature for four generations, did himself by his theological works give an impress to the Scottish mind and evoke intellectual through religious interests. Born at Carpow near Abernethy in Perthshire, a poor weaver's child, he lost father and mother in boyhood and had but scanty schooling. Nevertheless, as a Tayside herd-boy he contrived to study not merely Latin to some purpose, but even Greek and a little Hebrew. For a time he was a pedlar; during the '45 served in the Fife Militia; taught in several schools; and having studied theology in connection with the Associate Burgher Synod, was in 1751 called to the congregation of Haddington. He was a man of much learning; open-handed on a stipend of £50 a year; a kindly humourist, though harrowing self-doubts tormented him all his life through; and a powerful preacher. In 1768 he accepted the unsalaried Burgher chair of Divinity. Of his twenty-seven works, the most widely known are the *Dictionary of the Bible* (1768) and the *Self-interpreting Bible* (2 vols. 1778), both of which took rank with the *Pilgrim's Progress* and Boston's *Fourfold State* amongst the most treasured books of the Scottish people. Dr Brown's sons and grandsons were respected, learned, and eloquent divines; one grandson was a poet, chemist, and original thinker of exceptional accomplishments; a great-grandson was Professor of Chemistry in Edinburgh; and another great-grandson was the beloved Dr John Brown of Edinburgh, author of *Rab and his Friends*. The *Memoirs and Select Remains* of Dr Brown of Haddington were edited in 1856.

Beilby Porteus (1731-1808), Bishop first of Chester (1776) and then of London (1787), was another apologist whose *Summary of Christian Evidences* was long an educational force in England. Born at York of Virginian parentage, he studied at Christ's College, Cambridge. He took an active part in philanthropic and missionary enterprises, and published, besides charges and sermons, a Life of Secker, and other works sufficient to fill six volumes.

Samuel Horsley (1733-1806), born in London and educated at Westminster and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, succeeded his father as rector of Newington in Surrey. A young F.R.S., he published comments on recent Arctic observations, helped to issue Newton's complete works, and conducted a grand controversy with Priestley, who had reckoned the divinity of Christ amongst his *Corruptions of Christianity*. Through this he attained successively to the sees of St Davids, Rochester, and St Asaph.

Richard Watson (1737-1816), a Westmorland man who studied at Trinity and became professor at Cambridge successively of Chemistry and Divinity, took more interest in farming and planting on his estate at Windermere than in his spiritual cares in Norfolk and Leicester. He was notoriously unspiritual in temper and a Liberal in politics and theology, but made himself famous by his *Apologies* in reply to Gibbon (1776) and Tom Paine (1796), and became Bishop of Llandaff in 1782.

William Wilberforce (1759-1833) was born at Hull, the son of a wealthy merchant, and educated at St John's College, Cambridge. Returned to Parliament for Hull and then for Yorkshire, he was a close friend of Pitt, though he remained independent of party. During a tour on the Continent with Dean Milner, he became seriously impressed about religious truth and duty; and in 1787 he founded an association for the reformation of manners. In 1788, supported by Clarkson and the Quakers, he entered on his nineteen years' struggle for the abolition of the slave-trade, crowned with victory in 1807. He next sought to secure the abolition of the slave-trade abroad and the total abolition of slavery itself, and was long a central figure in the 'Clapham sect' of Evangelicals. He wrote a *Practical View of Christianity* (1797), which was regarded as an epoch-making book. His *Life* was written by his sons (one of them the famous Bishop of Winchester; 1838), and his *Private Papers* were edited by Mrs A. M. Wilberforce (1898).

Herbert Marsh (1757-1839), son of the vicar of Faversham in Kent, after a course at St John's, Cambridge, was second wrangler and second Smith's prizeman. He continued his studies at Leipzig, and as translator of his master Michaelis's *Introduction to the New Testament* ranks as the introducer to England of modern German Biblical criticism. He served England well by writing and publishing in German (1799) a defence of English policy in the French war which so conciliated German and Continental good will that Napoleon proscribed the author, then in Germany, so that he had to lie concealed in Leipzig for months. Appointed professor at Cambridge, he increased the excitement already caused by the dissertation appended to his translation of Michaelis, by lectures on the history of sacred criticism, and by a series of critical works which included books on the authenticity and credibility of the New Testament and on the authority of the Old Testament, all regarded as of dangerous and unsettling tendency. He involved himself still deeper in controversy by denouncing as immoral the Calvinistic doctrines of the Evangelical school. He was vehement in polemics, and, appointed Bishop of Llandaff (1816) and of Peterborough (1819), proved an energetic administrator. He wrote innumerable charges, pamphlets, and books on such various subjects as the Pelasgi, the Roman Catholic controversy, Dr Bell's system of tuition, toleration, and the Government policy at various dates.

Gilbert Wakefield (1756-1801), born at Nottingham, became Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, but renouncing his Anglican orders as a convinced Unitarian, became classical tutor in Dissenting academies at Warrington and Hackney. He lay two years in Dorchester jail for a 'seditious' answer to Bishop Watson, earnestly defending the French Revolution, not without severe strictures on the Government of the day and on pluralist bishops. He published editions of Bion and Moschus, Virgil, Horace, and Lucretius; *Early Christian Writers on the Person of Christ* (1784); *Inquiry into the Expediency of Social Worship* (1791; disapproving all public worship as such; *Examination of Paine's Age of Reason* (1794); and *Silva Critica*, illustrating the Scriptures from profane learning (1789-95). He was a keen controversialist, an enthusiast and political fanatic, a Pythagorean in his diet, and an eccentric in many of his ways. Porson said of him that he was as fierce against the Greek accents as he was against the Trinity; he felt keenly, acted on the first impulse and wrote swiftly, often with force and eloquence. His *Memoirs* (1792) are uninteresting [illegible] his correspondence with Fox (1813).

Dr John Lingard [illegible] 1851), born at Winchester, 5th February [illegible] of humble Catholic parentage, was sent [illegible] to the English College at Douay, whence [illegible] from [illegible] revolutionists in 1793 to [illegible] He [illegible] his fellow refugees to [illegible] at Crockhall near Durham [illegible] at Ushaw, receiving priest's orders [illegible] becoming vice-president and Professor of [illegible]. In 1811 he accepted the mission of H[illegible] near Lancaster, at the same time declining [illegible] at Maynooth; in 1821 he obtained his D.D. [illegible] the Pope, and in 1839 a Crown pension [illegible] His *Antiquity of the Anglo-Saxon Church* [illegible] the precursor of what became the [illegible] the *History of England to the Ac*[illegible] *William* [illegible] *Mary* (8 vols. 1819-30; 6th [illegible]) had access to many unpublished [illegible] the Vatican archives and other Catholic sources, and was able to correct quietly many errors not merely of ultra-Protestant authors, but of such writers as Hume. Inevitably, of course, most Protestants assumed that he had allowed his Catholic prepossessions to pervert the fidelity of his *History*, to palliate the atrocities of the Bartholomew Massacre, and especially to darken the shades in the characters of Anne Boleyn, Queen Elizabeth, Cranmer, and others connected with the Reformation. His work was subjected to a severe scrutiny by Dr John Allen in two elaborate articles in the *Edinburgh Review*; by Archdeacon Todd, a zealous defender of Cranmer; and by other Protestant controversialists in the *Quarterly* and elsewhere. To these antagonists Dr Lingard replied in 1826 by a vindication of his fidelity as an historian, written in admirable tone and temper. His fairness had already been proved by the fact that Ultramontanes regarded him as Gallican and dangerous to his own Church polity. Moderate Protestants were surprised to find how candidly he had dealt with debatable matters; he had obviously so written as to encourage Protestants to study his version of controverted questions. No doubt on the whole he was on many such points nearer the truth than the ultra-Protestants; and his work cleared away many prepossessions and softened the asperity that had heretofore prevailed almost universally between Catholic and Protestant historians. For the earlier periods, especially for Anglo-Saxon and Norman history, Lingard's work has been completely superseded; it still retains high value for English readers as representing the view of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, and of the Reformation, taken by a candid and conciliatory Roman Catholic. Content with plain speech, Dr Lingard did little to commend his sound and conscientious work by any special graces of style.

One single phrase in Lingard's *History* attained to special celebrity; the words 'what he deemed to be his duty' in the conclusion of his story of Thomas Becket's assassination, highly disapproved at headquarters, were held to have cost the judicious historian a cardinal's hat. The sentences in which the fateful phrase occurs are these:

> Thus at the age of fifty-three perished this extraordinary man, a martyr to what he deemed to be his duty, the preservation of the immunities of the church. The moment of his death was the triumph of his cause. His personal virtues and exalted station, the dignity and composure with which he met his fate, the sacredness of the place where the murder was perpetrated, all contributed to inspire men with horror for his enemies and veneration for his character.

Cranmer and Pole.

From the window of his cell the archbishop had seen his two friends led to execution. At the sight his resolution began to waver; and he let fall some hints of a willingness to relent, and of a desire to confer with the legate. But in a short time he recovered the tranquillity of his mind, and addressed, in defence of his doctrine, a long letter to the queen, which at her request was answered by Cardinal Pole. At Rome, on the expiration of the eighty days, the royal proctors demanded judgment: and Paul, in a private consistory, pronounced the usual sentence. The intelligence of this proceeding awakened the terrors of the archbishop. He had not the fortitude to look death in the face. To save his life he feigned himself a convert to the established creed; openly condemned his past delinquency, and stifling the remorse of his conscience, in seven successive instruments abjured the faith which he had taught, and approved of that which he had opposed. He first presented his submission to the council; and as that submission was expressed in ambiguous language, replaced it by another in more ample form. When the bishops of London and Ely arrived to perform the ceremony of his degradation, he appealed from the judgment of the pope to a general council: but before the prelates left Oxford, he sent them two other papers; by the first of which he submitted to all the statutes of the realm, respecting the supremacy and other subjects; promised to live in quietness and obedience to the royal authority; and submitted his book on the sacrament to the judgment of the church and the next general council: in the second he professed to believe on all points, and particularly respecting the sacrament, as the catholic church then did believe, and always had believed from the beginning. To Ridley and Latimer life had been offered on condition that they should recant; but when the question was put whether the same favour might be granted to Cranmer, it was decided by the council in the negative. His political offences, it was said, might be overlooked; but he had been the cause of the schism in the reign of Henry, and the author of the change of religion in the reign of Edward; and such offences required that he should suffer 'for ensample's sake.' The writ was directed to the mayor or bailiffs of Oxford: the day of his execution was fixed: yet he cherished a hope of pardon; and in a fifth recantation, as full and explicit as the most zealous of his adversaries could wish, declared that he was not actuated by fear or favour, but that he abjured the erroneous doctrines which he had formerly maintained, for the discharge of his own conscience and the instruction of others. This paper was accompanied with a letter to Cardinal Pole, in which he begged a respite during a few days, that he might have leisure to give to the world a more convincing proof of his repentance, and might do away, before his death, the scandal given by his past conduct. His prayer was cheerfully granted by the queen; and Cranmer in a sixth confession acknowledged that he had been a greater persecutor of the church than Paul, and wished that like Paul he might be able to make amends. He could not rebuild what he had destroyed; but as the penitent thief on the cross, by the testimony of his lips, obtained mercy, so he (Cranmer) trusted that by this offering of his lips, he should move the clemency of the Almighty. He was unworthy of favour; and worthy not only of temporal, but of eternal punishment. He had offended against King Henry and Queen Catharine: he was the cause and author of the divorce, and in consequence, also of the evils which resulted from it. He had blasphemed against the sacrament, had sinned against heaven, and had deprived men of the benefits to be derived from the eucharist. In conclusion he conjured the pope to forgive his offences against the apostolic see, the king and queen to pardon his transgressions against them, the whole realm, the universal church, to take pity of his wretched soul, and God to look on him with mercy at the hour of his death. He had undoubtedly flattered himself that this humble tone, these expressions of remorse, these cries for mercy, would move the heart of the queen. She, indeed, little suspecting the dissimulation which had dictated them, rejoiced at the conversion of the sinner: but she had also persuaded herself, or been persuaded by others, that public justice would not allow her to save him from the punishment to which he had been condemned.

At length the fatal morning arrived: at an early hour, Garcina, a Spanish friar, who had frequently visited the prisoner since his condemnation, came, not to announce a pardon, but to comfort and prepare him for the last trial. Entertaining no suspicion of his sincerity, Garcina submitted to his consideration a paper, which he advised him to read at the stake, as a public testimony of his repentance. It consisted of five parts: a request that the spectators would pray with him; a form of prayer for himself; an exhortation to others to lead a virtuous life; a declaration of the queen's right to the crown; and a confession of faith, with a retractation of the doctrine in his book on the eucharist. Cranmer, having dissembled so long, resolved to carry on the deception. He transcribed and signed the paper: and giving one copy to the Spaniard, retained the other for his own use. But when the friar was gone, he appears to have made a second copy, in which, entirely omitting the fourth article, the assertion of the queen's right, he substituted in lieu of the confession contained in the fifth a disavowal of the six retractations which he had already made. Of his motives we can judge only from his conduct. Probably he now considered himself doubly armed. If a pardon were announced, he might take the benefit of it, and read the original paper: if not, by reading the copy, he would disappoint the expectations of his adversaries, and repair the scandal which he had given to his brethren. At the appointed hour the procession set forward; and, on account of the rain, halted at the church of St Mary, where the sermon was preached by Dr Cole. Cranmer stood on a platform opposite the pulpit, appearing, as a spectator writes, 'the very image of sorrow.' His face was bathed in tears; his eyes were sometimes raised to heaven, sometimes fixed through shame on the earth. At the conclusion of the sermon he began to read his paper, and was heard with profound silence, till he came to the fifth article. But when he recalled all his former recantations, rejected the papal authority, and confirmed the doctrine contained in his book, he was interrupted by the murmurs and agitation of the audience. The lord Williams called to him to 'remember himself, and play the Christian.' 'I do,' replied Cranmer; 'it is now too late to dissemble. I must now speak the truth.' As soon as order could be restored, he was conducted to the stake, declaring that he had never changed his belief; that his recantations had been wrung from him by the hope of life; and that, 'as his hand had offended by writing contrary to his heart, it should be the first to receive its punishment.' When the fire was kindled to the surprise of the spectators he thrust his hand into the flame, exclaiming, 'This hath offended.' His sufferings were short: the flames rapidly ascended above his head, and expired in a few moments. The catholics consoled their disappointment by invectives against his insincerity and falsehood; the protestants defended his memory by maintaining that his constancy at the stake had atoned for his apostasy in the prison.

Historians are divided with respect to the part which Pole acted during these horrors. Most are willing to acquit him entirely; a few, judging from the influence which he was supposed to possess, have allotted to him a considerable share of the blame. In a confidential letter to the cardinal of Augsburgh he has unfolded to us his own sentiment without reserve. He will not, he says, deny that there may be men so addicted to the most pernicious errors themselves, and so apt to seduce others, that they may justly be put to death, for the same purpose as we amputate a limb to preserve the whole body. But this is an extreme case; and, even when it happens, every gentler remedy should be applied before such punishment is inflicted. In general lenity is to be preferred to severity; and the bishops should remember that they are fathers as well as judges, and ought to shew the tenderness of parents, even when they are compelled to punish. This has always been his opinion; it was that of the colleagues who presided with him at the Council of Trent, and also of the prelates who composed that assembly. His conduct in England was conformable to these professions. On the deprivation of Cranmer he was appointed archbishop; and his consecration took place on the day after the death of his predecessor. From that moment the persecution ceased in the diocese of Canterbury. Pole found sufficient exercise for his zeal in reforming the clergy, repairing the churches, and re-establishing the ancient discipline. His severity was exercised against the dead rather than the living; and his delegates, when they visited the universities in his name, ordered the bones of Bucer and Fagius, two foreign divines, who had taught the new doctrines at Cambridge, to be taken up and burnt. But his moderation displeased the more zealous: they called in question his orthodoxy; and in the last year of his life (perhaps to refute the calumny) he issued a commission for the prosecution of heretics within his diocese. Five persons were condemned: four months afterwards they suffered, but at a time when the cardinal lay on his death-bed, and was probably ignorant of their fate.

It had at first been hoped that a few of these barbarous exhibitions would silence the voices of the preachers and check the diffusion of their doctrines. In general they produced conformity to the established worship; but they also encouraged hypocrisy and perjury.

Dr Lingard wrote besides his *History* a number of minor works, controversial, historical, and theological. See the Memoir by Canon Tierney prefixed to vol. x. of the sixth edition of his *magnum opus*, which had the honour of being translated into French, German, and Italian.

James Bruce (1730–94), 'the Abyssinian,' was born at Kinnaird House in Stirlingshire, and from Harrow passed in the winter of 1747 to Edinburgh University, with the intention of studying law. Instead, coming to London, he married in 1754 the orphan daughter of a wine-merchant, and became a partner in the business. His wife died within the year, and after travelling in Spain, Portugal, and Italy, in 1763 he became British consul at Algiers; and in 1768 he set out from Cairo on his famous journey to Abyssinia by the Nile, Assouan, the Red Sea, and Massowah. In 1770 he was at Gondar, had many stirring adventures, and held for a time a Government appointment. On 14th November he reached the source of the [illegible] of the Blue Nile, which [illegible] December of the [illegible] and returned, through great hardships, [illegible] Sennaar, Assouan, Alexandria, and Marseilles. In France he visited Buffon; in 1774 he was back in England. It was not until sixteen years after his return that Bruce published his *Travels*. Parts had been made public, and were much ridiculed; Johnson even doubted whether Bruce had ever been in Abyssinia. The work appeared in 1790,

JAMES BRUCE.

From the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery (Painter unknown)

in five large quarto volumes, with another volume of plates. The strangeness of the author's adventures at the court of Gondar, the somewhat inflated style of his narrative, and his undisguised vanity led to a disbelief of his statements, and numerous lampoons and satires, both in prose and verse, were directed against him. 'Peter Pindar' made the most of the live-cow beefsteaks and other improbabilities, and some of the chapters of *Baron Munchausen's Travels* were levelled as much at Bruce as at the old Hanoverian Freiherr von Munchhausen. The really honourable and admirable points of Bruce's character—his energy and daring, his various knowledge and acquirements, and his disinterested zeal in undertaking such a journey at his own expense—were overlooked in this petty war of the wits. Bruce, who was a huge, self-assertive, dictatorial man, six feet four inches high, felt their attacks keenly; but he was a proud-spirited man, and did not deign to reply to pasquinades impeaching his veracity. He survived to endure these annoyances only four years. The foot which had trod without serious misadventure the deserts of Nubia tripped on his own staircase at Kinnaird, and, falling heavily, he died of the injuries sustained. Bruce's style is usually plain-sailing, sometimes vigorous, vivid, and humorous, but occasionally prolix; he was apt to select the most prominent features and colour them highly. No doubt vanity and the desire to be always presenting a distinguished figure made him at times adorn the reality; and his somewhat careless method of composition twelve years after the events led him frequently into confusion with his facts and dates. His reports of long conversations were inevitably to some extent literary invention; and he overstated the claims of the Blue Nile to be the head-stream, as against the real or White Nile. But the travels of late travellers in Abyssinia, Henry Salt (1780–1820), Nathaniel Pearce (1780–1820), and others completely substantiated the most incredible parts of the older traveller's tales, including the story about the Abyssinians eating raw meat cut out of a living cow, which was most persistently denied and flouted by easy-chair critics.

His First View of the Supposed Source of the Nile.

Half-undressed as I was, by the loss of my sash, and throwing off my shoes, I ran down the hill towards the hillock of green sod, which was about two hundred yards distant; the whole side of the hill was thick grown with flowers, the large bulbous roots of which appearing above the surface of the ground, and their skins coming off on my treading upon them, occasioned me two very severe falls before I reached the brink of the marsh. I after this came to the altar of green turf, which was apparently the work of art, and I stood in rapture above the principal fountain, which rises in the middle of it. It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at that moment—standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry of both ancients and moderns for the course of near three thousand years. Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armies, and each expedition was distinguished from the last only by the difference of numbers which had perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment which had uniformly, and without exception, followed them all. Fame, riches, and honour had been held out for a series of ages to every individual of those myriads these princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping off this stain upon the enterprise and abilities of mankind, or adding this desideratum for the encouragement of geography. Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here, in my own mind, over kings and their armies! and every comparison was leading nearer and nearer to presumption, when the place itself where I stood, the object of my vainglory, suggested what depressed my short-lived triumph. I was but a few minutes arrived at the sources of the Nile, through numberless dangers and sufferings, the least of which would have overwhelmed me but for the continual goodness and protection of Providence: I was, however, but then half through my journey, and all those dangers through which I had already passed awaited me on my return; I found a despondency gaining ground fast, and blasting the crown of laurels which I had too rashly woven for myself.

Abyssinian Religion.

The Abyssinians, on their conversion to Christianity, received the doctrines of the Greek Church, their first bishop, Frumentius, being ordained about 333 by St Athanasius, then sitting in the chair of St Mark. Heresies in course of time crept into the Abyssinian Church. The Jesuits accuse them not only of holding the Eutychian heresy regarding the nature of Christ, but also of denying the 'one baptism for the remission of sins.' They assert that, once every year, it is the practice to baptize all the adults. I myself once witnessed the ceremony to which the Jesuits refer. It took place on the banks of a small river between the town of Adowa and the church. The ceremony consisted in a sprinkling of water first of all upon the persons of quality present, in the order of their rank. After being sprinkled, they each tasted the water that was contained in a silver chalice, and received a benediction from the priest: after which they kissed the three crosses which had been dipped in the river, to consecrate the pool whence the water was brought. Immediately after the pool had been consecrated, and the cup filled from the clean part of it, two or three hundred boys, calling themselves deacons, plunged in, with only a white cloth round their middle. A crowd of people went down to the edge of the pool, and received a sprinkling from these young deacons. After the better class of people had received the sprinkling, the whole thing was turned into a riot; and the governor, monks, and crosses having departed, the brook was left in the possession of the boys and blackguards of the town. I should remark that, shortly after the governor had been sprinkled, two horses and two mules, belonging to Raz Michael and Ozoro Esther, came and were washed in the pool. Afterwards the soldiers went in and bathed their horses and guns; those who had wounds bathed them also. Heaps of platters and pots that had been used by Mahometans or Jews were brought thither likewise to be purified, and thus the whole ended.

I have no hesitation in asserting that this whole matter is grossly misrepresented by the Jesuits, and that no baptism, or anything like baptism, is meant by the ceremony. A man is no more baptized by keeping the anniversary of our Saviour's baptism (the ceremony took place on Epiphany) than he is crucified by keeping his crucifixion.

The Abyssinians receive the holy sacrament in both kinds. They use unleavened bread, and the grape bruised with the husk as it grows, so that it is little more fluid than marmalade. Large pieces of bread are given to the communicants in proportion to their quality. After receiving the sacrament of the eucharist in both kinds, a pitcher of water is brought, of which the communicant drinks a large draught. He then retires from the steps of the inner division on which the administering priest stands, and, turning his face to the wall of the church, privately says some prayer, with seeming decency and attention.

The Abyssinians, like the ancient Egyptians, their first colony, in computing their time, have continued the use of the solar year. Diodorus Siculus says, 'They do not reckon their time by the moon, but according to the sun. Thirty days constitute their month, to which they add five days and the fourth part of a day, and this completes their year.' They have another way of describing time, peculiar to themselves. They read the whole of the four evangelists every year in their churches, beginning with Matthew, and proceeding to Mark, Luke, and John in order; and, in speaking of an event, they write or say that it happened in the days of Matthew, if it was in the first quarter of the year, while the Gospel of St Matthew was being read in the churches. And so of Mark, Luke, and John.

Nothing can be more inaccurate than all Abyssinian calculations. Besides their ignorance of arithmetic, their excessive idleness and aversion to study, and a number of fanciful, whimsical combinations, by which every particular scribe or monk distinguishes himself, there are obvious reasons why there should be a variation between their chronology and ours. The beginnings of our years are different: theirs begin on the first of September. The last day of August may be the year 1780 with us, and only 1779 with the Abyssinians. In the annals of their kings they seldom give the lengths of the reigns with precision; and this produces more or less of confusion in the history of the country. A difference of two or three years, however, is a matter of little consequence in the history of barbarous nations. From the record of certain eclipses in the annals of Abyssinia, the dates of which correspond with European observations, I am satisfied that the chronology of my sketch of the history of this country is sufficiently correct for all practical purposes.

Steaks from a Living Cow.

Not long after losing sight of the ruins of this ancient capital of Abyssinia, we overtook three travellers driving a cow before them. They had black goat-skins upon their shoulders, and lances and shields in their hands, and appeared to be soldiers. The cow did not seem to be fatted for killing, and it occurred to us all that it had been stolen. This, however, was not our business. Our attendants attached themselves, in a particular manner, to the three soldiers, and held a short conversation with them. The drivers suddenly tripped up the cow, and gave the poor animal a very rude fall. One of them sat across her neck, holding down her head by the horns; the other twisted the halter about her forefeet; while the third, who had a knife in his hand, instead of taking her by the throat, got astride upon her belly, and, to my very great surprise, gave her a deep wound in the upper part of her buttock.

From the time I had seen them throw the beast upon the ground, I had rejoiced, thinking that when three people were killing a cow, they must have agreed to sell part of her to us; and I was much disappointed on hearing the Abyssinians say that we were not to encamp here. Upon my proposing that they should bargain for part of the cow, my men answered, what they had already learned in conversation, that they were not then going to kill her, that she was not wholly theirs, and they could not sell her. This awakened my curiosity. I let my people go forward; and stayed till I saw, with the utmost astonishment, two pieces, thicker and longer than our ordinary beef-steaks, cut out of the higher part of the buttock of the beast. How it was done I cannot positively say; but it was accomplished very adroitly, and the two pieces were spread on the outside of one of their shields. One of them continued holding the head, while the other two were busied in curing the wound. This, too, was done not in an ordinary manner. The skin which had covered the flesh that was taken away, and had been flapped back during the operation, was now brought over the wound, and fastened to the corresponding part with small skewers or pins. Whether they had put anything under the skin, I know not; but at the river-side, where they were, they had prepared a cataplasm of clay, with which they covered the wound. They then forced the animal to rise, and drove it forward, to furnish them with a fuller meal, when they should meet their companions in the evening.

British Incredulity.

When first I mentioned this in England, as one of the singularities which prevailed in this barbarous country, I was told by my friends it was not believed. I asked the reason of this disbelief, and was answered that people who had never been out of their own country, and others well acquainted with the manners of the world (for they had travelled as far as France), had agreed the thing was impossible, and therefore it was so. My friends counselled me farther, that as these men were infallible, and had each the leading of a circle, I should by all means obliterate this from my journal, and not attempt to inculcate in the minds of my readers the belief of a thing that men who had travelled pronounced to be impossible. Far from being a convert to such prudential reasons, I must for ever profess openly that I think them unworthy of me. To represent as truth a thing I know to be a falsehood; not to avow a truth which I know I ought to declare: the one is fraud, the other cowardice. I hope I am equally distant from both; and I pledge myself never to retract the fact here advanced, that the Abyssinians do feed in common upon live flesh; and that I myself have, for several years, been partaker of that disagreeable and beastly diet. I have no doubt that, when time shall be given to read this history to an end, there will be very few, if they have candour enough to own it, that will not be ashamed of having ever doubted

A second edition of the *Travels*, edited by Dr Alexander Murray, an excellent Oriental scholar, was published, with a Life, in 1805, and a third in 1813. See also a Life by Sir Francis Head (1844), and Fanny Burney's *Early Diary*.

Mungo Park (1771–1805) was born, the son of a farmer, at Foulshiels on the Yarrow, and studied medicine at Edinburgh University. Through Sir Joseph Banks, he was named assistant-surgeon in the *Worcester*, bound for Sumatra (1792); and in 1795 his services were accepted by the African Association. He learnt Mandingo at an English factory on the Gambia, started inland in December, was imprisoned by a chief, but escaping, reached the Niger at Sego in July 1796. He pursued his way westward along its banks to Bammaku, and then crossing a mountainous country, fell ill, but was ultimately brought by a slave-trader back to the factory again, after an absence of nineteen months. His adventures he recorded in *Travels in the Interior* *of Africa* (1799). Having married (1799), he settled as a surgeon at Peebles; but the life was repugnant to him, and in 1805 he undertook another journey to Africa at Government expense. Again he started from Pisania on the Gambia, with a company of forty-five; when he reached the Niger he had but seven followers. From Sansanding he sent back his journals and letters in November 1805, and embarked in a canoe with four European companions. Through many perils and difficulties they reached Boussa, where the canoe was caught on a rock; they were attacked by the natives, and drowned in the double effort to defend themselves and escape from their perilous plight. Joseph Thomson declared that 'for actual hardships undergone, for dangers faced and difficulties overcome, together with an exhibition of the virtues which make a man great in the battle of life, Mungo Park stands without a rival.' He was unhappily cut off ere he achieved his great aim, the discovery of the course of the Niger; but the record of his wanderings throws much light on the botany and meteorology of the countries he passed through, and on the social and domestic life of the various tribes he made friends with. His narratives are written in a simple and straightforward way, and at once took their place amongst the classics of travel. The same can hardly be said for the records of the travels of Denham, Clapperton, or Lander, who a little later fell successively victims to their zeal in exploring this part of Africa.

MUNGO PARK.
From an Engraving after Henry Edridge.

African Hospitality

Next morning (July 20) I endeavoured, both by entreaties and threats, to procure some victuals from the Dooty, but in vain. I even begged some corn from one of his female slaves as she was washing it at the well, and had the mortification to be refused. However, when the Dooty was gone to the fields, his wife sent me a handful of meal, which I mixed with water and drank for breakfast. About eight o'clock I departed from Doolinkeaboo, and at noon stopped a few minutes at a large korree, where I had some milk given me by the Foulahs; and hearing that two Negroes were going from thence to Sego, I was happy to have their company, and we set out immediately. About four o'clock we stopped at a small village, where one of the Negroes met with an acquaintance who invited us to a sort of public entertainment, which was conducted with more than common propriety. A dish, made of sour milk and meal, called *sinkatoo*, and beer made from their corn, was distributed with great liberality, and the women were admitted into the society—a circumstance I had never before observed in Africa. There was no compulsion, every one was at liberty to drink as he pleased; they nodded to each other when about to drink, and on setting down the calabash commonly said *Berka* ('Thank you'). Both men and women appeared to be somewhat intoxicated, but they were far from being quarrelsome.

Departing from thence, we passed several large villages, where I was constantly taken for a Moor, and became the subject of much merriment to the Bambarrans, who, seeing me drive my horse before me, laughed heartily at my appearance. 'He has been at Mecca,' says one; 'you may see that by his clothes;' another asked if my horse was sick; a third wished to purchase it; so that I believe the very slaves were ashamed to be seen in my company. Just before it was dark we took up our lodging for the night at a small village, where I procured some victuals for myself and some corn for my horse, at the moderate price of a button, and was told that I should see the Niger (which the Negroes called Jolliba, or *the great water*) early the next day. The lions are here very numerous; the gates are shut a little after sunset, and nobody allowed to go out. The thoughts of seeing the Niger in the morning, and the troublesome buzzing of mosquitoes, prevented me from shutting my eyes during the night, and I had saddled my horse and was in readiness before daylight; but on account of the wild beasts, we were obliged to wait until the people were stirring and the gates opened. This happened to be a market-day at Sego, and the roads were everywhere filled with people carrying different articles to sell. We passed four large villages, and at eight o'clock saw the smoke over Sego.

As we approached the town, I was fortunate enough to overtake the fugitive Kaartans to whose kindness I had been so much indebted in my journey through Bambarra. They readily agreed to introduce me to the king; and we rode together through some marshy ground where, as I was anxiously looking around for the river, one of them called out, *Geo affili* ('See the water'), and looking forwards, I saw with infinite pleasure the great object of my mission—the long-sought-for majestic Niger, glittering to the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly *to the eastward*. I hastened to the brink, and having drunk of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the Great Ruler of all things for having thus far crowned my endeavours with success.

The circumstance of the Niger's flowing towards the east, and its collateral points, did not, however, excite my surprise; for although I had left Europe in great hesitation on this subject, and rather believed that it ran in the contrary direction, I had made such frequent inquiries during my progress concerning this river, and received from Negroes of different nations such clear and decisive assurances that its general course was *towards the rising sun*, as scarcely left any doubt on my mind; and more especially as I knew that Major Houghton had collected similar information in the same manner.

A Kind-hearted African Housewife.

I waited more than two hours without having an opportunity of crossing the river, during which time the people who had crossed carried information to Mansong, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately sent over one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me until he knew what had brought me into his country, and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. He therefore advised me to lodge at a distant village, to which he pointed, for the night, and said that in the morning he would give me further instructions how to conduct myself. This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village, where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without victuals in the shade of a tree; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable—for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain—and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighbourhood that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree and resting amongst the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused to be half-broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress—pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension—called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labour by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these: 'The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn. *Chorus*—Let us pity the white man—no mother has he,' &c. Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat—the only recompense I could make her.

An account of Park's second journey was published in 1815. A Life by Wishaw was prefixed to the *Journal* of 1815; and Joseph Thomson, himself a well known African traveller, wrote a little monograph on *Mungo Park* (1890).

Sophia and Harriet Lee were the daughters of John Lee, who had been articled to a solicitor, but adopted the stage as a profession. Sophia was born in London in 1750, Harriet not till 1757, and the early death of their mother devolved the cares of the household upon the elder sister, who nevertheless secretly cherished a strong attachment to literature. Sophia's first appearance as author was not made till 1780, when her comedy, *The Chapter of Accidents*, based on Diderot and brought out at the Haymarket by the elder Colman, was received with applause. The profits served to establish a Seminary for Young Ladies at Bath, a family enterprise rendered the more necessary by the death of the father in 1781; and to Bath accordingly the sisters repaired. Happily their accomplishments and prudence secured rapid and permanent success. In 1784-85 Sophia published *The Recess, or a Tale of Other Times* (the times, namely, of Queen Elizabeth), which instantly became popular. The melancholy and contemplative tone of the *Recess* appears also in the blank-verse tragedy, *Almeyda, Queen of Grenada* (1796). Harriet Lee, who had meanwhile produced two rather tedious novels and a dull comedy, now published *The Canterbury Tales* (5 vols. 1797-1805), in which the introduction and two of the tales, tender and sympathetic both, are from the pen of Sophia—*The Young Lady's Tale, or the Two Emilys*, and *The Clergyman's Tale*. But the best things in the *Canterbury Tales* are all Harriet's. *Kruitzner, or the German's Tale*, fell into Byron's hands when he was about fourteen: 'It made a deep impression upon me,' he recorded, 'and may indeed be said to contain the germ of much that I have since written.' While at Pisa in 1821 Byron dramatised Miss Lee's romantic story, and published his version of it under the title of *Werner, or the Inheritance*. The incidents and much of the language of the play are taken straight from the novel, and the public were unanimous in considering Harriet Lee as more interesting, passionate, and poetical than her illustrious dramatiser. She herself adapted it for the stage as *The Three Strangers*, but it was only played four times. The compactness of these tales and the liveliness of the frequent dialogues made them a pleasing contrast to the average three volume novel. In 1803 Sophia Lee gave up the school having earned a provision for the rest of her life. In 1804 she published *The Life of a Lover*, a tale written early, and showing juvenility both of thought and expression. In 1807 a comedy from her pen, called *The Assignation*, was performed at Drury Lane, but played only once, the audience conceiving that some of the satirical portraits were aimed at popular personages. Sophia died in 1824; Harriet lived on till 1851, remarkable to the last for her vigorous intellect and lively conversation. William Godwin was a devoted admirer of Harriet's, and, in 1798, a formal suitor for her hand; but his religious views were an insuperable barrier to a union. Both sisters were buried in Clifton Church.

From the Introduction to 'The Canterbury Tales.'

There are people in the world who think their lives well employed in collecting shells; there are others not less satisfied to spend theirs in classing butterflies. For my own part, I always preferred animate to inanimate nature, and would rather post to the antipodes to mark a new character or develop a singular incident than become a Fellow of the Royal Society by enriching museums with nondescripts. From this account you, my gentle reader, may, without any extraordinary penetration, have discovered that I am among the eccentric part of mankind, by the courtesy of each other, and themselves, ycleped poets—a title which, however mean or contemptible it may sound to those not honoured with it, never yet was rejected by a single mortal on whom the suffrage of mankind conferred it; no, though the laurel-leaf of Apollo, barren in its nature, was twined by the frozen fingers of Poverty, and shed upon the brow it crowned her chilling influence. But when did it so? Too often destined to deprive its graced owner of every real good by an enchantment which we know not how to define, it comprehends in itself such a variety of pleasures and possessions that well may one of us cry

'Thy lavish charter, Taste, appropriates all we see!'

Happily, too, we are not like *virtuosi* in general, encumbered with the treasures gathered in our peregrinations. Compact in their nature, they lie all in the small cavities of our brain, which are, indeed, often so small as to render it doubtful whether we have any at all. The few discoveries I have made in that richest of mines, the human soul, I have not been churl enough to keep to myself; nor, to say truth, unless I can find out some other means of supporting my corporeal existence than animal food, do I think I shall ever be able to afford that sullen affectation of superiority.

Travelling, I have already said, is my taste, and, to make my journeys pay for themselves, my object. Much against my good liking, some troublesome fellows, a few months ago, took the liberty of making a little home of mine their own; nor, till I had coined a small portion of my brain in the mint of my worthy friend George Robinson, could I induce them to depart. I gave a proof of my politeness, however, in leaving my house to them, and retired to the coast of Kent, where I fell to work very busily. Gay with the hope of shutting my door on these unwelcome visitants, I walked in a severe frost from Deal to Dover, to secure a seat in the stage coach to London. One only was vacant; and having engaged it, 'maugre the freezing of the bitter sky,' I wandered forth to note the memorabilia of Dover, and was soon lost in one of my fits of exquisite abstraction.

With reverence I looked up to the cliff which our immortal bard has with more fancy than truth described; with toil mounted, by an almost endless staircase, to the top of a castle, which added nothing to my poor stock of ideas but the length of our Virgin Queen's pocket-pistol that truly Dutch present: cold and weary, I was pacing towards the inn, when a sharp-visaged barber popped his head over his shop-door to reconnoitre the inquisitive stranger. A brisk fire, which I suddenly cast my eye on, invited my frozen hands and feet to its precincts. A civil question to the honest man produced on his part a civil invitation; and having placed me in a snug seat, he readily gave me the benefit of all his oral tradition.

'Sir,' he said, 'it is mighty lucky you came across *me*. The vulgar people of this town have no genius, sir—no taste; they never shew the greatest curiosity in the place. Sir, we have here the tomb of a poet!'

'The tomb of a poet!' cried I, with a spring that electrified my informant no less than myself. 'What poet lies here? and where is he buried?'

'Ay, that is the curiosity,' returned he exultingly. I smiled; his distinction was so like a barber. While he had been speaking, I recollected he must allude to the grave of Churchill—that vigorous genius who, well calculated to stand forth the champion of freedom, has recorded himself the slave of party and the victim of spleen! So, however, thought not the barber, who considered him as the first of human beings.

'This great man, sir,' continued he, 'who lived and died in the cause of liberty, is interred in a very remarkable spot, sir; if you were not so cold and so tired, sir, I could shew it you in a moment.' Curiosity is an excellent greatcoat: I forgot I had no other, and strode after the barber to a spot surrounded by ruined walls, in the midst of which stood the white marble tablet marked with Churchill's name—to appearance its only distinction.

'Cast your eyes on the walls,' said the important barber; 'they once enclosed a church, as you may see!'

On inspecting the crumbling ruins more narrowly, I did indeed discern the traces of Gothic architecture.

'Yes, sir,' cried my friend the barber, with the conscious pride of an Englishman, throwing out a gaunt leg and arm, 'Churchill, the champion of liberty, is interred here! Here, sir, in the very ground where King John did homage for the crown he disgraced.'

The idea was grand. In the eye of fancy, the slender pillars again lifted high the vaulted roof that rang with solemn chantings. I saw the insolent legate seated in scarlet pride; I saw the sneers of many a mitred abbot; I saw, bareheaded, the mean, the prostrate king; I saw, in short, everything but the barber, whom in my flight and swell of soul I had outwalked and lost. Some more curious traveller may again pick him up, perhaps, and learn more minutely the fact.

Waking from my reverie, I found myself on the pier. The pale beams of a powerless sun gilt the fluctuating waves and the distant spires of Calais, which I now clearly surveyed. What a new train of images here sprang up in my mind, borne away by succeeding impressions with no less rapidity! From the monk of Sterne I travelled up in five minutes to the inflexible Edward III. sentencing the noble burghers; and having seen them saved by the eloquence of Philippa, I wanted no better seasoning for my mutton-chop, and pitied the empty-headed peer who was stamping over my little parlour in fury at the cook for having over roasted his pheasant.

William Gilpin (1724–1804), author of works on the picturesque aspects of the scenery of Britain, illustrated by his own aquatint engravings, was in his own way an apostle of romanticism. Born at Scaleby, Carlisle, he studied at Queen's College, Oxford, kept a school at Cheam; and in 1777 became vicar of Boldre in Hampshire. He published, besides some theological works, a series of books on the scenery of the Wye, of the Lake District, of the Scottish Highlands, and of the Isle of Wight, which drew on him the ridicule of the author of *Dr Syntax*. His best-known book was his too poetic *Remarks on Forest Scenery*, in which he says: 'It is no exaggerated praise to call a tree the grandest and most beautiful of all the productions of the earth;' and he describes trees, singly and in masses, under all conditions of light and weather. In not a few points he may rank as an early forerunner of Ruskin.

Sunrise in the Woods.

The first dawn of day exhibits a beautiful obscurity. When the east begins just to brighten with the reflections only of effulgence, a pleasing progressive light, dubious and amusing, is thrown over the face of things. A single ray is able to assist the picturesque eye, which by such slender aid creates a thousand imaginary forms, if the scene be unknown, and as the light steals gradually on, is amused by correcting its vague ideas by the real objects. What in the confusion of twilight perhaps seemed a stretch of rising ground, broken into various parts, becomes now vast masses of wood and an extent of forest.

As the sun begins to appear above the horizon, another change takes place. What was before only form, being now enlightened, begins to receive effect. This effect depends on two circumstances—the catching lights which touch the summits of every object, and the mistiness in which the rising orb is commonly enveloped.

The effect is often pleasing when the sun rises in unsullied brightness, diffusing its ruddy light over the upper parts of objects, which is contrasted by the deeper shadows below; yet the effect is then only transcendent when he rises accompanied by a train of vapours in a misty atmosphere. Among lakes and mountains, this happy accompaniment often forms the most astonishing visions, and yet in the forest it is nearly as great. With what delightful effect do we sometimes see the sun's disk just appear above a woody hill, or, in Shakspeare's language,

> 'Stand tiptoe on the misty mountain's top'

and dart his diverging rays through the rising vapour. The radiance, catching the tops of the trees as they hang midway upon the shaggy steep, and touching here and there a few other prominent objects, imperceptibly mixes its ruddy tint with the surrounding mists, setting on fire, as it were, their upper parts, while their lower skirts are lost in a dark mass of varied confusion, in which trees and ground, and radiance and obscurity, are all blended together. When the eye is fortunate enough to catch the glowing instant for it is always a vanishing scene—it furnishes an idea worth treasuring among the choicest appearances of nature. Mistiness alone, we have observed, occasions a confusion in objects which is often picturesque; but the glory of the vision depends on the glowing lights which are mingled with it.

Landscape-painters, in general, pay too little attention to the discriminations of morning and evening. We are often at a loss to distinguish in pictures the rising from the setting sun, though their characters are very different both in the lights and shadows. The ruddy lights, indeed, of the evening are more easily distinguished, but it is not perhaps always sufficiently observed that the shadows of the evening are much less opaque than those of the morning. They may be brightened perhaps by the numberless rays floating in the atmosphere, which are incessantly reverberated in every direction, and may continue in action after the sun is set; whereas in the morning the rays of the preceding day having subsided, no object receives any light but from the immediate lustre of the sun. Whatever becomes of the theory, the fact, I believe, is well ascertained.

Sir Uvedale Price (1747–1829), another notable apostle of the picturesque, was educated at Eton and Christ Church, where he became the friend of Fox, inherited a fortune on the death of his father and the estate of Foxley in Herefordshire, and was made a baronet in 1828. In his *Essay on the Picturesque* he earnestly recommended the study of the great landscape painters, their works and art, in order to improve real scenery, as well as to promote landscape gardening on true principles. He wrote also 'with elegance' on artificial water, on house decorations, architecture, and buildings. He insisted that the picturesque in nature is distinct from the sublime and the beautiful; and in enforcing and maintaining this, he attacked the style of ornamental gardening which Mason the poet had recommended, and Kent and Brown, the great landscape improvers, had reduced to practice. Some of Price's positions had the honour to be debated and confuted by Dugald Stewart. Price was credited with having greatly stimulated public interest in questions of art and taste, by provoking the desire to observe and enjoy and conscientiously reproduce natural beauty.

Atmospheric Effects.

It is not only the change of vegetation which gives to autumn its golden hue, but also the atmosphere itself, and the lights and shadows which then prevail. Spring has its light and flitting clouds, with shadows equally flitting and uncertain; refreshing showers, with gay and genial bursts of sunshine, that seem suddenly to call forth and to nourish the young buds and flowers. In autumn all is matured; and the rich hues of the ripened fruits and of the changing foliage are rendered still richer by the warm haze, which, on a fine day in that season, spreads the last varnish over every part of the picture. In winter, the trees and woods, from their total loss of foliage, have so lifeless and meagre an appearance, so different from the freshness of spring, the fullness of summer, and the richness of autumn, that many, not insensible to the beauties of scenery at other times, scarcely look at it during that season. But the contracted circle which the sun then describes, however unwished for on every other consideration, is of great advantage with respect to breadth, for then even the midday lights and shadows, from their horizontal direction, are so striking, and the parts so finely illuminated, and yet so connected and filled up by them, that I have many times forgotten the nakedness of the trees, from admiration of the general masses. In summer the exact reverse is the case; the rich clothing of the parts makes a faint impression, from the vague and general glare of light without shadow.

John O'Keefe (1747–1833), a prolific farce-writer, was born in Dublin, and for a year or two was an art student, but, smitten with a passion for the stage, he came out as an actor in his native city. He generally produced some dramatic piece every year for his benefit, and one of these, *Tony Lumpkin in Town*, was played with success in 1778 at the Haymarket Theatre in London. Failing eyesight disqualified him for acting, but, settling in London about 1780, he continued to supply the theatres with new pieces, and up to the year 1809 had written about fifty plays and farces. Most of these were called comic operas or musical farces, and some of them enjoyed great success, such as *The Agreeable Surprise*, *Wild Oats*, *Modern Antiques*, *Fontainebleau*, *The Highland Reel*, *Love in a Camp*, *The Poor Soldier*, and *Sprigs of Laurel*, in the first of which the character of Lingo the schoolmaster is a laughable piece of broad humour. *Wild Oats* is still sometimes played. O'Keefe's things were merely intended to make people laugh, and they fully answered that object. The lively dramatist, who was one of the victims of Gifford's savage criticism in the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, went quite blind by 1797, and in 1800 he had a benefit at Covent Garden Theatre, and delivered a poetical address. He died at the age of eighty-five. His songs, brightly conceived and cleverly written, had many of them the good luck to become popular, and wedded to the music of such composers as Shield and Arnold, have kept their place in popular song-books. 'I am a friar of orders grey' is a standard song; 'Amo, amas, I loved a lass,' is still occasionally sung, and so are 'The Thorn' and 'Flow, thou regal, purple stream.'

George Colman 'the Younger' (1762–1836) was the most able and successful comic dramatist of his day. The son of the author of *The Jealous Wife* and *Clandestine Marriage* (see page 561), Colman had an hereditary attachment to the drama. He was educated at Westminster School, and was afterwards entered at Christ Church College, Oxford; but his idleness and dissipation led his father to withdraw him hence and banish him to Aberdeen, where, though still distinguished for his eccentric dress and folly, he applied himself to classical and other studies. At Aberdeen he published a poem on Charles James Fox, entitled *The Man of the People*, and wrote a musical farce, *The Female Dramatist*, which was brought out by his father at the Haymarket Theatre, but condemned. A second dramatic attempt, *Two to One* (1784), had some success and fixed his inclinations; for though his father intended him for the Bar and entered him of Lincoln's Inn, the drama engrossed his attention. In 1784 he contracted a thoughtless Gretna Green marriage, and next year brought out a second musical comedy, *Turk and no Turk*, and when his father became incapacitated by attacks of paralysis, undertook the management of the Haymarket. Numerous pieces proceeded from his pen: *Inkle and Yarico*, a musical opera based on a story from the *Spectator*, brought out with success in 1787; *Ways and Means*, a comedy (1788); *The Battle of Hexham* (1789); *The Surrender of Calais* (1791); *The Mountaineers* (1793); *The Iron Chest* (1796), founded on Godwin's novel of *Caleb Williams*, and at first a failure; *The Heir at Law* (1797); *Blue Beard* (1798), a mere piece of scenic display and music; *The Review, or the Wags of Windsor* (1798), an excellent farce; *The Poor Gentleman* (1802); *Love Laughs at Locksmiths* (1803); *Gay Deceivers* (1804); *John Bull* (1805); *Who Wants a Guinea?* (1805); *We Fly by Night* (1806); *The Africans* (1808); *X Y Z* (1810); *The Law of Java* (1822), a musical drama, &c. It was after the condemnation of the *Iron Chest*, which afterwards became a standard acting play, that Colman added 'the younger' to his name. 'Lest my father's memory,' he says, 'may be injured by mistakes, and in the confusion of aftertime the translator of Terence, and the author of *The Jealous Wife*, should be supposed guilty of *The Iron Chest*, I shall, were I to reach the patriarchal longevity of Methuselah, continue (in all my dramatic publications) to subscribe myself George Colman, *the younger*.' No modern dramatist has added so many stock pieces to the theatre as Colman, or given so much genuine mirth and humour to playgoers. His society was much courted; he was a favourite with George IV., and, in conjunction with Sheridan, was wont to set the royal table in a roar. His gaiety, however, was not allied to prudence, and theatrical property is a very precarious possession. As manager, Colman got entangled in lawsuits, and was forced to reside in the King's Bench. The king relieved him by appointing him to the post of licenser and examiner of plays, worth from £300 to £400 a year. In this office Colman incurred the enmity of several dramatic authors by the rigour with which he scrutinised their productions. His own plays are far from being strictly correct or highly moral, but not an oath or *double-entendre*, not even a mild 'O Lord,' was suffered to escape his expurgatorial pen, and he was peculiarly keen-scented in detecting all political allusions. Besides his numerous plays, Colman wrote some poetical travesties and levities, published as *My Nightgown and Slippers* (1797), and republished (1802), with additions, as *Broad Grins*; also *Poetical*

Vagaries, Vagaries Vindicated, and *Eccentricities for Edinburgh.* In these delicacy and decorum are often sacrificed to broad mirth and humour. The last work of the lively author was memoirs of his own early life and times, entitled *Random Records* (1830). Colman's comedies abound in witty and ludicrous delineations of character interspersed with bursts of tenderness and feeling, somewhat in the style of Sterne, whom indeed he closely copied in his *Poor Gentleman.* Sir Walter Scott praised *John Bull* as by far the best effort of recent comic drama: 'The scenes of broad humour are executed in the best possible taste; and the whimsical yet native characters reflect the manners of real life. The sentimental parts, although one of them includes a finely wrought-up scene of paternal distress, partake of the *falsetto* of German pathos. But the piece is both humorous and affecting; and we readily excuse its obvious imperfections in consideration of its exciting our laughter and our tears.' Ollapod in the *Poor Gentleman* is one of Colman's most original conceptions; Pangloss in the *Heir at Law* is a satirical portrait of a pedant, proud of being both LL.D. and A. double S.; and his Irishmen, Yorkshiremen, and country rustics are entertaining though overcharged portraits. A tendency to farce is the besetting sin of Colman's comedies; and in his more serious plays there is a curious mixture of prose and verse, high-toned sentiment and low humour. Their effect on the stage is, however, irresistible. Octavian in the *Mountaineers* was a complimentary sketch of John Kemble:

> Lovely as day he was—but envious clouds
> Have dimmed his lustre. He is as a rock
> Opposed to the rude sea that beats against it;
> Worn by the waves, yet still o'ertopping them
> In sullen majesty. Rugged now his look—
> For out, alas! calamity has blurred
> The fairest pile of manly comeliness
> That ever reared its lofty head to heaven!
> 'Tis not of late that I have heard his voice;
> But if it be not changed—I think it cannot—
> There is a melody in every tone
> Would charm the towering eagle in her flight,
> And tame a hungry lion.

The following extracts are both from the *Poor Gentleman:*

Sir Charles at Breakfast.

Sir Charles Cropland. Has old Warner, the steward, been told that I arrived last night?

Valet [*adjusting Sir Charles's hair*]. Yes, Sir Charles; with orders to attend you this morning.

Sir Cha. [*yawning and stretching*]. What can a man of fashion do with himself in the country at this wretchedly dull time of the year?

Valet. It is very pleasant to-day out in the park, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Pleasant, you booby! How can the country be pleasant in the middle of spring? All the world's in London.

Valet. I think, somehow, it looks so lively, Sir Charles, when the corn is coming up.

Sir Cha. Blockhead! Vegetation makes the face of a country look frightful. It spoils hunting. Yet, as my business on my estate here is to raise supplies for my pleasures elsewhere, my journey is a wise one. What day of the month was it yesterday when I left town on this wise expedition?

Valet. The first of April, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Umph! When Mr Warner comes, shew him in.

Valet. I shall, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. This same lumbering timber upon my ground has its merits. Trees are notes, issued from the bank of nature, and as current as those payable to Abraham Newland. I must get change for a few oaks, for I want cash consumedly. So, Mr Warner.

Warner [*entering*]. Your honour is right welcome into Kent. I am proud to see Sir Charles Cropland on his estate again. I hope you mean to stay on the spot for some time, Sir Charles?

Sir Cha. A very tedious time. Three days, Mr Warner.

Warner. Ah, good sir, things would prosper better if you honoured us with your presence a little more. I wish you lived entirely upon the estate, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Thank you, Warner; but modern men of fashion find it difficult to live upon their estates.

Warner. The country about you so charming!

Sir Cha. Look ye, Warner. I must hunt in Leicestershire—for that's the thing. In the frosts and the spring months, I must be in town at the clubs—for that's the thing. In summer I must be at the watering-places—for that's the thing. Now, Warner, under these circumstances, how is it possible for me to reside upon my estate? For my estate being in Kent——

Warner. The most beautiful part of the country.

Sir Cha. Pshaw, beauty! we don't mind that in Leicestershire. My estate, I say, being in Kent——

Warner. A land of milk and honey!

Sir Cha. I hate milk and honey.

Warner. A land of fat!

Sir Cha. Hang your fat! Listen to me. My estate being in Kent——

Warner. So woody!

Sir Cha. Curse the wood! No—that's wrong; for it's convenient. I am come on purpose to cut it.

Warner. Ah! I was afraid so! Dice on the table, and then the axe to the root! Money lost at play, and then, good lack! the forest groans for it.

Sir Cha. But you are not the forest, and why do you groan for it?

Warner. I heartily wish, Sir Charles, you may not encumber the goodly estate. Your worthy ancestors had views for their posterity.

Sir Cha. And I shall have views for my posterity—I shall take special care the trees shan't intercept their prospect.

Servant [*entering*]. Mr Ollapod, the apothecary, is in the hall, Sir Charles, to inquire after your health.

Sir Cha. Shew him in. [*Exit servant.*] The fellow's a character, and treats time as he does his patients. He shall kill a quarter of an hour for me this morning.—In short, Mr Warner, I must have three thousand pounds in three days. Fell timber to that amount immediately. 'Tis my peremptory order, sir.

Warner. I shall obey you, Sir Charles; but 'tis with a heavy heart! Forgive an old servant of the family if he grieves to see you forget some of the duties for which society has a claim upon you.

Sir Cha. What do you mean by duties?

Warner. Duties, Sir Charles, which the extravagant man of property can never fulfil—such as to support the dignity of an English landholder for the honour of old England; to promote the welfare of his honest tenants; and to succour the industrious poor, who naturally look up to him for assistance. But I shall obey you, Sir Charles. [*Exit*

Sir Cha. A tiresome old blockhead! But where is this Ollapod? His jumble of physic and shooting may enliven me; and, to a man of gallantry in the country, his intelligence is by no means uninteresting, nor his services inconvenient. Ha, Ollapod!

Ollapod [*entering*]. Sir Charles, I have the honour to be your slave. Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here. Sore throats were plenty; so were woodcocks. Flushed four couple one morning in a half mile walk from our town to cure Mrs Quarles of a quinsy. May coming on soon, Sir Charles—season of delight, love and campaigning! Hope you come to sojourn, Sir Charles. Shouldn't be always on the wing—that's being too flighty. He, he, he! Do you take, good sir—do you take?

Sir Cha. O yes, I take. But by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

Olla. He, he! yes, Sir Charles. I have now the honour to be cornet in the Volunteer Association Corps of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop, on a sudden; like the going off of a field-piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

Sir Cha. Explain.

Olla. Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter. You know my shop, Sir Charles—Galen's head over the door—new gilt him last week, by-the-bye—looks as fresh as a pill.

Sir Cha. Well, no more on that head now. Proceed.

Olla. On that head! he, he, he! That's very well—very well indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion from eating three pounds of measly pork at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient, when who should strut into the shop but Lieutenant Grains, the brewer—sleek as a dray-horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapel. I confess his figure struck me. I looked at him as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardour.

Sir Cha. Inoculated! I hope your ardour was of a favourable sort?

Olla. Ha, ha! That's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. We first talked of shooting. He knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him the day before I had killed six brace of birds. I thumpt on at the mortar. We then talked of physic. I told him the day before I had killed—lost, I mean—six brace of patients. I thumpt on at the mortar, eyeing him all the while; for he looked very flashy, to be sure; and I felt an itching to belong to the corps. The medical and military both deal in death, you know; so 'twas natural. He, he! Do you take, good sir—do you take?

Sir Cha. Take? Oh, nobody can miss.

Olla. He then talked of the corps itself; said it was sickly; and if a professional person would administer to the health of the Association—dose the men and drench the horse—he could perhaps procure him a cornetcy.

Sir Cha. Well, you jumped at the offer.

Olla. Jumped! I jumped over the counter, kicked down Churchwarden Posh's cathartic into the pocket of Lieutenant Grains' small scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapel; embraced him and his offer; and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary at the Galen's Head, of the Association Corps of Cavalry—at your service.

Sir Cha. I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now distil water for the shop from the laurels you gather in the field.

Olla. Water for—oh! laurel water—he, he! Come, that's very well—very well indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. Why, I fancy fame will follow, when the poison of a small mistake I made has ceased to operate.

Sir Cha. A mistake?

Olla. Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle on a grand field-day, I clapt a pint bottle of her ladyship's diet-drink into one of my holsters, intending to proceed to the patient after the exercise was over. I reached the martial ground, and jalloped—galloped, I mean—wheeled, and flourished with great *éclat*; but when the word 'Fire' was given, meaning to pull out my pistol in a terrible hurry, I presented, neck foremost, the hanged diet-drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being unfortunately fermented by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork with a prodigious pop full in the face of my gallant commander.

Ollapod visits Miss Lucretia Mactab

(a 'stiff maiden aunt,' sister of one of the oldest barons in Scotland).

Foss [*entering*]. There is one Mr Ollapod at the gate, an' please your ladyship's honour, come to pay a visit to the family.

Lucretia. Ollapod? What is the gentleman?

Foss. He says he's a cornet in the Galen's Head. 'Tis the first time I ever heard of the corps.

Luc. Ha! some new-raised regiment. Shew the gentleman in. [*Exit Foss.*] The country, then, has heard of my arrival at last. A woman of condition, in a family, can never long conceal her retreat. Ollapod! that sounds like an ancient name. If I am not mistaken, he is nobly descended.

Ollapod [*entering*]. Madam, I have the honour of paying my respects. Sweet spot, here, among the cows; good for consumptions—charming woods hereabouts—pheasants flourish—so do agues—sorry not to see the good lieutenant—admire his room—hope soon to have his company. Do you take, good madam—do you take?

Luc. I beg, sir, you will be seated.

Olla. O dear madam! [*Sitting down.*] A charming chair to bleed in! [*Aside.*

Luc. I am sorry Mr Worthington is not at home to receive you, sir.

Olla. You are a relation of the lieutenant, madam?

Luc. I! only by his marriage, I assure you, sir. Aunt to his deceased wife. But I am not surprised at your question. My friends in town would wonder to see the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mactab, sister to the late Lord Lofty, cooped up in a farmhouse.

Olla. [*aside*]. The honourable! humph! a bit of quality tumbled into decay. The sister of a dead peer in a pigsty!

Luc. You are of the military, I am informed, sir?

Olla. He, he! Yes, madam. Cornet Ollapod, of our volunteers—a fine healthy troop—ready to give the enemy a dose whenever they dare to attack us.

Luc. I was always prodigiously partial to the military. My great grandfather, Marmaduke, Baron Lofty, commanded a troop of horse under the Duke of Marlborough, that famous general of his age.

Olla. Marlborough was a hero of a man, madam; and lived at Woodstock—a sweet sporting country, where Rosamond perished by poison—arsenic as likely as anything.

Luc. And have you served much, Mr Ollapod?

Olla. He, he! Yes, madam; served all the nobility and gentry for five miles round.

Luc. Sir!

Olla. And shall be happy to serve the good lieutenant and his family. [*Bowing.*

Luc. We shall be proud of your acquaintance, sir. A gentleman of the army is always an acquisition among the Goths and Vandals of the country, where every sheepish squire has the air of an apothecary.

Olla. Madam! An apothe — Zounds! hum! He, he! I—You must know, I—I deal a little in galenicals myself [*sheepishly*].

Luc. Galenicals! Oh, they are for operations, I suppose, among the military.

Olla. Operations! he, he! Come, that's very well—very well indeed! Thank you, good madam; I owe you one. Galenicals, madam, are medicines.

Luc. Medicines!

Olla. Yes, physic: buckthorn, senna, and so forth.

Luc. [*rising*]. Why, then, you are an apothecary?

Olla. [*rising too, and bowing*]. And man-midwife at your service, madam.

Luc. At my service, indeed!

Olla. Yes, madam! Cornet Ollapod at the gilt Galen's Head, of the Volunteer Association Corps of Cavalry—as ready for the foe as a customer; always willing to charge them both. Do you take, good madam—do you take?

Luc. And has the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mactab been talking all this while to a petty dealer in drugs?

Olla. Drugs! Why, she turns up her honourable nose as if she was going to swallow them! [*aside*]. No man more respected than myself, madam. Courted by the corps, idolised by invalids; and for a shot—ask my friend, Sir Charles Cropland.

Luc. Is Sir Charles Cropland a friend of yours, sir?

Olla. Intimate. He doesn't make wry faces at physic, whatever others may do, madam. This village flanks the intrenchments of his park—full of fine fat venison; which is as light a food for digestion as—

Luc. But he is never on his estate here, I am told.

Olla. He quarters there at this moment.

Luc. Bless me! has Sir Charles, then——

Olla. Told me all—your accidental meeting in the metropolis, and his visits when the lieutenant was out.

Luc. Oh, shocking! I declare I shall faint.

Olla. Faint! never mind that, with a medical man in the room. I can bring you about in a twinkling.

Luc. And what has Sir Charles Cropland presumed to advance about me?

Olla. Oh, nothing derogatory. Respectful as a duck-legged drummer to a commander-in-chief.

Luc. I have only proceeded in this affair from the purest motives, and in a mode becoming a Mactab.

Olla. None dare to doubt it.

Luc. And if Sir Charles has dropt in to a dish of tea with myself and Emily in London, when the lieutenant was out, I see no harm in it.

Olla. Nor I either: except that tea shakes the nervous system to shatters. But to the point. The baronet's my bosom friend. Having heard you were here—'Ollapod,' says he, squeezing my hand in his own, which had strong symptoms of fever—'Ollapod,' says he, 'you are a military man, and may be trusted.' 'I'm a cornet,' says I, 'and close as a pill box.' 'Fly, then, to Miss Lucretia Mactab, that honourable picture of prudence!'

Luc. He, he! Did Sir Charles say that?

Olla. [*aside*]. How these tabbies love to be toadied!

Luc. In short, Sir Charles, I perceive, has appointed you his emissary, to consult with me when he may have an interview.

Olla. Madam, you are the sharpest shot at the truth I ever met in my life. And now we are in consultation, what think you of a walk with Miss Emily by the old elms at the back of the village this evening.

Luc. Why, I am willing to take any steps which may promote Emily's future welfare.

Olla. Take steps! what, in a walk? He, he! Come, that's very well—very well indeed! Thank you, good madam; I owe you one. I shall communicate to my friend with due despatch. Command Cornet Ollapod on all occasions; and whatever the gilt Galen's Head can produce——

Luc. [*curtsying*]. O sir!

Olla. By-the-bye, I have some double-distilled lavender water, much admired in our corps. Permit me to send a pint bottle, by way of present.

Luc. Dear sir, I shall rob you.

Olla. Quite the contrary; for I'll set it down to Sir Charles as a quart [*aside*]. Madam, your slave. You have prescribed for our patient like an able physician. Not a step.

Luc. Nay, I insist——

Olla. Then I must follow in the rear—the physician always before the apothecary.

Luc. Apothecary! Sir, in this business I look upon you as a general officer.

Olla. Do you? Thank you, good ma'am; I owe you one. [*Exeunt.*

Colman wrote many epilogues and prologues to other people's plays, and not a few songs, mostly comic. *Mynheer Van Dunck* is still familiar in its setting as a glee by Bishop; *Unfortunate Miss Bailey* is another. His humorous poetry was as popular as his plays, often sparkling with wit, and only occasionally spiced with impropriety. These are two trifles from *Broad Grins*:

The Newcastle Apothecary.

A man in many a country town, we know,
  Professes openly with Death to wrestle;
Entering the field against the grimly foe,
  Armed with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet some affirm no enemies they are,
But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair,
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother.
So many a suffering patient saith
Though the apothecary fights with Death,
Still they 're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line,
Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
No man could better gild a pill,
Or make a bill;
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
Or draw a tooth out of your head;
Or chatter scandal by your bed;
Or give a clyster.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff.*
Yet still he thought the list not long enough;
And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to 't.
This balanced things; for if he hurled
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into 't.

His fame full six miles round the country ran;
In short, in reputation he was *solus*:
All the old women called him 'the fine man!'
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade
Which oftentimes will genius fetter,
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the belles lettres.

And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic?
Of poetry though patron god,
Apollo patronises physic.

Bolus loved verse, and took so much delight in 't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in 't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions on his labels
In dapper couplets, like Gay's Fables,
Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse! and where 's the treason?
'Tis simply honest dealing; not a crime;
When patients swallow physic without reason,
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at Death's door,
Some three miles from the town, it might be four;
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article
In pharmacy that 's called cathartical;
And on the label of the stuff
He wrote this verse,
Which one would think was clear enough,
And terse:

When taken,
To be well shaken.

Next morning early, Bolus rose,
And to the patient's house he goes
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had.
It was, indeed, a very sorry hack;
But that 's of course:
For what 's expected from a horse
With an apothecary on his back?
Bolus arrived, and gave a doubtful tap,
Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance,
By fiddlers, and by opera singers;
One loud, and then a little one behind,
As if the knocker fell by chance
Out of their fingers.

The servant lets him in with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place
Portending some disaster;
John's countenance as rueful looked and grim,
As if the apothecary had physicked him,
And not his master.

'Well, how 's the patient?' Bolus said.
John shook his head.
'Indeed!—hum!—ha!—that 's very odd!
He took the draught?' John gave a nod.
'Well, how? what then? Speak out, you dunce!'
'Why, then,' says John, 'we shook him once.'
'Shook him!—how?' Bolus stammered out.
'We jolted him about.'
'Zounds! shake a patient, man!—a shake won't do.'
'No, sir, and so we gave him two.'
'Two shakes! od's curse!
'Twould make the patient worse.'
'It did so, sir; and so a third we tried.'
'Well, and what then?' 'Then, sir, my master died.'

Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

Who has ere been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen 'Lodgings to Let' stare him full in the face.
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat, he appeared like a tun,
Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated,
But all the night long he felt fevered and heated;
And though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not by any means heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same; and the next, and the next;
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous and vexed;
Week passed after week, till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
For his skin, 'like a lady's loose gown,' hung about him.
He sent for a doctor, and cried like a ninny,
'I have lost many pounds—make me well—there 's a guinea.'

The doctor looked wise: 'A slow fever,' he said:
Prescribed sudorifics and going to bed.
'Sudorifics in bed,' exclaimed Will, 'are humbugs!
I 've enough of them there without paying for drugs!'

Will kicked out the doctor; but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;
So, calling his host, he said: 'Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman six months ago?

'Look 'e, landlord, I think,' argued Will with a grin,
'That with honest intentions you first *took me in*:
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I've been so hanged hot that I'm sure I caught cold.'

Quoth the landlord: 'Till now I ne'er had a dispute;
I've let lodgings ten years; I'm a baker to boot;
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven;
And your bed is immediately over my oven.'

'The oven!' says Will. Says the host: 'Why this passion?
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.
Why so crusty, good sir?' 'Zounds!' cries Will, in a taking,
'Who wouldn't be crusty with half a year's baking?'

Will paid for his rooms; cried the host, with a sneer,
'Well, I see you've been *going away* half a year.'
'Friend, we can't well agree; yet no quarrel,' Will said:
'But I'd rather not *perish* while you *make your bread*.'

William Combe (1741-1823), author of *[illegible] Syntax*, was born at Bristol, and from Eton proceeded to Oxford, but left without a degree. 'God son' or natural son of a rich London alderman who died in 1762, leaving him £2150, he led for some years the life of an adventurer, now keeping a princely style at the fashionable watering-places, anon serving as cook at Douai College and as common soldier. His last forty-three years were passed m[illegible] within the 'rules' of the King's Be[illegible] debtors [illegible] Of the eighty-six works h[illegible] published [illegible]4, the *Three Tours of [illegible] Syntax* (1812 [illegible] are remembered; and [illegible] they owe much to R[illegible]landson's illustrations [illegible] the first and best of the *Tours*, the publishe[illegible] plates from Rowlandson to begin with, and [illegible] to Combe for letterpress. Combe a[illegible]ly 'wrote up' to the pictures month by mo[illegible] and the joint work appeared in successive num[illegible] of Ackermann's *Poetical Magazine* (1809 [illegible]. To none of his works did Combe affix his name, but he had no reluctance in assuming the names of others. Among his literary frauds was a collection of *Letters of the late Lord Lyttelton* (1780-82). The second or 'wicked Lord Lyttelton' (son of the first; see page 348) was remarkable for his talents and profligacy, and for the mystery about his sudden death, foretold, as Dr Johnson was 'willing to believe,' by an apparition. Combe personated the character of this dissolute nobleman—with whom he had been at school at Eton—and the spurious Letters are marked by ease, elegance, and occasional force of style. An attempt was made in the *Quarterly Review* for December 1851 to prove that these Letters were genuine, and that Lyttelton was the author of *Junius's Letters*. The proof was wholly inconclusive, and there seems no doubt that Combe wrote the pse[illegible]do-Lyttelton epistles. In the same vein he manu[illegible]tured a series of *Letters supposed to have pa[illegible] between Sterne and Eliza.* He wrote a sati[illegible] work, *The Diaboliad*, and a continuation of L[illegible]ge, entitled *The Devil upon Two Sticks in E[illegible]nd* (1790). Combe wrote other poems in the [illegible]yle of *Syntax*—as *Johnny Quæ Genus*, *The [illegible]lish Dance of Death*, *The Dance of Life*, &c. [illegible]sides a *History of Westminster Abbey* (2 vols. 1812) and other serious books. Gilpin's *Forest [illegible]nery*, his many tours, and his *Picturesque Re[illegible]rks*, and Price's *Essay on the Picturesque* indi[illegible]te only two of several persons and fashions he was hitting at in his *Dr Syntax*. In the first tour, described as 'in search of the picturesque' (the others being in search of consolation after his first wife's death, and in search of a new wife), the do[illegible], an ungainly figure with a [illegible]ose, pro[illegible] [illegible]hin, and ill-fitting bunchy [illegible] repr[illegible]ted [illegible]etting out, losing his way, [illegible] and bound to a tree, di[illegible] [illegible]sued by a bull, mistak[illegible] [illegible]entle[illegible] for an inn, losing his [illegible] sketching after nature, [illegible] is at best very thin, [illegible] and drinking occasion[illegible] ease in an inn; [illegible] in conception, [illegible] in execution; [illegible] not without [illegible] without [illegible]. Yet the thing [illegible] imm[illegible] [illegible]lar, and an [illegible]38 edition was [illegible] [illegible] Crowquill' [illegible] runs thus:

[illegible] o'er,
[illegible] lore,
[illegible]
[illegible]osure the[illegible]
[illegible]ghbour[illegible]ne,
[illegible] of the [illegible]wn;
[illegible] frequ[illegible] power
[illegible] hour.
[illegible], a busy brain
[illegible] his brain.
[illegible]ment he had none;
[illegible] of that was gone.
[illegible] [illegible]tent must be
[illegible] curacy
[illegible] every S[illegible]bath[illegible],
[illegible]ugh eight [illegible] miles he took his way,
[illegible] preach, to [illegible]le, and to pray;
T[illegible] the go[illegible] warn the sinner,
And[illegible] he got it[illegible] a dinner:
[illegible] these, [illegible]risten those,
[illegible] marry such [illegible] folks as chose
[illegible] change the tenor of their life,
And risk the matrimonial strife.
Thus were his weekly journies made,
'Neath summer suns and wintry shade;
And all his gains, it did appear,
Were only thirty pounds a-year.
Besides, th' augmenting taxes press,
To aid expense and add distress;

Mutton and beef, and bread and beer,
And every thing was grown so dear;
The boys, too, always prone to eat,
Delighted less in books than meat;
So that, when holy Christmas came,
His earnings ceased to be the same
And now, alas! could do no more,
Than keep the wolf without the door.
E'en birch, the pedant master's boast,
Was so increased in worth and cost,
That oft, prudentially beguil'd,
To save the rod, he spared the child.
Thus, if the times refused to mend,
He to his school must put an end.
How hard his lot! how blind his fate!
What shall he do to mend his state?
Thus did poor Syntax ruminate;
When, as the vivid meteors fly,
And instant light the gloomy sky,
A sudden thought across him came,
And told the way to wealth and fame;
And, as th' expanding vision grew
Wider and wider to his view,
The painted fancy did beguile
His woe-worn phiz into a smile
But, while he paced the room around,
Or stood immersed in thought profound,
The Doctor, 'midst his rumination,
Was wakened by a visitation
Which troubles many a poor man's life—
The visitation of his wife.
Good Mrs Syntax was a lady,
Ten years, perhaps, beyond her hey-day;
But though the blooming charms had flown,
That graced her youth, it still was known
The love of power she never lost,
As Syntax found it to his cost;
For as her words were used to flow,
He but replied or YES or NO
Whene'er enraged by some disaster,
She'd shake the boys and cuff the master;
Nay, to avenge the slightest wrong,
She could employ both arms and tongue;
And, if we list to country tales,
She sometimes would enforce her nails.
Her face was red, her form was fat,
A round-about, and rather squat;
And when in angry humour stalking,
Was like a dumpling set a-walking
'Twas not the custom of this spouse
To suffer long a quiet house:
She was among those busy wives,
Who hurry-scurry through their lives;
And make amends for fading beauty
By telling husbands of their duty.

John Wolcot (1738-1819) was a lively, coarse, and copious satirist, who, under the name of 'Peter Pindar,' published a multitude of rhymes on public men and events—many of them on George III., an admirable subject for his jest. Born at Dodbrooke near Kingsbridge in Devonshire, Wolcot was educated at Kingsbridge, at Bodmin, and in Normandy, at the cost of an uncle, a respectable surgeon and apothecary of the little Cornish seaport of Fowey; and then, having studied medicine for seven years under him, walked the London hospitals, and got an M.D. at Aberdeen (1767). With Sir William Trelawney he went as medical attendant to Jamaica, where his social ways made him a favourite; but his time being only partly employed by his professional duties, he solicited and obtained from his patron the gift of a church living then vacant, and the Bishop of London ordained the graceless neophyte (1769). His congregation consisted mostly of negroes, and Sunday being their principal holiday and market, the attendance at the church was at best meagre. Sometimes not a soul appeared, when Wolcot and his clerk would, after waiting ten minutes, proceed to the seashore and shoot ring-tailed pigeons. The death in 1772 of Sir William Trelawney cut off further hopes of preferment there; so bidding adieu to Jamaica and the Church, Wolcot accompanied Lady Trelawney to England, and established himself as a physician at Truro. While in Cornwall Wolcot discovered the artistic talents of Opie—

The Cornish boy in tin mines bred;

and materially assisted to form his taste and procure him patronage; and in 1780, when Opie's fame was well established, the doctor and his protégé repaired to London. Wolcot had already acquired distinction by his satirical efforts; he now poured forth a long series of caustic odes and epistles, commencing with truculent criticisms of the Royal Academicians; and in 1785 he produced no less than twenty-three 'odes.' In 1786 he published *The Lousiad, a Heroi-comic Poem*, in five cantos, founded on the legend that an obnoxious insect had been discovered on the king's plate among some green peas, which produced a solemn decree that all the servants in the royal kitchen were to have their heads shaved. The publication of Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* afforded another tempting opportunity, and he indited an epistle commencing

O Boswell, Bozzy, Bruce, whate'er thy name,
Thou mighty shark for anecdote and fame;
Thou jackal, leading Lion Johnson forth
To eat Macpherson 'midst his native north;
To frighten grave professors with his roar,
And shake the Hebrides from shore to shore,
All hail! . . .
Triumphant thou through Time's vast gulf shalt sail,
The pilot of our literary whale.
Close to the classic Rambler shalt thou cling,
Close as a supple courtier to a king;
Fate shall not shake thee off with all its power;
Stick like a bat to some old ivied tower.
Nay, though thy Johnson ne'er had blessed thine eyes,
Paoli's deeds had raised thee to the skies:
Yes, his broad wing had raised thee—no bad hack—
A tomtit twittering on an eagle's back.

Bozzy and Piozzi, or the British Biographers, was another attack. The personal habits of the king—'the Best of Kings' or 'the King of glory'—were ridiculed in *Peeps at St James's*, *Royal Visits*, *Lyric Odes*, and the like. Sir Joseph Banks was not beyond the reach of his satire:

> A president, in butterflies profound,
>   Of whom all insect-mongers sing the praises,
> Went on a day to hunt this game renowned,
>   On violets, dunghills, nettle-tops, and daisies.

Bruce the Abyssinian gave him an exceptionally favourable chance; the importance of the marvellous is set out by allusions to Scriptural miracles on one hand, and to Psalmanazar, Mandeville, Pontoppidan, and Katerfelto on the other. Tom Paine and Mr Pitt, Pye the laureate, Count Rumford, Lord Macartney, and Kien Long, Emperor of China, all furnish subjects for clever but unmannerly comment. From 1778 to 1808 above sixty of these verse pamphlets were issued by Wolcot. So formidable was he, he alleged, that the Ministry endeavoured to bribe him to silence; and he boasted that his writings had been translated into six different languages. In 1795 he obtained from his booksellers an annuity of £250, payable half-yearly, for the copyright of his works. This handsome allowance he enjoyed, to the heavy loss of his booksellers, for twenty years. Neither old age nor blindness could repress his witty vituperative attacks. He had the regular help of an amanuensis, but in his absence continued to write himself. 'His method was to tear a sheet of paper into quarters, on each of which he wrote a stanza of four or six lines, according to the nature of the poem; the paper he placed on a book held in the left hand, and in this manner not only wrote legibly, but with great ease and celerity.' In 1796 his productions were collected and published in four volumes, and several editions were issued; but most of the 'poems' are forgotten. Few satirists can reckon on permanent popularity, and Wolcot's things were inevitably ephemeral; while the recklessness of his censure and ridicule, and the obvious lack of decency, principle, or good moral feeling, hastened oblivion. And in vituperative brutality he met more than his match in Gifford, whose *Epistle to Peter Pindar* (1800) provoked the hero of so many wordy wars to a personal assault on Gifford in a bookseller's shop. An unsuccessful action of *crim. con.* was brought against him in 1807; he died at his house in Somers' Town (January 1819), and was buried in a vault in the churchyard of St Paul's, Covent Garden, close to the grave of Butler.

Wolcot was as ready and versatile as Churchill, though usually ruder and more rugged in style, with a quick sense of the ludicrous, not a little real wit and humour, real critical acumen, and a command of stinging and epigrammatic phrases. He had great facility in a vast variety of styles, satirical, merely comic, and quite serious. He wrote 'new-old' ballads in pseudo-antique spelling, and verse-tales in the broadest Devonshire dialect. Some of the songs are good. *The Beggar Man* and other serious pieces are actually tender. Burns admired his *Lord Gregory*, and wrote another ballad on the same subject; the love or courtly verses to Chloe and Julia and Celia and Phillida are wonderfully like anybody else's; but he could not write long without sliding into the ludicrous and burlesque. Much of his work is still amusing; many passages that are now dreary enough reading were doubtless once sufficiently pointed; the easy command of rhymes and loose rhythms reminds one sometimes of *Don Juan*, sometimes of the *Ingoldsby Legends*. Extraordinary variety and felicity of expression and illustration are almost everywhere in evidence, as in Peter's lively critique of Dr Johnson's style:

DR WOLCOT.

From the Portrait by John Opie, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

> 'I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
> That gives an inch the importance of a mile,
> Casts of manure a waggon-load around,
> To raise a simple daisy from the ground;
> Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?
> To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat?
> Creates a whirlwind from the earth, to draw
> A goose's feather or exalt a straw;
> Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter
> To force up one poor nipperkin of water;
> Bids ocean labour with tremendous roar,
> To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore;
> Alike in every theme his pompous art,
> Heaven's awful thunder or a rumbling cart!'

The Pilgrims and the Peas.

> A brace of sinners, for no good,
>   Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
> Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
>   And in a curled white wig looked wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel;
In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The priest had ordered peas into their shoes.

A nostrum famous in old popish times
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes,
  A sort of apostolic salt,
  That popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;
  But very different was their speed, I wot:
One of the sinners galloped on,
Light as a bullet from a gun;
  The other limped as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin, soon *peccavi* cried,
  Had his soul whitewashed all so clever;
When home again he nimbly hied,
  Made fit with saints above to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half way,
Hobbling with outstretched bum and bending knees,
Cursing the souls and bodies of the peas;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in sweat,
Deep sympathising with his groaning feet.

'How now!' the light-toed whitewashed pilgrim [broke,
  'You lazy lubber!'
'Ods curse it!' cried the other, ''tis no joke;
My feet, once hard as any rock,
  Are now as soft as blubber.

'Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear:
As for Loretto, I shall not get there;
No! to the Devil my sinful soul must go,
For damme if I ha'n't lost every toe!

'But, brother sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain—
  What power hath worked a wonder for *your* toes—
Whilst I, just like a snail, am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
  Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

'How is't that you can like a greyhound go,
  Merry as if that nought had happened, burn ye?'
'Why,' cried the other, grinning, 'you must know
  That just before I ventured on my journey,
    To walk a little more at ease,
    I took the liberty to boil *my* peas.'

The Apple Dumplings and a King.

Once on a time, a monarch, tired with hooping,
    Whipping and spurring,
    Happy in worrying
  A poor defenceless harmless buck,
  (The horse and rider wet as muck,)
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
  Entered through curiosity a cot,
  Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.

  The wrinkled, blear eyed good old granny,
  In this same cot, illumined by many a cranny,
Had finished apple dumplings for her pot:
  In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
  When lo! the monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning spoke: 'What's this? what's this?
    what, what?'

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand;
  And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple:
''Tis monstrous, monstrous hard, indeed,' he cried.
'What makes it, pray, so hard?' The dame replied,
  Low curtsying: 'Please your majesty, the apple.'

'Very astonishing indeed! strange thing!'—
Turning the dumpling round—rejoined the king.
  ''Tis most extraordinary, then, all this is—
  It beats Pinetti's conjuring all to pieces:
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream!
But, goody, tell me where, where, where's the seam?'
'Sir, there's no seam,' quoth she; 'I never knew
That folks did apple dumplings *sew*.'
'No!' cried the staring monarch with a grin;
'How, now the devil got the apple in?'

On which the dame the curious scheme revealed
By which the apple lay so sly concealed,
  Which made the Solomon of Britain start;
Who to the palace with full speed repaired,
And queen and princesses so beauteous scared
  All with the wonders of the dumpling art.
There did he labour one whole week to shew
  The wisdom of an apple-dumpling maker;
And, lo! so deep was majesty in dough,
  The palace seemed the lodging of a baker!

Their Majesties at Whitbread's Brew-house.

Full of the art of brewing beer,
  The monarch heard of Whitbread's fame;
Quoth he unto the queen: 'My dear, my dear,
  Whitbread hath got a marvellous great name.
Charly, we must, must, must see Whitbread brew—
Rich as us, Charly, richer than a Jew.
Shame, shame we have not yet his brew-house seen!'
Thus sweetly said the king unto the queen. . . .

Muse, sing the stir that happy Whitbread made:
Poor gentleman! most terribly afraid
  He should not charm enough his guests divine,
He gave his maids new aprons, gowns, and smocks;
And lo! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks,
  To make the apprentices and draymen fine:
Busy as horses in a field of clover,
Dogs, carts, and chairs, and stools were tumbled over,
Amidst the Whitbread rout of preparation,
To treat the lofty ruler of the nation.

Now moved king, queen, and princesses so grand,
To visit the first brewer in the land;
Who sometimes swills his beer and grinds his meat
In a snug corner, christened Chiswell Street;
But oftener, charmed with fashionable air,
Amidst the gaudy great of Portman Square.

Lord Aylesbury, and Denbigh's lord also,
  His Grace the Duke of Montague likewise,
With Lady Harcourt, joined the raree show
  And fixed all Smithfield's marvelling eyes:
For lo! a greater show ne'er graced those quarters,
Since Mary roasted, just like crabs, the martyrs.

Arriv'd, the king broad grinned and gave a nod
To smiling Whitbread, who, had God
  Come with his angels to behold his beer,
With more respect he never could have met—
Indeed the man was in a sweat,
  So much the brewer did the king revere. . . .

Thus was the brew-house filled with gabbling noise,
Whilst draymen and the brewer's boys
  Devoured the questions that the king did ask;
In different parties were they staring seen,
Wond'ring to think they saw a king and queen!
  Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask.

Some draymen forced themselves (a pretty luncheon)
Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon;
And through the bung-hole winked with curious eye,
  To view and be assured what sort of things
Were princesses, and queens, and kings,
  For whose most lofty stations thousands sigh!
And lo! of all the gaping puncheon clan,
Few were the mouths that had not got a man!

Now majesty into a pump so deep
Did with an opera-glass so curious peep:
Examining with care each wondrous matter
          That brought up water!

Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
A chattering bird we often meet,
A bird for curiosity well known,
          With head awry,
          And cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone.

And now his curious M——y did stoop
To count the nails on every hoop;
And lo! no single thing came in his way,
That, full of deep research, he did not say,
'What's this? hae, hae? What's that? What's this?
    What's that?
So quick the words too, when he deigned to speak,
As if each syllable would break its neck.

Thus, to the world of *great* whilst others crawl,
Our sovereign peeps into the world of *small*:
Thus microscopic geniuses explore
  Things that too oft provoke the public scorn;
Yet swell of useful knowledge is the store,
  By finding systems in a peppercorn.

Now boasting Whitbread seriously did declare,
To make the majesty of England stare,
That he had butts enough, he knew,
Placed side by side, to reach along to Kew;
On which the king with wonder swiftly cried:
'What, if they reach to Kew, then, side by side,
What would they do, what, what, placed end to end?'
To whom, with knitted, calculating brow,
The man of beer most solemnly did vow,
  Almost to Windsor that they would extend:
On which the king, with wondering mien,
Repeated it unto the wondering queen:
On which, quick turning round his haltered head,
The brewer's horse, with face astonished, neighed;
The brewer's dog, too, poured a note of thunder,
Rattled his chain, and wagged his tail for wonder.

Now did the king for other beers inquire,
For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire;
And after talking of these different beers,
Asked Whitbread if his porter equalled theirs?

This was a puzzling disagreeing question,
Grating like arsenic on his host's digestion;
A kind of question to the man of Cask
That not even Solomon himself would ask.

Now majesty, alive to knowledge, took
A very pretty memorandum-book,
With gilded leaves of ass's-skin so white,
And in it legibly began to write—

Memorandum.
  A charming place beneath the grates
  For roasting chestnuts or potates.

Mem.
  'Tis hops that give a bitterness to beer,
  Hops grow in Kent, says Whitbread, and elsewhere.

Quære.
  Is there no cheaper stuff? where doth it dwell?
  Would not horse-aloes bitter it as well?

Mem.
  To try it soon on our small beer—
  'Twill save us several pounds a year.

Mem.
  To remember to forget to ask
    Old Whitbread to my house one day.

Mem.
  Not to forget to take of beer the cask,
    The brewer offered me, away.

Now, having pencilled his remarks so shrewd,
  Sharp as the point, indeed, of a new pin,
His majesty his watch most sagely viewed,
  And then put up his ass's-skin.

To Whitbread now deigned majesty to say:
'Whitbread, are all your horses fond of hay?'
'Yes, please your majesty,' in humble notes
The brewer answered—'Also, sire, of oats;
Another thing my horses, too, maintains,
And that, an't please your majesty, are grains.'

'Grains, grains,' said majesty, 'to fill their crops?
Grains, grains,—that comes from hops—yes, hops,
    hops, hops?'
Here was the king, like hounds sometimes, at fault—
'Sire,' said the humble brewer, 'give me leave
Your sacred majesty to undeceive;
Grains, sire, are never made from hops, but malt.'

'True,' said the cautious monarch with a smile,
'From malt, malt, malt—I meant malt all the while.'
'Yes,' with the sweetest bow, rejoined the brewer,
'An't please your majesty, you did, I'm sure.'
'Yes,' answered majesty, with quick reply,
'I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I.' . . .

Now did the king admire the bell so fine,
That daily asks the draymen all to dine;
On which the bell rung out (how very proper!)
To shew it was a bell, and had a clapper.

And now before their sovereign's curious eye,
  Parents and children, fine fat hopeful sprigs,
All snuffling, squinting, grunting in their sty,
  Appeared the brewer's tribe of handsome pigs;

On which the observant man who fills a throne
Declared the pigs were vastly like his own:
On which the brewer, swallowed up in joys,
Fears and astonishment in both his eyes,
His soul brimful of sentiments so loyal,
Exclaimed: 'O heavens! and can *my* swine
Be deemed by majesty so fine?
Heavens! can my pigs compare, sire, with pigs royal?'
To which the king assented with a nod:
On which the brewer bowed, and said: 'Good God!'
Then winked significant on Miss,
Significant of wonder and of bliss,
Who, bridling in her chin divine,
Crossed her fair hands, a dear old maid,
And then her lowest curtsy made
For such high honour done her father's swine.

Now did his majesty, so gracious, say
To Mr Whitbread in his flying way:
'Whitbread, d'ye nick the exciseman now and then?
Hae, Whitbread, when d'ye think to leave off trade?
Hae? what? Miss Whitbread's still a maid, a maid?
What, what's the matter with the men?

'D'ye hunt?—hae—hunt? No no, you are too old;
You'll be lord mayor—lord mayor one day;
Yes, yes, I've heard so; yes, yes, so I'm told;
Don't, don't the fine for sheriff pay;
I'll prick you every year, man, I declare;
Yes, Whitbread, yes, yes, you shall be lord mayor.

'Whitbread, d'ye keep a coach, or job one, pray?
Job, job, that's cheapest; yes, that's best, that's best.
You put your liveries on the draymen—hae?
Hae, Whitbread? You have feathered well your nest.
What, what's the price now, hae, of all your stock?
But, Whitbread, what's o'clock, pray, what's o'clock?'

Now Whitbread inward said: 'May I be curst
If I know what to answer first,'
Then searched his brains with ruminating eye;
But ere the man of malt an answer found,
Quick on his heel, lo, majesty turned round,
Skipped off, and balked the honour of reply. . . .

Lord Gregory.

'Ah ope, Lord Gregory, thy door,
A midnight wanderer sighs;
Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar,
And lightnings cleave the skies.'

'Who comes with woe at this drear night,
A pilgrim of the gloom?
If she whose love did once delight,
My cot shall yield her room.'

'Alas! thou heard'st a pilgrim mourn
That once was prized by thee.
Think of the ring by yonder burn
Thou gav'st to love and me.

'But shouldst thou not poor Marion know,
I'll turn my feet and part;
And think the storms that round me blow,
Far kinder than thy heart.'

[illegible] Wolcot's works [illegible] 1794-96 (4 vols.) [illegible] of them quite complete. Some of the [illegible] Many verses published under the name of 'Peter Pindar,' 'Peter Pindar junior,' &c., were not Wolcot's, but by various imitators.

William Gifford (1756-1826) was born at Ashburton in Devonshire. His father, a ne'er-do-well glazier, died of drink in 1767; his mother died a year afterwards; and after some little education, the boy was at thirteen placed on board a coasting-vessel by his godfather, a man supposed to have benefited himself at the expense of Gifford's parents. 'It will be easily conceived,' he recorded, 'that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only "a ship-boy on the high and giddy mast," but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot; yet if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading: as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing, during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description, except the *Coasting Pilot*.' The cabin-boy was often seen by the fishwives of his native town running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trousers, and thus their tale, often repeated, awakened Ashburton to pity for the orphan, as also to resentment against the man who had brought him so low. His godfather was concussed into taking him from the sea, and again he was put to school, where he made rapid progress, and soon hoped to succeed his old and infirm schoolmaster. But in 1772 his godfather, sure he had got learning enough, put him apprentice to a shoemaker; and this new profession Gifford hated with a perfect hatred. He had but one book in the world, and that was a treatise on algebra, a subject of which he had no knowledge; but [illegible] with Fenning's *Introduction*, he mastered both works. 'This was not done,' he remembered, 'without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one: pen, ink, and paper, therefore, were for the most part as completely out of my reach as a crown and sceptre. There was indeed a resource, but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl: for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent.'

He next tried poetry, and some of his 'lamentable doggerel' fell into the hands of a surgeon of Ashburton, who raised money to buy him off from his apprenticeship; and in little more than two years Gifford had made such extraordinary progress in study that he was pronounced fit for Oxford. In 1779 a Bible clerkship was procured for him at Exeter College, and this, with occasional assistance from the country, enabled him to live till, in 1782, he took his B.A. He had been accustomed to correspond on literary subjects with a friend in London, his letters being enclosed in covers sent, to save postage, to Lord Grosvenor. The direction having been once inadvertently omitted, the franker, supposing the letter to be meant for himself, opened and read it. He was struck with the contents, and after seeing the writer, and hearing his story, undertook his present support and future establishment; and meanwhile invited him to come and live with him. 'These,' the grateful scholar testified, 'were not words of course: they were more than fulfilled in every point. I did go and reside with him, and I experienced a warm and cordial reception, and a kind and affectionate esteem, that has known neither diminution nor interruption from that hour to this, a period of twenty years.' Part of this time was spent in attending his patron's son, Lord Belgrave, on a tour of Europe, which greatly informed the mind of the tutor. He appeared as author in 1794. His first production was a satirical poem, *The Baviad*, directed against a group of sentimental poetasters of that day, known from their hobbies as the Della Cruscan School Mrs Piozzi, Mrs Robenson, Mr Greathead, Mr Merry, and some others see page 473 conspicuous for their affectation and bad taste, and their high flown compliments to one another. 'There was a specious brilliancy in these exotics,' Gifford complained, 'which dazzled the native grubs, who had scarce ever ventured beyond a sheep, and a crook, and a rose-tree grove; with an ostentatious display of "blue hills," and "crashing torrents," and "petrifying suns."' Gifford's vigorous exposure of the 'splay-foot madrigals' and 'namby-pamby madrigals of love,' in Scott's phrase, 'squabashed the Della Cruscans at one blow.' Anna Matilda, Laura Maria, Edwin, Orlando, and the other high-flown heralds of log-rolling sank into instant and irretrievable contempt. The satire, in the form of a conversation between the author, Persius, represented by P., and a friend, F., was universally read and admired: now it seems often unreasonably savage and unfair. But lines like these can hardly be described as wholly temporary or antiquated in application:

Degeneracy of Modern Literature.

Oh for the good old times! when all was new,
And every hour brought prodigies to view,
Our sires in unaffected language told
Of streams of amber and of rocks of gold:
Full of their theme, they spurned all idle art,
And the plain tale was trusted to the heart.
Now all is changed! We fume and fret, poor elves,
Less to display our subject than ourselves:
Whate'er we paint a grot, a flower, a bird,
Heavens, how we sweat! laboriously absurd!
Words of gigantic bulk and uncouth sound,
In rattling triads the long sentence bound;
While points with points, with periods periods jar,
And the whole work seems one continued war!
Is not this sad?
F. 'Tis pitiful, Heaven knows;
'Tis wondrous pitiful. E'en take the prose:
But for the poetry—oh, that, my friend,
I still aspire—nay, smile not—to defend.
You praise our sires, but, though they wrote with force,
Their rhymes were vicious, and their diction coarse;
We want their strength agreed; but we atone
For that and more by sweetness all our own.
For instance—'Hasten to the lawny vale,
Where yellow morning breathes her saffron gale,
And bathes the landscape'
P. Pshaw; I have it here.
'A voice seraphic grasps my listening ear:
Wondering I gaze; when lo! methought afar,
More bright than dauntless day's imperial star,
A godlike form advances'
F. You suppose
These lines perhaps too turgid; what of these?
'The mighty mother'
P. Now, 'tis plain you sneer,
For Weston's self could find no semblance here:
Weston! who slunk from truth's imperious light,
Swells like a filthy toad with secret spite,

WILLIAM GIFFORD.
From the Portrait by John Hoppner, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

And, envying the fame he cannot hope,
Spits his black venom at the dust of Pope.
Reptile accursed! O 'memorable long,
If there be force in virtue or in song.'
O injured bard! accept the grateful strain,
Which I, the humblest of the tuneful train,
With glowing heart, yet trembling hand, repay,
For many a pensive, many a sprightly lay!
So may thy varied verse, from age to age,
Inform the simple, and delight the sage;
While canker'd Weston and his loathsome rhymes
Stink in the nose of all succeeding times.

Mrs Piozzi's share in this fantastic garland of exotic verse is hit off in one felicitous couplet:

See Thrale's gay widow with a satchel roam,
And bring in pomp her laboured nothings home!

Tasteless bibliomaniacs are sketched those who

On black-letter pore,
And what they do not understand, adore;
Buy at vast sums the trash of ancient days,
And draw on prodigality for praise.

These, when some lucky hit, or lucky price,
Has blessed them with *The Boke of Gode Advice*,
For *ekes* and *algates* only deign to seek,
And live upon a *whilome* for a week.

The *Baviad* was a paraphrase of the first satire of Persius. In the year following, encouraged by its success, Gifford produced *The Mæviad*, an imitation of Horace, levelled largely at the corruptors of the drama; the little-known poetasters Bavius and Mævius being stigmatised together as poetasters by Virgil, while Mævius is contemptuously treated by Horace. In the *Mæviad* also the Della Cruscan authors—who attempted dramas as well as odes and elegies—are gibbeted in satiric verse; but Gifford was sufficiently catholic in his dislikes to include O'Keefe, Holcroft, and Morton among the objects of his most vehement condemnation. The plays of Kotzebue and Schiller, then first translated and much in vogue, he also confounded in the same denunciation as 'heavy, lumbering, monotonous stupidity,' worse even than 'the lively nonsense of O'Keefe and Co.'

Both satires are strangely planless, rambling, miscellaneous, at times irrelevant, and not even always satirical or abusive. Gifford could praise with perspicacity, as when in the *Baviad* he laments that lords and dukes were victims of metromania, 'curs'd with a sickly taste, while Burns' pure nurture runs to waste.' And a good bit of the *Mæviad* is eulogy of the character and art of his friend Hoppner the painter. James Boswell comes in repeatedly for severe treatment; and some of the most vicious remarks are not in the text but in the footnotes, which often fill more than half the page. Thus: 'Wonderful is the profundity of Bathos! I thought that O'Keefe had reached the bottom of it; but, as uncle Bowling says, I thought a d—n'd lie: for Holcroft, Reynolds, and Morton have sunk beneath him. They have happily found "in the lowest deep a lower still," and persevere in exploring it with an emulation that does them honour.' Holcroft 'is a poor stupid wretch, to whom infidelity and disloyalty have given a momentary notoriety, [illegible] and opened the theatre to two or three of his grovelling and senseless productions.' In 1797 a certain Williams, who assumed the name of Anthony Pasquin for his 'ribald strains'—a victim of a different type—aggrieved at his well merited castigation in the *Baviad*, was nonsuited in an action against Gifford's publisher; though Gifford's statement was 'that he was so lost to every sense of decency and shame that his acquaintance was infamy and his touch poison.' The Tory bias is plain here and elsewhere. The following passage from the *Mæviad* explains the satirist's design:

S[illegible] near,
[illegible];
[illegible]
Of [illegible] stack'd [illegible] wild,
Dear to the feeling [illegible]
The vacant wanderer, and the unceasing [illegible]
Of this hoarse rout; I seized at length the wand;
Resolv'd, tho' small my skill, tho' weak my hand,
The mischief, in its progress, to arrest,
And exorcise the soil of such a pest.

Gifford in 1800 tried a third satire, an *Epistle to Peter Pindar* (Dr Wolcot), which, being founded on personal animosity, is more remarkable for its passionate vehemence and abuse than for its point or justice, felicity or correctness. Wolcot replied with *A Cut at a Cobbler*, and, by-and-by, with a personal assault (page 663). The notoriety of Gifford's satires pointed him out as the man to edit the *Anti-Jacobin*, a weekly paper started by Canning and others to ridicule and expose the political agitators of the times. Established in November 1797, it survived only till July 1798, but the connection thus formed with politicians and men of rank was afterwards serviceable to Gifford; he was made paymaster of the gentlemen-pensioners and commissioner of the lottery, with an income from the two offices of £900. In 1802 he published a translation of Juvenal, to which was prefixed his sketch of his own life, a simple and unaffected autobiography. When his Juvenal was attacked in the *Critical Review*, Gifford replied in *An Examination*, which pleasantly compared his reviewer to a toad:

> During my apprenticeship, I enjoyed perhaps as many places as Scrub [in Farquhar's *Beaux' Stratagem*]; though I suspect they were not altogether so dignified: the chief of them was that of a planter of cabbages in a bit of ground which my master held near the town. It was the decided opinion of Panurge that the life of a cabbage-planter was the safest and pleasantest in the world. I found it safe enough, I confess, but not altogether pleasant; and therefore took every opportunity of attending to what I liked better, which happened to be, watching the actions of insects and reptiles, and, among the rest, of a huge toad. I never loved toads, but I never molested them; for my mother had early bid me remember that every living thing had the same Maker as myself: and the words always rang in my ears. The toad, then, who had taken up his residence under a hollow stone in a hedge of blind nettles, I used to watch for hours together. It was a lazy, lumpish animal, that squatted on its belly, and perked up its hideous head with two glazed eyes, precisely like a Critical Reviewer. In this posture, perfectly satisfied with itself, it would remain as if it were a part of the stone, till the cheerful buzzing of some winged insect provoked it to give signs of life. The dead glare of its eyes then brightened into a vivid lustre, and it awkwardly shuffled to the entrance of its cell, and opened its detestable mouth to snap the passing fly or honey-bee. Since I have marked the manners of the Critical Reviewers, these passages of my youth have often occurred to me.

These are specimens of Gifford on Peter Pindar:

But who is he [illegible] Mohawk's air
'Cries havock, and lets slip the dogs of war?'
A bloated mass, a gross, blood-bolter'd clod,
A foe to man, a renegade from God,

From noxious childhood to pernicious age,
Separate to infamy, in every stage.

Cornwall remembers yet his first employ,
And shuddering tells with what infernal joy
His little tongue in blasphemies was loos'd,
His little hands in deeds of horror us'd;
While mangled insects strew'd his cradle o'er,
And limbs of birds distain'd his bib with gore. . . .

Lo here the reptile! who from some dark cell,
Where all his veins with native poison swell,
Crawls forth, a slimy toad, and spits, and spues
The crude abortions of his loathsome muse,
On all that Genius, all that Worth holds dear,
Unsullied rank, and piety sincere;
While idiot mirth the base defilement lauds,
And malice, with averted face, applauds!

Lo here the brutal sot! who, drench'd with gin . . .
Squeals out (with oaths and blasphemies between)
The impious song, the tale, the jest obscene;
And careless views, amidst the barbarous roar,
His few grey hairs strew, one by one, the floor!

Besides his version of Juvenal, Gifford translated Persius, and edited the plays of Massinger, Ford, and Shirley, and the works of Ben Jonson. In 1808 John Murray, with the co-operation of Walter Scott and Southey, resolved on starting a review, in opposition to the now famous *Edinburgh*, and Gifford was selected as editor. In his hands the *Quarterly Review* became a powerful political and literary journal, to which leading statesmen and famous authors equally contributed. He continued to discharge his duties as editor until within two years of his death on 31st December 1826; and he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Gifford was high-spirited, courageous, and sincere; but in most of his writings there was a strong tinge of personal acerbity and even virulence. He was a good hater, and as he was opposed to all political visionaries and reformers, his wrath had seldom time to cool. Even where no such prejudices could interfere, his literary criticism was frequently disfigured by the same temper; whoever, dead or alive, had ventured to say aught against Ben Jonson, or write what he deemed unsatisfactory comments on his favourite dramatists, was assailed with a vehemence ludicrously disproportioned to the offence; too many of those whom he for one reason or another disapproved were described as toads and reptiles. His attacks on Hazlitt, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt—ay, and on Keats (for the *Endymion* article of 1818 was almost certainly his), in the *Quarterly*, have no pretensions to be fair or candid criticism. His object was to crush such authors as were opposed to the Government of the day, or who departed from his canons of literary propriety. Even the best and most spirited of his criticisms lack width of view and candour, and accordingly fail to produce their effect. Hazlitt returned his compliments in an open letter, and by a bitter attack on him in the *Spirit of the Age*. Looking with distrust and suspicion on the growing importance of the United States, Gifford kept alive among the English aristocracy a feeling of dislike or hostility towards America as unwise as it was ungenerous. His best service to literature was his edition of Ben Jonson, in which he successfully vindicated the great classic from unjust aspersions. His small but sinewy intellect, as a critic put it, was well employed in bruising the butterflies of the Della Cruscan Muse. Some of his shorter poems—one in affectionate remembrance of a faithful maidservant, one on a trip to Greenwich Hill on the 1st of May, &c.—are kindly, even tender; but his fame must rest on his incisiveness as satirist and his influence as critic and annotator. Possibly the story of his early struggles may be read when his other writings are forgotten.

The Rolliad, a series of political satires written by some Whigs of wit and fashion, attracted universal attention and was wonderfully popular. The idea is original, though the authors had the *Dunciad* before their eyes; they cleverly burlesqued Homer and Virgil, Shakespeare and Milton, and imitated Dryden and Churchill; and the level of prose and verse is so high that it is strange both should have been so utterly forgotten. The *Anti-Jacobin* is, with a few brilliant exceptions, mainly a series of heavy political pamphlets; the *Rolliad* and its companion pieces are, on the whole, more varied and sprightly. But the innumerable topical allusions in the *Rolliad*, the large number of pieces that depend for their point on forgotten incidents and unimportant persons, have in this case hastened the oblivion that is the usual fate of political satire unless it dips deep into the elemental humour of human nature, and is the work, not of brilliant wits, but of a true genius. The greater ferocity of the *Anti-Jacobin*, its savage earnestness, is largely explained by the fact that the *Rolliad* appeared before the French Revolution had raised greater issues and stirred men's souls to their uttermost depths. The so-called *Criticisms on the Rolliad* appeared first in the *Morning Herald*, a London newspaper, in 1784-85, and were a succession of satires on Colonel John Rolle, afterwards Lord Rolle (1750-1842), a staunch adherent of Pitt, the blundering and passionate M.P. for Devon, who made himself obnoxious to the Opposition by his hostility to Fox. He lived to do homage to Queen Victoria at her coronation; but, eighty-seven years old, he stumbled and fell on the steps of the throne, whereupon, as is well remembered, the young queen graciously and gracefully rose and came forward to meet him.

In 1784 Pitt had been returned with an overwhelming majority. The Whigs, smarting under defeat, were naturally eager to show in every way their superiority in wit and eloquence over sheer weight of numbers—brought to bear in the House of Commons, as they maintained, mainly by the loud and prolonged cheering and hissing of the 'stupid party,' comprising the home plutocrats and the Indian nabobs. The 'Westminster Scrutiny' in 1784-85, when the Government party tried but failed to oust Fox from his seat at Westminster in favour of Sir Cecil Wray, gave the Whigs something to rejoice over; few political events ever called forth such a wealth of squibs, lampoons, and caricatures. The *Rolliad* consists of pretended criticism on a supposititious epic poem, from which quotations were now and again made, enough only being given at a time to serve as text for the comment. The plot was suggested by a boast of Rolle that he was descended from the Norman Duke Rollo; who (disguised as a smuggler) is made to sail to England, and, by help of Merlin, has visions of the glories of his descendants in England, down to the most distinguished scion of the stock, the strong-lunged Tory member who coughed down Burke. The vision of his descendants' career is, as might be expected, not wholly pleasing: thus several of the principal representatives of the family are seen to come to an untimely and shameful end. In the 'Dedication' it is indicated that the *Rolliad* 'owed its existence to the memorable speech of the member for Devonshire on the first discussion of the Westminster Scrutiny, when he so emphatically proved himself the genuine descendant of Duke Rollo; and in the noble contempt which he showed for the rights of electors seemed to breathe the very soul of his great progenitor, who came to extirpate the liberties of Englishmen with the sword.' And the last of Rollo's stock had at various times in his career (so the vision showed) had humiliating experiences—as at Westminster School, for example:

> In vain ten thousand Busbys should employ
> Their pedant arts thy genius to destroy;
> In vain at either end thy Rolle assail
> To learning proof alike at head or tail.

The planless plan allows the free handling of all the supporters of the Government most open to criticism, burlesque, or innuendo as bores, fools, or venal persons; the bishops are not spared—

> Who still, submissive to their Maker's nod,
> Adore their Sovereign, and respect their God;

Cumberland the dramatist and Rowland Hill the popular preacher are sharply dealt with; the hygienic merits of the Highland kilt and of souchong (as compared with stingo and October) are lauded in mock heroics; and for the comfort of the luxurious Indian contingent, it is proposed to introduce a few velvet-cushioned couches of ivory in place of the hard benches of the House of Commons.

The *Criticisms on the Rolliad* appeared in a 'First Part' and a 'Second Part;' and this series of clever *jeux d'esprit* was followed by *Probationary Odes for the Laureateship, Political Eclogues*, and *Political Miscellanies*. The design of the *Probationary Odes* was probably suggested by Pope's ridicule of Cibber; and the death of Whitehead, the poet-laureate, in 1785, was seized upon by the Whig wits as affording an opportunity for satirising some of the political and literary characters of the day, conspicuous as members or supporters of the Government. Pitt, Dundas, Jenkinson (Lord Liverpool), Lord Thurlow, Major John Scott (agent for Warren Hastings), Harry Dundas (Viscount Melville), and others were the objects of these humorous sallies and personal invectives; while among literary men, Joseph and Thomas Warton, Sir John Hawkins, Macpherson (the translator of *Ossian*), and Sir N. W. Wraxall, M.P., traveller, and author of many books of travels, were selected for attack. The idea (somewhat analogous to that of the *Rejected Addresses*) was to make the personages write, in competition for the laureateship, poems as specimens of their powers; thus giving the parodists scope for satirising their characters, caricaturing their peculiarities, and burlesquing their style.

Though there is a great variety of rhymes and of subjects, there is a wonderful unanimity of feeling throughout, and it has always been difficult to say who was the author of the several pieces; doubtless many were the joint work of several pens. The chief contributors to this gallery of burlesque portraits and clever caricatures were: **Dr French Laurence** (1757-1809), the friend of Burke, who was the chief editor or director of the satires; he was ultimately chancellor of the diocese of Oxford and judge of admiralty for the Cinque Ports. He wrote also odes and sonnets, and translations from the Italian. **General Richard Fitzpatrick** (1747-1813), a brother of the last Earl of Upper Ossory, who served in the army in America, was long in Parliament, and held the offices of Secretary-at-War and Irish Secretary. Fitzpatrick was the most intimate friend of Charles James Fox; he was famous as a wit, and published several poems, satirical and other. **Richard Tickell** (1715-93), the grandson of Addison's friend and the brother-in-law of Sheridan, besides his contributions to the *Rolliad*, was author of *The Wreath of Fashion* and other poetical pieces, and of a lively political pamphlet entitled *Anticipation*, 1778. Tickell was a commissioner of stamps; he was a great favourite in society; yet in a moment of despondency he threw himself from a window in Hampton Court Palace, and was killed on the spot.

Joseph Richardson (1755-1803), a journalist and ultimately proprietor of the *Morning Post*, was author of a comedy called *The Fugitive*, and was partner with Sheridan in Drury Lane Theatre. From 1776 till his death he sat in Parliament.

Among the other contributors to the *Rolliad* were **Lord John Townsend** (1757-1833); **Mr George Ellis** (1753-1815), editor of Early English poetry, friend of Scott, and afterwards one of the founders of the Tory *Anti-Jacobin* (see pages 673, 678); **Sir Robert Adair**, Fox's intimate, a capable diplomatist; and **General Burgoyne** (1723-92), who surrendered to

Gates at Saratoga, latterly known as author of pamphlets, miscellanea, and at least one successful comedy, *The Heiress*. These were for the most part gay, witty, fashionable, and somewhat fast-living men, whose political satire and malice, as Moore has remarked, 'from the fancy with which it is mixed up, like certain kinds of fireworks, explodes in sparkles' though, it must be added, some of their sallies are coarsely personal. The topics of their satire are now in a great measure forgotten superseded by other party-men and party-measures; and the very qualities which gave it immediate and splendid success, and carried the series through more than a score of editions, have sunk it the sooner in oblivion.

Merlin in the House.

It is possible Merlin might even have gone on much longer; but he is interrupted by one of those disturbances which frequently prevail in the House of Commons The confusion is finely described in the following broken couplet:

'Spoke ! Spoke ! Sir ! Mr Speaker Order there !
I rise ! Spoke !—Question ! Question ! Chair ! Chair !
Chair !'

This incident is highly natural, and introduced with the greatest judgment, as it gives another opportunity of exhibiting Mr Rolle, and in a situation where he always appears with conspicuous pre-eminence.

Great Rollo look'd amazed ; nor without fears
His hands applied by instinct to his ears.
He look'd, and lo ! amid the wild acclaim
Discerned the future glory of his name,
O'er this new Babel of the noisy crowd,
More fierce than all, more turbulent, more loud,
Him yet he heard with thund'ring voice contend,
'Him first, him last, him midst, him without end.'

Merlin's Invective.

Tatterdemalions,
Scald Miserables, Rascals and Rascalions,
Buffoons, Dependants, Parasites, Toad-eaters,
Knaves, Sharpers, Blacklegs, Palmers, Coggers, Cheaters,
Scrubs, Vagrants, Beggars, Mumpers, Ragamuffins,
Rogues, Villains, Bravos, Desperados, Ruffians,
Thieves, Robbers, Cut-throats, &c., &c., &c.

From the Dedication of 'The Rolliad.'

When Pitt would drown the eloquence of Burke,
You seem the Rolle best suited to his work ;
His well trained band, obedient, know their cue,
And cough and groan in unison with you.
Thy godlike ancestor, in valour tried,
Still bravely fought by conqu'ring William's side ;
In British blood he drenched his purple sword,
Proud to partake the triumphs of his lord ;
So you with zeal support, through each debate,
The conqu'ring William of a later date ;
Whene'er he speaks, attentive still to cheer
The lofty nothing with a friendly 'Hear !'
And, proud your leader's glory to promote,
Partake his triumph in a faithful vote !'

Character of Mr Pitt.

Pert without fire, without experience sage,
Young, with more art than Shelburne gleaned from age,
Too proud from pilfered greatness to descend,
Too humble not to call Dundas his friend,
In solemn dignity and sullen state,
This new Octavius rises to debate !
Mild and more mild he sees each placid row
Of country gentlemen with rapture glow ;
He sees, convulsed with sympathetic throbs,
Apprentice peers and deputy nabobs.
Nor rum-contractors think his speech too long,
While words, like treacle, trickle from his tongue.
O soul congenial to the souls of Rolles !
Whether you tax the luxury of coals,
Or vote some necessary millions more
To feed an Indian friend's exhausted store.
Fain would I praise if I like thee could praise—
Thy matchless virtue in congenial lays.

(From *The Rolliad*, No. 2, attributed to Ellis)

The Nabob M.P.'s.

There too, in place advanced as in command
Above the beardless rulers of the land
On a bare bench, alas ! exalted sit
The pillars of Prerogative and Pitt ;
Delights of Asia, ornaments of man,
Thy Sovereign's Sovereigns, happy Hindostan.

From the 'Probationary Odes.'

The first highly Whitmanesque fragment is from the ode credited to the much-travelled Sir N. W. Wraxall, the second is Major Scott's, the third Harry Dundas's (in ingenious manufactured, non-natural Scotch), the fourth that of Lord Mountmorres, the fifth Lord Thurlow's. 'Great Brunswick' is, of course, George III.; and 'Cornwall' the then Prince of Wales.

But hail, ye lost Athenians !
Hail also, ye Armenians !
Hail once ye Greeks, ye Romans, Carthaginians !
Twice hail ye Turks, and thrice ye Abyssinians !
Hail too, O Lapland, with thy squirrels airy !
Hail, Commerce catching Tipperary !
Hail, wonder working Magi !
Hail Ourang-Outang ! Hail Anthropophagi !
Hail, all ye cabinets of every state,
From poor Marino's Hill, to Catherine's empire great !
All, all have chiefs, who speak, who write, who seem to
think,
Caermarthens, Sydneys, Rutlands, paper, pens, and ink.

. . . .

Now shall the Levee's ease thy soul unbend,
Fatigued with Royalty's severer care,
Oh ! happy Few ! whom brighter stars befriend ;
Who catch the chat, the witty whisper share
Methinks I hear,
In accents clear,
Great Brunswick's voice still vibrate on my ear,
'What ? what ?—what !
'Scott ! Scott ! Scott !
'Hot !—hot ! hot !
'What ? what ? what !'
Oh ! fancy quick ! Oh ! judgment true !
Oh ! sacred oracle of regal state !
So hasty and so generous too !
Not one of all thy questions will an answer wait !
Vain, vain, oh Muse, thy feeble art,
To paint the beauties of that head and heart !
That heart, where all the virtues join !
That head, that hangs on many a sign ! . . .

Hoot ! hoot awaw !
Hoot ! hoot awaw !
Ye lawland Bards ! hoo are ye aw ?
What are your sangs ? what aw your lair to boot ?
Vain are your thowghts the prize to win,
Sae dight your gobs, and stint your senseless din ;
Hoot ! hoot awaw ! hoot ! hoot !
Put oot aw your Attic feires,
Burn your lutes, and brek your leyres ;
A looder, and a looder note I'll strike :—
Na watter drawghts fra' Helicon I need,
Na will I mount your winged steed.
I'll mount the Hanoverian horse, and ride him whare I leike.

Ye lairdly fowk ! wha form the coortly ring,
Coom ! lend your lugs, and listen wheil I sing !
Ye canny maidens tee ! wha aw the wheile
Sa sweetly luik, sa sweetly smeile ;
Coom hither aw ! and roond me thrang,
Wheil I lug oot my peips, and gi' ye aw a canty sang.

. . . . . .

Awake, Hibernian lyre, awake,
To harmony thy strings attune,
O *teach* their trembling tongues to speak
The glories of the fourth of June

. . . . . .

Damnation seize ye all,
Who puff, who thrum, who bawl and squail ;
Fir'd with ambitious hopes in vain,
The wreath, that blooms for other brows, to gain.
Is Thurlow yet so little known ?

'Mr Mac Pherson,' declared to be 'a chief writer on the Government side,' was caricatured both in prose and in verse ; part of the prose ran thus :

Cornwall leaped from his throne and screamed. The Friends of *Guelfo* hung their Heads. How were the mighty fallen !—Lift up thy face, *Dundasso*, like the brazen shield of thy chieftain ! Thou art bold to confront disgrace, and shame is unknown to thy brow,—but tender is the youth of thy leader ; who droopeth his head like a faded lily—leave not *Pitto* in the day of defeat, when the Chiefs of the Counties fly from him like the herd from the galled Deer.

And this ode is described as 'a Duan in the true Ossianic sublimity :'

Does the wind touch thee, O Harp ?
Or is it some passing ghost ?
Is it thy hand
Spirit of the departed *Scrutiny*
Bring me the Harp, pride of Chatham !
Snow is on thy bosom,
Maid of the modest eye !
A song shall rise !
Every soul shall depart at the sound ! ! !
The wither'd thistle shall crown my head ! ! !
I behold thee, O King !
I behold thee sitting on mist ! ! !
Thy form is like a watery cloud,
Singing in the deep like an oyster ! ! !
Thy face is like the beam of the setting moon !
Thy eyes are of two decaying flames !
Thy nose is like the spear of Rollo ! ! !
Thy ears are like three bossy shields ! ! !
Strangers shall rejoice at thy chin !
The ghosts of dead Tories shall hear me
In their airy Hall !
The wither'd thistle shall crown my head !
Bring me the Harp,
Son of Chatham !
But Thou, O King ! give me the launce !

Collected editions of *The Rolliad*, *Probationary Odes*, and *Political Eclogues and Miscellanies* appeared in 1785 and subsequently ; the twenty-second edition was dated 1812. The authorship of the various pieces in the *Rolliad* was discussed at length in vols. ii. and iii. of the First Series of *Notes and Queries*, and see an article in *St Paul's*, vol. v. (1870).

George Canning (1770–1827), the scion of an old Anglo-Irish family long settled at Garvagh in County Derry, was born in London ; his father, having quarrelled with his family over his marriage, tried poetry, pamphleteering, and law without success, and died leaving his wife, with a one-year-old baby, to make a struggle to live as an actress. The boy, however, was sent by a banker uncle to Eton and Christ Church ; and after a time at Lincoln's Inn, when according to Scott's story he was startled out of revolutionary sympathies by a visit from Godwin (see page 702), entered Parliament as a supporter of Pitt in 1796. In two years he had made himself famous as a parliamentary orator, and formidable as the ruling spirit of the *Anti-Jacobin*. In 1804 he became Pitt's Secretary of the Navy. In or out of office he was a most conspicuous figure till, in 1822 on the death of Castlereagh, with whom he had fought a duel in 1809, he became Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and helped to make history. At home he was disliked by reformers as a supporter of oppressive measures ; his foreign policy was branded as revolutionary. Tories suspected him of leanings to Liberalism ; to Liberals he was always a Tory. Eldon and Wellington in his own camp disliked him, and his contemptuous criticisms of all who differed from him made him many enemies. He supported Catholic emancipation, asserted British independence against the Holy Alliance, promoted commerce by mitigating the protective-prohibitive system, prepared the way for the repeal of the Corn Laws, worked with France and Russia for Greek independence, supported Portugal against Spain, and (though both Castlereagh and Wellington admitted the *de facto* independence) was the first to recognise the free states of South America. In 1827 he became Prime Minister with the aid of the Whigs ; but his health gave way under the cares of office, and he died within six months, in the same room where Fox had breathed his last. He was a master of polished eloquence, of incisive logic, of trenchant wit, of brilliant rhetoric ; but had not the power of convincing and persuading that his great predecessors Pitt and Burke and Fox exercised, though Cornewall Lewis thought that Canning as an orator had never been surpassed, perhaps never equalled, and Mackintosh ranked him above Pitt.

More famous than his speeches are his contributions to *The Anti-Jacobin or Weekly Examiner*, a strenuously satirical and powerful organ of Conservative opinion in prose and verse, begun in November 1797, and carried on in dead earnest even when at its wittiest till the July of next year. Canning was the master-spirit, but he had Gifford for editor, and amongst his principal collaborators George Ellis and Hookham Frere; Pitt, too, may have lent a hand. The Whig *Rolliad* had been rollicking, broadly humorous, at times coarse and offensively personal; but it aimed more at fun than at the destruction of error and the dissemination of truth. These were distinctly amongst the aims of the *Anti-Jacobin*, and there is therefore some excuse for a measure of bitterness and even ferocity both in defence and assault, which cannot be attributed solely to Gifford. The *Anti-Jacobin* stood up for the English constitution against all foes, domestic and foreign, especially against French republicans and their friends; for Christianity and the Church of England against innovators, freethinkers, Dissenters, and atheists; for common-sense against the poetry and philosophy of Erasmus Darwin; for English humour and taste against the false and feeble sentiment, silly rodomontade, lax morality, pointless dramatic construction, and general imbecility the Tory wits (from imperfect knowledge) conceived to be characteristically German. The management was sometimes, as might be expected, undiscriminating and unfair in the selection of persons to be attacked. Thus 'Coleridge and Southey, Lloyd and Lamb and Co.,' are invoked, along with 'Paine, Williams, Godwin, Holcroft,' and 'all creeping creatures venomous and low,' to worship the revolutionary Lepaux. It is not singular that Southey should at this time have been denounced as an incendiary, or that Helen Maria Williams should have been very disrespectfully alluded to. Coleridge never admitted that he was fairly treated in these references, and even when a high Tory, continued to resent the inclusion in this connection of poor Charles Lamb's name.

In the *Anti-Jacobin* for 1802 there is a commendatory notice of the poem called *The Infidel and Christian Philosopher*, contrasting the deathbeds of Voltaire and Addison; the long extract on Voltaire's end begins thus

> View yon pale wretch who late with haughty pride
> Like you his Saviour and his God deny'd,
> Mark how his fiery eyeballs, glaring roll,
> And shew the anguish of his tortur'd soul;

and Voltaire is made to bewail his blasphemies and in abject terror implore the sovereign mercy which he scorned before.

The same number, reviewing a volume of poetry 'by the author of *Gebir*,' repudiates 'all knowledge of the former productions of this notable bard' named on the title (including *The Phocæans* and *Chrysaor*), but pronounces this 'the most arrant doggrell as ever poor critic was compelled to regard. In short, worse lines and worse principles were seldom if ever united in one poor volume . . . This *fustian* probably comes from one of the dissenting manufactories at Warwick.'

A good deal of difficulty has been found in fixing the authorship of the various contributions to the *Anti-Jacobin*, which were of course anonymously published; many of the best were the joint work of two or more of the band. Some of the very best were undoubtedly wholly or almost wholly Canning's work. Amongst these are generally reckoned the prospectus; the inscription for the cell of Mrs Brownrigg, the murderer; the second and third parts of *The Loves of the Triangles*; *The Needy Knife-Grinder*; the second and third parts of *The Progress of Man*; and *The New Morality*. Canning shared with Ellis and Frere in the play of *The Rovers* with its English heroes Puddingfield and Beefington, meant to ridicule German plays generally, though in truth it has little relevance to any actual German work; and the 'Song of Rogero' is apparently his, though it is said Pitt added the last verse.

GEORGE CANNING.

From the Bust by Sir Francis Chantrey in the National Portrait Gallery.

The Brownrigg poem caricatured Southey's inscription for the cell of Henry Marten, the parliamentarian regicide, at Chepstow; the 'Friend of Humanity' was the Irish Whig M.P., Tierney; the *Progress of Man* satirised Payne Knight's *Progress of Civil Society*; and the *Loves of the Triangles* was the too amazingly effective caricature of Erasmus Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*—it killed Darwin's poem and blasted his laurels. Indeed, it might be argued that the *Anti-Jacobin* helped greatly to put all didactic poetry out of fashion, and so, in spite of its politics and literary principles, to promote a new era in literature and a taste diametrically opposed to that of the eighteenth century.

From the *New Morality* come the often quoted lines

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe;
Bold I can meet, perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend!

as also the couplet—

A steady Patriot of the World alone,
The Friend of every Country—but his own.

Inscription for the Door of the Cell in Newgate, where Mrs Brownrigg, the Prentice-cide, was confined previous to her execution.

For one long term, or ere her trial came,
Here Brownrigg linger'd. Often have these cells
Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice
She screamed for fresh Geneva. Not to her
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
St Giles, its fair varieties expand;
Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart, she went
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?
She whipp'd two female prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal-hole. For her mind
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes!
Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine
Of the Orthyan goddess he bade flog
The little Spartans; such as erst chastised
Our Milton when at college. For this act
Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws! But time shall come
When France shall reign, and laws be all repeal'd!

From 'The Progress of Man.'

Lo! the rude savage, free from civil strife,
Keeps the smooth tenour of his guiltless life;
Restrain'd by none save Nature's lenient laws,
Quaffs the clear stream, and feeds on hips and haws.
Light to his daily sports behold him rise!
The bloodless banquet health and strength supplies.
Bloodless not long—one morn he haps to stray
Through the lone wood—and close beside the way
Sees the gaunt tiger tear his trembling prey;
Beneath whose gory fangs a leveret bleeds,
Or pig—such pig as fertile China breeds.

Struck with the sight, the wondering Savage stands,
Rolls his broad eyes, and clasps his lifted hands!
Then restless roams—and loaths his wonted food;
Shuns the salubrious stream, and thirsts for blood.

By thought matur'd, and quicken'd by desire
New arts, new arms, his wayward wants require.
From the tough yew a slender branch he tears,
With self-taught skill the twisted grass prepares;
Th' unfashion'd bow with labouring efforts bends
In circling form, and joins th' unwilling ends.
Next some tall reed he seeks—with sharp-edg'd stone
Shapes the fell dart, and points with whiten'd bone.

Then forth he fares. Around in careless play,
Kids, fawns, and lambkins unsuspecting stray.
With grim delight he views the sportive band,
Intent on blood, and lifts his murderous hand.
Twangs the bent bow—resounds the fateful dart,
Swift-wing'd, and trembles in a porker's heart.

Ah! hapless porker! what can now avail
Thy back's stiff bristles, or thy curly tail?
Ah! what avail those eyes so small and round,
Long pendent ears, and snout that loves the ground?

Not unreveng'd thou diest! In after times
From thy spilt blood shall spring unnumber'd crimes.
Soon shall the slaught'rous arms that wrought thy woe,
Improv'd by malice, deal a deadlier blow;
When *Civil* Man shall pant for nobler game,
And 'gainst his fellow man the vengeful weapon aim.

As love, as gold, as jealousy inspires,
As wrathful hate or wild ambition fires,
Urged by the statesman's craft, the tyrant's rage,
Embattled nations endless wars shall wage,
Vast seas of blood the ravaged fields shall stain,
And millions perish—that a *King* may reign!

For blood once shed, new wants and wishes rise;
Each rising want invention quick supplies.
To roast his victuals is Man's next desire,
So two dry sticks he rubs, and lights a fire;
Hail fire! &c. &c.

From 'The Loves of the Triangles.'

And first, the fair Parabola behold
Her timid arms with virgin blush unfold!
Though on one *Focus* fix'd, her eyes betray
A heart that glows with love's resistless sway,
Though, climbing oft, she strive with bolder grace
Round his tall neck to clasp her fond embrace,
Still ere she reach it, from his polish'd side
Her trembling hands in devious *Tangents* glide.

In *The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder*, generally called, from the first line, *The Needy Knife-grinder*, Canning ridicules the youthful Jacobin effusions of Southey, in which, he says, it was sedulously inculcated that there was a natural and eternal warfare between the poor and the rich. The Sapphic rhymes of Southey afforded a tempting subject for ludicrous parody, and lest he should be suspected of painting from fancy, Canning quoted the following stanza:

Cold was the night-wind: drifting fast the snows fell;
Wide were the downs, and shelterless and naked;
When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey,
Weary and way sore.

The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder.

Fr. of H. Needy Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is your road, your wheel is out of order:
Bleak blows the blast—your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches!

Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, 'Knives and
Scissors to grind O!'

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire, or parson of the parish,
Or the attorney?

Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

K. G. Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.

F. of H. I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first—
Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to ven-
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded, [geance;
Spiritless outcast!

[*Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*]

Song of Rogero, in 'The Rovers.'

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

[*Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds.*]

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in!—
Alas, Matilda *then* was true!
At least I thought so at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

[*At the repetition of this line, Rogero clanks his chains in cadence.*]

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languished at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-
tor, law professor at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in:
Here doomed to starve on water gru-
el, never shall I see the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

[*During the last stanza, Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison; and, finally, so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops, the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.*]

There is a Memoir prefixed to Canning's Speeches edited by Therry (6 vols. 1828). A. Stapleton's *Political Life of Canning* (1831) and *George Canning and his Times* (1859) are perhaps too eulogistic; there is a masterly sketch in Lord Dalling's *Historical Characters* (1867). See also the short Life by Frank H. Hill (1887), and his *Official Correspondence*, edited by E. J. Stapleton (2 vols. 1887). *The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin* was separately published in 1801, and, with explanatory notes, by Charles Edmonds ([illegible]).

John Hookham Frere (1769-1846) was born in London of a good old East Anglian family, was the son of an accomplished antiquary, and was educated at Eton and Caius College, Cambridge. He next entered the Foreign Office, and from 1796 to 1802 was member for the Cornish pocket-borough of West Looe. Along with his old schoolfellow Canning, he gave steady support to Pitt's Government, and contributed to the *Anti-Jacobin* (1797-98), whose editor was Gifford, and many of whose best pieces were the conjoint work of Canning and Frere, sometimes also of Ellis. Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs (1799), Frere was appointed envoy to Portugal (1800), and then twice Minister to Spain (1802-4; 1808-9), where he was much blamed for his conduct to Sir John Moore. He was recalled after the retreat to Corunna, and renounced public life, twice refusing the offer of a peerage. By his father's death in 1807 he succeeded to the Roydon property near Diss; in 1816 he married the Dowager-Countess of Erroll; and in 1818, for her health's sake, they settled at Malta. She died there in 1831 (ten months before Scott's well-known meeting with Frere); and Frere himself fifteen years later. In 1817 Mr Murray published a small poetical volume under the eccentric title of *Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work, by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers. Intended to comprise the most Interesting Particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table.* The world was surprised to find, under this odd disguise, a happy effort further to naturalise in English the gay *ottava rima* of Berni, Casti, and their imitators in Italian. The brothers Whistlecraft formed, it was quickly seen, but the mask of some scholarly wit belonging to the higher circles of society. To two cantos published in 1817 a third and fourth were added the following year. The description of Arthur and his knights at Carlisle shows the characteristic vein:

They looked a manly generous generation;
Beards, shoulders, eyebrows, broad, and square, and thick,
Their accents firm and loud in conversation,
Their eyes and gestures eager, sharp, and quick,

Shewed them prepared, on proper provocation,
To give the lie, pull noses, stab and kick;
And for that very reason, it is said,
They were so very courteous and well bred.

In a wild valley near Carlisle, poetically described, lived a race of giants. The giants having attacked and carried off some ladies on their journey to court, the knights deem it their duty to set out in pursuit; and having overcome the oppressors, they relieve the captives from durance:

The ladies? They were tolerably well,
At least as well as could have been expected:
Many details I must forbear to tell;
Their toilet had been very much neglected;
But by supreme good luck it so befell,
That when the castle's capture was effected,
When those vile cannibals were overpowered,
Only two fat duennas were devoured.

Near the valley of the giants was an abbey, containing fifty friars, 'fat and good,' long on good terms with their neighbours. The giants, naturally fond of music, would sometimes approach the sacred pile:

And oft that wild untutored race would draw,
Led by the solemn sound and sacred light,
Beyond the bank, beneath a lonely shaw,
To listen all the livelong summer night,
Till deep, serene, and reverential awe
Environed them with silent calm delight,
Contemplating the minster's midnight gleam,
Reflected from the clear and glassy stream.

But chiefly, when the shadowy moon had shed
O'er woods and waters her mysterious hue,
Their passive hearts and vacant fancies fed
With thoughts and aspirations strange and new,
Till their brute souls with inward working bred
Dark hints that in the depths of instinct grew
Subjective—not from Locke's associations,
Nor David Hartley's doctrine of vibrations.

Unhappily this happy state of things is broken up by the introduction of a ring of bells into the abbey, a kind of music to which the giants had an insurmountable aversion:

Meanwhile the solemn mountains that surrounded
The silent valley where the convent lay,
With tintinnabular uproar were astounded
When the first peal burst forth at break of day.
Feeling their granite ears severely wounded,
They scarce knew what to think or what to say;
And though large mountains commonly conceal
Their sentiments, dissembling what they feel,

Yet Cader-Gibbrish from his cloudy throne
To huge Loblommon gave an intimation
Of this strange rumour, with an awful tone,
Thundering his deep surprise and indignation;
The lesser hills, in language of their own,
Discussed the topic by reverberation;
Discoursing with their echoes all day long,
Their only conversation was, 'ding-dong.'

These giant mountains inwardly were moved,
But never made an outward change of place;
Not so the mountain giants (as beloved
A more alert and locomotive race);
Hearing a clatter which they disapproved,
They ran straight forward to besiege the place,
With a discordant universal yell,
Like house-dogs howling at a dinner-bell.

Meanwhile a monk, Brother John by name, who had opposed the introduction of the bells, has gone, in a fit of disgust with his brethren, to amuse himself with the rod at a neighbouring stream:

A mighty current, unconfined and free,
Ran wheeling round beneath the mountain's shade,
Battering its wave-worn base; but you might see
On the near margin many a watery glade,
Becalmed beneath some little island's lee
All tranquil and transparent, close embayed;
Reflecting in the deep serene and even
Each flower and herb, and every cloud of heaven;

The painted kingfisher, the branch above her,
Stand in the steadfast mirror fixed and true;
Anon the fitful breezes brood and hover,
Freshening the surface with a rougher hue;
Spreading, withdrawing, pausing, passing over,
Again returning to retire anew:
So rest and motion in a narrow range,
Feasted the sight with joyous interchange.

Brother John becomes aware of the approach of the giants in time to run home and give the alarm; and after stout resistance by the monks, the giants at length withdraw from the scene of action. It finally appears that the pagans have retired in order to make the attack upon the ladies which had formerly been described. The *ottava rima* had already been used by the Scottish poet Tennant in his *Anster Fair*; but it was Whistlecraft's clever combination of absurdity and sense, burlesque and real poetry in the measure, that showed Byron what an admirable instrument it was. He wrote *Beppo* in imitation of Frere's work, and imitated much more than the verse; and *Don Juan* was a still more masterly development of the same method and measure.

His friends credit him with writing the greater part of *The Loves of the Triangles* in the *Anti-Jacobin* (see page 673), and with a share in *The Knife-grinder* as well as in *The Rovers*. His translation of *The Battle of Brunanburh* (1801) for Ellis's *Specimens* was a foretaste of his wonderful skill in this way. But Frere's most serious and permanent contribution to English literature was made in his masterly translations of the 'Frogs,' 'Acharnians,' 'Knights,' and 'Birds' of Aristophanes, privately printed at Malta in 1839, but first made known through an article by Sir G. Cornewall Lewis in the *Classical Museum* for 1847. It is universally admitted that these renderings—free versions rather than strict translations—are masterpieces of a difficult art, and in a specially difficult department—the transfer into modern English verse, somewhat of the original type, of ancient Greek wit, humour, satire, racy phraseology, ringing rhythms, and verbal felicities innumerable.

Scene from the 'Acharnians.'

Enter a MEGARIAN *with his* [illegible]

Megarian. Ah, there's the Athenian market! Heaven
I say, the welcomest sight to a Megarian. [bless it.
I've looked for it, and longed for it, like a child
For its own mother. You, my daughters, come,
Disastrous offspring of a dismal sire,
List to my words; and let them sink impressed
Upon your empty stomachs; now's the time [illegible]
[illegible]
Therefore resolve at once, and answer me,
Will you be sold abroad, or starve at home?
Daughters. Let us be sold, papa! Let us be sold!
Meg. I say so too; but who do you think will purchase
Such useless [illegible] commodities?
However, I have a notion of my own,
A true Megarian notion, [illegible]
Dress ye like pigs, [illegible]
Here, take these, and put them on. Remember now,
Show yourselves [illegible]
Like decent pigs, [illegible] Mercury,
If I'm obliged to take you back to Megara,
There you shall starve worse than you did before.
This pair of [illegible]
And crawl into the sack there on the ground.
Mind ye! Remember [illegible]
And racket [illegible]
And I'll call out for Dicaeopolis.
Ho, Dicaeopolis, Dicaeopolis!
I say, would you please to buy some pretty pigs?
Dic. [illegible] What's there? a Megarian?
Meg. [*sneaking*] Yes, we're come to market.
Dic. How goes it with you?
Meg. [illegible]
Dic. [illegible]
That [illegible]
A pretty [illegible]
But what else are you doing?
Meg. What we're doing?
I left our [illegible] contriving
To ruin us utterly without loss of time.
Dic. It's the only way [illegible] keep you out of
Mischief and [illegible] [instead.
Meg. Ay, yes.
Dic. Well, what's your other news? How's corn?
What price?
Meg. Corn? it's above all price: we worship it.
Dic. [illegible]
Meg. [illegible]
Have you not [illegible]
Dic. [illegible]
Have ye got garlic?
Meg. What! Do ye talk of garlic
As if ye had not wasted and destroyed
And [illegible]
Dic. Well, what have ye got then? Tell us! Can't
ye!
Meg. [*in the tone of* [illegible] Pigs!
Pigs truly—pigs forsooth, for sacrifice.
Dic. That's well [illegible]
Meg. Ay, they're handsome ones;
You may feel how heavy they are, if ye hold 'em up.
Dic. Hey day! What's this? What's here?
Meg. A pig to be sure.
Dic. Do ye say so? Where does it come from?
Meg. Come? from Megara.
What, isn't it a pig?
Dic. [illegible]
Meg. Did you ever hear the like? Such an unac-
Suspicious fellow! it is not a pig, he says! [countable
But I'll be judged, I'll bet you a bushel of salt,
It's what we call a proper pig.
Dic. Perhaps it may, but it's a human pig.
Meg. Human! I'm human; and they're mine, that's all.
[illegible]
But come, would you hear 'em speak?
Dic. [illegible]
[illegible]
Meg. [illegible] the time
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Daughter. Wee wee.
Meg. [illegible]
Dic. The pig, do ye call it
It will be a different [illegible]
Meg. [illegible]
Dic. Ay, but [illegible]
Meg. Why so? why won't it do for sacrifice?
Dic. Imperfect! [illegible]
Meg. [illegible] never mind;
It will have [illegible] like all the rest
[illegible]
[illegible]
For a pretty [illegible]
Dic. You won't [illegible] without
the mother?
Meg. [illegible]
Dic. But what [illegible]
Meg. [illegible] give 'em;
[illegible]
Dic. [illegible]
(*Pig squeaks.*) Wee wee.
Dic. Pigs, are ye fond of [illegible]
(*Pig squeaks.*) Wee wee wee wee.
Dic. Are ye fond of figs?
(*Pig squeaks.*) Wee wee [illegible] wee wee wee.
Dic. [illegible] fond of figs?
2nd Pig. Wee wee.
Dic. What a squeak was there! [illegible]
Go somebody, fetch out a [illegible] [the pigs:
For the little pigs! [illegible] I wonder,
[illegible]
How they [illegible] in the name of heaven,
[illegible] already!
Meg. [illegible] there's this one here, I
took myself.
Dic. Well, truly, [illegible]
What shall I give you for 'em? What do ye ask?
Meg. I must have [illegible] for this here,
And the other you may take for a peck of salt.
Dic. I'll keep 'em: wait a moment. [*Ex*[illegible]
Meg. Heaven be praised!
O blessed Mercury, if I could but manage
[illegible]
I'd do it to-morrow, or my mother either.

The Works of Frere in Verse and Prose were published, with a Memoir by his nephew, Sir Bartle Frere, in 1871.

George Ellis (1753-1815), the son of a West Indian planter, was already writing mock-heroics about Bath society in 1777, and next year published *Poetical Tales by Sir Gregory Gander*, which delighted Scott and the world, and are referred to in the fifth canto of *Marmion*, dedicated to Ellis. The young wit, having Whig connections, was one of the most effective members of the *Rolliad* group, and is believed to have written the attack on Pitt, quoted at page 671; but he afterwards changed sides and was a constant contributor to the *Anti-Jacobin*. Attached to a diplomatic mission to the Netherlands, he wrote a history of the Dutch revolution in 1785-87, travelled in France and Italy in 1791, and after 1796 sat in Parliament for Seaford. His labours as the first scholarly editor of *Specimens of the Early English Poets* have been already commemorated in this work (Vol. I. p. 30). The first edition (1790) was greatly extended in 1801, and 1851 saw a fifth edition. His *Specimens of Early English Romances* (1805; 2nd ed. 1811) conferred a further favour on students of literature; and he edited Way's translations of select *Fabliaux* of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries (1796; 3rd ed. 1815). He was a cherished friend of Sir Walter Scott's and a faithful correspondent.

Richard Payne Knight (1750-1824), a wealthy Herefordshire squire, virtuoso, and collector of ancient coins, marbles, and bronzes, was recognised at home and abroad as a high authority on ancient art, and wrote on Greek epigraphy, the symbolism of art, and the like. For a book on the worship of Priapus he was severely handled by Mathias in *The Pursuits of Literature*; his didactic poem on *The Progress of Civil Society* gave occasion to one of the cleverest burlesques in the *Anti-Jacobin*; and his other tedious poem, *The Landscape*, came also in for much uncomplimentary criticism. He made over his collections to the British Museum.

Thomas James Mathias (1754?-1835), author of *The Pursuits of Literature*, was the son of a minor functionary in the queen's household, seems to have been at Eton, and was certainly educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was distinguished as Latinist and verse writer. From the university he passed in 1782 into the queen's service, becoming her treasurer. But in broken health he went to Italy in 1817, and there (mainly about Naples) remained till his death. He was the best Italian scholar England had produced, edited Italian authors, published collections of Italian poems, translated English verse into Italian, and himself wrote Italian poems. He also wrote and published much Latin verse, and he ruined himself by a magnificent edition of Gray's works (1814). From 1780 he made himself known as a satirist in English prose and verse, mainly on the Tory side and against Whigs in Church and State. But it was by the *Pursuits of Literature*, in four verse dialogues, published anonymously between 1794 and 1797 (16th ed. 1812), that he brought himself to bear on his time by audacious satire of literary personages such as Joseph Warton, Parr, Godwin, Payne Knight, and Monk Lewis—several of them victimised also by the *Anti-Jacobin*. Like Gifford's *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, the text was overlaid with elaborate notes; and the poem, in spite of occasional piquant and telling lines or short passages, was ere long voted unconscionable and indiscriminate in its censures and tedious on the whole, and is now little read.

Henry Grattan (1746-1820), born in Dublin, at seventeen entered Trinity College, and embraced the reforming principles of Henry Flood with such ardour that his father, the Recorder of Dublin, disinherited him. At the Middle Temple in London he neglected law for the debates in the House of Commons. In 1772 he was called to the Irish Bar, and in 1775 entered the Irish Parliament as member for Charlemont. Flood had lost his popularity by accepting office under Government, and Grattan leapt at a bound into his place, strove to secure the removal of the restrictions upon Irish trade, and next plunged into a struggle for legislative independence. When in 1782, after the great Convention at Dungannon, the Rockingham Ministry surrendered, the Irish Parliament in gratitude voted Grattan £50,000. But it proved impossible for 'Grattan's Parliament,' so little representative and so much subject to corruption, to rise to real statesmanship. Grattan devoted himself mainly to advocating, in vain, the reform of special abuses. The corruption of the Castle government, the persistent repression of the agitation for Catholic relief (which Grattan, himself a Protestant, warmly supported), and the spirit of discontent generated by the French Revolution fomented the movement of the United Irishmen. Hopeless of his policy and broken by ill-health, Grattan retired on the eve of the rebellion, but returned to take his seat for Wicklow, and bravely to combat the Bill for the Union. Four years after the Union was carried out, he was elected to Westminster as member for Malton in Yorkshire, and for Dublin in the following year. The remaining energies of his life were devoted to the cause of Catholic emancipation. In December 1819 his health began to give way; in the following May he crossed from Dublin, a dying man, to speak once more for the cause; and, dying five days after his arrival, was buried in Westminster Abbey. In April 1782, a month before the English Parliament formally recognised the independence of the Irish Parliament, Grattan began thus one of his most famous speeches:

Irish Parliamentary Independence

I am now to address a free people: ages have passed away, and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by that appellation. I have spoken on the subject of your liberty so often that I have nothing to add, and have only to admire by what Heaven-directed steps you have proceeded until the whole faculty of the nation is braced up to the act of her own deliverance. I found Ireland on her knees; I watched over her with a paternal solicitude; I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift! spirit of Molyneux! your genius has prevailed! Ireland is now a nation! in that new character I hail her! and bowing to her august presence, I say, *Esto perpetua!* She is no longer a wretched colony, returning thanks to her governor for his rapine, and to her king for his oppression; nor is she now a squabbling, fretful sectary, perplexing her little wits and firing her furious statutes with bigotry, sophistry, disabilities, and death, to transmit to posterity insignificance and war. Look to the rest of Europe, and contemplate yourself, and be satisfied. Holland lives on the memory of past achievements; Sweden has lost liberty; England has sullied her great name by an attempt to enslave her colonies. You are the only people—you, of the nations in Europe, are now the only people who excite admiration, and in your present conduct you not only exceed the present generation, but you equal the past. I am not afraid to turn back and look antiquity in the face: the revolution—that great event, whether you call it ancient or modern I know not, was tarnished with bigotry: the great deliverer (for such I must ever call the Prince of Nassau) was blemished with oppression; he assented to, he was forced to assent to, acts which deprived the Catholics of religious, and all the Irish of civil and commercial rights, though the Irish were the only subjects in these islands who had fought in his defence. But you have sought liberty on her own principle: see the Presbyterians of Bangor petition for the freedom of the Catholics of Munster. You, with difficulties innumerable, with dangers not a few, have done what your ancestors wished but could not accomplish, and what your posterity may preserve but will never equal: you have moulded the jarring elements of your country into a nation, and have rivalled those great and ancient commonwealths whom you were taught to admire and among whom you are now to be recorded: in this proceeding you had not the advantages which were common to other great countries; no monuments, no trophies, none of those outward and visible signs of greatness such as inspire mankind and connect the ambition of the age which is coming on with the example of that going off, and form the descent and concatenation of glory: no, you have not had any great act recorded among all your misfortunes, nor have you one public tomb to assemble the crowd, and speak to the living the language of inte[illegible] freedom.

From the Philippic aga[illegible]lood (1783).

With regard to the liberties of America, which were inseparable from ours, I will suppose this gentleman to have been an enemy decided and unreserved; that he voted against her liberty; and voted, moreover, for an address to send 4000 Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans; that he called these butchers 'armed negotiators,' and stood with a metaphor in his mouth and a bribe in his pocket, a champion against the rights of America, the only hope of Ireland, and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind.

Thus defective in every relationship, whether to constitution, commerce, toleration, I will suppose this man to have added much private improbity to public crimes; that his probity was like his patriotism, and his honour on a level with his oath. He loves to deliver panegyrics on himself. I will interrupt him, and say: Sir, you are much mistaken if you think that your talents have been as great as your life has been reprehensible; you began your parliamentary career with an acrimony and personality which could have been justified only by a supposition of virtue: after a rank and clamorous opposition you became on a sudden *silent;* you were silent for seven years: you were silent on the greatest questions, and you were silent for money! In 1773, when a negotiation was pending to sell your talents and your turbulence, you absconded from your duty in parliament, you forsook your law of Poynings, you forsook the questions of economy, and abandoned all the old themes of your former declamation: you were not at that period to be found in the House: you were seen like a guilty spirit haunting the lobby of the House of Commons, watching the moment in which the question should be put, that you might vanish: you were descried with a criminal anxiety retiring from the scenes of your past glory; or you were perceived coasting the upper benches of this House like a bird of prey, with an evil aspect and a sepulchral note, meditating to pounce on its quarry. These ways—they were not the ways of honour—you practised pending a negotiation which was to end either in your sale or your sedition: the former taking place, you supported the rankest measures that ever came before Parliament, the embargo of 1776, for instance. 'O fatal embargo, that breach of law and ruin of commerce!' You supported the unparalleled profusion and jobbing of Lord Harcourt's scandalous ministry—the address to support the American war—the other address to send 4000 men, whom you had yourself declared to be necessary for the defence of Ireland, to fight against the liberties of America, to which you had declared yourself a friend; you, Sir, who delight to utter execrations against the American commissioners of 1778, on account of their hostility to America; you, Sir, who manufacture stage thunder against Mr Eden for his anti-American principles; you, Sir, whom it pleases to chant a hymn to the immortal Hampden; you, Sir, approved of the tyranny exercised against America; and you, Sir, voted 4000 Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans fighting for their freedom, fighting for your freedom, fighting for the great principle, *liberty;* but you found at last (and this should be an eternal lesson to men of your craft and cunning) that the King had only dishonoured you; the Court had bought but would not trust you; and having voted for the worst measures, you remained for seven years the creature of *salary,* without the confidence of Government. Mortified at the discovery, and stung by disappointment, you betake yourself to the sad expedients of duplicity; you try the sorry game of a trimmer in your progress to the acts of an incendiary; you give no honest support either to the Government or the people; you, at the most critical period of their existence, take no part, you sign no non-consumption agreement, you are no volunteer, you oppose no perpetual mutiny bill, no altered sugar bill; you declare that you lament that the declaration of right should have been brought forward; and observing with regard to prince and people the most impartial treachery and desertion, you justify the suspicion of your Sovereign by betraying the Government, as you had sold the people: until at last, by this hollow conduct and for some other steps, the result of mortified ambition, being dismissed, and another person put in your place, you fly to the ranks of the volunteers, and canvass for mutiny: you announce that the country was ruined by other men during that period in which she had been sold by you. Your logic is that the repeal of a declaratory law is not the repeal of a law at all, and the effect of that logic is an English act affecting to emancipate Ireland by exercising over her the legislative authority of the British Parliament. Such has been your conduct, and at such conduct every order of your fellow subjects have a right to exclaim! The merchant may say to you—the constitutionalist may say to you—the American may say to you—and I, I now say, and say it to your beard: Sir, you are not an honest man.

The best collection of Grattan's *Speeches* is by his son, Henry Grattan, M.P. (1822), who also edited his *Miscellaneous Works* (1822) and wrote the standard Life (1839–46). See too Lecky's *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland* (2nd ed. 1872), and an excellent study by Robert Dunlop ('Statesmen' series, 1889).

William Pitt (1759–1806), second son of the great Earl of Chatham, and himself one of the chief of English statesmen, occupies also a high place among English orators. His home education—he never was at a public school—gave him a thorough knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics, while the practice of extempore translation, in which he was exercised by his tutors, fostered greatly what was doubtless the native gift of eloquence. Consequently, when he entered the House of Commons at the age of twenty-one, he was already a finished orator—not so much, according to Burke, 'a chip of the old block,' as 'the old block itself.' Fox hailed him as 'one of the first men in the House,' and in less than three years he had justified the eulogy by becoming Prime Minister. Thenceforward for more than twenty years he remained one of the great triumvirate of English parliamentary orators, along with Fox and Sheridan; for Burke had never been a really popular speaker. The oratorical duels between him and Fox, recurring almost yearly between 1783 and 1801, are among the memorable things in the history of English eloquence. Macaulay, who was certainly no Pittite, acknowledges that while he had 'less amplitude of mind and less richness of imagination than Burke, less ingenuity than Windham, less wit than Sheridan, less perfect mastery of dialectical fence and less of that highest sort of eloquence which consists of reason and passion fused together than Fox,' he was yet, 'by the unanimous judgment of those who were in the habit of listening to that remarkable race of men, placed, as a speaker, above Burke, above Windham, above Sheridan, and not below Fox.' No English Prime Minister ever quoted Latin more copiously or more happily; his thrilling citation of two beautiful Virgilian lines at the close of a great speech on the slave-trade has obtained commemoration in history. The last of all his public utterances, made in the dark days after Austerlitz and Trafalgar, and only a few weeks before his own death, is a masterpiece of brevity. 'England,' he said, 'has saved herself by her energy, and will save Europe by her example.' His parliamentary speeches, from one of which, delivered in 1785, the following extract is taken, were published in four volumes in 1806.

The King's Prerogative.

By what I am now going to say, perhaps I may subject myself to the invidious imputation of being the minister and friend of prerogative; but, Sir, notwithstanding those terms of obloquy with which I am assailed, I will not shrink from avowing myself the friend of the king's just prerogative. Prerogative, Sir, has been justly called a part of the rights of the people, and sure I am it is a part of their rights which the people were never more disposed to defend, of which they never were more jealous than at this hour. Grant only this, that this House has a negative in the appointment of ministers, and you transplant the executive power into this House. Sir, I shall call upon gentlemen to speak out; let them not come to resolution after resolution without stating the grounds on which they act; for there is nothing more dangerous among mixed powers than that one branch of the legislature should attack another by means of hints and auxiliary arguments, urged only in debate, without daring to avow the direct grounds on which they go, and without stating in plain terms on the face of their resolutions, what are their motives, and what are their principles which lead them to come to such resolutions. Above all, Sir, let this House beware of suffering any individual to involve his own cause, and to interweave his own interests in the resolutions of the House of Commons. The dignity of the House is for ever appealed to; let us beware that it is not the dignity of any set of men: let us beware that personal prejudices have no share in deciding these great constitutional questions. The right honourable gentleman is possessed of those enchanting arts whereby he can give grace to deformity; he holds before your eyes a beautiful and delusive image; he pushes it forward to your observation; but as sure as you embrace it, the pleasing vision will vanish, and this fair phantom of liberty will be succeeded by anarchy, confusion, and ruin to the constitution. For in truth, Sir, if the constitutional independence of the crown is thus reduced to the very verge of annihilation, where is the boasted equipoise of the constitution? Where is that balance among the three branches of the legislature which our ancestors have measured out to each with so much precision? Where is the independence—nay, where is even the safety of any one prerogative of the crown, or even of the crown itself, if its prerogative of naming ministers is to be usurped by this House, or if (which is precisely the same thing) its nomination of them is to be negatived by us without stating any one ground of distrust in the men, and without suffering ourselves to have any experience of their measures? Dreadful, therefore, as the conflict is, my conscience, my duty, my fixed regard for the constitution of our ancestors, maintain me still in this arduous situation. It is not any proud contempt or defiance of the constitutional resolutions of this House; it is no personal point of honour; much less is it any lust of power that makes me still cling to office: the situation of the times requires of me, and I will add, the country calls aloud to me, that I should defend this castle; and I am determined, therefore, I will defend it.

Lord Stanhope's *Life of Pitt* (4th ed. 1879) is the best biography, but Lord Macaulay's *Encyclopædia Britannica* article and Earl Rosebery's monograph in the series of *Twelve English Statesmen* are noble estimates.

John Philpot Curran (1750–1817), another great Irish orator, was born at Newmarket in County Cork, and was far from studious at Trinity College, Dublin. From the Middle Temple in London he was called to the Irish Bar in 1775; and his wit and vehement eloquence soon brought him eminence and a large practice. K.C. and a member of the Irish Parliament, he was a strong supporter of Grattan, but was less successful in the House than with the juries, and his sarcastic speeches brought on him no less than five duels. A Protestant himself, he worked hard for the Catholic cause. Both before and after the Irish rebellion of 1798 he was powerful in his defence of those tried for sedition or treason, and his speeches were many of them masterly. He steadily opposed the Union. After Pitt's death and after the accession of the Whigs, Curran was Master of the Rolls in Ireland (1806–14). Thurlow's one famous speech was not more popular or effective than one sentence of Curran's in his speech in defence of Archibald Hamilton Rowan prosecuted by the Government for a seditious libel in 1792. The libel contained this declaration: 'In four words lies all our power—universal emancipation and representative legislature.' 'I speak,' said Curran, 'in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of Universal Emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust: his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of Universal Emancipation.' This memorable utterance may have been suggested by the passage on slavery in Cowper's *Task* (quoted above at page 607), in which occur the lines:

> Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
> Receive our air, that moment they are free;
> They touch our country, and their shackles fall.

But oddly enough British writers seem never to remember that this virtue is not peculiar to British soil. Thus the eminent Scottish jurist, Lord Fountainhall, who was in 1665-66 studying law in Paris, records in his *Diary* the impression made on him by the fact that this maxim as to a slave was true of France: 'Be the lawes of France, let him be a Turk, slave to a Venetien or Spaniard, no sooner sets he his foote on French ground but *ipso facto* he is frie.'

William Cobbett (1762–1835), one of the most skilful and effective writers of strong, racy English, was born at Farnham in Surrey, and brought up as a ploughman. In 1783 he came to London and enlisted; for six years (1785–91) he served as sergeant-major in New Brunswick. He entered on his literary career in Philadelphia as a political pamphleteer under the name of Peter Porcupine, and returning to England in 1800, continued to write as a decided loyalist and High-Churchman. But having, as is supposed, received some slight from Pitt, he attacked the Ministry with extraordinary bitterness in his *Weekly Political Register*. Tory first, it altered its politics in 1804, till at last it 'became the most fierce and determined opponent of the Government, and the most uncompromising champion of Radicalism.' A great lover of the country, Cobbett settled at Botley in Hampshire, where he planted, farmed, and went in for manly sports; a true soldiers' friend, he got two years in Newgate (1810–12), with a fine of £1000, for his strictures on the flogging of militiamen by German mercenaries. In 1817 money muddles and dread of a second imprisonment drove him once more across the Atlantic. He farmed in Long Island, writing all the while for the *Register*, till in 1819 he ventured back again, and came bringing Tom Paine's bones. Botley had to be sold, but he started a seed-farm at Kensington; and bent now on entering Parliament, stood for Coventry (1821) and Preston (1826). Both times he failed; but his ill-advised trial for sedition (1831) was followed next year by

WILLIAM COBBETT.

From an Engraving by W. Ward after J. R. Smith.

his return for Oldham to the first Reformed Parliament. His career there was signalised chiefly by a crack-brained attack on Peel; the late hours were too much for him, and three years later he died at Normanby farm near Guildford, his last home.

Cobbett's inconsistency as a political writer was so broad and undisguised as to become proverbial. He had made the whole round of politics, from ultra-Toryism to ultra Radicalism, and had praised and abused nearly every public man and measure for thirty years. He loathed Whigs and 'mock gentlefolks,' 'loan jobbers, stock jobbers, Jews, and taxeaters of all kinds;' nor did he speak gently of 'great captains,' admirals, or parsons 'deans, I believe, or prebends (*sic*), or something of that sort.' He was always confident and boastful, often coarse and virulent; and one becomes tired of having his pet prejudices cited as maxims of universal acceptance, of hearing London always referred to as 'the Wen,' and of seeing the poverty of the labourers attributed simply to the existence of paper money. Colonies such as New Brunswick are a mere source of aimless expense, wildernesses useless save as places to which to send barrack masters, chaplains, and commissioners at the public expense. So far from the population of England having increased during the last twenty years, as the census made out, it was evident, he said, to any rational mind, from deserted villages and empty country churches, 'that in the time of the Plantagenets England was out of all comparison more populous than it is now.' He truly sympathised with the poor, and denounced the Reformation for having made over the monastic provision for them to greedy nobles. He had a keen eye, a powerful intellect, and a sharp and frank tongue. And he loved to write of the meadows and green lanes of England, rejoiced in noble trees (not 'nasty firs') and beautiful landscapes, pined in America for the English singing birds, and keenly felt the poetry of nature. The idiomatic strength, copiousness, and purity of his English style are patent, and he is often extraordinarily happy in his natural descriptions. But his perversity in literary matters proceeded at least as much from obtuseness as from love of paradox. 'It has become of late years the fashion to extol the virtues of potatoes as it has been to admire the writings of Milton and Shakespeare.' He wonders how *Paradise Lost* could have been tolerated by a people conversant with astronomy, navigation, and chemistry. And when in his old age he did set himself to try and read Shakespeare, he found some things to please him, but much more he did not like at all; and concludes, 'in short, I despised the book, and wondered how any one could like it.' Jeremy Bentham said of him: 'He is a man filled with *odium humani generis*; his malevolence and lying are beyond anything.' The philosopher (also a Radical) did not make sufficient allowance for Cobbett, who acted on momentary impulse, and never calculated consequences to himself or others. No man in England was better known than Cobbett, down to the minutest circumstance in his character, habits, and opinions. He wrote freely of himself as he did of his fellows; and in all his writings there was overflowing natural freshness, liveliness, and vigour. He had the truly great writer's power of making every one who read him feel and understand completely what he himself felt and described.

Cobbett's unsurpassed *Rural Rides* (new edition, with notes by Pitt Cobbett, 1885) were a reprint (1830) from the *Register*, and followed or were followed by the excellent and entertaining *English Grammar* (181), the savage *History of the Reformation in England and Ireland* (1824–27), the *Woodlands* (1825), the shrewd, homely *Advice to Young Men* (1830), *A Legacy to Parsons*, *Cobbett's Tour in Scotland*, *A History of George IV.*, and some thirty other works; and he was the originator of the publications ultimately known as Hansard's *Debates* (1803; passed to Hansard in 1812) and Howell's *State Trials* (1809).

The first extract is from the introduction to the *Reformation*, the following from the *Rural Rides* and other reminiscences.

A Valediction.

Here I had signed my name, and was about to put the date. It was on its way from my mind to my hand, when I stopped my hand all at once and exclaimed: 'Good God! the ninth of July! the anniversary of my sentence of two years' imprisonment in a felon's gaol, with a fine of a thousand pounds to the King, and, at the end of the two years, with seven years' bail, myself in three thousand pounds and two sureties in a thousand pounds each; and all this monstrous punishment for having expressed my indignation at Englishmen having been flogged, in the heart of England, under a guard of German troops! Good God!' exclaimed I again. 'What! am I, on the anniversary of that day, which called forth the exultation of the Hampshire parsons, who (though I had never committed any offence, in private life, against any one of them) crowed out aloud, in the fulness of their joy, "Ha! he's gone for ever! He will never trouble us any more!" and who, in a spirit truly characteristic of their corps, actually had, as a standing toast, "Disgrace to the Memory of Cobbett!" What!' exclaimed I again, 'and am I, on the anniversary of that very day, putting the finishing hand; yea, sending from under my fingers to the press, the last, the very last words, the completing words, the closing point, of the work which does the job for them and for all their tribe; of the former part of which work I, myself, have sold forty thousand copies, containing six hundred and forty thousand Numbers; and which work is now sold in English, in two Stereotyped Editions in the United States of America; which work has been published at Madrid and at New York in *Spanish*, at Paris, Geneva, and Alost in *French*, at Cologne in *German*, and at Rome in *Italian*; and all this took place just about sixteen years after these Hampshire parsons had taken for a standing toast: "Disgrace to the Memory of Cobbett"!' And, then, feeling health and vigour in every vein and in every nerve; seeing, lying before me, manuscript (equal to twenty pages of print) written by me this very day; knowing the effects which, in the end, that manuscript must have on these parsons, and the great good that it must do to the nation; reflecting, feeling, seeing, knowing, thus, it is that I, in justice to our pious, sincere, brave, and wise forefathers, and in compassion to my suffering countrymen, and to the children of us all, send this little volume forth to the world.

A Hampshire Hanger

At Bower I got instructions to go to Hawkley, but accompanied with most earnest advice not to go that way, for that it was impossible to get along. The roads were represented as so bad; the floods so much out; the hills and bogs so dangerous; that, really, I began to doubt; and, if I had not been brought up amongst the clays of the Holt Forest and the bogs of the neighbouring heaths, I should certainly have turned off to my right, to go over Hindhead, great as was my objection to going that way. "Well, then," said my friend at Bower, "if you *will* go that way, by G—, you must go down '*Hawkley Hanger*';" of which he then gave me such a description! But even this I found to fall short of the reality. I inquired simply whether *people were in the habit of going down it*; and, the answer being in the affirmative, on I went through green lanes and bridle-ways till I came to the turnpike-road from Petersfield to Winchester, which I crossed, going into a narrow and almost untrodden green lane, on the side of which I found a cottage. Upon my asking the way to *Hawkley*, the woman at the cottage said, "Right up the lane, sir: you'll come to a hanger presently: you must take care, sir: you can't ride down: will your horses go alone?"

On we trotted up this pretty green lane; and indeed, we had been coming gently and generally up hill for a good while. The lane was between highish banks and pretty high stuff growing on the banks, so that we could see no distance from us, and could receive not the smallest hint of what was so near at hand. The lane had a little turn towards the end; so that, out we came, all in a moment, at the very edge of the hanger! And, never, in all my life, was I so surprised and so delighted! I pulled up my horse, and sat and looked; and it was like looking from the top of a castle down into the sea, except that the valley was land and not water. I looked at my servant to see what effect this unexpected sight had upon him. His surprise was as great as mine, though he had been bred amongst the North Hampshire hills. Those who had so strenuously dwelt on the dirt and dangers of this route, had said not a word about beauties, the matchless beauties of the scenery. These hangers are woods on the sides of very steep hills. The trees and underwood *hang*, in some sort, to the ground, instead of *standing on* it. Hence these places are called *Hangers*. From the summit of that which I had now to descend, I looked down upon the villages of Hawkley, Greatham, Selborne and some others.

From the south-east, round, southward, to the north-west, the main valley has cross-valleys running out of it, the hills on the sides of which are very steep, and, in many parts, covered with wood. The hills that form these cross-valleys run out into the main valley, like piers into the sea. Two of these promontories, of great height, are on the west side of the main valley, and were the first objects that struck my sight when I came to the edge of the hanger, which was on the south. The ends of these promontories are nearly perpendicular, and their tops so high in the air that you cannot look at the village below without something like a feeling of apprehension. The leaves are all off, the hop-poles are in stack, the fields have little verdure; but, while the spot is beautiful beyond description even now, I must leave to imagination to suppose what it is when the trees and hangers and hedges are in leaf, the corn waving, the meadows bright, and the hops upon the poles!

From the south-west, round, eastward, to the north, lie the heaths, of which Woolmer Forest makes a part, and these go gradually rising up to Hindhead, the crown of which is to the north-west, leaving the rest of the circle (the part from north to north-west) to be occupied by a continuation of the valley towards Headley, Binstead, Frensham and the Holt Forest. So that even the contrast in the view from the top of the hanger is as great as can possibly be imagined. Men, however, are not to have such beautiful views as this without some trouble. We had had the view; but we had to go down the hanger. We had, indeed, some roads to get along, as we found afterwards; but we had to get down the hanger first. The horses took the lead, and crept partly down upon their feet and partly upon their hocks. It was extremely slippery too; for the soil [illegible] marl, or, as they call it here, maume, or mame, which is, when wet, very much like [illegible]. In [illegible] I should keep on [illegible] when I [illegible] I descended [illegible] taking hold [illegible] have them down. When we got to the bottom, I [illegible] my man, when he should [illegible] to tell [illegible] there that *[illegible]* [illegible] place of [illegible] walk. [illegible], however, was not [illegible] by no means [illegible] never [illegible].

After crossing a little field and going through a farm-yard, we came into a lane, which was at once road and river. We found a hard bottom, however; and when we got out of the water, we got into a lane with high banks. The banks were quarries of white stone, like Portland stone, and the bed of the road was of the same stone; and the rains having been heavy for nearly a year before, the whole was as clean as washed as the steps of a fund-holder or dead-weight doorway in one of the Squares of the *Wen*. Here were we, then, going along a stone road with stone banks, and yet the underwood and trees grew well upon the tops of the banks. In the solid stone beneath us, there were a horse-track and wheel-tracks, the former about three and the latter about six inches deep. How many many ages it must have taken the horses' feet, the wheels, and the water to wear down this stone so as to form a hollow way! The horses seemed alarmed at their situation; they trod with fear; but they took us along very nicely, and at last got us safe into the indescribable dirt and mire of the road from Hawkley Green to Greatham. Here the bottom of all the land is this solid white stone, and the top is that *mame* which I have before described. The hop-roots penetrate down into this stone. How deep the stone may go I know not; but when I came to look up at the end of one of the piers, or promontories, mentioned above, I found that it was all of this same stone.

A Tavern Dinner.

Having laid my plan to sleep at Andover last night, I went with two Farnham friends, Messrs Knowles and West, to dine at the ordinary at the George Inn, which is kept by one Sutton, a rich old fellow, who wore a round skirted sleeved fustian waistcoat, with a dirty white apron tied round his middle, and with no coat on; having a look the *eagerest* and the *sharpest* that I ever saw in any set of features in my whole life time; having an air of authority and of mastership which, to a stranger, as I was, seemed quite incompatible with the meanness of his dress and the vulgarity of his manners: and there being, visible to every beholder, constantly going on in him a pretty even contest between the servility of avarice and the insolence of wealth. A great part of the farmers and other fair-people having gone off home, we found preparations made for dining only about ten people. But after we sat down, and it was seen that we designed to dine, guests came in apace, the preparations were augmented, and as many as could dine came and dined with us.

After the dinner was over, the room became fuller and fuller; guests came in from the other inns, where they had been dining, till at last the room became as full as possible in every part, the door being opened, the doorway blocked up, and the stairs leading to the room crammed from bottom to top. In this state of things, Mr Knowles, who was our chairman, gave my *health*, which, of course, was followed by a *speech*; and, as the reader will readily suppose, to have an opportunity of making a speech was the main motive for my going to dine at *an inn*, at any hour, and especially at *seven o'clock* at night. In this speech I, after descanting on the present devastating ruin, and on those successive acts of the Ministers and the parliament by which such ruin had been produced; after remarking on the shuffling, the tricks, the contrivances from 1797 up to last March, I proceeded to offer to the company *my reasons* for believing that no attempt would be made to relieve the farmers and others, by putting out the paper money again, as in 1822, or by a bank restriction. Just as I was stating these my reasons, on a prospective matter of such deep interest to my hearers, amongst whom were land owners, land-renters, cattle and sheep dealers, hop and cheese producers and merchants, and even one, two, or more country bankers; just as I was engaged in stating *my reasons* for my opinion on a matter of such vital importance to the parties present, who were all listening to me with the greatest attention; just at this time a noise was heard, and a sort of row was taking place in the passage, the cause of which was, upon inquiry, found to be no less a personage than our landlord, our host Sutton, who, it appeared, finding that my speech making had cut off, or at least suspended, all intercourse between the dining, now become a drinking, room and the *bar*; who, finding that I had been the cause of a great 'restriction' in the 'exchange' of our money for his 'neat' 'genuine' commodities downstairs, and being, apparently, an ardent admirer of the 'liberal' system of 'free trade;' who, finding, in short, or rather supposing, that if my tongue were not stopped from running, his taps would be, had, though an old man, fought, or, at least, forced his way up the thronged stairs and through the passage and doorway, into the room, and was (with what breath the struggle had left him) beginning to bawl out to me, when some one called to him, and told him that he was causing an interruption, to which he answered, that that was what he had come to do! And then he went on to say, in so many words, that my speech injured his sale of liquor!

The disgust and abhorrence which such conduct could not fail to excite produced, at first, a desire to quit the room and the house, and even a proposition to that effect. But, after a minute or so to reflect, the company resolved not to quit the room, but to turn him out of it, who had caused the interruption; and the old fellow, finding himself *tackled*, saved the labour of shoving, or kicking, him out of the room, by retreating out of the doorway with all the activity of which he was master. After this I proceeded with my speech-making; and, this being ended, the great business of the evening, namely, drinking, smoking, and singing, was about to be proceeded in, by a company who had just closed an arduous and anxious week, who had before them a Sunday morning to sleep in, and whose wives were, for the far greater part, at a convenient distance. An assemblage of circumstances more auspicious to 'free trade' in the 'neat' and 'genuine' has seldom occurred! But, now behold, the old fustian jacketed fellow, whose head was, I think, *powdered*, took it into that head not only to lay 'restrictions' upon trade, but to impose an absolute embargo; cut off entirely all supplies whatever from his bar to the room, *as long as I remained in that room*. A message to this effect from the old fustian man having been, through the waiter, communicated to Mr Knowles, and he having communicated it to the company, I addressed the company in nearly these words: 'Gentlemen, born and bred, as you know I was, on the borders of this county, and fond, as I am, of bacon, *Hampshire hogs* have, with me, always been objects of admiration rather than of contempt; but that which has just happened here induces me to observe that this feeling of mine has been confined to hogs of *four legs*. For my part, I like your company too well to quit it. I have paid this fellow *six shillings*, for the wing of a fowl, a bit of bread, and a pint of small beer. I have a right to sit here; I want no drink, and those who do, being refused it here, have a right to send to other houses for it, and to drink it here.'

However, Mammon soon got the upper hand down stairs, all the fondness for 'free trade' returned, and up came the old fustian-jacketed fellow, bringing pipes, tobacco, wine, grog, sling, and seeming to be as pleased as if he had just sprung a mine of gold! Nay, he soon after this came into the room with two gentlemen, who had come to him to ask where I was. He actually came up to me, making me a bow, and, telling me that those gentlemen wished to be introduced to me, he, with a fawning look, laid his hand upon my knee! 'Take away your *paw*,' said I, and, shaking the gentlemen by the hand, I said, 'I am happy to see you, gentlemen, even though introduced by this fellow.' Things now proceeded without interruption; songs, toasts, and speeches filled up the time until half past two o'clock this morning, though in the house of a landlord who receives the sacrament, but who, from his manifestly ardent attachment to the 'liberal principles' of 'free trade,' would, I have no doubt, have suffered us, if we still had had money, and throats and stomachs, to sit and sing and talk and drink until two o'clock of a Sunday afternoon instead of two o'clock of a Sunday morning. It was not politics; it was not *personal* dislike to me; for the fellow knew nothing of me. It was, as I told the company, just this: he looked upon their bodies as so many gutters to drain off the contents of his taps, and upon their purses as so many small heaps from which to take the means of augmenting his great one; and, finding that I had been, no matter how, the cause of suspending this [illegible] of 'reciprocity,' he wanted, and no matter how, to restore the reciprocal system to motion. All that I have to say is this, that the next time this old sharp-looking fellow gets [illegible], from me for a dinner, he shall [illegible] manner that he likes, and season me with [illegible] sparing as to produce in the feeders th[illegible].

Then and Now

After living within a few hundreds of yards of Westminster Hall and the Abbey Church, and the Bridge, and looking from my own windows into St James's Park, all other buildings and spots appear [illegible]. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. How small! It is always thus: [illegible] the words large and small [illegible]. [illegible] When I returned to England in 1800, after an absence from the country parts of it of sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters, that I could jump over, called rivers! The Thames was but a 'creek'! But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Everything was become so pitifully small! I had to cross, in my post-chaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot; then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learned before the death of my father and mother. There is a hill not far from the town called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat, in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. 'As high as Crooksbury Hill' meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high! The post-boy going down-hill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change! I looked down at my dress. What a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a secretary of state's in company with Mr Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment (less than a month after my arrival in England) I resolved never to bend before them.

On Field-sports.

I assume it for granted, then, that sportsmen are as good as other folks on the score of humanity, the sports of the field, like everything else done in the fields, tend to produce or preserve health. I prefer them to all other sports, because they produce early rising; because they have no tendency to lead young men into vicious [illegible]. [illegible] the vices haunt. [illegible] of the two latter [illegible] I like to something [illegible] that they like to [illegible], boldly, and manly, [illegible].

[illegible]

Henry James Pye (1745-1813), poetaster and police magistrate, has for more than a hundred years been a standing joke—an unhappy fate he would doubtless have escaped had he not had the fortune to be made poet-laureate; for the 'poetical Pye,' as Sir Walter called him, was, to quote an editorial note to the *Vision of Judgment*, 'eminently respectable in everything but his poetry.' That bad eminence was not, like Satan's, due to merit, nor was it so much owing to his unequalled eminence in badness as to his being raised to official literary eminence in spite of the admitted badness of his poetry. Born in London, he studied at Magdalen College, Oxford, and inherited from his father great estates in Berkshire, and even greater debts. He sat in Parliament for the county from 1784 to 1790, had meanwhile to sell his property, and was glad in 1792 to obtain the post of police magistrate for Westminster, as forty-four years earlier Fielding had been. From his youth he had been ambitious to shine as a poet, and while at Oxford printed a birthday ode to the Prince of Wales. When in 1790 Pitt appointed him laureate, he had published several 'poetical essays' on *Beauty*, *Amusement*, &c., and poems on *Farringdon Hill*, *The Progress of Refinement*, on shooting, and even on ballooning! (*Aërophonion*)—banal subjects mostly, and all in a hopelessly banal style, though his *Six Odes from Pindar* were respectable, like his translation of Aristotle's *Poetics*. Hence the appointment to the laureateship was the signal for an outburst of mirth, scorn, and witticism at the laureate's expense, renewed from time to time on the regular appearance of royal birthday odes and laureate's verses to order. Pye translated from Tyrtæus and the Homeric Hymns; wrote a *Carmen Seculare* for the year 1800; and in 1801 produced his epic *Alfred*, deserving by its six books' length to rank as his *magnum opus*. It is hardly remembered that he was also a playwright, his tragedies of *The Siege of Meaux* and *Adelaide* having been produced with small success in 1794 and 1800; in *A Prior Claim*, a comedy, he collaborated with his son-in-law. *The Inquisitor*, published in 1798, was an adaptation from the German, but was anticipated by Holcroft's rendering of the same original.

His *Comments on the Commentators of Shakespear* commend not too enthusiastically Shakespeare's works, 'the perusal of which, through the course of my life, has been a favourite amusement in my hours of leisure.' Shakespeare is notoriously very careless as to the unities and probabilities: is unequalled in the terrific and sublime, but 'does not possess the power of Otway and many inferior poets of exciting pity.' 'He highly possesses all the sublimity, the variety, the accurate description, and the scenery independent of the representation, of the epopee, both serious and comic united. He excels in certain of the virtues of the 'ethic poet' and of the lyric poet, but 'sometimes swells his sublime to the bombast, and sometimes sinks his humour to buffoonery. The chief faults of his commentators 'arise from a desire to say everything they can say, not only on the passage commented on, but on everything that has been said in the comment:' and Pye thereupon proceeds in 350 pages to add his comments to those of Malone and Steevens, pointing out the obvious superfluity of so many of them. Probably Pye's most popular work was his *Summary of the Duties of a Justice of Peace out of Sessions*, which, published in 1808, reached a fourth edition in 1827.

As laureate, Pye succeeded Warton, held the office twenty-three years, and was himself succeeded by Southey. It was his curious function by hardly interrupted versification to connect the beginning of George III.'s reign and the creative period of the nineteenth century. He represents nobody but himself, and happily he exerted no influence; but 'when the Pye was opened,' to quote one of the many bad jokes made at his expense when he began to publish poems, Boswell had not yet discovered Johnson, Goldsmith had not printed any of the books by which his name is known; and when Pye's mill ceased producing, Coleridge and Wordsworth, Scott and Byron, had established their name and fame as representative poets.

It was in the fateful year 1801 that Pye produced his *magnum opus*, a monumental epic on *Alfred*, his trials and triumphs, of more than four thousand decasyllabic rhyming lines, distributed into six books, and magnificently printed in a splendid quarto. Written in the last years of the eighteenth century for the inauguration of the nineteenth, and issued just when the union with Ireland had come into force, the poem naturally adopted a strongly unionist tone, and indulged in roseate hopes for the newly constituted United Kingdom and empire, which, if not justified by the event exactly as was forecast, have yet been in other respects more than fulfilled. Relying more on creative imagination than even on the most fabulous of the Scottish historians, Pye makes Alfred in his dark days come, a suppliant for help, to Gregory of Scotland; and the issue of Alfred's crowning mercy, the defeat of the Danes at Ethandun, is largely due to the Scottish allies, with whom the poet, still more unhistorically, makes an Irish and a Welsh contingent co-operate. The services in the field of the remaining section of the Celtic fringe are not recognised; but, to atone for this, Pye gives 'a Cornubian bard' an important share in the proceedings of the day. On the arrival, somewhat unexpected, of the Scottish, Welsh, and Irish armies, the English are not a little gratified at these convenient additions to their fighting strength

> Wondering, they see upon the aerial brow
> Cambria's and Caledonia's banners flow. . . .
> Here crowned with recent conquest to the skies
> The snow white steed in Saxon banners flies;
> There Cambria's griffin on the azure field
> In snaky volumes writhes around the shield;
> And Scotia's lion, proud, erect, and bold,
> Rears high his irritable crest in gold.
> Gold too her harp and strung with silver wire,
> Erin her arms displays with kindred fire,
> And Britain's sister isles in Alfred's cause conspire.

Alfred fully recognised the importance of having all the peoples of the British islands united against outlandish invaders and foes.

> My faithful subjects and my brave allies,
> All equal heirs of Albion's fostering skies,
> Nor peace nor liberty can Britain know
> But from the fall of yon injurious foe . . .
> And ye from Cambria's hills who join our band,
> From Caledonia's rocks and Erin's strand,
> Generous and brave compeers! O now be shewn
> The only strife that future times shall own.

In the ensuing battle the various contingents behave with equal bravery:

> Here Caledonia's hardy mountaineers
> Lift the broad targe, there mark her lowland spears;
> While Cambria's and Ierne's warriors brave
> With lighter arms

do their duty on this memorable day. Donald, the Scottish prince, dies gloriously at the hands of the Danish Hubba while in the act of saving Alfred's life. And when the decisive battle of Ethandun Pye rightly identifies it with Eddington crushed the foe in the dire bloomy of Danish gore,' and Guthrum had made absolute surrender, then after all was over and much speech-making satisfactorily accomplished, the 'Cornubian Bard' so that the Saxons and the other Celts might not forget the old British kingdom of Cornwall or West Wales) has a long and important statement to make, winding up with a highly optimistic prophetic vision, which might be regarded as a complete programme of enlightened Unionism plus Imperialism. Even if we date the vision in 1801, rather than in 1871, it seems well worth quoting with Pye's own capitals:

Now learn events yet unrevealed that lie
In the dark bosom of futurity.
As my delighted eyes in yon firm line
With friendly folds see Albion's banners join,
I view them in prophetic vision shewn
United subjects of a mighty throne;
See Cambria's, Caledonia's, Anglia's name
Blended and lost in Britain's prouder fame.
And ye, fair Erin's sons, though Ocean's tide
From Britain's shores your kindred shores divide,
That tide shall bear your mingled flags unfurl'd
A mutual barrier from an envying world;
While the same waves that hostile inroad awe
The sister isles to closer compact draw,
Waft Friendship's intercourse and Plenty's stores
From Shannon's brink to Humber's distant shores.
Each separate interest, separate right shall cease,
Link'd in eternal amity and peace,
While Concord blesses with celestial smiles
THE FAVOURED EMPIRE OF THE BRITISH ISLES.

Robert Bloomfield (1766-1823), author of *The Farmer's Boy*, was born at Honington near Bury St Edmunds. His father, a tailor, died whilst the poet was a child, and at eleven he was placed under his uncle, a farmer. He was too feeble and diminutive for field-labour, and four years later he joined an elder brother in London, to learn the trade of shoemaker; but his country service furnished materials for his *Farmer's Boy*, and gave reality to his descriptions. But it was in the shoemaker's garret that his poetry first came to the birth; and it was Capell Lofft, the literary lawyer and Suffolk squire, to whom the manuscript was shown after rejection by several London booksellers, who introduced it to the world and befriended the writer in many ways. At this time Bloomfield was thirty-two years of age, and having married in 1790, had three children. The *Farmer's Boy* (1800) straightway became popular, and was even translated into French and Italian (part of it into Latin also); 26,000 copies went off in less than three years; and the Duke of Grafton settled on its author a shilling a day, and got him a post (1802) in the Seal Office, which he soon resigned. In 1802 Bloomfield published *Rural Tales*; to these succeeded *Wild Flowers* (1806), *The Banks of the Wye* (1811), *May-day with the Muses* (1822), &c. He made Æolian harps; he engaged in the bookselling business, but was notably unlucky; and latterly, half-blind and irritable almost to madness, he lived at Shefford in Bedfordshire. Christopher North praised *The Soldier's Home* as no whit inferior to Burns's *Soldier's Return*. Charles Lamb, on the other hand, tried the *Farmer's Boy*, but found it unappetising; and later generations have inclined rather to Lamb's than to Christopher's view. The smoothness and correctness, good feeling and good taste, of the peasant poet's verses are remarkable; fire and fervour, passion and power, are usually lacking; the descriptions, if true to nature, are often tame and tedious. Yet he sometimes has admirable passages, and occasionally noteworthy sentences and phrases, such as: 'If fields are prisons, where is Liberty?' 'And strangers tell of three times skimmed sky blue;' 'What trouble waits upon a casual frown.' Bloomfield's name will survive as a marvel of self-culture when his poetry is unread and forgotten. Of the following extracts the first two are from the *Farmer's Boy*, which falls into four parts, one for each of the seasons; the others from *May-day with the Muses*.

The Invocation.

O come, blest Spirit! whatsoe'er thou art,
Thou kindling warmth that hover'st round my heart,
Sweet inmate, hail! thou source of sterling joy,
That poverty itself cannot destroy,
Be thou my Muse, and faithful still to me,
Retrace the paths of wild obscurity.
No deeds of arms my humble lines rehearse;
No Alpine wonders thunder through my verse,
The roaring cataract, the snow-topt hill,
Inspiring awe till breath itself stands still:
Nature's sublimer scenes ne'er charmed mine eyes,
Nor science led me through the boundless skies;
From meaner objects far my raptures flow:
O point these raptures! bid my bosom glow!
And lead my soul to ecstasies of praise
For all the blessings of my infant days!
Bear me through regions where gay Fancy dwells,
But mould to Truth's fair form what memory tells.

Live, trifling incidents, and grace my song,
That to the humblest menial belong:
To him whose drudgery unheeded goes,
His joys unreckoned, as his cares or woes;
Though joys and cares in every path are sown,
And youthful minds have feelings of their own,
Quick springing sorrows transient as the dew,
Delights from trifles, trifles ever new.
'Twas thus with Giles: meek, fatherless, and poor:
Labour his portion, but he felt no more;
No stripes, no tyranny his steps pursued:
His life was constant, cheerful servitude:
Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,
The fields his study, nature was his book;
And as revolving seasons changed the scene
From heat to cold, tempestuous to serene,
Through every change still varied his employ,
Yet each new duty brought its share of joy.

Harvest-home.

A glorious sight, if glory dwells below,
Where Heaven's munificence makes all the show
O'er every field and golden prospect found,
That glads the ploughman's Sunday morning's round,
When on some eminence he takes his stand,
To judge the smiling produce of the land.

Here Vanity slinks back, her head to hide:
What is there here to flatter human pride?
The towering fabric, or the dome's loud roar,
And steadfast columns may astonish more,
Where the charmed gazer long delighted stays,
Yet traced but to the architect the praise;
Whilst here, the veriest clown that treads the sod,
Without one scruple gives the praise to God;
And twofold joys possess his raptured mind,
From gratitude and admiration joined.
Here, 'midst the boldest triumphs of her worth,
Nature herself invites the reapers forth;
Dares the keen sickle from its twelvemonth's rest,
And gives that ardour which in every breast
From Infancy to Age alike appears,
When the first sheaf its plumy top uprears.
No rake takes here what Heaven to all bestows—
Children of want, for you the bounty flows!
And every cottage from the plenteous store
Receives a burden nightly at its door.
Hark! where the sweeping scythe now rips along;
Each sturdy mower, emulous and strong,
Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,
Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries;
Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,
But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.
Come, Health! come, Jollity! light-footed, come;
Here hold your revels, and make this your home.
Each heart awaits and hails you as its own;
Each moistened brow, that scorns to wear a frown:
Th' unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants strayed;
E'en the domestic laughing dairy-maid
Hies to the field, the general toil to share.
Meanwhile the farmer quits his elbow-chair,
His cool brick floor, his pitcher, and his ease,
And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees
His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,
The ready group attendant on his word,
To turn the swath, the quivering load to rear,
Or ply the busy rake the land to clear.
Summer's light garb itself now cumbrous grows;
Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down;
Where oft the mastiff skulks with half-shut eye,
And rouses at the stranger passing by;
Whilst unrestrained the social converse flows,
And every breast Love's powerful impulse knows,
And rival wits with more than rustic grace
Confess the presence of a pretty face.

May-day with the Old Squire.

Thus came the jovial day; no streaks of red
O'er the broad portal of the morn was spread,
But one high-sailing mist of dazzling white,
A screen of gossamer, a magic light,
Doomed instantly, by simplest shepherd's ken,
To reign awhile, and be exhaled at ten.
O'er leaves, o'er blossoms, by his power restored,
Forth came the conquering sun and looked abroad;
Millions of dew drops fell, yet millions hung,
Like words of transport trembling on the tongue,
Too strong for utterance:—Thus the infant boy,
With rosebud cheeks, and features tuned to joy,
Weeps while he struggles with restraint or pain;
But change the scene, and make him laugh again,
His heart rekindles, and his cheek appears
A thousand times more lovely through his tears.
From the first glimpse of day a busy scene
Was that high swelling lawn, that destined green,
Which shadowless expanded far and wide,
The mansion's ornament, the hamlet's pride;
To cheer, to order, to direct, contrive,
Even old Sir Ambrose had been up at five;
There his whole household laboured in his view,
But light is labour where the task is new.
Some wheeled the turf to build a grassy throne
Round a huge thorn that spread his boughs alone,
Rough rind'd and bold, as master of the place;
Five generations of the Higham race
Had plucked his flowers, and still he held his sway,
Waved his white head, and felt the breath of May.
Some from the green-house ranged exotics round,
To bask in open day on English ground:
And 'midst them in a line of splendour drew
Long wreaths and garlands gathered in the dew.
Some spread the snowy canvas, propped on high,
O'er sheltered tables with their whole supply;
Some swung the biting scythe with merry face,
And cropped the daisies for a dancing space.
Some rolled the mouldy barrel in his might
From prison'd darkness into cheerful light,
And fenced him round with cans; and others bore
The creaking hamper with its costly store,
Well corked, well flavoured, and well taxed, that came
From Lusitanian mountains dear to fame,
Whence Gama steered, and led the conquering way
To eastern triumphs and the realms of day.
A thousand minor tasks filled every hour,
Till the sun gained the zenith of his power,
When every path was thronged with old and young,
And many a skylark in his strength upsprung
To bid them welcome. Not a face was there
But for May-day at least had banished care.
No cringing looks, no pauper tales to tell,
No timid glance,—they knew their host too well,
Freedom was there, and joy in every eye:
Such scenes were England's boast in days gone by.
Beneath the thorn was good Sir Ambrose found,
His guests an ample crescent formed around;
Nature's own carpet spread the space between,
Where blythe domestics plied in gold and green.
The venerable chaplain waved his wand,
And silence followed as he stretched his hand,
And with a trembling voice, and heart sincere,
Implored a blessing on th' abundant cheer.
Down sat the mingling throng, and shared a feast
With hearty welcomes given, by love increased;
A patriarch family, a close linked band,
True to their rural chieftain, heart and hand;
The deep carouse can never boast the bliss,
The animation of a scene like this.

At length the damask cloths were whisked away,
Like fluttering sails upon a summer's day;
The heyday of enjoyment found repose;
The worthy baronet majestic rose;
They viewed him, while his ale was filling round,
The monarch of his own paternal ground.
His cup was full, and where the blossoms bowed
Over his head, Sir Ambrose spoke aloud,
Nor stopped a dainty form or phrase to cull—
His heart elated, like his cup, was full:
'Full be your hopes, and rich the crops that fall;
Health to my neighbours, happiness to all!'

Dull must that country be, [illegible] Wester [illegible]
Who won't [illegible]
An' [illegible] health [illegible], [illegible] gave place,
Sir Andrew [illegible]

[illegible]

Capell Lofft (1751-1824), was a Whig barrister with a taste for letters; he wrote legal treatises, poems, magazine articles, and books on theological, astronomical, and political subjects. The son of the famous Duchess of Marlborough's secretary, he was born in London, passed from Eton to Peterhouse, Cambridge, lived on his estate at Troston near Bury St Edmunds, and died near Turin. He was a keen reformer, a warm admirer of Napoleon, the friend of Fox, Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Arthur Young, and the patron of Bloomfield. A son who bore the same name (1806-73) and died at Millmead in Virginia was also a poet and miscellaneous writer.

James Grahame (1765-1811), the son of a thriving Whig lawyer in Glasgow, went in 1784 to Edinburgh to study law, and, after qualifying as a Writer to the Signet, was admitted as an advocate in 1795. But in 1809 he took Anglican orders, and was successively curate of Shipton Moyne in Gloucestershire, and of Sedgefield in Durham. Ill-health compelled him to abandon his curacy, when his sermons had attracted notice and rendered him a popular preacher; and he died soon after his return to Scotland. His works include, besides one or two minor pieces, *Mary, Queen of Scots*, a dramatic poem (1801), *The Sabbath* (1804), *Sabbath Walks* (1805), *The Birds of Scotland* (1806), and *British Georgics* (1809), all in blank verse. *The Sabbath* is his best achievement; and in spite of some fine descriptions, he is too devout and too practical in his instructions. Scott spoke warmly of him, Christopher North lauded him, and Byron, as might be expected, sneered. Grahame has some affinity with Cowper. He has no humour or tincture of satire, and he has many prosaic lines, but he displays not a little of Cowper's power of close and happy observation, with the same devoutness and seriousness tending to melancholy. The ordinary features of the Scottish landscape he portrays truly, sometimes vividly, and always without exaggeration, though he often adds a special note of tenderness or solemnity. Content with humble themes, he paints the charms of a retired cottage life, the calm of a Sabbath morning, a walk in the fields, or even a bird's nest, with such unfeigned delight and striking truth that the reader is constrained to see and feel with him, to recognise the elements of poetry and meditation scattered around, even in the homeliest objects.

From 'The Sabbath'

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.
  With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods:
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.
  But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
On other days, the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
Both seat and board, screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighbouring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God,—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air pure from the city's smoke;
While wandering slowly up the river side,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around the roots; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes (yet fears presumption in the hope)
To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends.
  But now his steps a welcome sound recalls:
Solemn the knell, from yonder ancient pile,
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe:
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground;
The aged man, the bowed down, the blind
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave well pleased;
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God—these, spite of all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
They enter in; a placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads. A pause ensues.
The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,
Then swells into a diapason full:
The people rising sing, 'With harp, with harp,
And voice of psalms;' harmoniously attuned

The various voices blend; the long-drawn aisles,
At every close, the lingering strain prolong.
Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,
The Sabbath service of the shepherd boy.
In some lone glen, where every sound is lulled
To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
Stretched on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son;
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps: the volume closed,
With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
The sacred lays, his weekly lesson, conned
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,
Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth
Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.
Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,
Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands
Returning homeward from the house of prayer.
In peace they home resort. Oh, blissful days!
When all men worship God as conscience wills.
Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew,
A virtuous race, to godliness devote.

From 'Sabbath Walks'

Delightful is this loneliness; it calms
My heart: pleasant the cool beneath these elms
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.
Here nature in her midnoon whisper speaks;
How peaceful every sound!—the ring-dove's plaint,
Moaned from the forest's gloomiest retreat,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save when the wren flits from her down-coved nest,
And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear—
The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp—the buzz,
Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,
That soon as loosed booms with full twang away—
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal
Scared from the shallows by my passing tread.
Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout
Watches his time to spring; or from above,
Some feathered dam, purveying 'mong the boughs,
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
Bears off the prize. Sad emblem of man's lot!
How dazzling white the snowy scene! deep, deep,
The stillness of the winter Sabbath day—
Not even a footfall heard. Smooth are the fields,
Each hollow pathway level with the plain:
Hid are the bushes, save that here and there
Are seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom.
High-ridged the whirled drift has almost reached
The powdered keystone of the churchyard porch.
Mute hangs the hooded bell; the tombs lie buried;
No step approaches to the house of prayer.
The flickering fall is o'er: the clouds disperse,
And show the sun, hung o'er the welkin's verge,
Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam
On all the sparkling waste.

From the 'Georgics'

How pleasant came thy rushing, silver Tweed,
Upon my ear, when, after roaming long
In southern plains, I've reached thy lovely bank!
How bright, renowned Sark, thy little stream,
Like ray of columned light chasing a shower,
Would cross my homeward path; how sweet the sound,
When I, to hear the Doric tongue's reply,
Would ask thy well-known name!
And must I leave,
Dear [illegible] dale,
E[illegible]
With all the varied charms of bush and tree;
And must I leave the friends of youthful years,
And mould my heart anew, to take the stamp
Of foreign friendships in a foreign land,
And learn to love the music of strange tongues!
Yes, I may love the music of strange tongues,
And mould my heart anew to take the stamp
Of foreign friendships in a foreign land:
But to my parchèd mouth's roof cleave this tongue,
My fancy fade into the yellow leaf,
And this oft-pausing heart forget to throb,
If, Scotland, thee and thine I e'er forget!

John Leyden (1775-1811), Orientalist and poet, was born at Denholm in Roxburghshire. His father, a shepherd, seeing his natural bent, determined to educate him for the Church, and from 1790 to 1797 he was a student of Edinburgh University. He made rapid progress, was an excellent Latin and Greek scholar, and acquired also French, Spanish, Italian, and German, besides studying Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian. He became no mean proficient in mathematics and various branches of science; every difficulty seemed to vanish before his commanding talents, retentive memory, and robust application. His college vacations were spent at home; and as his father's cottage afforded him little opportunity for quiet and seclusion, he looked out for accommodation abroad. 'In a wild recess,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'in the den or glen which gives name to the village of Denholm, he contrived a sort of furnace for the purpose of such chemical experiments as he was adequate to performing. But his chief place of retirement was the small parish church, a gloomy and ancient building, generally believed in the neighbourhood to be haunted. To this chosen place of study, usually locked during week-days, Leyden made entrance by means of a window, read there for many hours in the day, and deposited his books and specimens in a retired pew. It was a well-chosen spot of seclusion, for the kirk (excepting during divine service) is rather a place of terror to the Scottish rustic, and that of Cavers was rendered more so by many a tale of ghosts and witchcraft of which it was the supposed scene, and to which Leyden, partly to indulge his humour, and partly to secure his retirement, contrived to make some modern additions. The nature of his abstruse studies, some specimens of natural history, as toads and adders, left exposed in their spirit phials, and one or two practical jests played off upon the more curious of the peasantry, rendered his gloomy haunt not only venerated by the wise, but feared by the simple of the parish. From this singular and romantic study, Leyden sallied forth, with his curious and various stores, to astonish his college associates; he already numbered among his friends the most distinguished literary and scientific men of Edinburgh. In 1796–98 he was tutor to the sons of Mr Campbell of Fairfield, whom he [illegible] to the University of St Andrews. There he pursued his own researches in Oriental learning, and was licensed to preach; in 1799 he published *Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Western Africa*. He also contributed to the *Edinburgh Magazine*, to 'Monk' Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*, and to Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. So ardent was he in assisting Sir Walter that once he walked between forty and fifty miles, and back again, for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed [illegible] ballad. He cherished a [illegible] foreign countries; but when his friends sought from Government on his behalf some appointment for him connected with the learning and languages of the East, the only situation they could obtain for him was that of assistant surgeon at Madras; and in five or six months Leyden qualified himself for this new profession and obtained a degree [illegible] medicine. In December 1802 [illegible] the Christmas fleet of Indiamen. [illegible] his poem, the *Scenes of Infancy*, de[illegible] native Teviotdale, and left [illegible]. After his arrival at Ma[illegible] and he was obliged to remove to Prince of W[illegible] Island. He remained there for some [illegible] Sumatra and the Malayan Peninsula, [illegible] the [illegible] literature, and descent of the Indo-Chinese tribes, which enabled him to [illegible] a most valuable dissertation before the Asiatic Society at Calcutta. An appointment as professor in the Bengal College was soon exchanged for a more lucrative post, that of a judge in Calcutta; but his spare time was still devoted to Oriental manuscripts and antiquities. 'I may die in the attempt,' he wrote to a friend, 'but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundredfold in Oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a Borderer.' The possibility of an early death in a distant land often crossed the mind of the ambitious student; in his *Scenes of Infancy* he expressly anticipates a fate he had then no reason to expect:

The silver moon at midnight cold and still,
Looks, sad and silent, o'er yon western hill;
While large and pale the ghostly structures grow,
Reared on the confines of the world below.
Is that dull sound the hum of Teviot's stream?
Is that blue light the moon's, or tomb-fire's gleam,
By which a mouldering pile is faintly seen,
The old deserted church of Hassendean,
Where slept my fathers in their natal clay,
Till Teviot's waters rolled their bones away?
Their feeble voices from the stream they raise—
'Rash youth! unmindful of thy early days,
Why didst thou quit the peasant's simple lot?
Why didst thou leave the peaceful natal cot,
The verdant graves where all thy fathers lie,
And Teviot's stream that long has murmured by?
A[illegible]
How wilt thou bid us from [illegible]
A[illegible]
From vales that knew our lives devoid of stain?
Rash y[illegible]
A[illegible]

In 1811 Leyden accompanied the Governor-General in the military expedition which conquered Java from the Dutch; and [illegible] his spirit of romantic adventure led him literally to rush upon his death; for, with another volunteer who attended the expedition, he threw himself into the surf, in order to be the first Briton of the expedition who should set foot upon Java. When the success of the well-concerted movements of the invaders had given them possession of the town of Batavia, Leyden displayed the same ill-omened precipitation, in his haste to examine a library, or rather a warehouse of books. The apartment had not been regularly ventilated, and either from this circumstance or being already affected by the fatal sickness peculiar to Batavia, Leyden, when he left the place, had a fit of shivering, and declared the atmosphere was enough to give any mortal a fever. The presage was too just: he took his bed, and died in three days (August 28, 1811), on the eve of the battle which gave Java for a while to the British Empire. Scott alluded to his death in the *Lord of the Isles*:

JOHN LEYDEN.
From the Sketch by Captain [illegible]

Scarba's Isle, whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corrievrekin's roar,
And lonely Colonsay

Scenes sung by him who sings no more,
His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains;
Quenched is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains

referring here to Leyden's ballad *The Mermaid*, the scene of which is laid at Corrievreckan; it was published with his *Cout of Keeldar* in the *Border Minstrelsy*. Scott too generously said of the opening of the *Mermaid* that for mere melody of sound it had seldom been excelled in English poetry.

Leyden's learning was portentous; he dealt not merely with Sanskrit and Prakrit, Persian and Pushtu, Hindustani and Bengali, but with the tongues of the Dekkan, of the Maldives, of Macassar and Bali, and with various forms of Malay. He translated important works from and into several of these tongues. At home he had edited the *Complaynt of Scotlande*, *Scottish Descriptive Poems* (including *Albania*, heretofore unpublished; see page 440). But he was more powerful as a scholar than as a poet, though his ballads and shorter poems have more inspiration than his longest piece, the *Scenes of Infancy*.

Ode to an Indian Gold Coin.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
For twilight converse, arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
When mirth and music wont to cheer.

By Cherical's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot loved while still a child,
Of castled rocks stupendous piled
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendships smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day dreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perished bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy played,
Revives no more in after time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soared sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb fire drear.
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widowed heart to cheer;
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine;
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true!
I crossed the tedious ocean wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart; the grave,
Dark and untimely, met my view
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey;
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

From 'The Mermaid.'

On Jura's heath how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee!
How softly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea

But softer floating o'er the deep,
The mermaid's sweet sea soothing lay,
That charmed the dancing waves to sleep,
Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As, parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars, the seamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
Still blamed the lingering bark's delay:
For her he chid the flagging sail,
The lovely maid of Colonsay.

'And raise,' he cried, 'the song of love,
The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
We left afar the lonely isle!

'When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die,' she said, 'the crimson hue,
Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue.'

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foamy spray,
And echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay

'Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!

'Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea leaves grow
Mariners, with prudent dread,
Shun the shelving reefs below.

'As you pass through Jura's sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore,
Shun, O shun, the gulf profound,
Where Corrievreckan's surges roar!

'If from that unbottomed deep,
  With wrinkled form and wreathèd train,
O'er the verge of Scarba's steep,
  The sea-snake heave his snowy mane.

'Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
  Sea-green sisters of the main,
And in the gulf where ocean boils,
  The unwieldy wallowing monster chain.

'Softly blow, thou western breeze,
  Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowed seas,
  Before my love, sweet western gale!'

Thus all to soothe the chieftain's woe,
  Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose, so soft and slow,
  He seemed her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
  Impatient for the rising day,
And still from Crinan's moonlight shore,
  He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
  That streaks with foam the ocean green;
While forward still the rowers urge
  Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea maid's form, of pearly light,
  Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
  Her glossy yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy crested wave,
  She reached amain the bounding prow,
Then clasping fast the chieftain brave,
  She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah! long beside thy feignèd bier,
  The monks the prayer of death shall say;
And long for thee, the fruitless tear
  Shall weep the maid of Colonsay.'

But downward like a powerless corse,
  The eddying waves the chieftain bear;
He only heard the moaning hoarse
  Of waters murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees,
  No more the waters round him rave;
Lulled by the music of the seas,
  He lies within a coral cave. . . .

No form he saw of mortal mould;
  It shone like ocean's snowy foam;
Her ringlets waved in living gold,
  Her mirror crystal, pearl the comb.

The pearly comb the siren took,
  And careless bound her tresses wild;
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
  As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
  Again she raised the melting lay:
'Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
  And leave the maid of Colonsay?

'Fair is the crystal hall for me
  With rubies and with emeralds set;
And sweet the music of the sea
  Shall sing, when we for love are met.

'How sweet to dance with gliding feet
  Along the level tide so green,
Responsive to the cadence sweet
  That breathes along the moonlight scene!

'And soft the music of the main
  Rings from the motley tortoise-shell,
While moonbeams o'er the watery plain
  Seem trembling in its fitful swell.' . . .

Proud swells her heart! she deems at last
  To lure him with her silver tongue,
And, as the shelving rocks she passed,
  She raised her voice, and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
  Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
  To hail the maid of Colonsay.

O sad the Mermaid's gay notes fell,
  And sadly sink remote at sea!
So sadly mourns the writhèd shell
  Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,
  The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the Mermaid mourns
  The lovely chief of Colonsay.

Leyden's *Poetical Remains*, with a Memoir, were published in 1819; at his centenary in 1875 two separate editions appeared, besides a reprint of the *Scenes of Infancy*, with a Life by the Rev. W. W. Tulloch. Scott's Memoir of him appeared in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1811; and there is much about him in *Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents* (1873), as well as in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.

George Crabbe,

in Byron's judgment 'Nature's sternest painter, yet the best,' was born at Aldeburgh in Suffolk, on the Christmas Eve of 1754. His father was collector of salt-duties, a clever, strong, violent man, who though poor exerted himself to give his boy a good education; he lived to witness his son's growing fame, and, with parental fondness, to transcribe in his own handwriting the poem of *The Library*. The mother was a meek, religious woman; of three younger brothers, one perished miserably with his whole crew, captain of a slaver whose cargo mutinied triumphantly, and another was lost sight of in Honduras. George got some schooling at Bungay and Stowmarket, and from 1768 to 1774 was surgeon's apprentice at Wickham-Brook and at Woodbridge. In his first place he had to help the ploughboy; in his second he fell in love with Sarah Elmy ('Mira'), who lived with her uncle, a wealthy yeoman, at Parham. Then a spell of drudgery in his father's warehouse; nine months in London, picking up surgery cheaply; some three years' struggling practice at Aldeburgh; and at last in April 1780, with three pounds in his pocket, he sailed again for London, resolved to try his fortune in literature. Eight years before he had written verses for *Wheble's Magazine;* he had published *Inebriety, a Poem* (Ipswich, 1775); and now his *Candidate* soon found a publisher, unluckily a bankrupt one. A season of penury dire as Chatterton's was borne by Crabbe with pious bravery; he had to pawn clothes and instruments; appeals to Lords Thurlow, North, Shelburne met no response; and early in 1781 he saw himself threatened with arrest for debt, when he made his case known to Burke. Forty-one years later he told Lockhart at Edinburgh how, having delivered his letter at Burke's door, he paced Westminster Bridge all night long until daybreak. Burke proved a generous patron: from the hour of their meeting Crabbe was a made man, and as guest at Beaconsfield, he met Fox, Dr Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others of the statesman's great friends. Lord Thurlow—who now, as in the case of Cowper, came with tardy notice and ungraceful generosity—invited him to breakfast, and at parting presented him with a bank-note for £100. Dodsley that same year brought out the *Library;* and the very next winter Crabbe took orders, and was licensed to the curacy of his native parish of Aldeburgh. In 1782 Burke procured for him the post of chaplain to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle: thenceforward he was never in fear of want, but he seems to have felt all the ills of dependence on the great, and in 'The Patron' and other poems has strongly depicted them.

GEORGE CRABBE.
From an Engraving after the Portrait by T. Phillips, R.A.

In 1783 appeared *The Village*, already read and corrected by Johnson and Burke. Its success was instant and complete. Some of the descriptions in the poem—as that of the parish workhouse—were copied into all the periodicals, and at once took that place in our national literature they still retain. Thurlow presented him with two small Dorset livings in his gift, and congratulated him, with an oath, on his being as like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen. In 1783 Crabbe married Miss Elmy; and in 1785, taking the curacy of Stathern, near Belvoir Castle, he bade adieu to the ducal mansion and transferred himself to the village parsonage. In 1787 he exchanged his two small Dorset livings for two of greater value in the Vale of Belvoir, one of them the rectory of Muston, and there he lived for a time; but the poet in him remained silent for many years. After thirteen happy years (1792–1805) in Suffolk, at Parham, Great Glenham, and Rendham, he returned to Muston, his Leicestershire rectory; and his wife having died there in 1813, exchanged it the next year for Trowbridge in Wiltshire. In 1807 he published his *Parish Register*, which secured an unprecedented success. The poem had been previously submitted to Fox; parts of it—especially the story of Phœbe Dawson—were among the last things that interested the great Whig on his deathbed. *The Borough* (1810) is similar in substance but more connected; the *Tales in Verse* (1812) contain perhaps his finest illustrations of life and character. Crabbe spent a great part of his income at Trowbridge (£800 a year) in charity. He was still eagerly active in literary work, and in 1817–18 was engaged on his last notable undertaking, *The Tales of the Hall* (1819); for which and the remaining copyright of all the earlier poems Mr Murray gave £3000. In this connection Tom Moore has given an amusing illustration of his brother-poet's simplicity in money matters. Thomas Campbell commented on his mildness in literary argument, strange in so stern a poet of nature, and on his 'vigilant shrewdness that almost eluded you by keeping its watch so quietly.' The *Tales of the Hall* were received with the approval due to an old favourite, but without enthusiasm. In 1822 the now venerable poet paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh. He arrived the day Scott at Leith welcomed George IV. to Scotland; and it was in Scott's joy at greeting Crabbe as guest that he sat down on and smashed the glass out of which the king had a little before drunk his health, and which Scott had carried off in the skirt of his coat. It was noted that Crabbe soon got wearied of the New Town, but could amuse himself for ever in the Old. His latter years were spent in clerical duties, in social intercourse, and in fossil-hunting; at threescore and ten he was still busy, cheerful, and affectionate. He died at Trowbridge on 3rd February 1832.

The *Village*, the *Parish Register*, and the shorter tales of Crabbe were his most popular poems. The *Tales of the Hall* are less interesting, though Edward FitzGerald loved them; they deal with the higher ranks of life, and with them the poet of the poor was hardly at home. Yet some of the episodes are in his best style: Sir Owen Dale, Ruth, Ellen, and other stories are marked with Crabbe's sign-manual—a fidelity to nature which redeems verses otherwise dull enough. His field of observation was narrow, his gift of description somewhat limited, but his pictures have a strong dramatic effect—they are visibly drawn direct from the life. They are often too true; human nature exhibited in its naked reality and with all its defects shocks our vanity and mortifies our pride. The life-experience of the poet gave the bent to his genius. He well knew how untrue and absurd were the pictures of rural life which regularly figured in poetry. His own youth was painful—spent amidst want and misery, changing only from gloom to passion; though in later years he had more of the amenities of refined and intellectual society at his command than Cowper, yet he did not, like Cowper, attempt to paint their manifold charms. When he took up his pen, his mind turned to Aldeburgh and its wild amphibious race—to the parish workhouse, where the wheel hummed doleful through the day—to erring damsels and luckless swains, the prey of overseers or justices—or to the haunts of desperate poachers and smugglers, Gipsies and gamblers, where vice and misery stalked undisguised in their darkest forms. He stirred up the dregs of human society, and while exhibiting to the life the hideous and hateful features, yet worked them into moving poetry. Like his own Sir Richard Monday, he never forgot the parish. True, village-life in England in its worst form, with the old poor-laws and game-laws, with a non-resident clergy, displayed a scale of marked contrasts, some bright, some gloomy, and Crabbe drew them all. His Isaac Ashford is as honourable to the humbler English poor as Scott's Jeanie Deans or Dandie Dinmont are to Scottish character. The faithful maid who watched over her dying sailor is a noble tribute to the power of true love amongst the lowly; 'The Parting Hour' and 'The Patron' are equally honourable to the poor and to the middle classes. But no doubt Crabbe was in general a gloomy painter of life; he was irrepressibly driven to depict the unlovely and unamiable; whether for poetic effect or from painful experience, he makes the evil in life predominate over the good; by nature or by force of circumstances, he was a pessimist—a realist, in the sense we associate with the work, in prose and verse, of moderns like Thomas Hardy. Even his pathos and tenderness are generally linked to something harsh, startling, or humiliating, to disappointed hopes or unavailing sorrow. The minuteness with which he dwells on such aspects of life sometimes makes his descriptions tedious and apparently unfeeling; he drags forward every defect, every vice and failing, not for the purpose of educing something good out of the evil, but, as it would seem, merely for the sake of completing the picture. In his higher flights, where scenes of strong passion, vice, or remorse are depicted, Crabbe is a moralist-poet, purifying the heart by terror and pity, and by appalling realisations of the misery and desolation that mark the track of unbridled passion. His story of Sir Eustace Grey in this kind is told with almost terrific power, and with a lyrical cry in its verse. His usual vehicle is the Popian couplet—Horace Smith dubbed him 'a Pope in worsted stockings'—much less flowing and melodious than its model, and often ending in points and quibbles. Thus his thrifty housewife, Widow Goe, falls down in sickness, 'Heaven in her eye, and in her hand her keys;' the apothecary 'carries fate and physic in his eye.' This kind of thing does really heighten the effect of his humorous and homely descriptions; but it is too much of a mannerism, and it mars the finer passages. As a painter of English scenery Crabbe is as original and forcible as in character-sketching. His seascapes are peculiarly striking; and he invests even sterile marshes and barren sands with interest. His objects are seldom picturesque; but he noted every weed and plant—the purple bloom of the heath, the dwarfish flowers among the wild gorse, the slender grass of the sheep-walk, and even the pebbles, seaweed, and shells amid 'the glittering waters on the shingles rolled;' and he passionately loved the sea. It will be remembered by all readers of Lockhart's *Life of Scott* how on his deathbed Scott insisted again and again on having something by Crabbe read to him, and how, though his memory had lost its grip, he listened always with pleasure to passages his son-in-law read to him from his old favourite. Cardinal Newman declared *Tales of the Hall* to be a poem, 'whether in conception or in execution, one of the most touching in our language;' proclaimed in *The Idea of a University* that he read it on its first publication 'with extreme delight, and had never lost his love of it;' and in successive editions still testified that on a re-reading he was 'even more touched by it than heretofore.'

Parish Workhouse and Apothecary.

Theirs is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours, flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
There children dwell who know no parents' care;
Parents who know no children's love dwell there:
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood-fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot and the madman gay.
  Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought amid the scenes of grief to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixed with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here sorrowing they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:

Whose laws indeed for ruined age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride ;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.
Say ye, oppressed by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose ;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance :
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever-new disease ;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain and that alone can cure ;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
Where all that 's wretched paves the way for death?
  Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides ;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen.
And lath and mud are all that lie between :
Save one dull pane that, coarsely patched, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day :
Here on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head ;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes ;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile
  But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls :
Anon a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit,
With looks unaltered by these scenes of woe.
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go ;
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye :
A potent quack, long versed in human ills
Who first insults the victim whom he kills :
Whose murderous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.
  Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer :
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience marked in his averted eyes ;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door ;
His drooping patient, long inured to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain ;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man ; and silent sinks into the grave.

(From [illegible])

Isaac Ashford.

  Next to these ladies, but in nought allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene :
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid ;
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed ;
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace.
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face :
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved ;
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
And with the firmest, had the fondest mind :
Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none ;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh ;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed
Bane of the poor ! it wounds their weaker mind
To miss one favour which their neighbours find —
Yet far was he from stoic pride removed ;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved :
I marked his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried :
The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride ;
Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed ;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few :
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace ;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labours trained ;
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast ;
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied,
In fact a noble passion, misnamed pride.
  He had no party's rage, no sectary's whim :
Christian and countryman was all with him :
True to his church he came ; no Sunday shower
Kept him at home in that important hour ;
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect
By the strong glare of their new light direct :
'On hope, in mine own sober light, I gaze,
But should be blind and lose it in your blaze.'
  In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it his pride, his comfort to complain,
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
And feel in that his comfort and his pride.
  At length he found, when seventy years were run,
His strength departed and his labour done :
When, save his honest fame, he kept no more,
But lost his wife and saw his children poor.
'Twas then a spark of — say not discontent —
Struck on his mind, and thus he gave it vent
  'Kind are your laws — 'tis not to be denied —
That in yon house for ruined age provide.
And they are just ; when young, we give you all,
And then for comforts in our weakness call
Why then this proud reluctance to be fed,
To join your poor and eat the parish bread?
But yet I linger, loath with him to feed
Who gains his plenty by the sons of need :
He who by contract all your paupers took,
And gauges stomachs with an anxious look
On some old master I could well depend ;
See him with joy, and thank him as a friend
But ill on him who doles the day's supply,
And counts our chances who at night may die :
Yet help me, Heaven ! and let me not complain
Of what befalls me, but the fate sustain.'
  Such were his thoughts, and so resigned he grew ;
Daily he [illegible] the workhouse in his view !
But came [illegible] here, for sudden was his fate,
He dropt expiring at his cottage-gate
  I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there ;

I see no more those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honoured head ;
No more that awful glance on playful wight
Compelled to kneel and tremble at the sight,
To fold his fingers all in dread the while,
Till Mister Ashford softened to a smile ;
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith—to give it force—are there. . . .
But he is blest, and I lament no more,
A wise good man contented to be poor.

(From *The Parish Register.*)

Phœbe Dawson.

Two summers since I saw at Lammas fair
The sweetest flower that ever blossomed there ;
When Phœbe Dawson gaily crossed the green,
In haste to see, and happy to be seen ;
Her air, her manners all who saw admired,
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired ;
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
And ease of heart her every look conveyed ;
A native skill her simple robes expressed,
As with untutored elegance she dressed ;
The lads around admired so fair a sight,
And Phœbe felt, and felt she gave, delight.
Admirers soon of every age she gained,
Her beauty won them and her worth retained ;
Envy itself could no contempt display,
They wished her well, whom yet they wished away.
Correct in thought, she judged a servant's place
Preserved a rustic beauty from disgrace ;
But yet on Sunday-eve, in freedom's hour,
With secret joy she felt that beauty's power ;
When some proud bliss upon the heart would steal,
That, poor or rich, a beauty still must feel.
At length, the youth ordained to move her breast,
Before the swains with bolder spirit pressed ;
With looks less timid made his passion known,
And pleased by manners most unlike her own ;
Loud though in love, and confident though young ;
Fierce in his air, and voluble of tongue ;
By trade a tailor, though, in scorn of trade,
He served the squire, and brushed the coat he made :
Yet now, would Phœbe her consent afford,
Her slave alone, again he 'd mount the board ;
With her should years of growing love be spent,
And growing wealth : she sighed and looked consent.
Now through the lane, up hill, and cross the green
Seen by but few, and blushing to be seen
Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid—
Led by the lover, walked the silent maid :
Slow through the meadows roved they many a mile,
Toyed by each bank and trifled at each stile ;
Where, as he painted every blissful view,
And highly coloured what he strongly drew,
The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears,
Dimmed the false prospect with prophetic tears :
Thus passed the allotted hours, till, lingering late,
The lover loitered at the master's gate ;
There he pronounced adieu ! and yet would stay,
Till chidden—soothed—entreated—forced away !
He would of coldness, though indulged, complain,
And oft retire and oft return again ;
When, if his teasing vexed her gentle mind,
The grief assumed compelled her to be kind !
For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,
That she resented first, and then forgave,
And to his grief and penance yielded more
Than his presumption had required before :
Ah ! fly temptation, youth ; refrain ! refrain !
Each yielding maid and each presuming swain !
Lo ! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,
One who an infant in her arms sustains,
And seems in patience striving with her pains ;
Pinched are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing and whose hopes are fled ;
Pale her parched lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnoticed from their channels flow ;
Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
Frets the meek soul, and then she 's calm again. . . .
But who this child of weakness, want, and care ?
'Tis Phœbe Dawson, pride of Lammas fair ;
Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes,
Expressions warm, and love-inspiring lies :
Compassion first assailed her gentle heart
For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart :
'And then his prayers ! they would a savage move,
And win the coldest of the sex to love :'
But ah ! too soon his looks success declared,
Too late her loss the marriage-rite repaired ;
The faithless flatterer then his vows forgot,
A captious tyrant or a noisy sot :
If present, railing till he saw her pained ;
If absent, spending what their labours gained ;
Till that fair form in want and sickness pined,
And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.
Then fly temptation, youth ; resist ! refrain !
Nor let me preach for ever and in vain !

(From *The Parish Register.*)

The Felon's Dream.

Yes ! e'en in sleep the impressions all remain,
He hears the sentence and he feels the chain ;
He sees the judge and jury when he shakes,
And loudly cries, 'Not guilty,' and awakes :
Then chilling tremblings o'er his body creep,
Till worn-out nature is compelled to sleep.
Now comes the dream again : it shews each scene,
With each small circumstance that comes between
The call to suffering, and the very deed
There crowds go with him, follow, and precede ;
Some heartless shout, some pity, all condemn,
While he in fancied envy looks at them :
He seems the place for that sad act to see,
And dreams the very thirst which then will be :
A priest attends—it seems the one he knew
In his best days, beneath whose care he grew.
At this his terrors take a sudden flight ;
He sees his native village with delight ;
The house, the chamber, where he once arrayed
His youthful person, where he knelt and prayed ;
Then, too, the comforts he enjoyed at home,
The days of joy, the joys themselves, are come ;
The hours of innocence, the timid look
Of his loved maid, when first her hand he took,
And told his hope ; her trembling joy appears,
Her forced reserve, and his retreating fears.
All now are present—'tis a moment's gleam
Of former sunshine—stay, delightful dream !
Let him within his pleasant garden walk,
Give him her arm, of blessings let them talk.
Yes ! all are with him now, and all the while
Life's early prospects and his Fanny's smile :

Then come his sister and his village friend,
And he will now the sweetest moments spend
Life has to yield: no, never will he find
Again on earth such pleasure in his mind:
He goes through shrubby walks these friends among,
Love in their looks and honour on the tongue;
Nay, there's a charm beyond what nature shews,
The bloom is softer, and more sweetly glows;
Pierced by no crime, and urged by no desire
For more than true and honest hearts require,
They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed
Through the green lane, then linger in the mead,
Stray o'er the heath in all its purple bloom,
And pluck the blossom where the wild bees hum;
Then through the broomy bound with ease they pass,
And press the sandy sheep-walk's slender grass,
Where dwarfish flowers among the gorse are spread,
And the lamb browses by the linnet's bed;
Then 'cross the bounding brook they make their way
O'er its rough bridge, and there behold the bay;
The ocean smiling to the fervid sun,
The waves that faintly fall, and slowly run,
The ships at distance, and the boats at hand;
And now they walk upon the seaside sand,
Counting the number, and what kind they be,
Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea;
Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold
The glittering waters on the shingles rolled:
The timid girls, half dreading their design,
Dip the small foot in the retarded brine,
And search for crimson weeds, which spreading flow,
Or lie like pictures on the sand below;
With all those bright red pebbles that the sun
Through the small waves so softly shines upon;
And those live lucid jellies which the eye
Delights to trace as they swim glittering by;
Pearl shells and rubied star-fish they admire,
And will arrange above the parlour fire.
Tokens of bliss! 'Oh, horrible! a wave
Roars as it rises--save me, Edward, save!'
She cries. Alas! the watchman on his way
Calls, and lets in--truth, terror, and the day!

(From *The Borough*.)

Gipsies.

On either side
Is level fen, a prospect wild and wide,
With dikes on either hand by ocean's self supplied:
Far on the right the distant sea is seen,
And salt the springs that feed the marsh between;
Beneath an ancient bridge the straitened flood
Rolls through its sloping banks of slimy mud;
Near it a sunken boat resists the tide,
That frets and hurries to th' opposing side;
The rushes sharp, that on the borders grow,
Bend their brown flow'rets to the stream below,
Impure in all its course, in all its progress slow:
Here a grave Flora scarcely deigns to bloom,
Nor wears a rosy blush, nor sheds perfume:
The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread
Partake the nature of their fenny bed;
Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume:
Here the dwarf sallows creep, the septfoil harsh,
And the soft slimy mallow of the marsh;
Low on the ear the distant billows sound,
And just in view appears their stony bound;
No hedge nor tree conceals the glowing sun;
Birds, save a wat'ry tribe, the district shun,
Nor chirp among the reeds where bitter waters run. . . .
Again, the country was enclosed, a wide
And sandy road has banks on either side;
Where, lo! a hollow on the left appeared,
And there a gipsy tribe their tent had reared;
'Twas open spread, to catch the morning sun,
And they had now their early meal begun,
When two brown boys just left their grassy seat,
The early traveller with their prayers to greet:
While yet Orlando held his pence in hand,
He saw their sister on her duty stand;
Some twelve years old, demure, affected, sly,
Prepared the force of early powers to try;
Sudden a look of languor he descries,
And well feigned apprehension in her eyes;
Trained but yet savage, in her speaking face
He marked the features of her vagrant race;
When a light laugh and roguish leer expressed
The vice implanted in her youthful breast:
Forth from the tent her elder brother came,
Who seemed offended, yet forbore to blame
The young designer, but could only trace
The looks of pity in the traveller's face:
Within, the father, who from fences nigh
Had brought the fuel for the fire's supply,
Watched now the feeble blaze, and stood dejected by.
On ragged rug, just borrowed from the bed,
And by the hand of coarse indulgence fed,
In dirty patchwork negligently dressed,
Reclined the wife, an infant at her breast;
In her wild face some touch of grace remained,
Of vigour palsied and of beauty stained;
Her bloodshot eyes on her unheeding mate
Were wrathful turned, and seemed her wants to state,
Cursing his tardy aid—her mother there
With gipsy state engrossed the only chair;
Solemn and dull her look; with such she stands,
And reads the milk-maid's fortune in her hands,
Tracing the lines of life; assumed through years,
Each feature now the steady falsehood wears:
With hard and savage eye she views the food,
And grudging pinches their intruding brood;
Last in the group, the worn out grandsire sits
Neglected, lost, and living but by fits:
Useless, despised, his worthless labours done,
And half protected by the vicious son,
Who half supports him; he with heavy glance
Views the young ruffians who around him dance;
And, by the sadness in his face, appears
To trace the progress of their future years:
Through what strange course of misery, vice, deceit,
Must wildly wander each unpractised cheat!
What shame and grief, what punishment and pain,
Sport of fierce passions, must each child sustain—
Ere they like him approach their latter end,
Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend!

(From *Tales*, 'Lover's Journey.')

Approaching Age.

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
When Time began to play his usual tricks:
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, displayed th' encroaching white;

The blood once fervid now to cool began,
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man:
I rode or walked as I was wont before,
But now the bounding spirit was no more;
A moderate pace would now my body heat,
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
I showed my stranger-guest those hills sublime,
But said, 'The view is poor, we need not climb.'
At a friend's mansion I began to dread
The cold neat parlour, and the gay glazed bed;
At home I felt a more decided taste,
And must have all things in my order placed;
I ceased to hunt, my horses pleased me less,
My dinner more; I learned to play at chess;
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
Was disappointed that I did not shoot;
My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose:
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
The active arm, the agile hand were gone;
Small daily actions into habits grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashion new;
I loved my trees in order to dispose,
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose,
Told the same story oft—in short, began to prose.

(From *The Tales of the Hall.*)

The Crazed Maiden's Song.

Let me not have this gloomy view
About my room, around my bed;
But morning roses, wet with dew,
To cool my burning brows instead.
As flow'rs that once in Eden grew,
Let them their fragrant spirits shed,
And every day the sweets renew,
Till I, a fading flower, am dead.

Oh! let the herbs I loved to rear
Give to my sense their perfumed breath;
Let them be placed about my bier,
And grace the gloomy house of death.
I'll have my grave beneath a hill,
Where, only Lucy's self shall know;
Where runs the pure pellucid rill
Upon its gravelly bed below;
There violets on the borders blow,
And insects their soft light display,
Till, as the morning sunbeams glow,
The cold phosphoric fires decay.

That is the grave to Lucy shown,
The soil a pure and silver sand,
The green cold moss above it grown,
Unplucked of all but maiden hand:
In virgin earth, till then unturned,
There let my maiden form be laid,
Nor let my changed clay be spurned,
Nor for new guest that bed be made.

There will the lark,—the lamb, in sport,
In air,—on earth,—securely play,
And Lucy to my grave resort,
As innocent, but not so gay.
I will not have the churchyard ground
With bones all black and ugly grown,
To press my shivering body round,
Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

With ribs and skulls I will not sleep,
In clammy beds of cold blue clay,
Through which the ringed earth-worms creep,
And on the shrouded bosom prey;
I will not have the bell proclaim
When those sad marriage rites begin,
And boys, without regard or shame,
Press the vile mouldering masses in.

Say not, it is beneath my care;
I cannot these cold truths allow:
These thoughts may not afflict me there,
But, O! they vex and tease me now.
Raise not a turf, nor set a stone,
That man a maiden's grave may trace,
But thou, my Lucy, come alone,
And let affection find the place.

Oh! take me from a world I hate,
Men cruel, selfish, sensual, cold;
And, in some pure and blessed state,
Let me my sister minds behold:
From gross and sordid views refined,
Our heaven of spotless love to share,
For only generous souls designed,
And not a man to meet us there.

(From *The Tales of the Hall.*)

Sketches of Autumn.

It was a fair and mild autumnal sky,
And earth's ripe treasures met th' admiring eye,
As a rich beauty, when her bloom is lost,
Appears with more magnificence and cost:
The wet and heavy grass, where feet had strayed,
Not yet erect, the wanderer's way betrayed;
Showers of the night had swelled the deepening rill,
The morning breeze had urged the quickening mill;
Assembled rooks had winged their seaward flight,
By the same passage to return at night,
While proudly o'er them hung the steady kite,
Then turned him back, and left the noisy throng,
Nor deigned to know them as he sailed along.
Long yellow leaves, from osiers, strewed around,
Choked the small stream, and hushed the feeble sound;
While the dead foliage dropped from loftier trees,
Our squire beheld not with his wonted ease;
But to his own reflections made reply,
And said aloud, 'Yes! doubtless we must die.'
'We must,' said Richard; 'and we would not live
To feel what dotage and decay will give;
But we yet taste whatever we behold,
The morn is lovely, though the air is cold:
There is delicious quiet in this scene,
At once so rich, so varied, so serene;
Sounds to delight us—each discordant tone
Thus mingled please, that fail to please alone;
This hollow wind, this rustling of the brook,
The farm-yard noise, the woodman at yon oak—
See, the axe falls!—now listen to the stroke!
That gun itself, that murders all this peace,
Adds to the charm, because it soon must cease.'

(From *The Tales of the Hall.*)

Cold grew the foggy morn, the day was brief,
Loose on the cherry hung the crimson leaf;
The dew dwelt ever on the herb; the woods
Roared with strong blasts, with mighty showers the floods.

All green was vanished, save of pine and yew,
That still displayed their melancholy hue;
Save the green holly with its berries red,
And the green moss that o'er the gravel spread.

(From *Tales*: 'The Patron.')

It is hardly unfair to compare Crabbe's

Better to love amiss than nothing to have loved,

from *The Struggles of Conscience*, with Tennyson's

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

It was Crabbe who opined, not without reason, that he 'who often reads, will sometimes wish to write.' It is in *The Widow's Tale* that we read of

A tender, timid maid! who knew not how
To pass a pig-sty, or to face a cow,

and who was aggrieved

When the coarse cloth she saw, with many a stain
Soiled by rude hinds who cut and come again.

An admirable Life of the poet by his son, the Rev. George Crabbe (1785–1857), for twenty-three years vicar of Bredfield, Suffolk, was prefixed to the edition of the works published in eight volumes in 1834. See also Leslie Stephen's *Hours in a Library* (2nd series, 1876), E. FitzGerald's *Readings in 'Tales of the Hall'* (1882), and Kebbel's *Crabbe* (1888).

FRANCIS HINDES GROOME.

Jeremy Bentham (1748–1832), for more than half a century conspicuous as an author on jurisprudence and ethics, lived in intimate correspondence with the leading men of several generations and of various countries, and was unceasingly active in the propagation of utilitarianism and in insisting on reform in law. The son of a pushing and prosperous London attorney, he was educated at Westminster School and Queen's College, Oxford. He was little over twelve when he went to Oxford, but even then he was, from his precocity, not unjustly known by the name of 'the philosopher;' and though he never liked Oxford methods of study or of life, he took his degree of B.A. in 1763, and after studying law at Lincoln's Inn, was called to the Bar. He had a strong dislike to the legal profession, and never but once pleaded in public. His first publication was an acute but hypercritical examination of a passage in Blackstone's *Commentaries*, and was called *A Fragment on Government* (1776). The critique was prompted, no doubt, by 'a passion for improvement in those shapes in which the lot of mankind is meliorated by it,' but also by a profound contempt for Blackstone. He was stimulated by Priestley's writings. 'In the phrase, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," I then saw delineated,' says Bentham, 'for the first time, a plan as well as a true standard for whatever is right or wrong, useful, useless, or mischievous in human conduct, whether in the field of morals or of politics.' The famous phrase was used first by Hutcheson (1726), then in Italian by Beccaria, and was found by Priestley in a translation of Beccaria's *Crimes and Punishment* (1766); but unhappily Priestley, Bentham, and the rest have none of them given a final and universal definition of human happiness. To ensure it, Bentham considered it necessary to reconstruct the laws and government to have annual parliaments and universal suffrage, secret voting, and a return to the ancient practice of paying wages to parliamentary representatives. In all his political, sociological, and juridical writings this doctrine of utility, so understood, is the leading and pervading principle. In 1778 he published a pamphlet on *The Hard Labour Bill*, recommending an improvement in the mode of criminal punishment; amongst those that followed were *Letters on Usury* (1787), *Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Politics* (1789), *Discourses on Civil and Penal Legislation* (1802), *Punishments and Rewards* (1811), *A Treatise on Judicial Evidence* (1813), *Codification and Public Instruction* (1817), and *The Book of Fallacies* (1824). The article in the *National Dictionary of Biography* quotes a classified list of seventy-four publications. By the death of his father in 1792, Bentham succeeded to property in London and to farms in Essex yielding from £500 to £600 a year. He lived frugally, but with elegance, in one of his London houses, kept young men as secretaries, corresponded and wrote daily, and by a life of temperance and industry, with great self-complacency and the society of a few devoted friends, the eccentric philosopher attained to the age of eighty-four. He left his body to be dissected, and his skeleton, clothed in his usual attire, is preserved in University College, London.

His works were collected and edited by Bowring and Hill Burton, and published in eleven volumes. But as some of the works were rearranged, abridged, and altered by Bowring and others, it is sometimes doubtful how far the statements perfectly represent Bentham's own words or ideas. Originally Bentham's style was natural, clear, and even brilliant. In his later works he adopted a peculiar uncouth style and nomenclature, which deter ordinary readers, and indeed have rendered many of his works a dead letter. The substance of his published works and MSS. was rearranged and translated into excellent French by M. Dumont, a Genevese disciple, and there were Spanish and Portuguese translations. James Mill made known his principles at home; Sir Samuel Romilly discussed and criticised them in the *Edinburgh Review*, and Sir James Mackintosh in his *Ethical Dissertation*. Of his new coined words it should be noted that some (such as codify, minimise, international) have been found useful, and have become an essential and permanent part of the English language. In the science of legislation Bentham exhibited profound capacity and extensive knowledge; but he is chargeable with not sufficiently recognising the various circumstances which require his rules to be modified in different countries and times, in order to render them either more useful, more easily introduced, more generally respected, or more certainly executed.' J. S. Mill declared 'There is hardly anything in Bentham's philosophy which is not true. The bad part of his writings is his resolute denial of all that he does not see, of all truths but those which he recognises.' This does not fully indicate the fact that he was both dogmatic and intolerant, holding that those who deliberately differed from him were either fools or knaves. He greatly furthered the improvement of the lamentable poor-laws; like so many of the older Radicals, he held that both for England and France, colonies are disadvantageous to the mother-country, and should be emancipated. Many of his schemes have been realised; many more are in course of realisation. The end and object of them all was the general welfare, and his chief error lay in conceiving that organic changes are possible by manifesto and enactment, or otherwise than through the growth and modification of popular needs, ideas, and institutions. In Mill's words, 'he found the philosophy of law a chaos, and left it a science'; and he was the philosophic pioneer of Liberalism and of Radicalism.

From the 'Defence of Usury.'

The business of a money-lender, though only among Christians and in Christian times a proscribed profession, has nowhere, nor at any time, been a popular one. Those who have the resolution to sacrifice the present to the future, are natural objects of envy to those who have sacrificed the future to the present. The children who have eaten their cake are the natural enemies of the children who have theirs. While the money is hoped for, and for a short time after it has been received, he who lends it is a friend and benefactor: by the time the money is spent, and the evil hour of reckoning is come, the benefactor is found to have changed his nature, and to have put on the tyrant and the oppressor. It is an oppression for a man to reclaim his own money: it is none to keep it from him. Among the inconsiderate, that is, among the great mass of mankind, selfish affections conspire with the social in treasuring up all favour for the man of dissipation, and in refusing justice to the man of thrift who has supplied him. In some shape or other, that favour attends the chosen object of it through every stage of his career. But in no stage of his career can the man of thrift come in for any share of it. It is the general interest of those with whom a man lives, that his expense should be at least as great as his circumstances will bear: because there are few expenses which a man can launch into, but what the benefit of them is shared, in some proportion or other, by those with whom he lives. In that circle originates a standing law forbidding every [illegible] to confine his expenses within [illegible] to be the measure of his means [illegible] exceed [illegible] and the means [illegible] may be ever so much beyond [illegible] to fall short of them. Such [illegible] the commendation of the former [illegible] between [illegible] that disposition [illegible] even in the eyes even of those whom [illegible] instances do not entitle [illegible] present, which [illegible] recommendation is this disposition, shall find himself to have purchased a permanent fund of respect, to the prejudice of the very persons at whose expense he has been gratifying his appetites and his pride. The lustre which the display of borrowed wealth has diffused over his character awes men during the season of his prosperity into a submission to his insolence, and when the hand of adversity has overtaken him at last, the recollection of the height from which he has fallen throws the veil of compassion over his injustice.

The condition of the man of thrift is the reverse. His lasting opulence procures him a share, at least, of the same envy that attends the prodigal's transient display; but the use he makes of it procures him no part of the favour which attends the prodigal. In the satisfactions he derives from that use—the pleasure of possession, and the idea of enjoying at some distant period, which may never arrive—nobody comes in for any share. In the midst of his opulence he is regarded as a kind of insolvent, who refuses to honour the bills which their rapacity would draw upon him, and who is by so much the more criminal than other insolvents, as not having the plea of inability for an excuse.

Could there be any doubt of the disfavour which attends the cause of the money-lender in his competition with the borrower, and of the disposition of the public judgment to sacrifice the interest of the former to that of the latter, the stage would afford a compendious but a pretty conclusive proof of it. It is the business of the dramatist to study, and to conform to, the humours and passions of those on the pleasing of whom he depends for his success; it is the course which reflection must suggest to every man, and which a man would naturally fall into, though he were not to think about it. He may, and very frequently does, make magnificent pretences of giving the law to them: but woe be to him that attempts to give to them any other law than what they are disposed already to receive! If he would attempt to lead them one inch, it must be with great caution, and not without suffering himself to be led by them at least a dozen. Now I question whether, among all the instances in which a borrower and a lender of money have been brought together upon the stage, from the days of Thespis to the present, there ever was one in which the former was not recommended to favour in some shape or other—either to admiration, or to love, or to pity, or to all three—and the other, the man of thrift, consigned to infamy.

From Bentham's 'Commonplace Book.'

'O Locke! first master of intellectual truth! without whom those who have taught *me* would have been as nothing! let thy blest spirit, if now it looketh down upon the affairs of men, acknowledge my obedience to the first great lesson of thy life, in the assertion of independence, and in [illegible] report in my favour to the Eternal, the Judge that sits above. Priestley was the first (unless it was Beccaria) who taught my lips to pronounce this sacred truth: That the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation. Johnson is the pompous vamper of commonplace morality—of phrases often trite without being true. [illegible] When the truths of a man's book, though many and important, are fewer than the errors; when his ideas, though the means of producing clear ones in other men, are found to be themselves not clear, that book must die: Montesquieu must therefore die: he must die, as his great countryman, Descartes, had died before him: he must wither as the blade withers when the corn is ripe: he must die, but let tears of gratitude and admiration bedew his grave. O Montesquieu! the British constitution, whose death thou prophesiedst, will live longer than thy work, yet not longer than thy fame. Not even the incense of the illustrious Catharine can preserve thee. Locke—dry, cold, languid, wearisome—will live for ever. Montesquieu—rapid, brilliant, glorious, enchanting—will not outlive his century. I know—I feel—I pity—and blush at the enjoyment of a liberty which the birth-place of that great writer (great with all his faults) forbade him to enjoy. I could make an immense book upon the defects of Montesquieu. I could make not a small one upon his excellencies. It might be worth while to make both, if Montesquieu could live.'

See Life by Bowring in the collected works (in twenty-two parts, 1838-43; issued in 1844 in eleven volumes, with Introduction by J. H. Burton), and Burton's *Benthamiana* (1843).

William Godwin,

author of *Caleb Williams*, was born at Wisbeach in Cambridgeshire, 3rd March 1756, the seventh of the thirteen children of John Godwin (1723-72), a Dissenting minister, who moved to Debenham in 1758, and in 1760 to Guestwick in Norfolk. After three years' schooling at Hindolveston, three more with a tutor at Norwich, and one as usher in his former school, Godwin in 1773 entered Hoxton Presbyterian College, in 1778 quitted it as pure a Sandemanian and Tory as he had gone in. But during a five years' ministry at Ware, Stowmarket, and Beaconsfield, he turned Socinian and Republican, and by 1787 was a 'complete unbeliever.' Meanwhile he had taken to literature, in 1783-84 writing three novels for £42, a Life of Chatham, and *Sketches of History, in Six Sermons*. In 1785 he became principal writer in the *New Annual Register*. The French Revolution gave him an opening, and his ***Enquiry concerning Political Justice, and its Influences on General Virtue and Happiness*** (2 vols. 4to, 1793), brought him fame, widespread influence, the leadership of a school of thought, and a thousand guineas. It was calmly subversive of everything—law and 'marriage, the worst of all laws'; but as it preached down violence, and was deemed caviare to the multitude, its author escaped prosecution. In *Things as they Are, or the Adventures of Caleb Williams* (1794), Godwin's aim was to inculcate his characteristic doctrines, and to comprehend 'a general review of the modes of domestic and unrecorded despotism by which man becomes the destroyer of man.' His hero tells his own tale of suffering and of wrong—of innocence persecuted and reduced to the brink of death and infamy by aristocratic power, and by tyrannical or partially administered laws; but his story is so full of interest and vigour that the reader loses sight of the political object and the implied satire, and thinks only of the characters and incidents. The imagination of the novelist overpowered his philosophy; he was a greater inventor than propagandist; and his character of Falkland is one of the most striking in the whole range of English fiction. But the political views he shared were soon brought still more aggressively forward. His friends, Holcroft, Thelwall, Horne Tooke, and others, were arrested and tried on a charge of high treason. Godwin had apparently not been formally associated with their societies, and however obnoxious to those in power, had not rendered himself amenable to the laws of his country. Yet if we may credit a curious entry in Sir Walter Scott's diary, he must have been early mixed up with the English Jacobins. Scott declared that Canning, while in the Temple, was startled out of somewhat revolutionary opinions by a visit from Godwin, who told him 'to his astonishment that, in expectation of a new order of things, the English Jacobins designed to place him, Canning, at the head of the revolution. He was much struck, and asked time to think what course he should take; and having thought the matter over, he went to Mr Pitt, and made the Anti-Jacobin confession of faith.' This must have been before 1793. In any case Godwin was ready with his pen in his friends' defence. Judge Eyre, in his charge to the grand jury, had laid down principles very different from his, and he instantly published *Cursory Strictures* on the judge's charge, so ably written that the pamphlet is said to have mainly led to the acquittal of the accused.

In 1796 Godwin issued a series of essays on Education, Manners, and Literature, entitled *The Inquirer;* in August 1797 he married Mary Wollstonecraft, who died five months later after giving birth to a daughter (Mrs Shelley). Godwin's contempt of the ordinary English modes of thinking and acting was displayed by this marriage. His wife brought with her a natural daughter by a former protector, and had lived with Godwin for some time before their marriage: 'The principal motive,' he says, 'for complying with the ceremony was the circumstance of Mary's being in a state of pregnancy.' In the *Memoirs of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin*, now written by him, all the details of her life and conduct are minutely related. In 1799 appeared his *St Leon*, a story of the 'miraculous,' and designed to illustrate human feelings and passions in incredible situations. His hero attains the possession of the philosopher's stone, and secures exhaustless wealth by transmuting the baser metals into gold; at the same time he learns the secret of the *elixir vitæ*, by which he has the power of renewing his youth. The romance has many attractions—splendid description and true pathos; its chief defect is an excess of the terrible. In 1800 Godwin produced his unlucky tragedy of *Antonio;* in 1801, *Thoughts on Dr Parr's Spital Sermon*, a reply to attacks made upon him, or on his code of morality, by Parr, Mackintosh, and others. In 1803 he brought out a *Life of Chaucer*, in two quartos. The *Life of Chaucer* was ridiculed by Scott in the *Edinburgh Review* for its enormous bulk, minute details, and extraneous disquisitions, but it is, for the time, a good and careful piece of work, exhibiting much sound criticism and a relish for true poetry. In 1804 came *Fleetwood, or the New Man of Feeling*. The title was unfortunate, as reminding the reader of the *old* Man of Feeling; this new one was self-willed and capricious, a morbid egotist, whose irritability, frantic outbursts of passion, and matrimonial troubles moved contempt rather than sympathy. The better part of the novel consist of the episode of the Macneills, a tale of family pathos, and some detached descriptions of Welsh scenery. In 1801, after two unsuccessful courtships, Godwin had been married by the bustling widow, Mrs Clements or Clairmont, his next-door neighbour, who accosted him one day from her balcony: 'Is it possible that I behold the immortal Godwin?' She had two children already, and a third was born of the marriage. So in the family group as now constituted there were poor Fanny Imlay (1794-1816), who died by her own hand; Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin (1797-1851), who in 1816 married Shelley; Charles Clairmont; 'Claire' Clairmont (1797-1879), the mother by Byron of Allegra; and William Godwin (1803-32), to whose posthumous novel, *Transfusion*, a memoir was prefixed by his father.

In 1805 Godwin, having opened a bookseller's shop in London, under the assumed name of 'Edward Baldwin,' sent forth a number of children's books, small histories and other compilations, some of them by himself; Charles Lamb mentions an English Grammar, in which Hazlitt assisted; and Lamb himself wrote a children's book, *The King and Queen of Hearts* (reprinted 1902). He tried another tragedy, *Faulkener*, in 1807, also unsuccessful. Next year he published an *Essay on Sepulchres*; and in 1815, *Lives of Edward and John Phillips, the Nephews of Milton*. He had paid a visit to Scotland, and engaged with Constable for another novel, *Mandeville*, a tale of the times of Cromwell (1817), measured and stately in style, and abounding in that moral anatomy which the author delighted in, but often carried beyond truth and nature. We next find Godwin combating the opinions of Malthus upon Population (1820), and then setting about an elaborate *History of the Commonwealth* (4 vols. 1824-28). The great men of that era were exactly suited to his taste, with their resolute energy of character, their triumphant hostility to monarchy, their republican enthusiasm, and strange notions of faith. Godwin accordingly tasked himself to produce authorities for all he advanced. He took up, as might be expected, strong opinions; but in striving to be accurate and minute, he became too specific and chronological. It was truly said that the *History* 'creeps and hitches in dates and authorities.' In *Cloudesley* (1830) he found his new hero, like *Caleb Williams*, in humble life, and he set him against his patron; but there the parallel ends. The elastic vigour, the verisimilitude, the crowding incidents, the absorbing interest, and the overwhelming catastrophe of *Caleb Williams* are not to be found in *Cloudesley*; there is even little delineation of character. Instead we have fine English, 'clouds of reflections without any new occasion to call them forth; an expanded flow of words without a single pointed remark.' The next thing was a metaphysical treatise, *Thoughts on Man, &c.*; and his last (1834) a compilation, *Lives of the Necromancers*. In 1833 the revolutionary author accepted the sinecure post of yeoman usher of the Exchequer, conferred on him by Earl Grey's Ministry; and in the house attached to this appointment, in New Palace Yard, he ended his long and laborious life on 7th April 1836. From Old St Pancras churchyard his body and Mary Wollstonecraft's were removed in 1851 to Bournemouth, where also rests Mrs Shelley.

WILLIAM GODWIN.

From the Portrait by John Opie, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

The *Life of Godwin* (1876), by Mr Kegan Paul, is a valuable if over-eulogistic biography of one who in truth was largely a blend of Micawber and Pecksniff. Yet he unquestionably was one of the most remarkable and influential men of his times. The boldness of his speculations and opinions, his vehemence of feeling, and his irrepressible outspokenness were curiously contrasted with his plodding habits, his imperturbable temper, and the obscure humdrum of his daily life. The most startling and astounding theories were propounded by him with undoubting confidence; and sentiments that, if reduced to action, would have overturned the whole framework of society, were complacently looked on by their author as if they had merely formed an ordinary portion of a busy literary life. Godwin never willingly destroyed a written line, and his biographer found a vast quantity of letters and manuscripts, some never opened from the day they were laid aside by Godwin's own hand years before his death. The correspondence includes letters from Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Shelley, Wordsworth, Scott, Mackintosh, Lady Caroline Lamb, Mrs Inchbald, and others. The *Life* shows Godwin's powerful influence on Shelley and Bulwer Lytton; but it was reserved for a Frenchman, M. Émile Legouis, to show in *La Jeunesse de Wordsworth* (1896; Eng. trans. 1897) that 'The Prelude' and 'The Borderers' were as strongly Godwinian as the 'Lyrical Ballads' were anti-Godwinian.

Caleb Williams, the most interesting and original of Godwin's novels, is altogether a work of extraordinary art and power. It has the plainness of narrative and the apparent reality of the fictions of Defoe or Swift. Caleb Williams, an intelligent young peasant, is employed as secretary and kindly treated by a sombre and mysterious gentleman named Falkland. Half by chance and half from curiosity he discovers that his master has been guilty of a murder, for which he has allowed two innocent men to be hanged. His knowledge of this secret costs him a long and cruel persecution from Falkland, who at last has him arrested for theft. Driven to bay, Williams at his trial discloses the crime of his master, who dies of shame and despair, while the other is acquitted only to suffer agonies of remorse for sacrificing one who had been his benefactor.

Of the other novels of Godwin, *St Leon* alone will probably descend to posterity in company with *Caleb Williams*; though Godwin's romances have all a strong family likeness. If the impossible hypothesis on which *St Leon* is founded be admitted, then the subordinate incidents are natural and justly proportioned. The possessor of the philosopher's stone is an interesting visionary, a French Falkland of the sixteenth century, and is unfortunate, for his miraculous gifts entail but misery on himself and bring ruin to his family. Even exhaustless wealth is in itself no blessing: and this is the moral of the story. The character of the heroine Marguerite, wife of Leon, is one of the author's finest delineations. Bethlem Gabor is also a vigorous and striking sketch, though introduced too late in the novel to relieve flagging interest.

From 'Caleb Williams.'

I can conceive of no shock greater than that I received from the sight of Mr Falkland. His appearance on the last occasion on which we met had been haggard, ghost- [illegible] and wild, energy in his gestures, and frenzy in his [illegible]. It was now the appearance of a corpse. He [illegible] in, in a chair, unable to stand, fatigued and almost destroyed by the journey he had just taken. His visage was colourless; his limbs destitute of motion, almost of life. His head reclined upon his bosom, except that now and then he lifted it up, and opened his eyes with a languid glance, immediately after which he sunk back into his former apparent insensibility. He seemed not to have three hours to live. He had kept his chamber for several weeks, but the summons of the magistrate had been delivered to him at his bedside, his orders respecting letters and written papers being so peremptory that no one dared to disobey them. Upon reading the paper, he was seized with a very dangerous fit; but as soon as he recovered, he insisted upon being conveyed, with all practicable expedition, to the place of appointment. Falkland, in the most helpless state, was still Falkland, firm in command and capable to extort obedience from every one that approached him.

What a sight was this to me! Here was Falkland solemnly brought before a magistrate to answer to a charge of murder. Here I stood, having already declared myself the author of the charge, gravely and sacredly pledged to support it. This was my situation; and thus situated I was called upon immediately to act. My whole frame shook. I would eagerly have consented that that moment should have been the last of my existence. I, however, believed that the conduct now most indispensably incumbent on me was to lay the emotions of my soul naked before my hearers. I looked first at Mr Falkland, and then at the magistrate and attendants, and then at Mr Falkland again. My voice was suffocated with agony. I began: 'Would to God it were possible for me to retire from this scene without uttering another word! I would brave the consequences. I would submit to any imputation of cowardice, falsehood, and profligacy, rather than add to the weight of misfortune with which Mr Falkland is overwhelmed. But the situation, and the demands of Mr Falkland himself, forbid me. He, in compassion for whose fallen state I would willingly forget every interest of my own, would compel me to accuse, that he might enter upon his justification. I will confess every sentiment of my heart. Mr Falkland well knows, I affirm it in his presence, how unwillingly I have proceeded to this extremity. I have reverenced him; he was worthy of reverence. From the first moment I saw him, I conceived the most ardent admiration. He condescended to encourage me; I attached myself to him with the fullness of affection. He was unhappy; I excited myself with youthful curiosity to discover the secret of his woe. This was the beginning of misfortune. What shall I say? He was indeed the murderer of Tyrrel! He suffered the Hawkinses to be executed, knowing that they were innocent, and that he alone was guilty! After successive surmises, after various indiscretions on my part, and indications on his, he at length confided to me the fatal tale! Mr Falkland! I most solemnly conjure you to recollect yourself! Did I ever prove myself unworthy of your confidence? The secret was a most painful burden to me; it was the extremest folly that led me unthinkingly to gain possession of it; but I would have died a thousand deaths rather than betray it. It was the jealousy of your own thoughts, and the weight that hung upon your mind, that led you to watch my motions, and conceive alarm from every particle of my conduct. You began in confidence; why did you not continue in confidence? . . . I fell at last into the hands of the miscreants. In this terrible situation I, for the first time, attempted, by turning informer, to throw the weight from myself. Happily for me, the London [illegible] listened to my tale with insolent contempt. I soon, and long, repented of my rashness, and rejoiced in my miscarriage. I acknowledge that in various ways Mr Falkland showed humanity towards me during this period. He would have prevented my going to prison at first; he contributed to my subsistence during my detention; he had no share in the pursuit that had been set on foot against me; he at length procured my discharge when brought forward for trial. But a great part of his forbearance was unknown to me; I supposed him to be my unrelenting pursuer. I could not forget that, whoever heaped calamities on me in the sequel, they all originated in his forged accusation. The prosecution against me for felony was now at an end. Why were not my sufferings permitted to terminate then, and I allowed to hide my weary head in some obscure yet tranquil retreat? Had I not sufficiently proved my constancy and fidelity? Would not a compromise in this situation have been most wise and most secure? But the restless and jealous anxiety of Mr Falkland would not permit him to repose the least atom of confidence. The only compromise that he proposed was, that, with my own hand, I should sign myself a villain. I refused this proposal, and have ever since been driven from place to place, deprived of peace, of honest fame, even of bread. For a long time I persisted in the resolution that no emergency should convert me into the assailant. In an evil hour I at last listened to my resentment and impatience, and the hateful mistake into which I fell has produced the present scene. I now see that mistake in all its enormity. I am sure that if I had opened my heart to Mr Falkland, if I had told to him privately the tale that I have now been telling, he could not have resisted my reasonable demand. After all his precautions, he must ultimately have depended upon my forbearance. Could he be sure that if I were at last worked up to disclose everything I knew, and to enforce it with all the energy I could exert, I should obtain no credit? If he must in every case be at my mercy, in which mode ought he to have sought his safety, in conciliation, or in inexorable cruelty? Mr Falkland is of a noble nature. Yes! in spite of the catastrophe of Tyrrel, of the miserable end of the Hawkinses, and of all that I have myself suffered, I affirm that he has qualities of the most admirable kind. It is therefore impossible that he could have resisted a frank and fervent expostulation, the frankness and the fervour in which the whole soul was poured out. I despaired while it was yet time to have made the just experiment; but my despair was criminal, was treason against the sovereignty of truth. I have told a plain and unadulterated tale. I came hither to curse, but I remain to bless. I came to accuse, but am compelled to applaud. I proclaim to all the world that Mr Falkland is a man worthy of affection and kindness, and that I am myself the basest and most odious of mankind! Never will I forgive myself the iniquity of this day. The memory will always haunt me, and imbitter every hour of my existence. In thus acting, I have been a murderer—a cool, deliberate, unfeeling murderer. I have said what my accursed precipitation has obliged me to say. Do with me as you please. I ask no favour. Death would be a kindness compared to what I feel!'

Such were the accents dictated by my remorse. I poured them out with uncontrollable impetuosity, for my heart was pierced, and I was compelled to give vent to its anguish. Every one that heard me was petrified with astonishment. Every one that heard me was melted into tears. They could not resist the ardour with which I praised the great qualities of Falkland; they manifested their sympathy in the tokens of my penitence.

How shall I describe the feelings of this unfortunate man? Before I began he seemed sunk and debilitated, incapable of any strenuous impression. When I mentioned the murder, I could perceive in him an involuntary shuddering, though it was counteracted, partly by the feebleness of his frame, and partly by the energy of his mind. This was an allegation he expected, and he had endeavoured to prepare himself for it. But there was much of what I said of which he had had no previous conception. When I expressed the anguish of my mind he seemed at first startled and alarmed lest this should be a new expedient to gain credit to my tale. His indignation against me was great for having retained all my resentment towards him, thus, as it might be, in the last hour of his existence. It was increased when he discovered me, as he supposed, using a pretence of liberality and sentiment to give new edge to my hostility. But as I went on, he could no longer resist. He saw my sincerity; he was penetrated with my grief and compunction. He rose from his seat, supported by the attendants, and—to my infinite astonishment—threw himself into my arms!

'Williams,' said he, 'you have conquered! I see too late the greatness and elevation of your mind. I confess that it is to my fault, and not yours, that it is to the excess of jealousy that was ever burning in my bosom that I owe my ruin. I could have resisted any plan of malicious accusation you might have brought against me. But I see that the artless and manly story you have told has carried conviction to every hearer. All my prospects are concluded. All that I most ardently desired is for ever frustrated. I have spent a life of the basest cruelty to cover one act of momentary vice, and to protect myself against the prejudices of my species. I stand now completely detected. My name will be consecrated to infamy, while your heroism, your patience, and your virtues will be for ever admired. You have inflicted on me the most fatal of all mischiefs, but I bless the hand that wounds me. And now,'—turning to the magistrate—'and now, do with me as you please. I am prepared to suffer all the vengeance of the law.'

From 'Political Justice'

Speak the language of truth and reason to your child, and be under no apprehension for the result. Show him that what you recommend is truly valuable and desirable, and fear not but he will desire it. Convince his under[illegible] his powers animal and [illegible] How long has the genius [illegible] and unnerved by the [illegible] it is possible for [illegible] the jargon imposed [illegible] us that in in[illegible] but unfold his stores? [illegible] proceed [illegible] from the mistakes w[illegible] We often misappr[illegible] sure. We are wrapt [illegible] do not observe, as we ought, [illegible] that pass in the mind [illegible] compulsion for persuasion, [illegible] the belief that despotism is the [illegible] to the

Education will proceed with a firm step and with genuine lustre when those who conduct it shall know what a vast field it embraces; when they shall be aware that the effect, the question whether the pupil shall be a man of perseverance and enterprise or a stupid and inanimate dolt, depends upon the powers of those under whose direction he is placed, and the skill with which those powers shall be applied. Industry will be exerted with tenfold alacrity when it shall be generally confessed that there are no obstacles to our improvement which do not yield to the powers of industry. Multitudes will never exert the energy necessary to extraordinary success till they shall dismiss the prejudices that fetter them, get rid of the chilling system of occult and inexplicable causes, and consider the human mind as an intelligent agent, guided by motives and prospects presented to the understanding, and not by causes of which we have no proper cognisance and can form no calculation.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN.
From the Portrait by John Opie, R.A.

Apply these considerations to the subject of politics, and they will authorise us to infer that the excellencies and defects of the human character are not derived from causes beyond the reach of ingenuity to modify and correct. If we entertain false views and be involved in pernicious mistakes, this disadvantage is not the offspring of an irresistible destiny. We have been ignorant, we have been hasty, or we have been misled. Remove the causes of this ignorance or this miscalculation, and the effects will cease. Show me in the clearest and most unambiguous manner that a certain mode of proceeding is most reasonable in itself or most conducive to my interest, and I shall infallibly pursue that mode, as long as the views you suggested to me continue present to my mind. The conduct of human beings in every situation is governed by the judgments they make and the sensations that are communicated to them.

See [illegible] Life by Mr Kegan Paul above cited (1876); Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age* (1825); Mr Leslie Stephen's [illegible] [illegible] the works named in the article on Mary Wollstonecraft.

Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin (1759-97), the protomartyr of the Rights of Women, was born at Hoxton of Irish extraction, the second of six children. Her father was a drunken ne'er-do-weel who squandered £10,000, and was always shifting about. At nineteen Mary went out to earn her own livelihood, and for ten years was a companion at Bath, a schoolmistress at Newington Green, and governess in Lord Kingsborough's family at Mitchelstown, Dublin, and Bristol. Of those ten years the chief events were her mother's death (1780); the flight of a sister, with Mary's help, from a brutal husband (1784); and a visit to Lisbon to nurse a dying friend (1785). Then in 1788, about which time she gave up church-going, she turned translator and literary adviser to Johnson, the London publisher, who the year before had paid her ten guineas for her *Thoughts on the Education of Daughters*. In this capacity she became acquainted, not only with the literati of the day, but with reformers—Paine, Priestley, and the painter Fuseli. That acquaintance bore twofold fruit. On the one hand, in 1791, she produced her *Answer to Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution*, and in 1792 her *Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, a book, dedicated to Talleyrand, which made her both famous and infamous. On the other hand, her friendship for Fuseli ripened into love, and 'to snap the chain of this association' (for Fuseli was a married man) she started alone for Paris in the winter of 1792. There, as a witness of the 'Terror,' she collected materials for her valuable but never-finished *Historical and Moral View of the French Revolution* (vol. i. 1794); and there, in April 1793, she met Captain Gilbert Imlay, an American timber-merchant and author of a book on the western territory of the American Union. In April 1794 at Havre she bore him a daughter, Fanny; in November 1795, after a four months' visit to Scandinavia as his 'wife' and accredited agent, she tried to drown herself from Putney Bridge. Imlay, whom she adored, had cruelly deserted her. But soon she resumed her old tasks; soon in nine months' time she was living, or rather not living, with Godwin, for both kept their separate lodgings in Somers-town. They had first met in 1791. In August 1797, five months after their marriage, she gave birth to a daughter, Mary, who became Shelley's second wife; in September she died (see the articles on Godwin and on Shelley).

The *Vindication*, whose text is the equality of the sexes, is a curious medley of genius and turgidity, religion and over-outspokenness; it was years in advance of its age, if only in its advocacy of government day schools. Among her other writings were *Original Stories for Children* (1791; illustrated by Blake); *Letters written during a Short Residence in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark* (1796), and *Posthumous Works* (4 vols. 1798), these last comprising *The Wrongs* *of Woman: or Maria, a Fragment*, and the passionate *Letters to Imlay*.

Mr Kegan Paul's edition of these *Letters* (1879) has a Memoir of her; see also the Memoirs by Godwin (1798) and by Mrs Pennell ('Eminent Women' series, 1885). The *Vindication* was reprinted with an introduction by Mrs Pennell in the Scott Library ([illegible]).

Thomas Robert Malthus (1766-1834), author of the *Essay on the Principle of Population*, was born of good family at his father's estate near Dorking, became a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and in 1797 curate at Albury in Surrey. In 1798 he published anonymously his famous *Essay*, of which in 1803 he brought out a greatly enlarged and altered edition. In it he maintained that the optimistic hopes of Rousseau and Godwin are rendered baseless by the natural tendency of population to increase faster than the means of subsistence. The only limit to its increase is the want of room and food. With man, the instinct of propagation is controlled by reason; but even in his case the ultimate check to population is the want of food, though there are both preventive and positive checks—the preventive being moral restraint or prophylactic methods. The positive checks include unwholesome occupations, severe labour, extreme poverty, bad nursing, large towns, excesses of all kinds, diseases and epidemics, wars, plague, and famine. Malthus gives no sanction to the theories and practices currently known as Malthusianism. An amiable and benevolent man, he suffered much misrepresentation and abuse at the hands of both revolutionaries and conservatives. The problem had been handled by Franklin, Hume, and many other writers, but Malthus crystallised the views of those writers, and presented them in systematic form with elaborate proofs derived from history. Darwin saw, 'on reading Malthus *On Population*, that natural selection was the inevitable result of the rapid increase of all organic beings,' for such rapid increase necessarily leads to the struggle for existence; and Mr H. G. Wells, most audacious of those who have a prophetic glimpse of the future reconstruction of social conditions, describes the *Essay* as the most 'shattering' book that ever has been or will be written. In 1804 Malthus married happily, and next year was appointed Professor of Political Economy and Modern History in the East India college at Haileybury, a post which he occupied till his death. He wrote other two important works, *An Inquiry into the Nature and Progress of Rent* (1815), largely anticipating Ricardo, and *Principles of Political Economy* (1820). Thus Malthus states part of his thesis in the first chapter of the *Essay*:

It may safely be pronounced, therefore, that population, when unchecked, goes on doubling itself every twenty-five years, or increases in a geometrical ratio.

The rate according to which the productions of the earth may be supposed to increase, it will not be so easy to determine. Of this, however, we may be perfectly certain, that the ratio of their increase must be totally of a different nature from the ratio of the increase of population. . . .

That we may be the better able to compare the increase of population and food, let us make a supposition which, without pretending to accuracy, is clearly more favourable to the power of production in the earth than any experience we have had of its qualities will warrant.

Let us suppose that the yearly additions which might be made to the former average produce, instead of decreasing, which they certainly would do, were to remain the same; and that the produce of this island might be increased every twenty-five years, by a quantity equal to what it at present produces. The most enthusiastic speculator cannot suppose a greater increase than this. In a few centuries it would make every acre of land in the island like a garden.

If this supposition be applied to the whole earth, and if it be allowed that the subsistence for man which the earth affords might be increased every twenty-five years by a quantity equal to what it at present produces, this will be supposing a rate of increase much greater than we can imagine that any possible exertions of mankind could make it.

It may be fairly pronounced, therefore, that, considering the present average state of the earth, the means of subsistence, under circumstances the most favourable to human industry, could not possibly be made to increase faster than in an arithmetical ratio.

The necessary effects of these two different rates of increase, when brought together, will be very striking. Let us call the population of this island eleven millions; and suppose the present produce equal to the easy support of such a number. In the first twenty-five years the population would be twenty-two millions, and the food being also doubled, the means of subsistence would be equal to this increase. In the next twenty-five years the population would be forty-four millions, and the means of subsistence only equal to the support of thirty-three millions. In the next period the population would be eighty-eight millions, and the means of subsistence just equal to the support of half of that number. And at the conclusion of the first century the population would be a hundred and seventy-six millions, and the means of subsistence only equal to the support of fifty-five millions, leaving a population of a hundred and twenty-one millions totally unprovided for.

Taking the whole earth, instead of this island, emigration would of course be excluded; and, supposing the present population equal to a thousand millions, the human species would increase as the numbers 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256, and subsistence as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. In two centuries the population would be to the means of subsistence as 256 to 9; in three centuries as 4096 to 13, and in two thousand years the difference would be almost incalculable.

In this supposition no limits whatever are placed to the produce of the earth. It may increase for ever and be greater than any assignable quantity; yet still the power of population being in every period so much superior, the increase of the human species can only be kept down to the level of the means of subsistence by the constant operation of the strong law of necessity, acting as a check upon the greater power.

— [illegible]

George Alexander Stevens (1710-84), author of *A Lecture upon Heads*, dramatic sketches of contemporary follies, and of the famous song, 'Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer,' was bred a London tradesman, became an unsuccessful actor, and secured a precarious livelihood by writing poems, poor dramas, burlesques, skits, and 'humorous miscellanies,' and by giving single-handed 'entertainments,' a department of song, speech, and extravaganza in which he was a pioneer. In a collection of songs by various hands published by him, 'Hearts of Oak' was first definitely ascribed to Garrick.

Charles Dibdin (1745-1814), writer and composer of many famous songs, was born at Southampton, early attracted notice by his singing, and, still a boy, composed an operetta, *The Shepherd's Artifice*, which was produced at Covent Garden in 1762. He subsequently lived an unsettled life as an actor and composer of stage-music, and on occasion sang and accompanied himself on his own instrument. He quarrelled frequently and violently with patrons like Garrick, made himself impossible under Sheridan's management at Drury Lane, neglected his first wife, and cherished irregular relations with various other women. In 1788 he commenced a series of musical entertainments (sometimes diversified with equestrian feats), which acquired great celebrity; the first was entitled *The Whim of the Moment*. He retired in 1805 with a pension of £200 granted him two years before; it was withdrawn in 1807, when he returned to public life with unfortunate financial results. Dibdin wrote nearly a hundred sea-songs, 'the solace of sailors in long voyages, in storms, and in battles'—among the best 'Poor Jack' and 'Tom Bowling;' one of the first, 'Blow high, blow low,' sung in Dibdin's piece called *Seraglio* in 1776, was brought to birth during a gale on the return voyage from Calais, whither he had fled to escape a debtor's prison. Seamen are wont to say it is only too obvious that his sea-songs are songs written about the sea and about seamen, not by one of themselves, but by a typical landsman. Another famous song of the inexhaustible verse-writer is 'The Anchorsmiths.' He also wrote nearly seventy dramatic pieces.

Tom Bowling.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For Death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly;
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

Poor Jack.

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight-water boat and good sea room give me,
And it a'nt to a little I'll strike.
Though the tempest top-gallant mast smack smooth should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the deck, stow the yards, and house everything tight,
And under reefed foresail we'll scud:
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
To be taken for trifles aback;
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay;
Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch;
For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below;
And a many fine things that proved clearly to me
That providence takes us in tow:
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

Two of his sons, Charles (1768-1833) and Thomas John (1771-1841), wrote songs and dramas. See Dibdin's Autobiography (4 vols. 1803) and *The Dibdins* by E. R. Dibdin (1888).

John Collins, actor, entertainer, and song-writer, was humbly born at Bath; was bred a staymaker but became a fairly successful actor; and from 1775 till the end of the century gave in London and elsewhere popular entertainments which were a medley of anecdotes, theatrical reminiscences, jokes, mock-heroic speeches, sentiments, and caricature of Scotsmen, Irishmen, and Welshmen. He died in 1808, having for some years been part proprietor of a Birmingham newspaper, in which his songs (some of them represented in anthologies like Palgrave's and Locker Lampson's) were originally published. One 'truly noble poem,' *To-morrow*, was obviously suggested by Walter Pope's *Old Man's Wish* (see page 98).

To-morrow.

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
May my lot no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;

With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
  While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
  Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
  As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
  With a barn for the use of the flail:
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
  And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
  Nor what honours await him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
  Secured by a neighbouring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
  By the sound of a murmuring rill:
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
  With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what to-day may afford,
  And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering
  Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
  Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again:
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
  And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;
As this old worn-out stuff which is threadbare to-day
  May become everlasting to-morrow.

[illegible]

Thomas Morton (1764-1838), dramatist, was born in Durham, and quitted Lincoln's Inn for play writing. For thirty-five years he lived at Pangbourn near Reading, and finally settled in London, where he died. Between his first drama, *Columbus* (1792), and his musical farce, *The Invincibles* (1828), he produced some five-and-twenty pieces, besides others written in collaboration with his son. Many of them were very successful, and had parts in them which became famous. *Speed the Plough*, acted at Covent Garden forty-one times in 1798 and repeatedly revived, is a five-act comedy with some of the worst faults of transpontine melodrama; it is ill constructed, and the incidents are not led up to; the personages behave in an incredibly irrational manner, and often [illegible], and talk fustian. But it contains some happy strokes, and had the luck of introducing Mrs Grundy to the world. In the play she does not speak at all, [illegible] the character the world has [illegible] with her name. She is by no means the [illegible] of suspicion and [illegible] of [illegible] mindedness and [illegible]; on the contrary, she is [illegible] worthy wife, of whom Dame Ashfield is a little jealous. Dame Ashfield is annoyed when Mrs Grundy's butter is praised as the best in the market; she is pleased, when she receives a compliment, that Mrs Grundy should be there to hear it, and feels that her happiness in the splendour of her own pretty daughter's marriage to a gentleman of rank will not be complete unless Mrs Grundy is there to witness it, and be a little humbled in consequence. Mrs Grundy, so far from being a universal or spiteful *censor morum*, is from her various and undisputed excellences an inevitable standard of reference in Dame Ashfield's mind and conversation, to the great annoyance of Farmer Ashfield. The farmer has nothing to say against Mrs Grundy herself; it is in his wife he sees signs of an unamiable temper. Mrs Grundy never actually appears in the play, but is referred to in the following passages, and in them only.

Mrs Grundy.

FARMER ASHFIELD *on a settle, with a pipe* [illegible]. *Enter* DAME ASHFIELD, [illegible].

Ashfield. Well, dame, welcome whoam. What news does thee bring vrom market?

Dame. What news, husband? What I have always told thee; that Farmer Grundy's wheat brought five shillings a quarter more than ours did.

Ash. All the better vor he.

Dame. Ah! the sun seems to shine on purpose for him.

Ash. Come, come, missus, as thee hast not the grace to thank God for prosperous times, dan't thee grumble when they be unkindly [illegible].

Dame. And I assure you Dame Grundy's butter was quite the crack of the market.

Ash. Be quiet, woolye? aways ding-donging Dame Grundy into my ears—what will Mrs Grundy zay? What will Mrs Grundy think? Canst thee be quiet, let her alone, and behave thyself pretty?

Dame. Certainly I can—I'll tell thee, Tummas, what [illegible]

Ash. [illegible] Now [illegible]. Then I'll tell thee. [illegible] weed as grows, and cankers all wholesome plants that be near it; that's what [illegible].

Dame. And do you think I envy Mrs Grundy, indeed?

Ash. Why dant thee letten her alone then? I do verily think when thee goes to t'other world, the vurst question thee'll ax'll be, if Mrs Grundy's there? Zoa be quiet, and behave pretty, do'e. Has thee brought whoam the [illegible]?

Dame. No, Tummas; but I have brought a rare budget [illegible]

[illegible] Oh, Tummas, had you seen how Mrs [illegible]!

Ash. [illegible] Mrs Grundy [illegible]

[illegible]

Dame. Handy Bart—pugh! Bart. stands for Baronight, mun.

Ash. Likely, likely. Drabbit it, only to think of the zwaps and changes of this world!

Dame. Our Nelly married to a great baronet! I wonder, Tummus, what Mrs Grundy will say?

Ash. Now, woolye be quiet and let I read.—'And she has proposed bringing me to see you; an offer, I hope, as acceptable to my dear feyther'—

Dame. 'And mother'—

Ash. Bless her, how prettily she do write 'feyther,' dan't she?

Dame. And 'mother.'

Ash. Ees, but feyther first, though—'as acceptable to my dear feyther and mother as to their affectionate daughter, Susan Ashfield.'

A facetious personage in the play, seeing Dame Ashfield making lace on a pillow, opens the conversation thus:

Bob H. How do you do? How do you do? Making lace, I perceive. Is it a common employment here?

Dame. Oh, no, sir; nobody can make it in these parts but myself. Mrs Grundy, indeed, pretends; but, poor woman, she knows no more of it than you do.

Bob H. Than I do? that's vastly well. My dear madam, I passed two months at Mechlin for the express purpose.

Dame. Indeed!

Bob H. You don't do it right; now I can do it much better than that. Give me leave, and I'll show you the Mechlin method. [*Turns the cushion round, and* [illegible]] First you see, so—then so—

Even at the next mention of her name, Mrs Grundy is simply a respected neighbour, not a prude or hypocrite.

Ash. I tell ye, I zee'd un gi' Susan a letter, an' I dan't like it.

Dame. Nor I. If shame should come to the poor child—I say, Tummas, what would Mrs Grundy say then?

Ash. Dom Mrs Grundy; what would my poor wold heart say? But I be bound it be all innocence.

When the brave farmer and his wife refuse to turn out of their house at the wicked baronet's command, the unrevealed son of the baronet's brother and victim, the wicked baronet proceeds to sell up the farmer, who is in his debt. The farmer and his wife talk over the unpleasant prospect:

Ash. Drabbit it! what can he do? he can't send [illegible]

Dame. Why, I have corn [illegible] all the money I owe [illegible]

[illegible]

By a well-nigh miraculous intervention the tide turns, and a wealthy suitor asks the farmer's daughter's hand [illegible]

Ash. Drabbit [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] You must [illegible] with me, [illegible]

Dame. I say, Tummus, what will Mrs Grundy say then?

And a little farther on:

Ash. Bless her, how nicely she do trip it away with the gentry!

Dame. And then, Tummus, think of the wedding.

Ash. [*Reflecting.*] I declare I shall be just the zame ever—maybe, I may buy a smartish bridle, or a zilver backy stopper, or the like o' that.

Dame [*Apart.*] And then, when we come out of church, Mrs Grundy will be standing about there.

Ash. I shall shake hands agreeably wi' all my friends. [*Apart.*]

Dame. [*Apart.*] Then I just look at her in this manner.

Ash. [*Apart, and bowing* [illegible].] How dost do, Peter? Ah, Dick! glad to zee thee, wi' all my zoul!

Dame. [*Apart.*] Then, with a kind of half curtsey, I shall— [*They bump against each other.*

Ash. What an old fool thee beest, dame! Come along, and behave pretty, do. [*Exeunt.*

Frederic Reynolds (1764-1841), produced about a hundred plays, tragic or comic, of which some twenty were popular for a time at least. He was the son of a London merchant, and was educated at Westminster School; but he left law for dramatic work, *Werter* (1785), based on Goethe, being his first piece. But the bulk of his work was in comedy, and his most successful play was *The Dramatist* (1789). In *The Caravan*, produced by Sheridan at Drury Lane, a live dog was made to save a child from drowning in real water, and, as Sheridan said, saved the theatre too, when at a crisis, by its success. Reynolds published an Autobiography in 1826.

John Tobin (1770-1804) was an unlucky dramatist, who spent weary years in trying to get his plays accepted, and seeing them successively rejected till the very year of his death, when his *Honey Moon*, his fourteenth piece, was not merely accepted at Drury Lane, but secured a success it maintained for twenty years. Tobin, born in Salisbury, was articled to a solicitor in Lincoln's Inn, and practised law there while producing his plays. The *Honey Moon*, a comedy mostly in verse, was translated into French by Charles Nodier; other comedies, in prose or verse, were *The Curfew*, *The Connoisseur*, and *The Faro Table*. A volume of his plays was published in 1820, with a Life by Miss Benger.

William Barnes Rhodes (1772-1826), born in Leeds, became a chief teller in the Bank of England, and is barely remembered in literature as the author of a once popular burlesque, *Bombastes Furioso*; for of the many who know the title of the piece and have some notion of the character of the mouthing braggart who is its hero, comparatively few know anything about the author. The title is obviously a play on *Orlando Furioso*, and the design is similar to that of Carey's *Chrononhotonthologos*, though the plot is, if possible, sillier of course designedly so. Artaxominous (*sic*) is King of Utopia, Fusbos his minister, and Bombastes his victorious general. The king makes love to the sweetheart of Bombastes, who after thinking on suicide resolves rather to make war with the whole world. The principal personages are all slain, but rise again to sing a song with the simple but not too melodious refrain

Tu ral, lu ral, la,
Tu ral, lu ral, laddi

Thus Bombastes soliloquises in the crisis of his affairs

Bombastes. Gentle musician, let thy dulcet strain
Proceed—play 'Michael Wiggins' once again. [illegible]
Music's the food of love; give o'er, give o'er,
For I must batten on that food no more. [*Exit Fifer.*
My happiness is chang'd to doleful dumps,
Whilst, merry Michael, all thy cards were trumps.
So should some youth by fortune's blest decrees,
Possess at least a pound of Cheshire cheese,
And keep some favourite pretty to regale,
Drawn in a kilderkin, or so, of ale;
Oh, cruel fate! In one unlucky hour
Some hungry rats may all the cheese devour,
And the loud thunder turn the [illegible]
Alas! alack! alack! and well-a-day, [illegible]
That ever man should make himself away!
That ever man for woman [illegible]
As many have, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
'Who dares this pair of boots displace,
Must meet Bombastes face to face.'
[illegible]
[illegible]

The piece, at first anonymous, was produced in 1810. Rhodes published besides a verse translation of Juvenal and some epigrams.

William Henry Ireland (1777-1835) was the name of the forger of Shakespearean MSS., but he sometimes prefixed Samuel, or signed himself 'Samuel Ireland, Junr.' His father, Samuel Ireland, was originally a weaver, but became an etcher, then a dealer in scarce books and prints, and produced a long series of *Picturesque Tours*, illustrated by aquatints and lithographs. The son (by a housekeeper) was articled to a conveyancer in New Inn, was fond of the stage, and was profoundly impressed by the story of Chatterton. The curio-collecting bookseller was morbidly anxious to discover some scrap of Shakespeare's handwriting, and this set the youth to manufacture a number of documents, which he pretended to have got from a mysterious gentleman of fortune, who preferred not to be known save as 'M. H.' 'Amongst a mass of family papers,' says the elder Ireland of his son's portentous discoveries, 'the contracts between Shakespeare, Lowine, and Condelle, and the lease granted by him and Hemynge to Michael Fraser, which was first found, were discovered; and soon afterwards the deed of gift to William Henry Ireland (described as the friend of Shakespeare, in consequence of his having saved his life on the river Thames), and also the deed of trust to John Hemynge, were discovered. In pursuing this search he was so fortunate as to meet with some deeds very material to the interests of this gentleman. At this house the principal part of the papers, together with a great variety of books, containing his manuscript notes, and three manuscript plays, with part of another, were discovered.' These forged documents included, besides the deeds, a Protestant Confession of Faith by Shakespeare; letters from him to Anne Hathaway, the Earl of Southampton, and others; a letter to Shakespeare from Queen Elizabeth (attested by him); an original version of *King Lear*; parts of *Hamlet*; and two professedly Shakespearean dramas, *Vortigern and Rowena* and *Henry II.* Such a treasure was pronounced invaluable, and the manuscripts were exhibited at the elder Ireland's house in Norfolk Street. A fierce and tangled controversy arose as to the genuineness of the documents, in which Malone took an energetic part in proving that they were forged; but the productions found many admirers and believers, including James Boswell, Joseph Warton, Dr Parr, and Pye the laureate; though to all who knew anything about the older English, it should have been plain that the writer of these documents knew less about sixteenth-century spelling than Chatterton did about the English of the fifteenth. As plain as that whereas Chatterton was a genius and a poet, Ireland was but a smart attorney's clerk. The recipe for restoring Shakespeare was mainly the systematic doubling of final consonants and adding an *e*, the substitution of *y* for *i*, the omission of all punctuation, the derangement of capitals, &c., with a few arbitrary alterations here and there, as will be seen from a few lines of Ireland's *King Leare*:

[illegible] Kent Gloster and Edmund

Kent. I thoughte oure kinge had more affectedde the Duke of Albanye than Cornewalle.
Glo. Itte didde itte everre seeme to usse butte nowe inne the dyvysyonne of the Kyngedomme itte appearethe notte
whyche of the Dukes hee values moste fore Qualytyes are soe weyghedde thatte curyosytye inne neytherre canne make choyse of eytherres Moietye

All the MSS but those of *Vortigern* and of *Henry II.* were published by subscription and in facsimile in a large and splendid volume. *Vortigern* was brought out by Sheridan at Drury Lane Theatre in 1796, John Kemble acting the principal character. Kemble, however, was not duped by the young forger; Mrs Siddons threw up her part; and the representation completely broke up the imposture. The structure and language of the piece were at once so feeble and extravagant that no intelligent audience could believe it to have been Shakespeare's. As the play proceeded, the torrent of ridiculous bombast overtaxed the endurance of the audience; and when Kemble gravely declaimed

> And when this solemn mockery is o'er,

the pit rose and closed the scene with shrieks of laughter. So impudent a fabrication made the subject of James Payn's *The Talk of the Town* in 1885 was perhaps never before thrust upon public notice. The young adventurer, foiled in this effort, attempted to earn distinction as a novelist and dramatist, but utterly failed. In 1796 he published a confession of the Shakespearean forgery, *An Authentic Account of the Shaksperian MSS.*, expanded in 1805 into *Confessions*, in which he makes this declaration: 'I solemnly declare, first, that my father was perfectly unacquainted with the whole affair, believing the papers most firmly the productions of Shakespeare. Secondly, that I am myself both the author and writer, and had no aid from any soul living, and that I should never have gone so far, but that the world praised the papers so much, and thereby flattered my vanity. Thirdly, that any publication which may appear tending to prove the manuscripts genuine, or to contradict what is here stated, is false; this being the true account.' The old man, whose credit was seriously compromised by the impostures, plaintively professed till his death in 1800 to believe in the whole of the documents, and to deny that his son could have written the plays. Of the half-dozen novels *The Woman of Feeling*, *Gondez the Monk*, *Rizzio*, &c., ballads and narrative poems, satires and political squibs, and dramas such as *Mutius Scævola*, it may at least be said that they showed sufficient facility and faculty to prove that he had all the mental equipment necessary to produce the forgeries. He wrote a Life of Napoleon, translated Voltaire's *Pucelle*, and did a vast amount of precarious and miscellaneous hackwork; but his work brought him little credit and no success, and never attracted a tithe of the notice that attended his youthful exploits.

Samuel Ireland, still believing in their authenticity, published *Vortigern* and *Henry II.*, but not in the 'original' spelling, in 1799. The following speech by the hero was considered the 'most sublime passage' in *Vortigern*:

> *Vortigern.* Time was, alas! I needed not this spur.
> But here's a secret and a stinging thorn,
> That wounds my troubl'd nerves. O! conscience! con
> When thou didst cry, I strove to stop thy mouth,
> By boldly thrusting on thee dire ambition:
> Then did I think myself, indeed, a god!
> But I was sore deceived; for as I pass'd
> And travers'd in proud triumph the Basse-court,
> There I saw death, clad in most hideous colours;
> A sight it was, that did appal my soul:
> Yea, curdled thick this mass of blood within me.
> Full fifty breathless bodies struck my sight;
> And some, with gaping mouths, did seem to mock me;
> While others, smiling in cold death itself,
> Scoffingly bade me look on that, which soon
> Would wrench from off my brow this sacred crown,
> And make me, too, a subject like themselves.
> Subject! to whom? To thee, O! sovereign death!
> That hast for thy domain this world immense;
> Churchyards and charnel houses are thy haunts,
> And hospitals thy sumptuous palaces;
> And when thou wouldst be merry, thou dost choose
> The gaudy chamber of a dying king.
> Oh, then thou dost wide ope thy bony jaws,
> And with rude laughter and fantastic tricks,
> Thou clapp'st thy rattling fingers to thy sides;
> With icy hand thou tak'st him by the feet,
> And upward so till thou dost reach his heart,
> And wrap'st him in the cloak of lasting night

John Taylor (1750-1826), founder of the literary family of 'the Taylors of Norwich,' was in no wise connected with William Taylor, also 'of Norwich,' the promoter of German studies in England. John Taylor was a yarn-factor in Norwich, a writer of many hymns used in the Unitarian churches, and an advanced Liberal, who wrote one famous song, 'The Trumpet of Liberty.' His wife, Susanna Cook, was also a woman of strong character and many accomplishments, the friend of many eminent men and women. Among their seven children were several authors—one of them, Sarah, John Austin's wife. This John Taylor was descended from the famous John Taylor (1694-1761), a Dissenting clergyman who taught a modified form of Trinitarianism, and as an opponent of Calvinism and the orthodox doctrine of the atonement, exercised a wide and permanent influence in England, Scotland, and New England. From 1733 he was a pastor at Norwich; from 1757 a lecturer in the Warrington Academy. [Isaac Taylor and his family were of 'the Taylors of Ongar.']

William Taylor, 'of Norwich' (1765-1836), is credited with having given a great impulse to the study of German literature in England, before his time hardly known save in connection with some dramas such as Kotzebue's, and some little-read translations from Klopstock and Gessner. Taylor did much to show his countrymen that German was a great literature, made the study of it incumbent on the learned, and so became the spiritual midwife of Scott and his contemporaries. He was the son of a Unitarian merchant, entered his father's counting-house in 1779, and, sent next year to the Continent, mastered French, Italian, and German (1780-88). The French Revolution indoctrinated him with democratic ideas and began the ruin of his father's business—completed by the American troubles and other disasters; and Taylor turned to literature. He introduced to English readers the poetry and drama of Germany, mainly through criticisms and translations in periodicals collected in his *Historic Survey of German Poetry* (1828-30). The first fruits were his verse translations of Bürger's *Lenore*, Lessing's *Nathan*, and Goethe's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, all written in 1790-

Pye had already translated *Lenore* in 1782, but this version was not published till 1795; and it was Taylor's translation, read by Mrs Barbauld in Edinburgh and repeated to him by a friend who had been present, that so stirred Scott ('made him a poet,' Scott said) and sent him too to Bürger. *Tales of Yore* was another book of translations, mainly stories; and another outcome of this miscellaneous work was *English Synonyms Discriminated* (1813), where, for example, he draws between Fancy and Imagination the distinction Wordsworth adopted and worked out. The mannerisms of his prose and his word-coinings led Mackintosh to speak of the 'Taylorian language.' He was advanced in politics, more advanced or even paradoxical in theology. Borrow's *Lavengro* describes his philosophy, his scepticism, and his inveterate smoking.

His correspondence with [illegible] and others is given in the Life [illegible] Georg Herzfeld, *Taylor von N*[illegible]

Vicesimus Knox (1752-1821) earned a title to commemoration in this work as compiler of the long-famous *Elegant Extracts*; his sermons, his essays, his treatises on *Liberal Education* and on *The Lord's Supper*, and his aggressive Whig *Spirit of Despotism*, 'dedicated to (and levelled at) Castlereagh, are all equally forgotten. The son of a master in Merchant Taylors' School, afterwards headmaster of Tunbridge School, he was educated at Merchant Taylors' and St John's, Oxford, and from 1778 to 1812 held the post at Tunbridge vacated by his father. He was also rector of two small livings in Essex, but from 1812 lived mainly in London. The first *Elegant Extracts* bore to be 'useful and entertaining passages in prose selected for the improvement of scholars at classical and other schools in the art of speaking, in reading, thinking, composing, and the conduct of life,' and appeared in a quarto in 1783; the poetical series appeared in 1789, and the *Elegant Epistles*, a 'selection of familiar and amusing letters,' followed in 1790. The three series were constantly reprinted, separately or jointly (often in six volumes; sometimes with a select series of sermons appended), on till about the middle of the nineteenth century. In spite of the name, the selections constituted a valuable and most serviceable work. Even in their own day they must have been regarded as on the whole more improving than amusing; one of the things that entertains a modern reader is the way in which he finds, amidst extracts from Dr Johnson, Dr Parr, Mr Gibbon, &c., others described [illegible] as being by Moses, David, and Job—Knox's plan comprising passages from the authorised version of Scripture.

Francis Douce (1757-1834), an eccentric and learned antiquary, born in London, was for some time keeper of the British Museum MSS.; he deserves mention here mainly for his *Illustrations of Shakspeare* (1807) and a book on *The Dance of Death* (1833). He bequeathed his splendid collection of books, MSS., prints, and coins to the Bodleian; his curiosities to Sir Samuel R. Meyrick; and his letters and commonplace-books to the British Museum in a chest not to be opened till 1900. When the seal on the latter was solemnly broken and the papers examined in May of 1900, the documents were found to contain no important mysteries and to have little interest or value of any kind.

William Sotheby (1757-1833), son of an officer of good family, was born in London and bred at Harrow and the Military Academy of Angers. When stationed with his regiment at Edinburgh he became Sir Walter Scott's friend, and when he retired from the army, welcomed Scott to his house in London, and made him known to many of his intimates, who included Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Rogers, Moore, and all the brilliant literary circles they represented. Byron afterwards called Sotheby's works trash, and said he 'imitated everybody, and occasionally surpassed his models.' Sotheby published *Poems* in 1790, secured the esteem of Wieland by a translation of *Oberon* (1798), and when his version of Virgil's *Georgics* appeared, was acclaimed by Jeffrey and Christopher North as author of the best translation in the language. None of his dramas, *Orestes*, *Julian and Agnes*, *or The Confession*, *Llewelyn the Great*, and the rest (some nine in all, in blank verse), were successful; and his odes, epics, poetical epistles, &c. ('On the Battle of the Nile,' on 'Saul,' 'Constance of Castille' in imitation of the *Lady of the Lake*), met with little public favour. His last considerable enterprise, a translation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in rhyming couplets, followed Pope's model, but was perhaps less Homeric.

Richard Sharp (1759-1835), commonly called 'Conversation Sharp,' was born in Newfoundland, and made a fortune in London as a West India merchant and hat manufacturer. After mingling in the distinguished society of London, from the days of Johnson and Burke to those of Byron, Rogers, and Moore, in 1834 he published (at first anonymously) a volume of *Letters and Essays in Prose and Verse*. Rogers thought it hardly equal to Sharp's reputation; Mackintosh, however, deemed Sharp the best critic he had ever known. Sharp was in Parliament off and on from 1806 to 1827, and left £250,000 realised in business. The *Essays* show knowledge of the world and sound sense, as may be seen from these maxims and reflections:

> Satirical writers and talkers are not half so clever as they think themselves, nor as they ought to be. They do winnow the corn, 'tis true, but 'tis to feed upon the chaff. I am sorry to add that they who are always speaking ill of others are also very apt to be doing ill to them. It requires some talent and some generosity to find out talent and generosity in others; though

nothing but self-conceit and malice are needed to discover or to imagine faults. The most gifted men that I have known have been the least addicted to depreciate either friends or foes. Dr Johnson, Mr Burke, and Mr Fox were always more inclined to overrate them. Your shrewd, sly, evil-speaking fellow is generally a shallow personage, and frequently he is as venomous and as false when he flatters as when he reviles: he seldom praises John but to vex Thomas.

Trifling precautions will often prevent great mischiefs; as a slight turn of the wrist parries a mortal thrust.

Untoward accidents will sometimes happen; but after many, many years of thoughtful experience, I can truly say that nearly all those who began life with me have succeeded or failed as they deserved.

Even sensible men are too commonly satisfied with tracing their thoughts a little way backwards; and they are, of course, soon perplexed by a profounder adversary. In this respect, most people's minds are too like a child's garden, where the flowers are planted without their roots. It may be said of morals and of literature as truly as of sculpture and painting, that to understand the outside of human nature we should be well acquainted with the inside.

Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges (1762-1837), born at Wooton House in Kent, and educated at Maidstone, Canterbury, and Queen's College, Cambridge, was called to the Bar in 1787, but retired five years later to his books at his country house in Kent. He published poetry and novels of much less value than his edition of Edward Philips *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum* (1800), his *Censura Literaria, containing Titles and Opinions of old English Books* (10 vols. 1805-9), and his edition of *Collins Peerage of England* (9 vols. 1812). The claim of his family to the barony of Chandos broke down, but Brydges was gratified with a Swedish knighthood in 1808 and an English baronetcy in 1814. He represented Maidstone in 1812-18, and printed privately at the 'Lee Priory Press' small editions of many rare Elizabethan books. After 1818 he lived abroad, and he died near Geneva. See his *Autobiography* (1834).

Edward Daniel Clarke (1769-1822), born at Willingdon vicarage, Sussex, passed from Tonbridge School to Jesus College, Cambridge, and from 1790 to 1799 was tutor and travelling companion in noblemen's families, making the tour of Britain, France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. In 1799-1802 he thus traversed Finland, Russia, Scandinavia, Tartary, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, and Greece. Ordained in 1805, he held two livings, and was from 1808 first professor of Mineralogy at Cambridge. His *Travels* (6 vols. 1810-23) were received with extraordinary favour, and became a kind of standard by which records of travel were judged; his other works were chiefly on antiquarian subjects and mineralogy. There is a Life of him by Bishop Otter (1825).

Thomas Hartwell Horne (1780-1862), distinguished as an early Biblical critic, born in London, and educated at Christ's Hospital, became clerk to a barrister, and then held a post in the Record Office. In 1818 he published his *Introduction to the Holy Scriptures*, a work which procured him admission to orders, a London rectory, a prebend of St Paul's, and an assistant librarianship at the British Museum. His other theological works numbered over a score. The *Introduction* became the standard English work on the subject, and passed through many editions; in the tenth (1856), in which the point of view was changed, and 'advanced' views startled old-fashioned readers, he was assisted by Dr Samuel Davidson and Dr Tregelles. His *Reminiscences* were issued by his daughter (1862).

Rudolf Erich Raspe (1737-94) was nearly forty years of age when, fleeing in disgrace from Germany, he first reached the shores of England; but by his *Surprising Adventures of Baron Munchausen*, published ten years later, he established his claim to be considered a minor English classic. Born in Hanover, Raspe studied at Göttingen and Leipzig, and already in his student days was familiar with English. He was an early translator of Macpherson's *Ossian*, discussing its authenticity, and seems to have been the very first to call the attention of Germany to Percy's *Reliques*, a work which was to exercise such a remarkable influence on Bürger and Herder, and on romanticism on the Continent as well as at home. The indefatigable and versatile Raspe had acquired special mineralogical learning, had helped to edit Leibniz, and had written an allegorical poem of chivalrous derring-do, when in 1767 he was appointed a lecturer at Cassel and keeper of the Landgrave's coins, gems, and medals. He soon became librarian at Cassel, wrote on mineralogy and natural history, and in 1769, for a paper on the fossil remains of the mammoth, was made an honorary F.R.S. of London. He wrote also on lithography and music; but when he was travelling in Italy in 1775 he was discovered to have made away with valuable coins from the collection under his charge. He was apprehended, but escaped from the police, and was soon busy publishing in London works on German and Hungarian geology and mineralogy. In 1781 he translated Lessing's *Nathan*, and by other translations helped to make German literature known in England. An *Essay on the Origin of Oil Painting* (1781) secured Horace Walpole's favour, and was published under his auspices; and in 1782 the refugee held a post as a mining expert at Dolcoath in Cornwall. Here he produced the original *Munchausen*, published in 1785, and was next engaged by James Tassie to prepare in English and French a *Descriptive Catalogue* of his collection of ancient and modern gems, cameos, &c. (mainly pastes or impressions), published in two volumes 4to in 1791. About this time he cheered the heart of Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster by finding valuable ores in his Caithness territories; but, alas! it was found he had 'salted' the shafts with rich metal from Cornwall (thus doubtless giving Scott a hint for Dousterswivel). He was engaged in presumably more honest mining enterprises in the wild west of Donegal when fever carried him off in 1794.

He had known the veritable Freiherr Karl Friedrich Hieronymus von Munchhausen (1720-97), a veteran who had in the Russian service made several campaigns against the Turks, and at his castle of Bodenwerder, in Hanover, had entertained relays of friends with such marvellous tales of his single-handed prowess that 'Munchhausaden' became a name for exploits of a fabulous height of achievement. Some few actual reminiscences of Munchhausen's talk (for the swindling mineralogist had been the garrulous old gentleman's guest) Raspe mixed with old crusted [illegible] from time-honoured German jest-books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, tales of wholly impossible and frankly incredible feats of ingenuity, dexterity, valour, and eccentricity, and so produced a 'potboiler' of fifty small pages in 1785, which, like the second edition next year, contained but five (II.-VI.) but by far the best of [illegible] four chapters which [illegible] editions [illegible] later added, [illegible] by [illegible] English [illegible] unknown. The original [illegible] to suggest a native reviser. Of the additional chapters, those down to Chapter XX. appeared [illegible] in 1786; these, with a [illegible] are largely deliberate burlesque, and [illegible] History, and [illegible] parodies or allusions to Bruce's [illegible], Johnson's *Tour in the Hebrides*, Cook's [illegible], and numerous books of travel and adventure, with more or less facetious references to Montgolfier's and Lunardi's ballooning and other contemporary events of public notoriety. In these successive additions Raspe seems to have had [illegible].

The book has passed through innumerable editions, and has been illustrated by Rowlandson, Crowquill, Cruikshank, Strang, and others. The [illegible] edition had the honour of being done into German, with additions by no less a person than the author of *Lenore*; and for long Bürger was supposed to be the original [illegible] Raspe was [illegible] had written the work at first in German. A special German continuation in three volumes was published in 1800; there have also been French, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Danish, Russian, and Magyar translations. Indeed, few books of its sort or of any sort have been more industriously circulated and made known. And [illegible] imitations of the manner have from time to time been produced in England and America, down to the days of Artemus Ward and Mark Twain.

See [illegible] edition with elaborate introduction by Mr [illegible], and for fuller details as to the origin of the [illegible] (11th) German edition (1791, reprinted 1849) and Müller-Fraureuth's *Die Deutschen Lügendichtungen bis auf [illegible]* (1881).

Isaac D'Israeli, author of the *Curiosities of Literature* and a long series of kindred works and compilations, was born at Enfield in May 1766, the only son of a Jewish merchant whose ancestors had been persecuted by the Inquisition out of Spain and had found a refuge in the Venetian republic. Benjamin D'Israeli (1730-1816), settling in England in 1748, made a fortune in business in London, and was naturalised as an English citizen in 1801. Isaac was educated for two years at Amsterdam under a freethinking tutor, and spent some time in Paris. He was wholly devoted to literature, and his parents, who considered him moonstruck, after various attempts to make him [illegible], acquiesced in his determination to become a man of letters. After some abortive poetical efforts, he in 1791 published the first volume of his *Curiosities of Literature*; a second was added in 1793, and a third in 1817. A second series in three volumes was published in 1823-34. During the progress of this *magnum opus* of the scholar, he issued essays on *Anecdotes*, on the *Manners and Genius of the Literary Character*, a volume of *Miscellanies or Literary Recreations*, and several volumes of novels and romances long since forgotten. At length he struck into his natural vein with *Calamities of Authors* (1813) and *Quarrels of Authors* (1814), followed by the

ISAAC D'ISRAELI.

From an Engraving by Graves after [illegible]

Literary and Political Character of James I. (1816); *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.* (1828-31); *Eliot, Hampden and Pym* (1832). Though labouring under partial blindness, he in 1840 issued three volumes entitled *The Amenities of Literature*, consisting, like the *Curiosities* and *Miscellanies*, of detached papers and dissertations on literary and historical subjects, written in a pleasant but somewhat slipshod style, which present the fruits of much curious and miscellaneous research, though verified accuracy is not their strong point (as was insisted on in a sarcastic volume of *Illustrations* by Bolton Corney in 1837). The observant and suggestive compiler was apt to magnify overmuch the importance of small literary discoveries. His most systematic and elaborate work (that on Charles I.) secured him the D.C.L. of Oxford. Byron admired the work of 'that most entertaining and researching writer.' Scott knew some of his poems by heart, and Southey and Rogers were his intimate friends. D'Israeli died at his seat of Bradenham House, Bucks, in 1848, aged eighty-two. His fortune was sufficient for his wants, his literary reputation was considerable, and he possessed a happy equanimity of character. 'His feelings,' says his famous son, 'though always amiable, were not painfully deep, and amid joy or sorrow, the philosophic vein was ever evident.' His thoughts centred in his library. Always lax in his attitude towards Jewish belief and ritual, he broke with the Synagogue in 1817 and had all his children baptised (a daughter and four sons, of whom Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield, illustrious both in literature and in statesmanship, was the eldest). The following extract is from an essay in the second series of the *Curiosities of Literature*, referred to by Wordsworth in support of an argument on the timidity of authors in the 'Essay Supplementary to the Preface' of 1815.

Shenstone's 'School-Mistress.'

The inimitable 'School-Mistress' of Shenstone is one of the felicities of genius; but the purpose of this poem has been entirely misconceived. Johnson, acknowledging this charming effusion to be 'the most pleasing of Shenstone's productions,' observes, 'I know not what claim it has to stand among the moral works.' The truth is, that it was intended for quite a different class by the author, and Dodsley, the editor of his works, must have strangely blundered in designating it 'a moral poem.' It may be classed with a species of poetry till recently rare in our language, and which we sometimes find among the Italians, in their *rime piacevoli*, or *poesie* [illegible] facetious style with jingling rhymes, to which we attach our idea of a burlesque poem. There is a refined species of ludicrous poetry, which is comic yet tender, lusory yet elegant, and with such a blending of the serious and the facetious that the result of such a poem may often, among its other pleasures, produce a sort of ambiguity; so that we do not always know whether the writer is laughing at his subject, or whether he is to be laughed at. Our admirable Whistlecraft met this fate.[*] 'The School-Mistress' of Shenstone has been admired for its simplicity and tenderness, not for its exquisitely ludicrous turn.

This discovery I owe to the good fortune of possessing the original edition of 'The School-Mistress,' which the author printed under his own directions, and to his own fancy. To this piece of 'ludicrous poetry,' as he calls it, 'lest it should be mistaken,' he added a ludicrous index, 'purely to show fools that I am in jest.' But the fool, his subsequent editor, thought proper to suppress this amusing 'ludicrous index,' and the consequence is, as the poet foresaw, that his aim has been mistaken.

The whole history of this poem, and this edition, may be traced in the printed correspondence of Shenstone. Our poet had pleased himself by ornamenting 'A sixpenny pamphlet' with certain 'seemly' designs of his, and for which he came to town to direct the engraver; he appears also to have intended accompanying it with 'The deformed portrait of my old schooldame, Sarah Lloyd.' The frontispiece to this first edition represents the 'Thatched house' of his old school-mistress, and before it is the 'birch tree,' with 'the sun setting and gilding the scene.' He writes on this, 'I have the first sheet to correct upon the table. I have laid aside the thoughts of fame a good deal in this unpromising scheme, and fix them upon the landskip which is engraving, the red letter which I propose, and the fruit piece which you see, being the most seemly ornaments of the first sixpenny pamphlet that was ever so highly honoured. I shall incur the same reflection with Ogilby, of having nothing good but my decorations. I expect that in your neighbourhood and in Warwickshire there should be twenty of my poems sold. I print it myself. I am pleased with Mynde's engravings.'

On the publication Shenstone has opened his idea on its poetical characteristic. 'I dare say it must be very incorrect; for I have added eight or ten stanzas within this fortnight. But inaccuracy is more excusable in ludicrous poetry than in any other. If it strikes any, it must be merely people of taste; for people of wit without taste, which comprehends the larger part of the critical tribe, will unavoidably despise it. I have been at some pains to recover myself from A. Philips' misfortune of mere childishness, "Little charm of placid mien," &c. I have added a ludicrous index purely to show (fools) that I am in jest: and my motto, "O, qua sol habitabiles illustrat oras, maxime principum!" is calculated for the same purpose. You cannot conceive how large the number is of those that mistake burlesque for the very foolishness it exposes; which observation I made once at the rehearsal, at Tom Thumb, at Chrononhotonthologos, all which are pieces of elegant humour. I have some mind to pursue this caution farther, and advertise it "The School-Mistress, &c., a very childish performance every body knows" (*novum more*). But if a person seriously calls this, or rather burlesque, a childish or low species of poetry, he says wrong. For the most regular and formal poetry may be called trifling, folly, and weakness, in comparison of what is written with a more manly spirit in ridicule of it.'

This first edition is now lying before me, with its splendid 'red letter,' its 'seemly designs,' and, what is more precious, its 'Index.'

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[*] [illegible] the books about the states [illegible]

William Blake, poet, painter, and mystic, was born at 28 Broad Street, Golden Square, London, on 28th November 1757. He was of Irish extraction. Early in the eighteenth century a certain John O'Neil married Ellen Blake, a shebeen-keeper at Rathmines, Dublin, and adopted her name, whereupon his son James (the offspring of a previous union) also took the name of Blake. James had married and settled as a hosier in London when William was born. He was an imaginative child, but his visionary bent escaped the schoolmaster, and he dreamed through his boyhood in a mystical rapture, screaming when 'God put His head to the window,' seeing angels in a tree at Peckham Rye, and being beaten by his mother for having encountered Ezekiel sitting under a green bough. No poet or prophet ever saw the pageantry of subjective vision more objectively than Blake. A natural seer, his life was one luminous symbol from birth to death. To him nothing was real but the unreal, nothing unreal but the real. 'Behind, the sea of time and space roars and follows swiftly. He who keeps not right onward is lost.' From youth to age Blake heard the roar of that sea and kept right onward, a 'mental traveller' clothed with supernatural toil.

At ten the impulse of utterance drove him to the study of drawing. He haunted print shops and salerooms, instinctively preferring Raphael, Michelangelo, and Durer to the elegant mediocrities then admired. In his twelfth year he began to grope after utterance in poetry as well as in painting, and thenceforward raged in him a fierce duel between the two arts. In his fourteenth year he was apprenticed to Basire, an engraver, at whose shop he caught a glimpse of Oliver Goldsmith. Basire sent him to make drawings in Westminster Abbey, where Gothic art fed his hungering imagination with its 'living form.' His apprenticeship ended in 1778, and for a while he studied at the Royal Academy; but soon rebelling against academic fetters, he began to earn his livelihood by engraving for booksellers, a pursuit which won for him the friendship of Stothard and Flaxman.

In 1782 he married Catherine Sophia Boucher, a comely brunette, then in her twenty-first year. Of humble station, she was so illiterate that she could not sign the Parish Register; but she had rarer qualities which made her, in Mr Swinburne's phrase, 'about the most perfect wife on record.' The young couple took lodgings at 23 Green Street, Leicester Fields. About this time Flaxman introduced Blake to Mrs Mathew, a bluestocking and patroness of youthful artists. At her house, 27 Rathbone Place, Blake found himself in a pinchbeck Philistia; but Mrs Mathew had some power of recognising genius, and persuaded her husband to join Flaxman in bearing the cost of privately printing the thin octavo volume, *Poetical Sketches*, which was the first blast blown against the Jericho of eighteenth-century materialism. In such lyrics as 'My silks in fine array' and the 'Mad Song' Blake recaptured the lost Elizabethan music. The lines 'To the Evening Star' foreshadowed the renascence of verbal glamour in twelve magical words:

Speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
And wash the dusk with silver.

In that great dramatic fragment, *Edward the Third*, Blake soared into prophecy, foretelling in majestic images the imperial destiny of England a hundred years before the imperial idea fired the popular imagination:

The flowing waves
Of time come rolling o'er my breast, he said;
And my heart labours with futurity:
Our sons shall rule the empire of the sea.
Their mighty wings shall stretch from east to west;
Their nest is in the sea, but they shall roam
Like eagles for their prey.

Our sons shall rise from thrones in joy, each one
Buckling his armour on; Morning shall be
Prevented by the gleaming of their swords;
And Evening hear their songs of victory!
Freedom shall stand upon the cliffs of Albion,
Casting her blue eyes over the green ocean;
Or, towering, stand upon the roaring waves,
Stretching her mighty spear o'er distant lands;
While with her eagle wings she covereth
Fair Albion's shore and all her families.

The book is dated 1783, but apparently was never published, the whole impression having been presented to Blake. What he did with it is a mystery. That a copy found its way to Coleridge, Wordsworth, Cowper, or Burns seems improbable, but there is no doubt that Blake was 'the first that ever burst into that silent sea' on which our poetry has voyaged ever since. The *Poetical Sketches* were all written between 1768 and 1777. Cowper's *Poems* were published in 1782. Burns issued his *Poems in the Scottish Dialect* in 1786. Wordsworth and Coleridge published the *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798, fifteen years after Blake's *Poetical Sketches*, nine years after his *Songs of Innocence*, and four years after his *Songs of Experience*. It is possible that Coleridge and Wordsworth had seen the *Songs of Innocence and Experience* before they wrote the *Lyrical Ballads*, for Blake was not unknown, and his poems were purchased and prized by literary and artistic connoisseurs. In 1784 Nollekens Smith heard Blake 'read and sing several of his poems' to airs composed by himself. These tunes were sometimes 'most singularly beautiful,' and were 'noted down by musical professors.' Charles Lamb may well have been the link that united Blake and Coleridge. Crabb Robinson, writing in 1825 to Miss Wordsworth, says: 'Coleridge has visited Blake, and I am told talks finely about him.' But Coleridge may have known the poetry long before he visited the poet.

Whatever may have been the precise moment of their meeting, there is no doubt that the three stars of the romantic renascence mingled their radiance. Blake's poems 'excited great interest in Wordsworth, who finely said that they were "undoubtedly the production of insane genius, but there is something in the madness of this man that interests me more than the sanity of Lord Byron and Walter Scott."' When Crabb Robinson in 1825 read to Blake Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*, the stanza ending with the lines,

> Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
> Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

'threw him almost into an hysterical rapture.' It is significant that in Wordsworth's *Evening Walk*

WILLIAM BLAKE.
From the Portrait by Thomas Phillips, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

and Descriptive Sketches (179[illegible]), and in Coleridge's *Borderers* (1795), there is no trace of the romantic wonder that revealed itself in the *Lyrical Ballads* (1798). Was it Blake's poetry that wrought the transfiguration? On the whole it seems possible, although decisive evidence on the point is not available.

In 1784, his father having died, and his eldest brother having succeeded to the hosier's business at 28 Broad Street, Blake set up shop next door (No. 27) as printseller and engraver, in partnership with James Parker; Blake's youngest brother, Robert, living with him as an apprentice. In 1787 Robert died, the partnership was dissolved, and Blake went to lodge at 28 Poland Street. While pondering over the problem of finding a publisher for his poems, his beloved brother appeared to him in a dream, and revealed a somewhat obvious solution of the difficulty. The process was a kind of relief etching. The poems and designs were outlined on copper with an impervious liquid. The rest of the plate was then eaten away with an acid, so that the outline was left in relief. After the impressions had been tinted they were done up in boards by Mrs. Blake. Thus with their own hands the poet and his wife made every part of that lyrical missal, the *Songs of Innocence*. In the same year (1789) Blake engraved in like fashion *The Book of Thel*, the first of his prophetic books. A year later he produced *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*. In 1791 the first book of *The French Revolution* was issued by Johnson the bookseller, at whose shop Blake forgathered with Godwin, Tom Paine, and [illegible] his republican zeal leading him to flaunt [illegible] in the streets. [illegible] 1793 he [illegible] Poland Street for 13 Hercules [illegible] ere he passed seven [illegible] ng, and issuing further [illegible] *of Paradise, Visions of* [illegible] and *America*. At this [illegible] endship with Thomas [illegible] ars a regular purchaser [illegible] s, and 'frescoes.' In 1794 [illegible] *of Experience* and the pro[illegible] and *The Book of Urizen*, [illegible] *The Song of Los* and *The* [illegible] In 1800 Flaxman introduced [illegible] popular poetaster who posed [illegible] Eartham.' Hayley induced [illegible] Felpham while engraving the illustrations for his *Life of Cowper*. There he remained three years; but Hayley's vapid [illegible]ality vexed his ethereal spirit, and in 1804 he returned to London, taking a first floor at 17 South Molton Street, where he lived nearly seventeen years. Here he produced the prophetic books *Jerusalem* and *Milton*, and fell into the unscrupulous hands of Cromek, who, after buying his designs for Blair's *Grave*, cheated him out of the copyright. Cromek crowned this treachery by plagiarising Blake's design for the 'Canterbury Pilgrimage,' which he persuaded Stothard to forestall, thus bringing about a permanent estrangement between the two friends. Blake vindicated himself by opening an exhibition for which he wrote a brilliant *Descriptive Catalogue*, containing the famous study of Chaucer that delighted Lamb. But the public remained deaf and blind, and the poet sank into laborious poverty, [illegible] toiling over innumerable designs and scores of manuscripts, never resting, never taking a holiday, working valiantly whether ill or well. In 1813 he found a new friend and patron in John Linnell, who was the staff and stay of his declining years, and through whom he met others, such as John Varley. It was for Varley that Blake drew the wonderful 'Spiritual Portraits' or 'Visionary Heads,' the most celebrated of which are the grotesquely satirical 'Man who built the

Pyramids' and the fantastically humorous 'Ghost of a Flea.' In 1821 Blake moved for the last time, to 3 Fountain Court, Strand, where he engraved the most sublime of all his drawings, the 'Inventions to the Book of Job,' and the noble designs for Dante. On 12th August 1827 he died, his last hours being radiant with ecstasies and spiritual rapture.

A divinely patient painter and a divinely impatient poet, his impatient poems are truer and finer in vitality than his patient designs. His revolt against form in poetry, which marched beside his loyalty to form in art, was partly due to his Ossianism and partly to his Swedenborgian mysticism. These things choked his imagination with weedy symbolism and wild rhetoric. Although Blake was not quite sane, neither was he quite insane. He lived in that unexplored region which separates madness from sanity, and in which imagination is supreme. He was too sane to be called mad, and too mad to be called sane. Wordsworth said the last word on the question. The madness of Blake interests us more than the sanity of other men. His swift word flashes out of the clouds, leaping on us like lightning in brief miracles of lyrical beauty. He was the first child to be a poet, the first poet to be a child. He did not merely sing childhood: rather childhood sang in him as it never sang before or since. He was the first evangelist of youth. His songs have influenced our social temper not less than our literature, for to them may be traced the beginnings of that modern reverence for childhood which has followed afar off the modern reverence for womanhood. There are gleams of poetry in the chaotic symbolism of the prophetic books, such as the splendid line that breaks through the mists of *Milton*:

Time is the mercy of eternity.

But as a whole the prophetic books may be left to the high priests of dogmatic mysticism, whose fantastic exegesis lies outside literature.

Song

My silks and fine array,
  My smiles and languish'd air,
By love are driven away;
  And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave:
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven
  When springing buds unfold;
O why to him was't given,
  Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is love's all-worship'd tomb,
Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,
  Bring me a winding sheet;
When I my grave have made,
  Let winds and tempests beat:
Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay.
True love doth pass away.

Introduction to Songs of Innocence

[illegible]

And I made a rural pen,
  And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
  Every child may joy to hear.

The Chimney-Sweeper

A little black thing among the snow,
  Crying, 'Weep! weep!' in notes of woe!
'Where are thy father and mother? say!'—
  'They are both gone up to the church to pray.

'Because I was happy upon the heath,
  And smiled among the winter's snow,
They clothed me in the clothes of death,
  And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

'And because I am happy and dance and sing,
  They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and His Priest and King,
  Who make up a heaven of our misery.'

Infant Joy

'I have no name,
I am but two days old.'
What shall I call thee?
'I happy am,
Joy is my name.'
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
Sweet joy, but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while;
Sweet joy befall thee!'

Infant Sorrow

My mother groaned, my father wept:
Into the dangerous world I leapt,
Helpless, naked, piping loud,
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my father's hands,
Striving against my swaddling-bands,
Bound and weary, I thought best
To sulk upon my mother's breast.

The Blossom.

Merry, merry sparrow!
Under leaves so green,
A happy blossom

Sees you, swift as arrow,
Seek your cradle narrow
Near my bosom.

Pretty, pretty robin!
Under leaves so green
A happy blossom
Hears you sobbing, sobbing,
Pretty, pretty robin,
Near my bosom.

Holy Thursday.

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
Came children walking two and two, in red and blue and green:
Grey-headed beadles walked before, with wands as white as snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames waters flow.

O what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of London town,
Seated in companies they were, with radiance all their own.
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song,
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among:
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor.
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from the door.

Nurse's Song

When the voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.

'Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
Till the morning appears in the skies.'

'No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all covered with sheep.'

'Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
[illegible]
The little ones leaped and shouted and laughed,
[illegible]

The Tiger

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand framed thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

'Introduction' to 'Songs of Experience.'

Hear the voice of the bard,
Who present, past, and future sees;
Whose ears have heard
The Holy Word
That walked among the ancient trees,

Calling the lapsed soul,
And weeping in the evening dew;
That might control
The starry pole,
And fallen, fallen light renew!

'O Earth, O Earth, return!
Arise from out the dewy grass!
Night is worn,
And the morn
Rises from the slumbrous mass.

'Turn away no more;
Why wilt thou turn away?
The starry floor,
The watery shore,
Are given thee till the break of day.'

Ah! Sunflower!

Ah! Sunflower, weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun;
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,
Where the traveller's journey is done;

Where the youth pined away with desire,
And the pale virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my Sunflower wishes to go!

A Cradle Song

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night;
Sleep, in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Oh, the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep!
When thy little heart doth wake
Then the dreadful light shall break.

The standard Life of Blake is Gilchrist's (2nd ed. 1880), which contains a supplementary chapter and notes by D. G. Rossetti; and the best study of his work is Mr Swinburne's *Critical Essay* (1868). His works have been edited by Ellis and Yeats (1893), and his poems, with Memoir by W. M. Rossetti, are in the Aldine Series. The Life by Story (1893) and R. Garnett's *Portfolio* article (1895) should be consulted.

JAMES DOUGLAS.

William Lisle Bowles (1762-1850), 'the restorer of natural poetry,' born at King's Sutton vicarage, Northamptonshire, was educated at Winchester and Trinity College, Oxford, and in 1804 became rector of Bremhill in Wiltshire and a prebendary of Salisbury (from 1828 a canon residentiary). His first publication was a little volume of ***Fourteen Sonnets*** published anonymously at Bath in 1789, to which additions were made from time to time, and which in 1805 had reached a ninth edition. Meanwhile he had not been idle; other poetical works were ***Coombe Ellen and St Michael's Mount*** (1798), ***The Battle of the Nile*** (1799), ***The Sorrows of Switzerland*** (1801), ***The Spirit of Discovery*** (1805), ***The Missionary of the Andes*** (1815), ***Days Departed*** (1828), ***St John in Patmos*** (1833), and ***The Village Verse Book*** (1837). None of these can be said to have been popular, though all contain passages of fine descriptive and meditative verse. The 1789 sonnets had the extraordinary distinction of doing Coleridge's 'heart more good than all the other books he ever read excepting the Bible,' in serving the metaphysician (then only seventeen) as an authentic revelation of the poetic spirit, and deepening his aversion to the poetic theories and artificial didacticism of Pope's imitators and successors. Coleridge in his sonnet to Bowles thanks him

[illegible]
Whose sadne[illegible]
Of wild be[illegible]

and praises their 'mild and manifest melancholy' as having relieved the 'thought-bewildered man' torn by the 'mightier throes of mind.' It was fortunate for Bowles's fame [illegible] that he began to publish when there [illegible] a signal dearth of true poetry, and [illegible] work was before the world ere the [illegible] poetic revival found its greater [illegible] in the sonnets grace [illegible] melancholy, a sweet and [illegible] to distinguish them [illegible] but not enough of power [illegible] a movement or mark an epoch. [illegible] edition of Pope (180[illegible]) [illegible] somewhat [illegible] claim to be ranked among the great poets. Pope was only at the head of the second rank [illegible] that had [illegible] influence. Bowles insisted that images for what is beautiful and sublime in nature are as such nobler and more expressive and more poetical than images derived from art. As usual in such controversies, each party vehemently affirmed facts that their opponents did not deny explicitly or implicitly. Thus Campbell retorted on Bowles, what he did not really dispute, that an exquisite description of artificial objects and manners may be equally characteristic of genius with the disciple of external nature. He further protested against pre-Raphaelite elaboration of detail in description—'every rock, every leaf, every diversity of hue in nature's variety' which Bowles actually did demand. Byron became the most fervid and thorough-going defender of Pope; his stinging sarcasms at Bowles's expense—'Stick to thy sonnets, Bowles—at least they pay'—were more effective than his serious arguments; and Bowles, an absent-minded, eccentric, amiable, musicianly High-Church divine, was no match in the arts of effective polemics for Byron. But, contrary to what might have been expected from his poetry, Bowles was both vehement and fierce in the great controversy, defending his contention in a series of 'letters' or pamphlets to Campbell, Byron, Roscoe, a 'Quarterly Reviewer,' and the public. Bowles was no mean antiquary, and wrote a parochial history, the annals of an abbey, and other historical and antiquarian researches; and besides a Life of Bishop Ken and some sermons, he published occasional pamphlets on education, the poor-laws, and Church politics. The first three specimens are from the *Sonnets*, which in the later editions were some of them a good deal altered in wording; the fourth is from the opening of the *Missionary*; the sixth from the *Spirit of Discovery*; the seventh from *Childe Harold's Last Pilgrimage*; the last two from the *Miscellaneous Poems* ultimately appended to the *Sonnets*.

The Influence of Time on Grief

[illegible]

Hope

[illegible]

Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed;
He the green slope and level meadow views,
Delightful bathed in slow-ascending dews:
Or marks the clouds that o'er the mountain's head,
In varying forms fantastic wander white;
Or turns his ear to every random song
Heard the green river's winding marge along,
The whilst each sense is steeped in still delight.
So o'er my breast young summer's breath I feel,
Sweet Hope! thy fragrance pure and healing incense stea[illegible]

Bamborough Castle

Ye holy towers that shade the wave-worn steep,
Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,
Though hurrying silent by, relentless time
Assail you, and the winds of winter sweep
Round your dark battlements; for far from halls
Of Pride, here Charity hath fixed her seat;
Oft listening tearful when the wild winds be[illegible]
With hollow bodings round your ancient walls;
And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tower,
And turns her ear to each expiring cry,
Blest if her aid some fainting wretch may [illegible],
And snatch him cold and speechless from the wave.

In South America

Beneath aerial cliffs a[illegible]
The rush-roof of an aged warrior [illegible],
Chief of the mountain tribes; high ov[illegible]
The Andes, wild and desolate, were spr[illegible]
Where cold Sierras shot their icy spires,
And Chillan trailed its smoke and mo[illegible]
A glen beneath—a lonely spot of rest—
Hung, scarce discovered, like an eagle's nest.
Summer was in its prime; the parrot flock
Darkened the passing sunshine on the rock;
The chrysomel and purple butterfly
Amid the clear blue light are wandering
The humming-bird along the myrtle bower
With twinkling wing is spinning o'er the fl[illegible]
The woodpecker is heard with busy bill
The mock-bird sings—and all beside [illegible]
And lo! the cataract that bur[illegible]
As not to mar the deep tranquillity,
The tumult of its dashing fall suspend
And, stealing drop by drop, in mist descend
Through whose illumined spray and sprinkled [illegible]
[illegible]
Chequering with partial shade the be[illegible]
And [illegible] the gray rock's [illegible] wild festoon
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Winter Evening at Home

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Wanders my heart, whilst I by turns survey
Thee slowly wheeling on thy evening way;
And this my fire, whose dim, unequal light,
Just glimmering, bids each shadowy image f[illegible]
Sombrous and strange upon the darkening w[illegible],
Ere the clear tapers chase the deepening [illegible],
Yet thy still orb, seen through the freezing ha[illegible]
Shines calm and clear without; and whilst I [illegible],
I think around me in this twilight gloom
I but remark mortality's sad doom;
Whilst hope and joy, cloudless and soft, app[illegible]
In the sweet beam that lights thy distant sphere.

The Andes

[illegible] Andes sweeping the horizon's tract
Mightiest of mountains! whose eternal sn[illegible]
Feel not the nearer sun; whose umbrage [illegible]
The murmuring ocean; whose volcanic fi[illegible]
A thousand nations view, hung like the mo[illegible]
High in the middle waste of heaven

From 'Byron's Death'

So ends Childe Harold his last pilgrimage!
Ends in the region, in that land renown[illegible]
Whose mighty genius lives in Glory's page
And in the Muses' consecrated ground;
His pale cheek fading where his brows we[illegible]
With their unfading wreath! I will not [illegible]
The nymphs from Pindus' piny shade [illegible]
But strew some flowers upon thy sad [illegible],
And follow to the grave a Briton's fam[illegible]

Sun-dial in the Churchyard of Bremhill

So passes silent o'er the dead thy shade,
Brief Time! and hour by hour, and day by d[illegible]
The pleasing pictures of the present f[illegible]
And like a summer vapour steal away.

And have not they, who here forgotten [illegible],
Say, hoary chronicler of ages [illegible]
Once marked thy shadow with delighted ey[illegible]
Nor thought it fled, how cer[illegible]

Since thou first stood, [illegible] thus thy [illegible]
Noting each hour, o'er mouldering [illegible]
The pastor and his flock alike [illegible]
And 'dust to dust' [illegible]

Another race succeed[illegible]
[illegible]
As hope and youth [illegible]
So smiling and [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
Blameless [illegible] Heaven [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

Samuel Rogers

[illegible] born at the suburban village of Stoke Newington, on the 30th of July 1763. His father, a City banker, was a Whig and Dissenter; his mother was a great granddaughter of Philip Henry. After a careful private education, at sixteen or seventeen he entered the bank, in 1784 was admitted to partnership, and on his father's death in 1793 became head of the firm. His taste for literature and for literary society awoke early; once with a friend he [illegible] to call on [illegible] Johnson in Bolt Court, but his courage failed him [illegible] his hand was [illegible] on the knocker. In 1781 [illegible] contributed [illegible] *Gentleman's [illegible]* [illegible] next [illegible] opera [illegible] and [illegible], the year that witnessed the advent of Burns, [illegible] In [illegible] he produced [illegible] 1798 [illegible] 1812 the [illegible] 1814 [illegible] and [illegible] 1819 appeared [illegible] part of *Italy* [illegible] Rogers [illegible] had little originality [illegible] Dyce [illegible] on the [illegible]

SAMUEL ROGERS

[illegible]

the greater of his younger contemporaries made their mark; but though Byron regarded him as a pillar of good taste in contrast to the Lake poets, some of his late poems show that he too was touched with the new spirit. His collected poems were published in various forms, one of them brought out at a cost of £15,000 (2 vols. 1830–34), with 114 vignette engravings by Stothard and Turner. The wealthy banker was well able to cultivate his favourite tastes: to embellish his house at 22 St James's Place with some of the finest and rarest pictures, busts, books, gems, and other articles of virtu; and to entertain his friends with a generous though unostentatious hospitality. His conversation overflowed with shrewd observation, pungent criticism, and personal anecdote, rather too often spiced with sarcasm. He soothed the last hours of Sheridan, and his generosity was largely exerted on behalf of suffering or unfriended talent. 'Genius languishing for want of patronage,' recorded Dyce, 'was sure to find in Mr Rogers a generous patron. His purse was ever open to [illegible] the prompt assistance which [illegible] rendered in the hour of need to various [illegible] there is ample record [illegible] of kindness [illegible] When more than [illegible] of the [illegible] Dec[illegible] 1855 [illegible] the [illegible] £[illegible],000 [illegible] of artists and authors, and as the friend of almost every illustrious man that graced our annals for half a century and more that Rogers chiefly engaged the public attention. At his celebrated breakfast-parties persons of almost all classes and pursuits were found. He made the morning meal famous as a literary rallying-point; and during the London season there was scarcely a day that did not see from four to six guests at the hospitable board in St James's Place. Discussions as to books or pictures; anecdotes of the great of old; racy sayings of Sheridan, Erskine, or Horne Tooke; social traits of Fox; apt quotations or fine passages read aloud; incidents of foreign travel recounted, charmed the hours till midday. Many of his own pointed sayings circulated in society and got into print. Some one said that Gally Knight was getting deaf: 'It is from want of practice,' remarked Rogers, Mr Knight being a great speaker and bad listener. Lord Dudley Ward had been free in his criticisms on Rogers, who retaliated with an epigrammatic couplet:

> Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it;
> He *has* a heart—he gets his speeches by it.

When he tried to extort a confession from his neighbour, Sir Philip Francis, that he was the author of *Junius*, Francis gave a surly rebuff; whereupon Rogers concluded that if he was not Junius, he was at least Brutus. The gifts of the gods to himself he thus enumerated:

> Nature denied him much,
> But gave him at his birth what most he values:
> A p[illegible]onate love for music, sculpture, painting,
> F[illegible], the language of the gods,
> F[illegible], or grand or beautiful,
> A[illegible] among the mount[illegible],
> H[illegible] an ingenuous countenance,
> A[illegible] what transcends them all, [illegible]
>
> ([illegible])

From 'The Pleasures of Memory'

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
M[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Indulgent Memory wa[illegible]
Clothed with far softer [illegible]
Thou first, best friend that [illegible]
To soothe and sweeten all the [illegible]
Whose glad suggestions still [illegible]
When Nature fades and life [illegible]
Thee would the Muse invoke [illegible]
The sage's precept and the [illegible]
What softened views thy [illegible]
When o'er the landscape [illegible]
As when in ocean sinks the [illegible]
Long on the wave reflected [illegible]
Thy tempered gleams of happiness [illegible]
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.
The school's lone porch, with reverend mos[illegible]
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at pe[illegible]
Quickening my truant feet across the [illegible]
Unheard the shout that rent the noont[illegible]
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a te[illegible]
Some little friendship formed and cherished [illegible]
And not the lightest leaf but trembling teem[illegible]
With golden visions and romantic dream[illegible]
  Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, bla[illegible]
The gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gaze[illegible]
Gazed on her sunburnt face with silent aw[illegible]
Her tattered mantle and her hood of straw;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming [illegible]
The drowsy brood that on her back she bo[illegible]
Imps in the barn with mousing owlet's br[illegible]
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;
Whose dark eyes flashed through locks of [illegible]
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog [illegible]
And heroes fled the sibyl's muttered call,
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard wal[illegible]
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And traced th[illegible] line of life [illegible]
How [illegible] my fluttering pulse [illegible]
To learn the [illegible]
  Ah[illegible]
[illegible]
W[illegible]
[illegible] were his [illegible]
[illegible] the keen [illegible]
And on his [illegible]
As in his scrip [illegible]
[illegible]
He breathed his prayer [illegible]
[illegible]
  [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] on the neighbouring [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] wreath [illegible]
The village common [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
  [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
So, when [illegible]
[illegible]

And all his soul best loved — such tears he shed,
While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled.
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
Long watched the streaming signal from the mast,
Till Twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye,
And fairy forests fringed the evening sky.
So Scotia's queen, as slowly dawned the day,
Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away.
Her eyes had blessed the beacon's glimmering height,
That faintly tipped the feathery surge with [illegible]
But now the morn with orient hues portray[illegible]
Each castled cliff and brown monast[illegible]
All touched the talisman's resistless [illegible]
And lo, what busy tribes were [illegible]
Thus kindred objects kindred [illegible]
As summer clouds flash forth electr[illegible]
And hence this [illegible] gives back to [illegible]
Warm as the [illegible] with the muse [illegible]
Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the [illegible]
This makes him wish to live, and [illegible]
[illegible] this young [illegible], whose [illegible]
[illegible] should [illegible]
[illegible] exile [illegible]
[illegible] sorrow's long soliloquies [illegible]
[illegible] justice, vainly [illegible]
[illegible] she roused her sang[illegible]
[illegible] return, though hope [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Tempe [illegible]
[illegible]

And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!
Tupia, a Tahitian brought off by Captain C[illegible]

From 'Human Life'

The lark has sung his car[illegible] the sky,
The bees have hum[illegible]
Still in the val[illegible]
Still in [illegible]
For now the [illegible]
Now, glad [illegible]
And, crowd[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And soon [illegible] shall music swell the [illegible]
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through [illegible]
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymn[illegible]
And violets scattered round; and [illegible]
In every cottage porch with [illegible] green,
Stand [illegible] to gaze, and, gaz[illegible] bless th[illegible]
Wh[illegible] father's eyes [illegible]
Moves in her virgin veil the gentl[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] children [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] in holy [illegible]
And such is human [illegible]
[illegible]

Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!

Ginevra

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine),
Stop at a palace near the Reggio gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; through their arched walks,
Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
And lovers, such as in heroic song;
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the spring time, as alone they sat,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day. A summer sun
Sets ere one half is seen; but, ere thou go,
Enter the house—prithee, forget it not—
And look a while upon a picture there.
 'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.
She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said 'Beware!' Her vest of gold
'Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!
 Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.
 She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.
 Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.
 Great was the joy; but at the bridal-feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
''Tis but to make a trial of our love!'
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory-tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
But that she was not! Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived; and long mightst thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained a while
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.
 Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
'Why not remove it from its lurking place?'
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold!
All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
'Ginevra.' There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever! (Italy.)

An Italian Song

Dear is my little native vale,
 The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
 To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
 With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
 The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
 Sung in the silent greenwood shade:
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

Written in the Highlands of Scotland 1812

[illegible] were gone
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Thy kirkyard wall among the trees,
Where, gray with age, the dial stands;
That dial so well known to me!
Though many a shadow it had shed,
Beloved sister, since with thee
The legend on the stone was read.
  The fairy isles fled far away;
That with its woods and uplands green,
Where shepherd-huts are dimly seen,
And songs are heard at close of day;
That, too, the deer's wild covert fled,
And that, the asylum of the dead;
While as the boat went merrily,
Much of Rob Roy the boatman told;
His arm that fell below his knee,
His cattle ford and mountain hold.

  Tarbet, thy shore I climbed at last;
And, thy shady region past,
Upon another shore I stood,
And looked upon another flood;
Great Ocean's self! ('Tis he who fills
That vast and awful depth of hills);
Where many an elf was playing round,
Who treads unshod his classic ground;
And speaks, his native rocks among,
As Fingal spoke, and Ossian sung.
  Night fell, and dark and darker grew
That narrow sea, that narrow sky,
As o'er the glimmering waves we flew,
The sea-bird rustling, wailing by.
And now the grampus, half-descried,
Black and huge above the tide;
The cliffs and promontories there,
Front to front, and broad and bare;
Each beyond each, with giant feet
Advancing as in haste to meet;
The shattered fortress, whence the Dane
Blew his shrill blast, nor rushed in vain,
Tyrant of the drear domain;
All into midnight shadow sweep,
When day springs upward from the deep!
Kindling the waters in its flight,
The prow wakes splendour, and the oar,
That rose and fell unseen before,
Flashes in a sea of light;
Glad sign and sure! for now we hail
Thy flowers, Glenfinart, in the gale;
And bright indeed the path should be
That leads to friendship and to thee!
  Oh blest retreat, and sacred too!
Sacred as when the bell of prayer
Tolled duly on the desert air,
And crosses decked thy summits blue.
Oft, like some [illegible]
Oft [illegible]
And [illegible]
Thy [illegible]
Thy ferry [illegible]
[illegible]

Pæstum

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Points to the work of magic, and moves on.
Time was they stood along the crowded street,
Temples of gods, and on their ample steps
What various habits, various tongues beset
The brazen gates for prayer and sacrifice!
Time was perhaps the third was sought for justice;
And here the accuser stood, and there the accused,
And here the judges sat, and heard, and judged.
All silent now, as in the ages past,
Trodden under foot, and mingled dust with dust.
  How many centuries did the sun go round
From Mount Alburnus to the Tyrrhene sea,
While, by some spell rendered invisible,
Or, if approached, approached by him alone
Who saw as though he saw not, they remained
As in the darkness of a sepulchre,
Waiting the appointed time! All, all within
Proclaims that nature had resumed her right,
And taken to herself what man renounced;
No cornice, triglyph, or worn abacus,
But with thick ivy hung, or branching fern,
Their iron-brown o'erspread with brightest verdure!
  From my youth upward have I longed to tread
This classic ground; and am I here at last?
Wandering at will through the long porticoes,
And catching, as through some majestic grove,
Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos-like,
Mountains and mountain gulfs, and, half-way up,
Towns like the living rock from which they grew?
A cloudy region, black and desolate,
Where once a slave withstood a world in arms. Spartacus
  The air is sweet with violets, running wild
Mid broken friezes and fallen capitals;
Sweet as when Tully, writing down his thoughts,
Those thoughts so precious and so lately lost
Turning to thee, divine philosophy,
Ever at hand to calm his troubled soul
Sailed slowly by, two thousand years ago,
For Athens; when a ship, if north-east winds
Blew from the Pæstan gardens, slacked her course.
  On as he moved along the level shore,
These temples, in their splendour eminent
Mid arcs and obelisks, and domes and towers,
Reflecting back the radiance of the west.
Well might he dream of glory! Now, coiled up,
The serpent sleeps within them; the she-wolf
Suckles her young; and as alone I stand
In this, the nobler pile, the elements
Of earth and air its only floor and roof,
How solemn is the stillness! Nothing stirs
Save the shrill-voiced cicala flitting round
On the rough pediment to sit and sing;
Or the green lizard rustling through the grass,
And up the fluted shaft with short quick spring,
To vanish in the chinks that time has made.
  In [illegible] this, [illegible] broad disk
Seen [illegible] a flood of light
[illegible] of these old sanctuaries,
[illegible] broken and confused,
Across the innumerable columns flung
[illegible] who saw and told,
[illegible] of the place.
  W[illegible] city first appeared,
H[illegible] or scattered as in scorn;
A[illegible] within them? What but in the midst
Th[illegible] than their original grandeur,

And, round about, no stone upon another!
As if the spoiler had fallen back in fear
And, turning, left them to the elements.

(From *Italy*.)

On a Tear.

O that the chemist's magic art
Could crystallise this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
In thee the rays of Virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fliest to bring relief,
When first we feel the rude control
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,—
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their [illegible]

See Alexander Dyce's *Recollections of the* [illegible] *Rogers* (1856); *Recollections by Rogers*, edited by [illegible] William Sharpe (1859), and, especially, P. W. Clayden's *The Early Life of Samuel Rogers* (1887) and *Rogers and his Contemporaries* [illegible]. The poems are reprinted in the Aldine Series.

Henry Kirke White (1785–1806) was born at Nottingham a butcher's son. A rhymer and a student from boyhood, he assisted his father in the family business until in his fourteenth year he was put apprentice to a stocking weaver. But he hated 'the thought of spending seven years of his life in shining and folding up stockings; he wanted something to occupy his brain, and he felt that he should be wretched if he continued longer at this trade, or indeed in anything except one of the learned professions.' He was at length placed in an attorney's office, and applying his leisure hours to the study of Latin and Greek, Italian and Spanish, in ten months could read Horace. While only in his fifteenth year, he obtained a silver medal for a translation from Horace, a prize theme proposed by the *Monthly Preceptor*. He became a correspondent to the *Monthly Mirror*, and was introduced to the acquaintance of its proprietor, Mr Hill, and of Capel Lofft, [illegible] encouraged him to prepare a [illegible] The book [illegible] the volume was [illegible] noticed in the *Monthly* [illegible] Hopes [illegible] the [illegible]

admission to the University of Cambridge. Moved to new Christian earnestness by Scott's *Force of Truth*, he resolved to devote himself to Church work, and the Rev. Charles Simeon of Cambridge procured for him a sizarship at St John's College, and Wilberforce helped to assist his family in supporting him during his university course. He competed for a scholarship, and at the end of the term was pronounced the first man of his year. But this distinction was purchased at the sacrifice of health and life; he died 19th October 1806. Southey wrote a sketch of his life and edited his *Remains*. A tablet to his memory, with a medallion by Chantrey, was placed in All Saints' Church at Cambridge by a young American. Even Byron consecrated some kindly lines to his memory, and, in prose, ranked him 'next Chatterton.' His poetry was all written before he was twenty, and is accordingly quite immature. But it is also lacking in originality, power, or the promise of future achievement. The tenderness of his verse, the amiability of his character, and the pathos of his story have hardly saved his verse from oblivion. But some of his hymns are still in use, including 'Much in sorrow, oft in woe,' of which, however, only the first part (two verses and a half) is his.

To an Early Primrose

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Thee when young Spring first questioned Winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Thy [illegible]

So Virtue [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Sonnet

What art thou, M[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

The Star of Bethlehem.

When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

Britain a Thousand Years Hence

Where now is Britain? Where her laurelled names,
Her palaces and halls? Dashed in the dust.
Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride,
And with one big recoil hath thrown her back
To primitive barbarity. Again,
Through her depopulated vales, the scream
Of bloody superstition hollow rings,
And the scared native to the tempest howls
The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts,
Her crowded ports, broods Silence; [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

From 'The Christiad'

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
On the dark cypress; and the strings which rung
With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
Or, when the breeze comes by, moan, and are heard no more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep again?
Shall I no more reanimate the lay?
Oh! Thou who visitest the sons of men,
Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
One little space prolong my mournful day;
One little lapse suspend thy last decree!
I am a youthful traveller in the way,
And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,
Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am free.

[illegible]

Joanna Baillie (1762–1851) was born in the manse of Bothwell in Lanarkshire; in 1776 her father became Professor of Divinity at Glasgow. In this household, 'repression of all emotions, even the gentlest and those most honourable to human nature, seems to have been the constant lesson.' Joanna's sister, Agnes, told Lucy Aikin that their father was an excellent parent. 'When she had once been bitten by a dog thought to be mad, he had sucked the wound, at the hazard, as was supposed, of his own life, but he had never given her a kiss.' Joanna spoke of her yearning to be caressed when a child. 'She would sometimes venture to clasp her little arms about her mother's knees, who would seem to chide her, but the child knew she liked it.' In 1784 Joanna went to live in London, where her brother, Matthew Baillie, had established himself as a physician; in 1806 she and Agnes took a house for themselves at Hampstead, and there she died, Agnes surviving her till 1861. No author has ever enjoyed a larger share than the 'immortal Joanna' of the esteem and affection of her contemporaries. She was one of the friends whose society Sir Walter looked forward to as one of the chief pleasures a visit to London had in store for him; even America sent its visitors to her shrine at Hampstead. Her [illegible] *Plays on the Passions* [illegible], which, though ineffective as acting plays, contain much [illegible] poetry and often show true dramatic power. In 1804 she produced a volume of miscellaneous dramas, [illegible] a tragedy founded on a Highland tradition, was successfully staged at Edinburgh with a prologue by Scott. *De Montfort* was brought out by Kemble shortly after its appearance, and was acted [illegible] with Kean as De Montfort. Kean [illegible] that it was a fine poem, but would [illegible]. Scott, on the other hand, [illegible] Basil's love and Montfort's hate as something like a renewal of [illegible] *Count Basil* [illegible] *De Montfort* are much liker the work of Shirley or Massinger than anything of Shakespeare.

Miss Baillie's style is smooth and regular, but without distinction; her carefully constructed dramas have few commanding situations, and — partly from the restrictions imposed by her working theory — are deficient in variety and fullness of passion, the mainspring of human life and of dramatic action; the tragic scenes are too exclusively connected with the crime of murder, one of the easiest resources of a tragedian. Scott said that fear was the most dramatic passion touched by her. The plot is too often obvious almost from the first act — a defect fatal to success in representation. Some of the poems in her *Fugitive Pieces* were written when she was over eighty years of age. Of the songs, her versions of 'Woo'd an' married an' a'' and 'Saw ye Johnnie comin'' are the best known; there is another with the old refrain, 'Poverty parts good company'; 'Tam o' the Lin,' 'Up, quit thy Bower,' and 'Good night' are often cited; and there are new sets of words to many well known Scotch and Irish tunes and rhythms, with or without the old refrains — 'The Boatie Rows,' 'The Weary Pund o' Tow,' 'Hooly and Fairly,' 'Fy, let us a' to the Bridal,' &c.

JOANNA BAILLIE.
From an Engraving after Newton.

From 'The Kitten'

Wanton droll, whose harmless play
Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
When drawn the evening fire about
Sit aged crone and thoughtless lout,
And child upon his three-foot stool,
Waiting until his supper cool,
And maid, whose cheek outblooms the rose,
As bright the blazing fagot glows,
Who, bending to the friendly light,
Plies her task with busy sleight;
Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,
Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coiled, and crouching low,
With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe,
The housewife's spindle whirling round,
Or thread or straw that on the ground
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
Held out to lure thy roving eye;
Then stealing onward, fiercely spring
Upon the tempting, faithless thing.
Now, wheeling round with bootless skill,
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
As still beyond thy curving side
Its jetty tip is seen to glide;
Till from thy centre starting far,
Thou sidelong veer'st with rump in air
Erected stiff, and gait awry,
Like madam in her tantrums high:
Though ne'er a madam of them all
Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall
More varied trick and whim displays
To catch the admiring stranger's gaze.

The featest tumbler, stage bedight,
To thee is but a clumsy wight,
Who every limb and sinew strains
To do what costs thee little pains,
For which, I trow, the gaping crowd
Requites him oft with plaudits loud.

But, stopped the while thy wanton play,
Applauses too thy pains repay:
For then, beneath some urchin's hand
With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand,
While many a stroke of kindness glides
Along thy back and tabby sides.
Dilated swells thy glossy fur,
And loudly croons thy busy purr,
As, timing well the equal sound,
Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,
And all their harmless claws disclose
Like prickles of an early rose,
While softly from thy whiskered cheek
Thy half-closed eyes peer, mild and meek.

But not alone by cottage fire
Do rustics rude thy feats admire.
The learned sage, whose thoughts explore
The widest range of human lore,
Or with unfettered fancy fly
Through airy heights of poesy,
Pausing smiles with altered air
To see thee climb his elbow-chair,
Or, struggling on the mat below,
Hold warfare with his slippered toe.
The widowed dame or lonely maid,
Who, in the still but cheerless shade
Of home unsocial, spends her age,
And rarely turns a lettered page,
Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
The rounded cork or paper ball,
Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch,
The ends of ravelled skein to catch,
But lets thee have thy wayward will,
Perplexing oft her better skill.

E'en he, whose mind of gloomy bent,
In lonely tower or prison pent,
Reviews the coil of former days,
And loathes the world and all its ways,

What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
Hath roused him from his moody dream,
Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
His heart with pride less fiercely beat,
And smiles, a link in thee to find,
That joins it still to living kind.

From the Birthday 'Address' to her Sister

Dear Agnes, gleamed with joy and dashed with tears
O'er us have glided almost sixty years
Since we on Bothwell's bonny braes were seen,
By those whose eyes long closed in death have been,
Two tiny imps, who scarcely stooped to gather
The slender harebell on the purple heather;
No taller than the foxglove's spiky stem,
That dew of morning studs with silvery gem.
Then every butterfly that crossed our view
With joyful shout was greeted as it flew,
And moth and lady-bird and beetle bright
In sheeny gold were each a wondrous sight.
Then as we paddled barefoot, side by side,
Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,
Minnows or spotted par with twinkling fin,
Swimming in mazy rings the pool within,
A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent,
Seen in the power of early wonderment.

A long perspective to my mind appears,
Looking behind me to that line of years;
And yet through every stage I still can trace
Thy visioned form, from childhood's morning grace
To woman's early bloom, changing, how soon!
To the expressive glow of woman's noon;
And now to what thou art, in comely age,
Active and ardent. Let what will engage
Thy present moment, whether hopeful seeds
In garden-plat thou sow, or noxious weeds
From the fair flower remove, or ancient lore
In chronicle or legend rare explore,
Or on the parlour hearth with kitten play,
Stroking its tabby sides, or take thy way
To gain with hasty steps some cottage door,
On helpful errand to the neighbouring poor;
Active and ardent, to my fancy's eye
Thou still art young, in spite of time gone by.
Though oft of patience brief and temper keen,
Well may it please me, in life's latter scene,
To think what now thou art and long to me hast been.

'Twas thou who woo'dst me first to look
Upon the page of printed book,
That thing by me abhorred, and with address
Didst win me from my thoughtless idleness,
When all too old become with bootless haste
In fitful sports the precious time to waste.
Thy love of tale and story was the stroke
At which my dormant fancy first awoke,
And ghosts and witches in my busy brain
Arose in sombre show a motley train.
This new-found path attempting, proud was I
Lurking approval on thy face to spy,
Or hear thee say, as grew thy roused attention,
'What! is this story all thine own invention?'

Then, as advancing through this mortal span,
Our intercourse with the mixed world began,
Thy fairer face and sprightlier courtesy
(A truth that from my youthful vanity
Lay not concealed) did for the sisters twain,
Where'er we went, the greater favour gain;
While, but for thee, vexed with its tossing tide,
I from the busy world had shrunk aside.
And now in later years, with better grace
Thou help'st me still to hold a welcome place
With those, whom nearer neighbourhood has made
The friendly cheerers of our evening shade.

The change of good and evil to abide,
As partners linked, long have we, side by side,
Our earthly journey held; and who can say
How near the end of our united way?
By nature's course not distant; sad and 'reft
Will she remain,—the lonely pilgrim left.
If thou art taken first, who can to me
Like sister, friend, and home-companion be?
Or who, of wonted daily kindness shorn,
Shall feel such loss, or mourn as I shall mourn?
And if I should be fated first to leave
This earthly house, though gentle friends may grieve,
And he above them all, so truly proved
A friend and brother, long and justly loved,
There is no living wight, of woman born,
Who then shall mourn for me as thou wilt mourn.

Thou ardent, liberal spirit! quickly feeling
The touch of sympathy, and kindly dealing
With sorrow or distress, for ever sharing
The unhoarded mite, nor for to-morrow caring,—
Accept, dear Agnes, on thy natal day,
An unadorned, but not a careless lay.
Nor think this tribute to thy virtues paid
From tardy love proceeds, though long delayed.
Words of affection, howsoe'er expressed,
The latest spoken still are deemed the best:
Few are the measured rhymes I now may write;
These are, perhaps, the last I shall indite.

The Shepherd's Song

The gowan glitters on the sward,
The lav'rock's in the sky,
And Collie on my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing by.
Oh no! sad and slow!
And lengthened on the ground,
The shadow of our trysting bush,
It wears so slowly round!

My sheep-bell tinkles frae the west,
My lambs are bleating near,
But still the sound that I lo'e best,
Alack! I canna hear.
Oh no! sad and slow!
The shadow lingers still,
And like a lanely ghaist I stand
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
The mill wi' clacking din;
And Lucky scolding frae her door,
To bring the bairnies in.
Oh no! sad and slow!
These are nae sounds for me;
The shadow of our trysting bush,
It creeps sae drearily!

I coft yestreen, frae chapman Tam, bought
A snood of bonnie blue, a maiden's head-band
And promised when our trysting cam',
To tie it round her brow.
Oh no! sad and slow,
The mark it winna' pass,
The shadow of that weary thorn
Is tethered on the grass.

Oh now I see her on the way,
She's past the witch's knowe,
She's climbing up the Browny's brae,
My heart is in a lowe! bla.
Oh no! 'tis no' so,
'Tis glam'rie I have seen,
The shadow of that hawthorn bush
Will move na' mair till e'en

My book o' grace I'll try to read,
Though conned wi' little skill,
When Collie barks I'll raise my head,
And find her on the hill;
Oh no! sad and slow,
The time will ne'er be gane,
The shadow of the trysting bush
Is fixed like ony stane.

From 'De Montfort.'

De Montfort. No more, my sister; urge me not again:
My secret troubles cannot be revealed.
From all participation of its thoughts
My heart recoils: I pray thee be contented.
Jane. What! must I, like a distant humble friend,
Observe thy restless eye and gait disturbed
In timid silence, whilst with yearning heart
I turn aside to weep? O no, De Montfort!
A nobler task thy nobler mind will give;
Thy true intrusted friend I still shall be.
De Mon. Ah, Jane, forbear! I cannot e'en to thee.
Jane. Then, fie upon it! fie upon it, Montfort!
There was a time when e'en with murder stained,
Had it been possible that such dire deed
Could e'er have been the crime of one so piteous,
Thou wouldst have told it me.
De Mon. So would I now — but ask of this no more.
All other trouble but the one I feel
I had disclosed to thee. I pray thee spare me.
It is the secret weakness of my nature.
Jane. Then secret let it be: I urge no farther.
The eldest of our valiant father's hopes,
So sadly orphaned, side by side we stood,
Like two young trees, whose boughs in early strength
Screen the weak saplings of the rising grove,
And brave the storm together —
I have so long, as if by nature's right,
Thy bosom's inmate and adviser been,
I thought through life I should have so remained
Nor ever known a change. Forgive me, Montfort,
A humbler station will I take by thee:
The close attendant of thy wandering steps,
The cheerer of this home, by strangers sought,
The soother of those griefs I must not know:
This is mine office now: I ask no more.
De Mon. O Jane! thou dost constrain me with thy love!
Would I could tell it thee!
Jane. Thou shalt not tell me. Nay, I'll stop mine ears,
Nor from the yearnings of affection wring
What shrinks from utterance. Let it pass, my brother,
I'll stay by thee; I'll cheer thee, comfort thee;
Pursue with thee the study of some art,
Or nobler science, that compels the mind
To steady thought progressive, driving forth
All floating, wild, unhappy fantasies,
Till thou, with brow unclouded, smil'st again;
Like one who, from dark visions of the night,
When th' active soul within its lifeless cell
Holds its own world, with dreadful fancy pressed
Of some dire, terrible, or murderous deed,
Wakes to the dawning morn, and blesses Heaven.
De Mon. It will not pass away; 'twill haunt me still.
Jane. Ah! say not so, for I will haunt thee too;
And be to it so close an adversary,
That, though I wrestle darkling with the fiend,
I shall o'ercome it.
De Mon. Thou most generous woman!
Why do I treat thee thus? It should not be —
And yet I cannot — O that cursed villain!
He will not let me be the man I would.
Jane. What say'st thou, brother? Oh! what words are these?
They have awaked my soul to dreadful thoughts.
I do beseech thee, speak!
By the affection thou didst ever bear me;
By the dear memory of our infant days;
By kindred living ties, ay, and by those
Who sleep in the tomb, and cannot call to thee,
I do conjure thee, speak! . . .
Ah! wilt thou not?
Then, if affection, most unwearied love,
Tried early, long, and never wanting found,
O'er generous man hath more authority,
More rightful power than crown or sceptre give,
I do command thee! . . .
De Montfort, do not thus resist my love.
Here I entreat thee on my bended knees.
Alas, my brother!
De Mon. [*Raising her, and kneeling.*]
Thus let him kneel who should the abased be,
And at thine honoured feet confession make!
I'll tell thee all — but, oh! thou wilt despise me.
For in my breast a raging passion burns,
To which thy soul no sympathy will own,
A passion which hath made my nightly couch
A place of torment; and the light of day,
With the gay intercourse of social man,
Feel like th' oppressive, airless pestilence.
O Jane! thou wilt despise me.
Jane. Say not so:
I never can despise thee, gentle brother.
A lover's jealousy and hopeless pangs
No kindly heart contemns.
De Mon. A lover, sayst thou?
No, it is hate! black, lasting, deadly hate!
Which thus has driven me forth from kindred peace,
From social pleasure, from my native home,
To be a sullen wanderer on the earth,
Avoiding all men, cursing and accursed!
Jane. De Montfort, this is fiend-like, frightful, terrible!
What being, by th' Almighty Father formed,
Of flesh and blood, created even as thou,
Could in thy breast such horrid tempest wake,
Who art thyself his fellow?
Unknit thy brows, and spread those wrath-clenched hands:
Some sprite accursed within thy bosom mates

To work thy ruin. Strive with it, my brother!
Strive bravely with it; drive it from thy breast;
'Tis the degrader of a noble heart:
Curse it, and bid it part.
De Mon. It will not part. [*His hand on his breast.*]
I've lodged it here too long:
With my first cares I felt its rankling touch:
I loathed him when a boy.
Jane. Whom didst thou say?
De Mon. Oh! that detested Rezenvelt!
E'en in our early sports, like two young whelps
Of hostile breed, instinctively reverse,
Each 'gainst the other pitched his ready pledge,
And frowned defiance. As we onward passed
From youth to man's estate, his narrow art
And envious gibing malice, poorly veiled
In the affected carelessness of mirth,
Still more detestable and odious grew.
There is no living being on this earth
Who can conceive the malice of his soul,
With all his gay and damned merriment,
To those by fortune or by merit placed
Above his paltry self. When, low in fortune,
He looked upon the state of prosperous men,
As nightly birds, roused from their murky holes,
Do scowl and chatter at the light of day,
I could endure it; even as we bear
Th' impotent bite of some half trodden worm,
I could endure it. But when honours came,
And wealth and new-got titles fed his pride;
Whilst flattering knaves did trumpet forth his praise,
And grovelling idiots grinned applauses on him;
Oh, then I could no longer suffer it!
It drove me frantic.—What, what would I give!
What would I give to crush the bloated toad,
So rankly do I loathe him!
Jane. And would thy hatred crush the very man
Who gave to thee that life he might have taken?
That life which thou so rashly didst expose
To aim at his? Oh, this is horrible!
De Mon. Ha! thou hast heard it, then? From all the world,
But most of all from thee, I thought it hid.
Jane. I heard a secret whisper, and resolved
Upon the instant to return to thee.
Didst thou receive my letter?
De Mon. I did! I did! 'Twas that which drove me hither.
I could not bear to meet thine eye again.
Jane. Alas! that, tempted by a sister's tears,
I ever left thy house! These few past months,
These absent months, have brought us all this woe.
Had I remained with thee, it had not been.
And yet, methinks, it should not move you thus.
You dared him to the field; both bravely fought;
He, more adroit, disarmed you; courteously
Returned the forfeit sword, which, so returned,
You did refuse to use against him more;
And then, as says report, you parted friends.
De Mon. When he disarmed this cursed, this worthless hand
Of its most worthless weapon, he but spared
From devilish pride, which now derives a bliss
In seeing me thus fettered, shamed, subjected
With the vile favour of his poor forbearance,
Whilst he securely sits with gibing brow,
And basely baits me like a muzzled cur
Who cannot turn again.
Until that day, till that accursed day,
I knew not half the torment of this hell
Which burns within my breast. Heaven's lightnings blast him!
Jane. Oh, this is horrible! Forbear, forbear!
Lest Heaven's vengeance light upon thy head
For this most impious wish.
De Mon. Then let it light.
Torments more fell than I have felt already
It cannot send. To be annihilated,
What all men shrink from; to be dust, be nothing,
Were bliss to me, compared to what I am!
Jane. Oh! wouldst thou kill me with these dreadful words?
De Mon. Let me but once upon his ruin look,
Then close mine eyes for ever!
Ha! how is this? Thou 'rt ill; thou 'rt very pale.
What have I done to thee? Alas, alas!
I meant not to distress thee.—O my sister!
Jane. I cannot speak to thee.
De Mon. I have killed thee.
Turn, turn thee not away! Look on me still!
Oh! droop not thus, my life, my pride, my sister;
Look on me yet again.
Jane. Thou too, De Montfort,
In better days wert wont to be my pride.
De Mon. I am a wretch, most wretched in myself,
And still more wretched in the pain I give.
Oh, curse that villain, that detested villain!
He has spread misery o'er my fated life;
He will undo us all.
Jane. I've held my warfare through a troubled world,
And borne with steady mind my share of ill;
For thou wert then the helpmate of my toil.
But now the wane of life comes darkly on,
And hideous passion tears me from thy heart,
Blasting thy worth.—I cannot strive with this.
De Mon. What shall I do?

A Country Life.

E'en now, methinks,
Each little cottage of my native vale
Swells out its earthen sides, upheaves its roof,
Like to a hillock moved by labouring mole,
And with green trail-weeds clambering up its walls,
Roses and every gay and fragrant plant
Before my fancy stands, a fairy bower:
Ay, and within it too do fairies dwell.
Peep through its wreathed window, if indeed
The flowers grow not too close; and there within
Thou 'lt see some half a dozen rosy brats
Eating from wooden bowls their dainty milk
These are my mountain elves. Seest thou not
Their very forms distinctly? . . .
I 'll gather round my board
All that Heaven sends to me of way-worn folks,
And noble travellers, and neighbouring friends,
Both young and old. Within my ample hall,
The worn out man of arms shall o' tiptoe tread,
Tossing his gray locks from his wrinkled brow
With cheerful freedom, as he boasts his feats
Of days gone by.—Music we 'll have; and oft
The bickering dance upon our oaken floors
Shall, thundering loud, strike on the distant ear

Of 'nighted travellers, who shall gladly bend
Their doubtful footsteps towards the cheering din.
Solemn, and grave, and cloistered, and demure
We shall not be. Will this content ye, damsels? . . .
Every season
Shall have its suited pastime: even winter
In its deep noon, when mountains piled with snow,
And choked-up valleys from our mansion bar
All entrance, and nor guest nor traveller
Sounds at our gate; the empty hall forsaken,
In some warm chamber, by the crackling fire
We'll hold our little, snug, domestic court,
Plying our work with song and tale between.

(From *Orra*.)

Prince Edward in his Dungeon

Doth the bright sun from the high arch of heaven,
In all his beauteous robes of fleckered clouds,
And ruddy vapours, and deep-glowing flames,
And softly varied shades, look gloriously?
Do the green woods dance to the wind? the lakes
Cast up their sparkling waters to the light?
Do the sweet hamlets in their bushy dells
Send winding up to heaven their curling smoke
On the soft morning air?
Do the flocks bleat, and the wild creatures bound
In antic happiness? and mazy birds
Wing the mid air in lightly skimming bands?
Ay, all this is; all this men do behold;
The poorest man. Even in this lonely vault,
My dark and narrow world, oft do I hear
The crowing of the cock so near my walls,
And sadly think how small a space divides me
From all this fair creation.

(From *Ethwald*.)

Jane De Montfort.

Page. Madam, there is a lady in your hall
Who begs to be admitted to your presence.
Lady. Is it not one of our invited friends?
Page. No; far unlike to them. It is a stranger.
Lady. How looks her countenance?
Page. So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled,
For so she did to see me thus abashed,
Methought I could have compassed sea and land
To do her bidding.
Lady. Is she young or old?
Page. Neither, if right I guess; but she is fair;
For Time hath laid his hand so gently on her,
As he too had been awed.
Lady. The foolish stripling!
She has bewitched thee. Is she large in stature?
Page. So stately and so graceful is her form,
I thought at first her stature was gigantic;
But on a near approach I found, in truth,
She scarcely does surpass the middle size.
Lady. What is her garb?
Page. I cannot well describe the fashion of it:
She is not decked in any gallant trim,
But seems to me clad in the usual weeds
Of high habitual state; for as she moves
Wide flows her robe in many a waving fold,
As I have seen unfurled banners play
With the soft breeze.
Lady. Thine eyes deceive thee, boy:
It is an apparition thou hast seen.
Freberg [*Starting up*]. It is an apparition he has seen,
Or it is Jane de Montfort.

(From *De Montfort*.)

The characterisation in the last extract was regarded as a picture of Mrs Siddons. Of the *Plays on the Passions*, four are comedies and one is a tragedy in prose. Of fourteen miscellaneous plays one is on Constantine Palæologus and one (in prose) on Witchcraft; the *Metrical Legends* include poems on William Wallace, Columbus, and Grizell Baillie. And in the collected one-volume edition of her *Dramatic and Poetical Works* (1851), her other works are distributed into *Fugitive Verses*, *Miscellaneous Poetry*, and *Verses on Sacred Subjects*. For a word-picture of her, see Miss Thackeray's (Mrs Richmond Ritchie's) *Book of Sibyls* (1883).

Richard Lovell Edgeworth (1744-1817) was born at Bath, and came of a family that for a hundred and sixty years had been settled in Ireland, latterly at Edgeworthstown in County Longford. After nine years' schooling at Warwick, Drogheda, and Longford, and five months of dissipation at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1761 he was removed to Oxford, where, as a gentleman commoner of Corpus, he passed two 'delightful, profitable' years. At Blackbourton, fourteen miles off, lived a friend of his father's, Paul Elers, a squire whose quiver was fuller than his purse; with one of his daughters Edgeworth eloped to Scotland (1763). The young couple spent a twelvemonth at Edgeworthstown, and finally settled at Hare Hatch near Reading, Edgeworth meanwhile keeping terms in the Temple, till his father's death (1769) allowed him to give up all thought of the Bar. As a boy of seven he had become 'irrecoverably a mechanic' through the sight of an electrical machine; and his whole life long he was always inventing something—a semaphore, a velocipede, a pedometer. One of his inventions brought him across Dr Darwin; and at Lichfield, during the Christmas of 1770, he conceived a passion for lovely Honora Sneyd. His wife was away in Berkshire—'she was not of a cheerful temper'—; but Thomas Day was with him, and urged him to flight. So with Day and his eldest boy, whom he was educating on Rousseau's system, he did fly to France, and at Lyons diverted himself and the course of the Rhone. Then his wife died, and four months afterwards he wedded Honora (1773), to lose her in 1780, and the same year marry her sister Elizabeth. She too died of consumption (1797); but the next wife, Miss Beaufort (1798), survived him by many years. In all he had nineteen children. 'I am not,' he observed, 'a man of prejudices. I have had four wives. The second and third were sisters, and I was in love with the second in the lifetime of the first.' He advocated parliamentary reform and Catholic emancipation; his house was spared by the rebels (1798); and in the last Irish Parliament (1798-99) he spoke for the Union, but voted against it, as a measure 'forced down the throats of the Irish, though five-sixths of the nation were against it.' Masterful, versatile, brilliant, enlightened, he stands as a type of the Superior Being; 'cocksureness' his principal foible. He was the idol of his own womankind, the friend of Watt and Wedgwood and many more better and greater than himself. *The Memoirs of*

... *hard Lovell Edgeworth* (1820; 3rd ed. 1844) are autobiographical up to 1782; the completion, less interesting, is by his daughter Maria.

A Penitent.

The family at Black-Bourton at this time consisted of Mrs Elers, her mother Mrs Hungerford, and four grown-up young ladies, besides several children. The eldest son, an officer, was absent. The young ladies, though far from being beauties, were handsome; and though destitute of accomplishments, they were notwithstanding agreeable, from an air of youth and simplicity, and from unaffected good nature and gaiety. The person who struck me most at my introduction to this family group was Mrs Hungerford. She was near eighty, tall and majestic, with eyes that still retained uncommon lustre. She was not able to rise from her chair without the assistance of one of her granddaughters; but when she had risen, and stood leaning on her tortoise-shell cane, she received my father, as the friend of the family, with so much politeness and with so much grace as to eclipse all the young people by whom she was surrounded. Mrs Hungerford was a Blake, connected with the Norfolk family. She had formerly been the wife of Sir Alexander Kennedy, whom Mr Hungerford killed in a duel in Blenheim Park. Why she dropped her title in marrying Mr Hungerford I know not, nor can I tell how he persuaded the beautiful widow to marry him after he had killed her husband. Mr Hungerford brought her into the retirement of Black Bourton, the ancient seat of his family, an excellent but antiquated house, with casement windows, divided by stone framework, the principal rooms wainscoted with oak, of which the antiquity might be guessed from the varnish it had acquired from time. In the large hall were hung spears, and hunting tackle, and armour, and trophies of war and of the chase, and a portrait, not of exquisite painting, of the gallant Sir Edward Hungerford. This portrait had been removed hither from Farley Castle, the principal seat of the family. In the history of Mrs Hungerford there was something mysterious, which was not, as I perceived, known to the younger part of the family. I made no enquiries from Mrs Elers, but I observed that she was for a certain time in the day invisible. She had an apartment to herself above stairs, containing three or four rooms; when she was below stairs, we used to make a short way from one side of the house to the other, through her rooms, which occupied nearly one side of a quadrangle, of which the house consisted. One day, forgetting that she was in her room, and her door by accident not having been locked, I suddenly entered: I saw her kneeling before a crucifix, which was placed upon her toilette; her beautiful eyes streaming with tears, and cast up to Heaven with the most fervent devotion; her silver locks flowing down her shoulders; the remains of exquisite beauty, grace, and dignity in her whole figure. I had not, till I saw her at these her private devotions, known that she was a Catholic; nor had I, till I saw her tears of contrition, any reason to suppose that she thought herself a penitent. The scene struck me, young as I was, and more gay than young — her tears seemed to comfort, not to depress her — and for the first time since my childhood I was convinced that the consolations of religion are fully equal to its terrors. She was so much in earnest that she did not perceive me; and I fortunately had time to withdraw without having disturbed her devotions.

Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849), daughter of the eccentric Richard Lovell Edgeworth, was born at Blackbourton on New-year's Day 1767, and in 1775 was sent to a school at Derby, in 1780 to a fashionable establishment in London. When still a child she was famed for her story-telling powers, and at thirteen she wrote a tale on Generosity. She accompanied her father to Ireland in 1782, and thenceforth till his death the two were never separate. For his sake mainly she sacrificed her one romance, refusing the hand of the Swedish Count Edelcrantz in 1802 at Paris, where, as again in 1820, and during frequent visits to London, she was greatly lionised. She was at Bowood (Lord Lansdowne's) in 1818, and at Abbotsford in 1823, Scott two years later returning the visit at Edgeworthstown. For the rest, her home life was busy and beneficent, if uneventful. Her eyesight often troubled her; but, active to the last, at seventy she began to learn Spanish, and at eighty-two could thoroughly enjoy Macaulay's History. She died in her stepmother's arms.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.
From a Drawing by Joseph Slater.

To the literary partnership between father and daughter we are directly indebted for *Practical Education* (2 vols. 1798) and the *Essay on Irish Bulls* (1802). But most of her other works, though they do not bear the joint names, were inspired by her father, and gained or it may be lost by his revision. Published between 1795 and 1847, they filled upwards of twenty volumes (1893 reprint in 10 vols.). Besides the *Moral Tales*, the *Popular Tales*, and *Tales from Fashionable Life* (*Ennui*, *The Dun*, &c.), and *Harrington* (an apology for the Jews), there are her three Irish masterpieces, *Castle Rackrent* (1800), *The Absentee* (1812), and *Ormond*

1817). These, Scott says, 'have gone so far to make the English familiar with the character of their gay and kind-hearted neighbours of Ireland, that she may be truly said to have done more towards completing the Union than perhaps all the legislative enactments by which it has been followed up. Without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable taste which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country of the same kind with that which she has so fortunately achieved for Ireland.' The praise from Scott is extravagant: but Turgenief has put it on record that he 'was an unconscious disciple of Miss Edgeworth in setting out on his literary career. . . . It is possible, nay probable, that if Maria Edgeworth had not written about the poor Irish of County Longford and the squires and squireens, it would not have occurred to me to give a literary form to my impressions about the classes parallel to them in Russia.' Her novels are doubtless too didactic; the plots may be poor, the *dramatis personæ* sometimes wooden; but for wit and pathos, for lively dialogue and simple directness, for bright vivacity and healthy realism, and for their vivid presentation of their times and of that 'most distressful country' in which their best scenes are laid, they well deserve still to be read. And her children's stories 'Lazy Laurence,' and 'Simple Susan,' and the other delightful old friends—are worth all the unchildish books about children which mawkish sentimentality has brought into recent vogue.

Irish Landlord and Scotch Agent.

'I was quite angry,' says Lord Glenthorn, 'with Mr M'Leod, my agent, and considered him as a selfish, hard-hearted miser, because he did not seem to sympathise with me, or to applaud my generosity. I was so much irritated by his cold silence that I could not forbear pressing him to say something. "I doubt, then," said he, "since you desire me to speak my mind, my lord, I doubt whether the best way of encouraging the industrious is to give premiums to the idle." But, idle or not, these poor wretches are so miserable that I cannot refuse to give them something; and surely, when one can do it so easily, it is right to relieve misery, is it not? "Undoubtedly, my lord; but the difficulty is to relieve present misery without creating more in future. Pity for one class of beings sometimes makes us cruel to others. I am told that there are some Indian Brahmins so very compassionate that they hire beggars to let fleas feed upon them; I doubt whether it might not be better to let the fleas starve."

'I did not in the least understand what Mr M'Leod meant; but I was soon made to comprehend it by crowds of eloquent beggars who soon surrounded me; many who had been resolutely struggling with their difficulties slackened their exertions, and left their labour for the easier trade of imposing upon my credulity. The money I had bestowed was wasted at the dram-shop, or it became the subject of family quarrels; and those whom I had relieved returned to my *honour* with fresh and insatiable expectations. All this time my industrious tenants grumbled because no encouragement was given to them; and looking upon me as a weak, good-natured fool, they combined in a resolution to ask me for long leases or a reduction of rent.

'The rhetoric of my tenants succeeded in some instances; and again, I was mortified by Mr M'Leod's silence. I was too proud to ask his opinion. I ordered, and was obeyed. A few leases for long terms were signed and sealed; and when I had thus my own way completely, I could not refrain from recurring to Mr M'Leod's opinion. "I doubt, my lord," said he, "whether this measure may be as advantageous as you hope. These fellows, these middle-men, will underset the land, and live in idleness, whilst they *rack* a parcel of wretched under-tenants." But they said they would keep the land in their own hands and improve it; and that the reason why they could not afford to improve before was, that they had not long leases. "It may be doubted whether long leases alone will make improving tenants; for in the next county to us there are many farms of the Dowager-lady Ormsby's land, let at ten shillings an acre, and her tenantry are beggars; and the land now at the end of the leases is worn out, and worse than at their commencement."

'I was weary of listening to this cold reasoning, and resolved to apply no more for explanations to Mr M'Leod; yet I did not long keep this resolution: infirm of purpose, I wanted the support of his approbation, at the very time I was jealous of his interference.

'At one time I had a mind to raise the wages of labour: but Mr M'Leod said: "It might be doubted whether the people would not work less, when they could with less work have money enough to support them."

'I was puzzled, and then I had a mind to lower the wages of labour, to force them to work or starve. Still provoking, Mr M'Leod said: "It might be doubted whether it would not be better to leave them alone."

'I gave marriage-portions to the daughters of my tenants, and rewards to those who had children; for I had always heard that legislators should encourage population. Still Mr M'Leod hesitated to approve: he observed "that my estate was so populous that the complaint in each family was that they had not land for the sons. It might be doubted whether, if a farm could support but ten people, it were wise to encourage the birth of twenty. It might be doubted whether it were not better for ten to live and be well fed, than for twenty to be born and to be half starved."

'To encourage manufactures in my town of Glenthorn, I proposed putting a clause in my leases compelling my tenants to buy stuffs and linens manufactured at Glenthorn, and nowhere else. Stubborn M'Leod, as usual, began with: "I doubt whether that will not encourage the manufacturers at Glenthorn to make bad stuffs and bad linen, since they are sure of a sale, and without danger of competition."

'At all events I thought my tenants would grow rich and independent if they made everything at home that they wanted; yet Mr M'Leod perplexed me by his "doubt whether it would not be better for a man to buy shoes, if he could buy them cheaper than he could make them." He added something about the division of labour and Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. To which I could only answer, "Smith's a Scotchman." I cannot express how much I dreaded Mr M'Leod's *I doubt* and *it may be doubted.*'

(From *Ennui.*)

An Irish Postillion.

From the inn-yard came a hackney chaise, in a most deplorably crazy state; the body mounted up to a prodigious height, on unbending springs, nodding forward, one door swinging open, three blinds up, because they could not be let down, the perch tied in two places, the iron of the wheels half off, half loose, wooden pegs for linch-pins, and ropes for harness. The horses were worthy of the harness; wretched little dog-tired creatures, that looked as if they had been driven to the last gasp, and as if they had never been rubbed down in their lives; their bones starting through their skin; one lame, the other blind; one with a raw back, the other with a galled breast; one with his neck poking down over his collar, and the other with his head dragged forward by a bit of a broken bridle, held at arm's length by a man dressed like a mad beggar, in half a hat and half a wig, both awry in opposite directions; a long tattered coat, tied round his waist by a hay-rope; the jagged rents in the skirts of this coat shewing his bare legs, marbled of many colours; while something like stockings hung loose about his ankles. The noises he made, by way of threatening or encouraging his steeds, I pretend not to describe. In an indignant voice I called to the landlord: 'I hope these are not the horses. I hope this is not the chaise intended for my servants.' The innkeeper, and the pauper who was preparing to officiate as postillion, both in the same instant exclaimed: 'Sorrow better chaise in the county!' '*Sorrow!*' said I: 'what do you mean by sorrow?' 'That there's no better, plase your honour, can be seen. We have two more, to be sure, but one has no top, and the other no bottom. Any way, there's no better can be seen than this same.' 'And these horses!' cried I: 'why, this horse is so lame he can hardly stand.' 'Oh, plase your honour, though he can't stand, he'll go fast enough. He has a great deal of the rogue in him, plase your honour. He's always that way at first setting out.' 'And that wretched animal with the galled breast!' 'He's all the better for it when once he warms: it's he that will go with the speed of light, plase your honour. Sure, is not he Knockecroghery? and didn't I give fifteen guineas for him, barring the luckpenny, at the fair of Knockecroghery, and he rising four year old at the same time?'

Then seizing his whip and reins in one hand, he clawed up his stockings with the other; so with one easy step he got into his place, and seated himself, coachman-like, upon a well-worn bar of wood, that served as a coach box. 'Throw me the loan of a trusty, Bartly, for a cushion,' said he. A frieze coat was thrown up over the horses' heads. Paddy caught it. 'Where are you, Hosey?' cried he to a lad in charge of the leaders. 'Sure I'm only rowling a wisp of straw on my leg,' replied Hosey. 'Throw me up,' added this paragon of postilions, turning to one of the crowd of idle by-standers. 'Arrah, push me up, can't ye?' A man took hold of his knee, and threw him upon the horse. He was in his seat in a trice. Then clinging by the mane of his horse, he scrambled for the bridle, which was under the other horse's feet, reached it, and, well satisfied with himself, looked round at Paddy, who looked back to the chaise-door at my angry servants, 'secure in the last event of things.' In vain the Englishman, in monotonous anger, and the Frenchman in every note of the gamut, abused Paddy. Necessity and wit were on Paddy's side. He parried all that was said against his chaise, his horses, himself, and his country with invincible comic dexterity; till at last both his adversaries, dumfounded, clambered into the vehicle, where they were instantly shut up in straw and darkness. Paddy, in a triumphant tone, called to *my* postillions, bidding them 'get on, and not be stopping the way any longer.' [One of the horses becomes restive.] 'Never fear,' reiterated Paddy. 'I'll engage I'll be up wid him. Now for it, Knockecroghery! O the rogue, he thinks he has me at a *nonplush;* but I'll shew him the *differ.*'

After this brag of war, Paddy whipped, Knockecroghery kicked, and Paddy, seemingly unconscious of danger, sat within reach of the kicking horse, twitching up first one of his legs, then the other, and shifting as the animal aimed his hoofs, escaping every time as it were by miracle. With a mixture of temerity and presence of mind, which made us alternately look upon him as a madman and a hero, he gloried in the danger, secure of success, and of the sympathy of the spectators.

'Ah! didn't I *compass* him cleverly then? O the villain, to be browbating me! I'm too 'cute for him yet. See there, now; he's come to; and I'll be his bail he'll go *aisy* enough wid me. Ogh! he has a fine spirit of his own; but it's I that can match him. 'Twould be a poor case if a man like me couldn't match a horse any way, let alone a mare, which this is, or it never would be so vicious.'

(From *Ennui.*)

English Shyness, or 'Mauvaise Honte.'

Lord William had excellent abilities, knowledge, and superior qualities of every sort, all depressed by excessive timidity, to such a degree as to be almost useless to himself and to others. Whenever he was, either for the business or pleasure of life, to meet or mix with numbers, the whole man was, as it were, snatched from himself. He was subject to that nightmare of the soul who seats himself upon the human breast, oppresses the heart, palsies the will, and raises spectres of dismay which the sufferer combats in vain—that cruel enchantress who hurls her spell even upon childhood, and when she makes youth her victim, pronounces: Henceforward you shall never appear in your natural character. Innocent, you shall look guilty; wise, you shall look silly: never shall you have the use of your natural faculties. That which you wish to say, you shall not say: that which you wish to do, you shall not do. You shall appear reserved when you are enthusiastic—insensible, when your heart sinks into melting tenderness. In the presence of those whom you most wish to please, you shall be most awkward; and when approached by her you love, you shall become lifeless as a statue, and under the irresistible spell of 'mauvaise honte.' Strange that France should give name to that malady of mind which she never knew, or of which she knows less than any other nation upon the surface of the civilised globe!

There is a Memoir of Miss Edgeworth (privately printed, 3 vols. [illegible]; edited by Aug. J. C. Hare, 2 vols. 1894), on which are founded the Life by Helen Zimmern ('Eminent Women' series, 1883) and the charming sketch by Miss Thackeray [Mrs Richmond Ritchie] in her *Book of Sibyls* (1883). See, too, the introductions by the latter to the excellent reprints of *Castle Rackrent, The Absentee*, and *Ormond*, issued in 1895, and the autobiographical *Memoir* of Miss Edgeworth's father, completed by herself.

Thomas Day (1748-89), the author of *Sandford and Merton*, was born in London, and, when thirteen months old, by his father's death came into £900 a year. From the Charterhouse he passed to Corpus College, Oxford, and presently struck up a close friendship with Richard Lovell Edgeworth. In 1765 he entered the Middle Temple, in 1775 was called to the Bar, but he never practised. A good, clever eccentric, a disciple of Rousseau, he brought up two girls, an orphan blonde and a foundling brunette, one of whom should become his wife. That scheme miscarried; and, admitted to the Lichfield coterie, he proposed first to Honora Sneyd, and next to her sister Elizabeth. She sent him to France to acquire the French graces; as acquired by him, they but moved her to laughter. Finally in 1778 he married an appreciative heiress, and spent with her eleven happy years, farming on philanthropic and costly principles in Essex and Surrey, till in 1789 he was killed by a fall from a colt he was breaking in. His wife died broken-hearted two years afterwards, and they both lie in Wargrave churchyard, near Henley. Two only of Day's eleven works call for mention—*The Dying Negro*, partly by his friend James Bicknell, a barrister (1773), and the *History of Sandford and Merton* (3 vols. 1783-89). The poem struck the keynote of the anti-slavery movement; the child's book, like its author, is sometimes ridiculous but always excellent. See Lives of Day by Keir (1791) and Blackman (1862), the *Memoirs of R. L. Edgeworth* (1820), and Miss Thackeray's *Book of Sibyls* (1883).

Sir Nathanael William Wraxall (1751-1831), born at Bristol, was for three years in the East India Company's service, travelled over Europe (1772-79), and discharged various confidential and diplomatic missions. He published his *Cursory Remarks made in a Tour* in 1775, his *Memoirs of the Valois Kings* in 1777, entered Parliament in 1780 as a follower of Lord North, but went over to Pitt, and was made a baronet in 1813. His next books were the *History of France from Henry III. to Louis XIV.* (1795); *Memoirs of the Courts of Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw, and Vienna* (1799); and the famous *Historical Memoirs of my own Time, 1772-84*, not published, however, till 1815. For a libel there made on Count Woronzov, Russian envoy to England, he was fined £500 and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Violent attacks on his veracity were made by the reviews, the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh* being, strange to say, equally denunciatory; Macaulay unkindly discovered and named a new scientific species 'Mendacium Wraxallianum;' but Wraxall's *Answers* were accounted sufficient to re-establish his credit on the whole, though not perhaps to authenticate all his anecdotes. A continuation of the *Memoirs* (1784-90) was published in 1836. See Wheatley's edition of the whole work (5 vols. 1884).

Robert Hall (1764-1831), born at Arnsby near Leicester, was educated at a Baptist academy at Bristol and at Aberdeen, and was appointed assistant minister at Bristol and tutor in the academy. Even at Bristol his eloquent preaching attracted overflowing audiences; and at Cambridge, whither he went in 1790, he rose to the highest rank of British pulpit orators. Among his writings are an *Apology for the Freedom of the Press* (1793) and *On Terms of Communion* (1815). For twenty years he laboured in Leicester, but he returned in 1826 to Bristol. His most famous sermon was that on the death of the Princess Charlotte in 1817. His works, with a Memoir by Dr O. Gregory, were published in 1831-33 (11th ed. 1853). It cannot be said that they give an adequate notion of the fascination he produced on his audiences by his fervid eloquence. Dugald Stewart praised his style as 'the English language in its perfection.' There is a short Life of him by Paxton Hood (1881).

John Foster (1770-1843), 'the essayist,' was born in the parish of Halifax, Yorkshire, the elder son of a yeoman-weaver, and was trained for the ministry at Brierly Hall and the Baptist College in Bristol; but, after preaching for twenty-five years with indifferent success to various small congregations, lived by literature from 1817 on. His *Essays, in a Series of Letters* (1805), were only four in number—the best known that 'On Decision of Character.' In 1819 appeared his *Essay on the Evils of Popular Ignorance*, urging the necessity of national education. In 1806-39 he contributed one hundred and eighty-four articles to the *Eclectic Review*, some of which were republished in two volumes in 1844, and, in extracts, in *Fosteriana*. He died at Stapleton, Bristol, his home for twenty-two years. Mackintosh regarded him as 'one of the most profound and eloquent writers England had produced.' His *Life and Correspondence* was edited by J. E. Ryland (1846; new ed. 1852).

From the Essay 'On the Epithet Romantic.'

If they chose, for their own and others' amusement, to dismiss a sound judgment awhile from its office, to stimulate their imagination to the wildest extravagances, and to depicture the fantastic career in writing, the book might be partly the same thing as if produced by a mind in which sound judgment had no place; it would exhibit imagination *actually* ascendant by the writer's voluntary indulgence, though not *necessarily* so by the constitution of his mind. It was a different case if a writer kept his judgment active amidst these very extravagances, with the intention of shaping and directing them to some particular end, of satire or sober truth. But, however, the romances of the ages of chivalry and the preceding times were composed under neither of these intellectual conditions. They were not the productions either of men who, possessing a sound judgment, chose formally to suspend its exercise, in order to riot awhile in scenes of extravagant fancy, only keeping that judgment so far awake as to retain a continual consciousness in what degree they *were* extravagant; or of men designing to give effect to truth or malice under the disguise of a fantastic exhibition. It is evident that the authors were under the real ascendency of imagination: so that, though they must at times have been conscious of committing great excesses, yet they were on the whole wonderfully little sensible of the enormous extravagance of their fictions. They could drive on their career through monstrous absurdities of description and narration, without, apparently, any check from a sense of inconsistency, improbability, or impossibility; and with an air as if they really reckoned on being taken for the veritable describers of something that could exist or happen within the mundane system. And the general state of intellect of the age in which they lived seems to have been well fitted to allow them the utmost license. The irrationality of the romancers, and of the age, provoked the observing and powerful mind of Cervantes to expose it by means of a parallel and still more extravagant representation of the prevalence of imagination over reason, drawn in a humorous form, by which he rendered the folly palpable even to the sense of that age. From that time the delirium abated; the works which inspirited its ravings have been blown away beyond the knowledge and curiosity of any but bibliomaniacs; and the fabrication of such is gone among the lost branches of manufacturing art.

Yet romance was in some form to be retained, as indispensable to the craving of the human mind for something more vivid, more elated, more wonderful, than the plain realities of life; as a kind of mental balloon, for mounting into the air from the ground of ordinary experience. To afford this extra-rational kind of luxury, it was requisite that the fictions should still partake, in a *limited degree*, of the quality of the elder romance. The writers were not to be the *dupes* of wild fancy; they were not to feign marvels in such a manner as if they knew no better; they were not wholly to lose sight of the actual system of things, but to keep within some measures of relation and proportion to it; and yet they were required to disregard the strict laws of verisimilitude in shaping their inventions, and to magnify and diversify them with an indulgence of fancy very considerably beyond the bounds of probability. Without this their fictions would have lost what was regarded as the essential quality of romance.

If, therefore, the epithet Romantic, as now employed for description and censure of character, sentiments, and schemes, is to be understood as expressive of the quality which is characteristic of that class of fictions, it imputes, in substance, a great excess of imagination in proportion to judgment; and it imputes, in particulars, such errors as naturally result from that excess. . . .

It is not strange that a faculty of which the exercise is so easy and bewitching, and the scope infinite, should obtain a predominance over judgment, especially in young persons, and in such as may have been brought up, like Rasselas and his companions, in great seclusion from the sight and experience of the world. Indeed, a considerable vigour of imagination, though it be at the expense of a frequent predominance over juvenile understanding, seems necessary, in early life, to cause a generous expansion of the passions, by giving the most lively aspect to the objects which must attract them in order to draw forth into activity the faculties of our nature. It may also contribute to prepare the mind for the exercise of that faith which converses with things unseen, but converses with them through the medium of those ideal forms in which imagination presents them, and in which only a strong imagination can present them impressively. And I should deem it the indication of a character not destined to excel in the liberal, the energetic, or the devout qualities, if I observed in the youthful age a close confinement of thought to bare truth and minute accuracy, with an entire aversion to the splendours, amplifications, and excursions of fancy. The opinion is warranted by instances of persons so distinguished in youth, who have become subsequently very intelligent indeed, in a certain way, but dry, cold, precise, devoted to detail, and incapable of being carried away one moment by any inspiration of the beautiful or the sublime. They seem to have only the bare intellectual mechanism of the human mind, without the addition of what is to give it life and sentiment. They give one an impression analogous to that of the leafless trees observed in winter, admirable for the distinct exhibition of their branches and minute ramifications so clearly defined on the sky, but destitute of all the green soft luxury of foliage which is requisite to make a perfect tree. And the affections which may exist in such minds seem to have a bleak abode, somewhat like those bare deserted nests which you have often seen in such trees.

If, indeed, the signs of this exclusive understanding indicated also such an extraordinary vigour of the faculty as to promise a very great mathematician or metaphysician, one would perhaps be content to forgo some of the properties which form a complete mind, for the sake of this pre-eminence of one of its endowments; even though the person were to be so defective in sentiment and fancy that, as the story goes of an eminent mathematician, he could read through a most animated and splendid epic poem, and on being asked what he thought of it, gravely reply, 'What does it prove?' But the want of imagination is never an evidence, and perhaps but rarely a concomitant, of superior understanding.

Catherine Maria Fanshawe (1765–1834), the deformed and sickly daughter of a Surrey squire, was, like the two sisters with whom she lived in London, an accomplished draftswoman; and, though her poems were not printed till much later, was famous as a poetess towards the end of the eighteenth century. Her best-known poem is the famous 'Riddle on the Letter H,' commonly credited to Lord Byron, of which the first line was altered—apparently by Horace Smith—to the form now current, '"Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell;' though some of her serious poems are equally noteworthy. The serio-comic *Elegy on the Birth-night Ball* is also famous; it begins:

> Now cease the exulting strain,
> And bid the warbling lyre complain;
> Heave the soft sigh and drop the tuneful tear,
> And mingle notes far other than of mirth,
> E'en with the song that greets the new-born year,
> Or hails the day that gave a monarch birth.

A Riddle on the Letter H.

'Twas in heaven pronounced—it was muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depth of the ocean its presence confessed.

'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder.
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth and awaits him in death;
Presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crowned.
Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion is drowned.
'Twill not soften the heart; and tho' deaf be the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
Yet in shade let it rest like a delicate flower,
Ah, breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

James Beresford (1764-1820), born at Upham in Hampshire, was educated at the Charterhouse and at Merton College, Oxford, and died rector of Kibworth Beauchamp in Leicestershire. He wrote verse translations, religious works, and, in humorous dialogues, *The Miseries of Human Life* (1806-7), which scored a great success and found numerous imitators. It went through nine editions in a twelvemonth—largely because it formed the subject of an amusing critique in the *Edinburgh Review* from the pen of Sir Walter Scott. 'It is the English only,' Scott declared, 'who submit to the same tyranny, from all the incidental annoyances and petty vexations of the day, as from the serious calamities of life:' and it is these petty miseries which in this work form the subject of dialogues between the imaginary interlocutors, Timothy Testy and Samuel Sensitive. The jokes are frequently artificial, overstrained, and trifling, and the classical quotations far-fetched, but the author's aim was doubtless attained—the book gave him *éclat*, and its readers laughed. These are two of the briefer 'groans':

After having left a company in which you have been galled by the raillery of some wag by profession, thinking at your leisure of a repartee which, if discharged at the proper moment, would have blown him to atoms.

Rashly confessing that you have a slight cold in the hearing of certain elderly ladies 'of the faculty,' who instantly form themselves into a consultation upon your case, and assail you with a volley of nostrums, all of which, if you would have a moment's peace, you must instantly promise to take off before night—though well assured that they would retaliate by 'taking you off' before morning.

William Robert Spencer (1769-1834), a grandson of the third Duke of Marlborough, was educated at Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford, and from 1797 to 1826 was a commissioner of stamps. He wrote many *vers de société*, somewhat exaggerated in compliment and adulation, and wittily parodied in *Rejected Addresses*. Falling into pecuniary difficulties, he migrated in 1825 to Paris, and there he died. He was one of several English authors (H. J. Pye, Taylor of Norwich, Sir Walter Scott amongst them) who about the same date translated Burger's *Lenore*. Spencer's (1796) had many excellences, though the swift movement of Burger's varied measure is but imperfectly reproduced in monotonous verses of this kind:

The fiend horse snorts; blue fiery snakes
Collected roll his nostrils round;
High reared his bristling mane he shakes,
And sinks beneath the rending ground.
Demons the thundering clouds bestride,
Ghosts yell the yawning tombs beneath;
Leonora's heart, its life blood dried,
Heaves heavy in the grasp of death.

Of his original poems, 'Too late I stayed' has been often quoted; but by far the best-known (based on the Welsh form of the widespread and greatly varying folk-tale) was his ballad of

Beth Gêlert, or the Grave of the Greyhound.

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn;
And many a brach and many a hound
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer:
'Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear.

'Oh, where does faithful Gêlert roam,
The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase?'

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gêlert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentinelled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chace rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowden's craggy chaos yells
The many mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chace of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore;
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed,
  And on went Gelert too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
  Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
  With blood-stained covert rent;
And all around, the walls and ground
  With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied—
  He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
  But nowhere found his child.

'Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured,'
  The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
  He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
  No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
  Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
  Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell
  To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
  His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
  The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
  But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
  Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!
  For now the truth was clear:
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
  To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe;
  'Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low
  This heart shall ever rue.'

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
  With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles storied with his praise
  Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There, never could the spearman pass,
  Or forester unmoved;
There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass
  Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
  And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
  Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowden's rocks grow old,
  And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
  The name of Gelert's Grave.

The Visionary.

When midnight o'er the moonless skies
  Her pall of transient death has spread,
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
  And nought is wakeful but the dead:

No bloodless shape my way pursues,
  No sheeted ghost my couch annoys;
Visions more sad my fancy views,
  Visions of long departed joys!

The shade of youthful hope is there,
  That lingered long, and latest died;
Ambition all dissolved to air,
  With phantom honours by his side.

What empty shadows glimmer nigh?
  They once were Friendship, Truth, and Love!
Oh, die to thought, to memory die,
  Since lifeless to my heart ye prove!

These last two verses Sir Walter Scott, who knew and esteemed Spencer, quotes in his diary as 'fine lines' expressing his own feelings amidst the wreck of his fortunes at Abbotsford. A Memoir of Spencer was prefixed to a volume of his poems reprinted in 18

Francis Wrangham (1769–1842), son of a Yorkshire farmer, studied at Cambridge, and became an accomplished classic, English poet, and miscellaneous writer. With Basil Montagu's assistance he took in pupils at his Surrey curacy, issuing an elaborate scheme of study which led Sir James Mackintosh to say: 'A boy thus educated will be a walking encyclopædia;' he was ultimately Archdeacon of the East Riding of Yorkshire and Prebendary of Chester. The thirty-six publications by him, named in the *Dictionary of National Biography* comprise Latin poems, English poems, songs; translations from Aristophanes, Virgil, Horace, Petrarch; sermons, books on the evidences of Christianity, and the English version commonly printed of Milton's second *Defensio*.

Sir John Malcolm (1769–1833) was born at Burnfoot near Langholm, and at thirteen entered the Madras army; distinguished himself at Seringapatam (1799) and in the wars with the Pindaris and Holkar; and besides holding minor political appointments in Mysore, the Deccan, &c., was thrice ambassador to Persia in 1800–10, and Governor of Bombay (1827–30). In 1812–17 and again in 1822–30 he was in England, being knighted in 1812; in due time he became G.C.B.; and having entered Parliament in 1831, opposed the Reform Bill. Several of his works became standard authorities: *A History of Persia* (1815), *Memoir of Central India* (1823), *Political History of India, 1784–1823* (1826), *Sketches in Persia* (1827), and *Life of Clive* (1836). A Life of him was written by Kaye (1856).

James Montgomery (1771–1854) was born at Irvine in Ayrshire, the son of a Moravian pastor, who from Ireland went to Barbadoes in 1783, and there died. The boy had in 1777 been sent to the Moravian school at Fulneck near Leeds, and, after ten dreamy years there, was put apprentice to a grocer at Mirfield. In his sixteenth year, with 3s. 6d. in his pocket, he ran away from Mirfield, and, after some suffering, became a shop-boy in the village of Wath. He next tried London, carrying with him a collection of his poems, but failed to obtain a publisher. In 1792 he was clerk in a newspaper office in Sheffield; four years later he became editor of the *Sheffield Iris*, a weekly journal, which he conducted on Liberal lines and in a kindly spirit till 1825. But his course did not always run smooth. In January 1795 he was tried for having struck off a broadsheet ballad by a Belfast clergyman on the demolition of the Bastille; it was really his predecessor who had printed it, but Montgomery was sentenced to three months' imprisonment in York Castle, and a fine of £20. In January 1796, tried for a paragraph in his paper on the conduct of a magistrate in quelling a riot at Sheffield, he was again convicted, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of £30.

The Wanderer of Switzerland, and other Poems (1806), dealing with the French occupation, was his first poem to catch the public ear, and speedily went through two editions; his publishers had just issued a third when the *Edinburgh Review* of January 1807 'denounced the unfortunate volume in a style of such authoritative reprobation as no mortal verse could be expected to survive,' and prophesied immediate oblivion for the author and all his works. Nevertheless a score of editions of what is admittedly a feeble poem appeared; a lyric in it, 'The Grave,' has been always recognised as one of his best things; both *[illegible]* and Byron commended it. *The West Indies* (1809), written in heroic couplets in honour of the abolition of the slave trade, is an eloquent, sincere, and tender expression of the kindlier sentiment of the time. *Prison Amusements* he had written during his nine months' confinement in York Castle. *The World before the Flood*, a more elaborate poem in ten cantos, describes with much energy and with frequent touches of real human interest the antediluvian patriarchs in their happy valley, the invasion of Eden by the descendants of Cain, the loves of Javan and Zillah, the translation of Enoch, and the final deliverance of the little band of patriarchal families from the giants. *Thoughts on Wheels* (1817) was a verse denunciation of State lotteries; and *The Climbing Boy's Soliloquies*, also in verse, was levelled by him and others against the cruel practice of sending boys up chimneys. *Greenland* (1819), a poem in five cantos, dealing with the Ancient Moravian Church, its revival in the eighteenth century, and its missions to Greenland, secured favour even outside devout circles both by descriptive power and narrative interest. Montgomery's only other long poem, *The Pelican Island*, in nine cantos of blank verse, was suggested by a passage in Captain Flinders's voyage to Terra Australis, describing the ancient haunts of the pelican on the small islands off the Australian coast.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.
From an Engraving after Chantrey.

He wrote also a number of short pieces published in periodicals, short translations from Dante and Petrarch, and many hymns which have found wide acceptance, such as 'Go to dark Gethsemane,' 'For ever with the Lord,' 'Songs of praise the angels sang,' 'Hail to the Lord's anointed,' 'According to thy gracious word,' and 'Pour out thy spirit from on high.' Dr John Julian computes that about a hundred of his hymns are still in common use. His selection of hymns, with introduction and notes, called *The Christian Psalmist* (1825), has been said to have laid the foundation of scientific hymnology. In 1830 and 1831 he delivered a course of lectures at the Royal Institution on Poetry and General Literature, published in 1833. A pension of £150, conferred at the instance of Sir Robert Peel in 1835, he enjoyed till his death, at eighty-three, in 1854. Montgomery was a warm-hearted, earnest, good man, a philanthropist universally esteemed, but was great neither as a thinker nor as a poet. His later poems, just touched by Shelley's influence instead of Campbell's, are decidedly better than his earlier. The longer ones are too long, and tediously didactic, though relieved here and there by admirable descriptive passages. 'Conscience, the bosom-hell of guilty man;' 'Where the free reigns, 'tis freedom to obey;' and the like fragments quoted from him, are rather ethical maxims than poetical thoughts. Many of his shorter pieces and lyrics are really fine, but his following was always mainly amongst those who sympathised most heartily with his theological views and prized his works for their religious tone and ethical teaching. He did not overestimate his own powers as a poet, and frankly anticipated that none of his poems would live 'except perhaps a few of my hymns.' He was apparently a true prophet; save for the hymns and a few selections, he is even now hardly read or remembered.

From 'Greenland'

'Tis sunset; to the firmament serene
The Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous scene;
Broad in the cloudless west, a belt of gold
Girds the blue hemisphere; above unrolled
The keen clear air grows palpable to sight,
Embodied in a flush of crimson light,
Through which the evening star, with milder gleam,
Descends to meet her image in the stream.
Far in the east, what spectacle unknown
Allures the eye to gaze on it alone?
Amidst black rocks, that lift on either hand
Their countless peaks, and mark receding land;
Amidst a tortuous labyrinth of seas,
That shine around the Arctic Cyclades;
Amidst a coast of dreariest continent,
In many a shapeless promontory rent;
O'er rocks, seas, islands, promontories spread,
The ice-blink rears its undulated head,
On which the sun, beyond the horizon shrined,
Hath left his richest garniture behind;
Piled on a hundred arches, ridge by ridge,
O'er fixed and fluid strides the Alpine bridge,
Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye
Hewn from cerulean quarries of the sky;
With glacier battlements that crowd the spheres,
The slow creation of six thousand years,
Amidst immensity it towers sublime,
Winter's eternal palace, built by Time:
All human structures by his touch are borne
Down to the dust; mountains themselves are worn
With his light footsteps; here for ever grows,
Amid the region of unmelting snows,
A monument; where every flake that falls
Gives adamantine firmness to the walls.
The sun beholds no mirror, in his race,
That shows a brighter image of his face;
The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest
Like signal fires on its illumined crest;
The gliding moon around the ramparts wheels,
And all its magic lights and shades reveals;
Beneath, the tide with idle fury raves
To undermine it through a thousand caves;
Rent from its roof, though thundering fragments oft
Plunge to the gulf, immovable aloft,
From age to age, in air, o'er sea, on land,
Its turrets heighten and its piers expand.

Hark! through the calm and silence of the scene,
Slow, solemn, sweet, with many a pause between,
Celestial music swells along the air!
No!—'tis the evening hymn of praise and prayer
From yonder deck, where, on the stern retired,
Three humble voyagers, with looks inspired,
And hearts enkindled with a holier flame
Than ever lit to empire or to fame,
Devoutly stand: their choral accents rise
On wings of harmony beyond the skies;
And, 'midst the songs that seraph-minstrels sing,
Day without night, to their immortal King,
These simple strains, which erst Bohemian hills
Echoed to pathless [illegible]
Now heard from Shetland [illegible] known
In heaven; and He who [illegible]
In human form, with mediatorial power,
Remembers Calvary, and hails the hour
When, by the Almighty Father's high decree,
The utmost north to him shall bow the knee,
And, won by love, an untamed rebel race
Kiss the victorious sceptre of his grace.
Then to his eye, whose instant glance pervades
Heaven's heights, earth's circle, hell's profoundest shades,
Is there a group more lovely than those three
Night-watching pilgrims on the lonely sea?
Or to his ear, that gathers in one sound
The voices of adoring worlds around,
Comes there a breath of more delightful praise
Than the faint notes his poor disciples raise,
Ere on the treacherous main they sink to rest,
Secure as leaning on their Master's breast?

They sleep; but memory wakes; and dreams array
Night in a lively masquerade of day;
The land they seek, the land they [illegible] behind,
Meet on mid-ocean in the plastic mind;
One [illegible] strength,
That [illegible] the unconscious eye:
[illegible] with prophetic view,
Perhaps [illegible] their [illegible] never knew
Though [illegible] to toil,
Or [illegible]
Strange scenes, strange men, [illegible] distress,
[illegible]
[illegible] every [illegible] form,
[illegible] by fire, by flood, by storm;
[illegible] moved with them,
[illegible]
[illegible] Saviour's love to tell,
And [illegible] spirit from eternal [illegible]
[illegible] heaven,
[illegible] Christ [illegible] gain
[illegible] sounds;
[illegible]
[illegible]; [illegible] own
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Where as the vessel [illegible] light,
[illegible]
[illegible] her way
[illegible]

Night

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are! . . .

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young like things on earth. . . .

Night is the time to think;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
So will his followers do;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease:
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine!

From 'The Pelican Island.'

Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,
Keel-upward from the deep emerged a shell,
Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is filled;
Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,
And moved at will along the yielding water.
The native pilot of this little bark
Put out a tier of oars on either side,
Spread to the wafting breeze a twofold sail,
And mounted up and glided down the billow
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,
And wander in the luxury of light.
Worth all the dead creation, in that hour,
To me appeared this lonely Nautilus,
My fellow being, like myself alive.
Entranced in contemplation, vague yet sweet,
I watched its vagrant course and rippling wake,
Till I forgot the sun amidst the heavens.
It closed, sunk, dwindled to a point, then nothing:
While the last bubble crowned the dimpling eddy,
Through which mine eye still giddily pursued it,
A joyous creature vaulted through the air,—
The aspiring fish that fain would be a bird,
On long, light wings, that flung a diamond-shower
Of dew-drops round its evanescent form,
Sprang into light, and instantly descended.
Ere I could greet the stranger as a friend,
Or mourn his quick departure, on the surge
A shoal of dolphins, tumbling in wild glee,
Glowed with such orient tints, they might have been
The rainbow's offspring, when it met the ocean
In that resplendent vision I had seen.
While yet in ecstasy I hung o'er these,
With every motion pouring out fresh beauties,
As though the conscious colours came and went
At pleasure, glorying in their subtle changes,—
Enormous o'er the flood, Leviathan
Looked forth, and from his roaring nostrils sent
Two fountains to the sky, then plunged amain
In headlong pastime through the closing gulf.

Aspirations of Youth.

Higher, higher, will we climb,
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls!

Deeper, deeper, let us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil,
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward, will we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of supernal birth,
Let us make a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer, then we knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather:
Oh, they wander wide who roam,
For the joys of life, from home.

Nearer, dearer bands of love
Draw our souls in union,
To our Father's house above,
To the saints' communion;
Thither every hope ascend,
There may all our labours end.

The Common Lot.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man: and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone:

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
Oh, she was fair! but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encountered all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life, and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this—there lived a man.'

Prayer.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, 'Behold, he prays!'

The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and his Son
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

Home.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time tutored age, and love exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

Montgomery's works, in four volumes, were published in 1841, and continued to be occasionally reprinted; and portentous Memoirs were published by his friends Holland and Everett (7 vols. 1854-56).

Thomas Hope (1770?-1831), the author of *Anastasius*, was one of three brothers, merchant-princes of Amsterdam, whose Scottish ancestor settled in Holland in the seventeenth century. When a young man he studied architecture as a profession, and spent some years sketching buildings in Egypt, Greece, Syria, Turkey, Sicily, and Spain. On the French occupation of Holland, he settled in London, purchased a town house and a country mansion (Deepdene, near Dorking), which he decorated with magnificence; and in his splendid galleries he collected sculptures, vases, antiques, and pictures. In 1807 he published a folio volume of drawings and descriptions of *Household Furniture and Decorations*. The ambitious style, and the author's then quite eccentric devotion to the forms of chairs, sofas, couches, and tables, provoked a witty piece of ridicule in the *Edinburgh Review;* Byron jeered at him as a house-furnisher. But Hope had his revenge; through his efforts a change of taste observably gained ground. Two other splendid publications, *The Costume of the Ancients* (1809) and *Designs of Modern Costumes* (1812) show wide knowledge and curious research. In 1819 Hope dawned on society as a novelist of the first order. He had studied human nature as well as architecture and costume, and his travels had brought him into close contact with men of various creed and race. The result was *Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Modern Greek, written at the close of the Eighteenth Century*, in three volumes, anonymously published as a veritable history. It was credited to Byron and others, and the idea of Hope's authorship was ridiculed till he expressly announced in *Blackwood* that it was his. And then Hope, from being reputed a learned upholsterer or clever draftsman, was at once elevated into a rivalry with Byron as a painter of foreign scenery and manners, and with Le Sage and the other masters of the picaresque novel. The author, turning from fiction to philosophy, wrote next *On the Origin and Prospects of Man:* and amidst his paradoxes, unorthodox conceits, and abstruse speculations are many original suggestions and eloquent disquisitions. He was author also of an *Essay on Architecture*, published in 1835, which went through several editions. At his death probate was granted for £180,000 worth of personal property. Parallels have been instituted between Hope and *Anastasius* and Beckford and *Vathek*.

The hero of Hope's very original romance is, like Zeluco, a villain spoiled by early indulgence; he becomes a renegade to his faith, a mercenary, a robber, and an assassin; but the elements of his better nature show themselves at times. To avoid the consequences of an amour with a consul's daughter, he runs off to sea in a Venetian vessel, which is captured by pirates. The pirates are in turn taken by a Turkish frigate; and Anastasius, released, fights with the Turks in the war against the Arnaouts, and accompanies the Greek dragoman to Constantinople. Disgrace and beggary reduce him to various shifts and adventures. He follows a Jew quack-doctor selling nostrums; is thrown into the Bagnio, the state-prison; embraces the Turkish faith; revisits Greece; proceeds to Egypt; ranges over Arabia; and visits Malta, Sicily, and Italy. In the story of his innumerable intrigues, adventures, and disasters, every aspect of Greek and Turkish society is depicted; sarcasm, piquant allusion, pathos and passion, and descriptions of scenery being strangely intermingled. Epigram and rhetorical amplification occupy too much space; but the constantly shifting scene adds the variety of a book of travels to the fascination of a romance. The story-teller, gifted with keen insight into human weakness, describes his adventures without hypocrisy or reserve. If the picaresque elements are the most sprightly and entertaining, the most powerful passages are perhaps the pathetic—the scenes with Euphrosyne, whom Anastasius has basely dishonoured; his sensations on revisiting Greece and the tomb of Helena; his reflections on the dead Arnaout soldier whom he had slain; the horrors of the plague and famine; and the death of Alexis, in whom were centred the only remains of his love and hope.

Anastasius begins Life.

My family came originally from Epirus; my father settled at Chios. His parentage was neither exalted nor yet low. In his own opinion he could boast of purer blood than any of the Palæologi, the Cantacuzenes, or the Comneni of the present day. [illegible] themselves, of Greeks, Venetians, and Genoese, had only picked up the fine names of former ages when the real owners dropped off; he would [illegible] his own! and Signor Sotiri saw no reason why he [illegible] like a patrician from side to side, and strutted on in his [illegible], with all the airs [illegible]

This worthy man combined in his single person the various characters of [illegible], husbandman, merchant, interpreter, and master of a privateer. To be more explicit, he was drogoman to the French consul at Chios; in town he kept a silk loom at work; in the country he had a plantation of *agrumi*; he exported his stuffs and fruits to the principal seaports in the Archipelago, and, in the first Russian war, he employed all his spare money in fitting out a small vessel to cruise against the enemy—for so he chose to consider the Russians, in spite of all their amicable professions towards the Greeks. As a loyal subject of the Porte, and an old servant of the French Government, he felt no sort of wish to be delivered from the yoke of the Turks; and he looked upon those barbarians of the north, who cared no more for the patriarch of Constantinople than for the Pope of Rome, as little better than rank heretics, not worthy of being treated even like his silk worms, which he got every year carefully exorcised before their spinning-time. I however remember, when a child, some buzz in the family about my father's partner in the privateer—an Ipsariote reis—having one day made a mistake, in capturing under the rocks of Jura a rich Turkish vessel, which he went and sold to the Russians themselves, then stationed at Paros. Signor Sotiri shook his head at this intelligence as if he did not approve of the transaction, and observed, 'The less that was said about it the better.' I suppose therefore it was out of sheer humanity that he preferred receiving his share of the prize money, to the sterile and barbarous satisfaction of hanging his associate.

Much improved in his circumstances by this untoward accident, my father would now willingly have given up his interpretership. Besides rendering him more or less dependent, it was uncomfortable in as far as, being very deaf, he never heard what it was his business to repeat. But my mother liked the title of droguemaness. She had never heard of the necessity of a drogueman reporting speeches as he received them; and she reminded her husband how essential the protection of the French mission might be to some of his Greek speculations.

My mother was a native of Naxos, and esteemed a great heiress in her country. She possessed an estate of three hundred piastres a year clear, managed by a relation of her own, Marco Politi—very wealthy himself, primate of all the Greek villages of the island, and a very great rogue.

My brothers and sisters—and there came, one by one, just three of each—all contrived to take precedence of me at their birth, and consequently throughout the whole of their subsequent lives. The punctilio of the thing I should not have minded; but, among my countrymen, a foolish family pride exhausts people's fortunes in the lifetime in portioning their daughters: the elder sons [illegible] away with what remained, and poor Anastasius brought up the rear with but an indifferent prospect. My kind parents, however, determined to make up for leaving me destitute at their death, by spoiling me as much as possible during their lives.

After all the rest of the brood had taken wing, I remained alone at home to solace my parents. Too fond of their favourite to damp my youthful spirits by fitting me for a profession, they kindly put off from day to day every species of instruction—probably till I should be [illegible] it; which my discretion forbade. Unfortunately nature chose not, in the meantime, to be equally dilatory with my parents; and from an angel of an infant, I became by degrees a great lubberly boy, without any other accomplishment but that of flogging my top with my left hand, while with the right I despatched my sign of the cross—for in some things I understood the value of time. My parents, as may be supposed, were great sticklers for punctuality in every sort of devout practice; mass-going, confession, Lent observance, &c. Of moral duties—less tangible in their nature—they had, poor souls! but a vague and confused notion; and the criminality of actions, in reference to one's neighbour, they taught me chiefly to estimate according to the greater or smaller risk connected with them of incurring the bastinado from the Turks. As to manual correction at the hands of my own father, it seemed so desirable a circumstance, from the ample amends my mother never failed to make her 'poor, dear, ill-used boy,' that my only regret on the subject arose from being able to obtain it so seldom.

These good people having contented themselves for a reasonable number of years with wistfully contemplating the droguemanly active make and well-set limbs, and the droguemaness my dark eyes, ruddy cheeks, and raven locks—they at last began to ponder how they might turn these gifts to the best advantage. Both agreed that something should be done, but neither knew exactly what; and the one never proposed a profession which the other did not immediately object to, till an old relation stepped in between, and recommended the Church, as a never failing resource to those who can think of no other. My [illegible] had set the example by making his own son a [illegible] at twelve. Prohibited by the Turks from the [illegible] of a soldier, and by my parents from that of a sailor, I myself saw nothing better, and agreed to the proposal. It now became necessary to give me a smattering of learning, and I was put under the tuition of a teacher of the Hellenic language, who assumed the title of Logiotatos, and only averred himself inferior to Demosthenes out of sheer modesty. My idleness got the better of my preceptor's learning and diligence. All the gold that flowed from the lips of his favourite St Chrysostom could not, to my taste, gild the bitter pill of [illegible] comments; and even Homer, [illegible] The [illegible]

[illegible] Achilles [illegible] kind of my ancestors [illegible] that I was not [illegible] [illegible] and for a time [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] was the terror [illegible] sufferers [illegible] Whenever [illegible] the [illegible] object of animadversion, [illegible] father had paid [illegible] moreover [illegible] pardon for his backwardness in doing so. Once, indeed, when, tired of my pranks, he swore I would be his ruin, I suggested to him an effectual mode of quieting his fears, by granting me an unlimited leave of absence; and pledged myself not to return till doomsday. This was too much for a doting parent. Sooner than part with his Anastasius, Dimitri Sotiri would have bribed the peasants beforehand to suffer all my future depredations.

Thus early disposed and trained to the business of tithing, my father felt a little surprised when, on the eve of taking orders, I begged to be excused. For the first time in his life Signor Sotiri insisted on implicit obedience; but that first time came too late. I made it the last, by swearing that if he forced me to take the mitre, I would hide it under a turban. He yielded, and contented himself with quietly asking what I finally meant to do. 'Nothing,' was the answer of my heart: but the profession of doing nothing requires ample means. I therefore pretended a wish to learn trade. My father assented, and forthwith wrote to a Smyrna merchant of his acquaintance to receive me into his counting-house.

Meantime I found an employment for my leisure hours which put an end to all childish pastimes. Signor Sotiri, though, as before mentioned, a little hard of hearing, wanted not fluency of speech. His oratory had chiefly been exerted to render his patron dumb. He constantly represented to him how absolutely the dignity of his station forbade his having the least conversation with the natives; and how incumbent upon him it was, though born and bred in the Levant, to appear not to understand a single word of their tongue. [illegible] he kept all the speechifying to himself; [illegible] with the Turks in office, at [illegible] than strict politeness permits [illegible] the representatives of Christian powers with the [illegible] and Christian dog;' and at this particular juncture more than usually [illegible] Mr. M[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] (An[illegible]

Matthew Gregory Lewis (1775–1818) 'Monk Lewis' was born in London, his father being deputy secretary in the War Office, and owner of large estates in Jamaica. Mat was educated at Westminster and Christ Church College, Oxford, and, at Weimar in 1792–93, was introduced to Goethe. As a child he had pored over Glanvill on Witchcraft and other books of diablerie; in Germany romance and the drama were his favourite studies; and whilst resident at the Hague he composed in ten weeks his novel of *Ambrosio, or the Monk* (1795), which makes extravagant use of supernatural machinery, and in many passages frankly panders to lubricity. A prosecution was not unnaturally threatened on account of some of the luxurious scenes and more than risky descriptions; and to avert trouble Lewis pledged himself to recall the printed copies and recast the work—though how opposition could be silenced without stultifying the whole plot it is not easy to conceive. But throughout life he adhered to the same strain of marvellous and terrific composition—now clothing it in verse, now moulding it into a drama, and at other times contenting himself with the story form. His *Tales of Terror* (1799), *Tales of Wonder* (1801) (to which Scott and Southey contributed), *Romantic Tales* (1808), *The Bravo of Venice* and *Feudal Tyrants* (both translated from the German), and the tragedies *Alphonso* (1801), *Adelgitha* (1807), &c., appeal to a temporary taste nurtured on Mrs Radcliffe. *The East Indian* (1799) was a comedy, *Timour the Tartar* a melodrama, and *One o'clock* a 'musical romance.' *Crazy Jane* (1797), a once popular poem, was based on an encounter with an actual maniac, and *The Captive, a Monodrama*, exploited the ravings of a lunatic. In his first novel are found several of the poems, the love ditties, drinking songs, or anecdotes in rhyme he had the knack of throwing off; and his ballads of 'Alonzo the Brave' and 'Durandarte' proved to his contemporaries as attractive as Ambrosio's own adventures. He brings in weird tales 'from the Danish' of the Erl King or Oak King, of the Fire King, and the Water King, translating the latter in verse; and he refers familiarly to the old romances of Amadis, Perceforest, Palmerin of England, and the Lo[illegible] Tristan and Queen Iseult. Flushed with the triumphant success of his romance, and fond of prominence and distinguished society, Lewis in 1796 procured a seat in Parliament for the borough of Hindon, as Beckford had done before him; but he never attempted to address the House, and sat for only six years. The theatres offered a more attractive arena for his talents; and his play of *The Castle Spectre*, produced in 1797, was applauded as enthusiastically as his romance.

While on a visit to Edinburgh in 1798 he met young Walter Scott, who had recently published his translations from Burger, and who thirty years afterwards told Allan Cunningham that he never felt such elation as when Lewis asked him to dine with him at his hotel! Lewis schooled the great poet on his incorrect verses, and proved himself, as Scott says, 'a martinet in the accuracy of rhymes and numbers.' Furthermore, 'he had always dukes and duchesses in his mouth, and was pathetically fond of any one that had a title; you would have sworn he had been a *parvenu* of yesterday.' Yet Scott, though like Byron he admitted Lewis was at length tiresome, recognised his good qualities: 'He was one of the kindest and best creatures that ever lived. His father and mother lived separately. Mr Lewis allowed his son a handsome income, but reduced it by more than one-half when he found that he paid his mother a moiety of it. Mat restricted himself in all his expenses, and shared the diminished income with her as before. He did much good by stealth, and was a most generous creature.' The publication of his correspondence twenty years after his death proved that much good sense, discretion, and kind feeling had been too completely hidden by the exaggerated romance of his writings, by his lax morals and frivolous manners. The death of his father in 1812 made him a man of independent fortune. He succeeded to plantations in the West Indies, besides a large fortune in money; and to better the condition of his slaves there, good-hearted, loquacious, clever little 'Mat' forsook the society of the Prince Regent and all his other great friends, and sailed for the West Indies in 1815. Of this and a subsequent voyage he wrote a narrative, the *Journal of a West India Proprietor* (1834), which Coleridge pronounced 'delightful:' it is valuable still if only for its wealth of negro folklore, and is, perhaps, his best work.

Lewis returned to England in 1816, but after a visit to Byron and Shelley at Geneva, went on to Naples, and in 1817 sailed again for Jamaica, where he found that his attorney had grossly mismanaged his property. Having adjusted his affairs, the 'Monk' embarked on his homeward voyage; but the climate had impaired his health, and he died of yellow fever while the ship was passing through the Gulf of Florida (1818).

The main plot of the *Monk* is taken from the tale of the Santon or dervish Barsisa in Steele's *Guardian*, as that came from the *Turkish Tales*, translated from Petis de la Croix's version of Shaikh Zadah. Ambrosio, the hero, is abbot of the Capuchins at Madrid, and called from his reputed sanctity and his eloquent preaching the Man of Holiness. Severe in his saintly judgments, full of religious pride, he thinks himself proof against all temptation; but tempted to his fall by a young and beautiful she-demon, he proceeds from crime to crime, his female Mephistopheles, Matilda, aiding him by her unexpected powers of sorcery, till, detected in a deed of murder, he is tried, tortured, and convicted by the Inquisition. While trembling at the approaching *auto da fé*, his evil genius brings him a mysterious book, by help of which he may summon Lucifer. The Evil One appears with thunder and earthquake; and the wretched monk, having sold his hope of salvation to recover his liberty, is borne aloft and afar, only to be dashed to pieces on a rock. Lewis relieved a story which never shrinks from the supernatural machinery Mrs Radcliffe adopted only in semblance, by episodes and love-scenes, one of which—the Bleeding Nun—is told with exceptional narrative power, though it tends to embarrass the progress of the main tale. As a whole the story is ill put together, and shows neither skill in character-painting nor graces of style. Men and women alike melodramatic, almost Byronic, are completely subject to their passions; temptation and opportunity justify any fall from virtue; it is difficult to remember which character is at any moment talking or acting. Incredible conjunctures and manifest impossibilities constantly occur even when supernatural aid has not been invoked. Convent life is represented from the point of view not of an ultra-Protestant but a Voltairean freethinker: a truly pious Spanish lady had carefully to expurgate the Bible before submitting it to a pure-minded girl's reading. Vraisemblance is little regarded, and 'local colour' defied; the 'Monk' is no monk but a Franciscan friar, an abbot of Capuchins; and though the scene is Madrid, the characters address one another as 'signor' and 'signora,' and ejaculate scraps, not of Spanish, but of stage Italian. The famous scene at a robber's hut in a forest was evidently suggested by Smollett's *Count Fathom*. Besides his copious use of magic, incantations, and spirits to carry on his story, and his wanton gloating over scenes of luxury and licence (hideously complicated by matricide and unconscious incest), Lewis resorted to an even more revolting category of horrors—loathsome images of mortal corruption and decay, the festering relics of death and the grave. But even when its startling defects and blemishes are fully admitted, the *Monk* remains in every way a marvellous production for a boy of twenty. The *Bravo of Venice* has enough and to spare of [illegible] plots, and mysterious adventures, daggers and bowls, but nothing to match the best parts of the *Monk*, though the style is [illegible]. In none of his works does Lewis show [illegible] of humour.

A Conjuration by the Wandering Jew

Raymond [illegible]
a bleeding nun [illegible]
[illegible]
Every [illegible]
[illegible]
stranger [illegible]
[illegible]
of Raymond [illegible]

He was a man of majestic presence; his countenance was strongly marked, and his eyes were large, black, and sparkling: yet there was a something in his look which, the moment that I saw him, inspired me with a secret awe, not to say horror. He was dressed plainly, his hair was unpowdered, and a band of black velvet, which encircled his forehead, spread over his features an additional gloom. His countenance wore the marks of profound melancholy, his step was slow, and his manner grave, stately, and solemn. He saluted me with politeness, and having replied to the usual compliments of introduction, he motioned to Theodore to quit the chamber. The page instantly withdrew. 'I know your business,' said he, without giving me time to speak. 'I have the power of releasing you from your nightly visitor; but this cannot be done before Sunday. On the hour when the Sabbath morning breaks, spirits of darkness have least influence over mortals. After Saturday, the nun shall visit you no more.' 'May I not inquire,' said I, 'by what means you are in possession of a secret which I have carefully concealed from the knowledge of every one?' 'How can I be ignorant of your distresses, when their cause at this moment stands before you?' I started. The stranger continued: 'Though to you only visible for one hour in the twenty-four, neither day nor night does she ever quit you; nor will she ever quit you till you have granted her request.' 'And what is that request?' 'That she must herself explain: it lies not in my knowledge. Wait with patience for the night of Saturday: all shall be then cleared up.' I dared not press him further. He soon after changed the conversation, and talked of various matters. He named people who had ceased to exist for many centuries, and yet with whom he appeared to have been personally acquainted. I could not mention a country, however distant, which he had not visited: nor could I sufficiently admire the extent and variety of his information. I remarked to him, that having travelled, seen, and known so much, must have given him infinite pleasure. He shook his head mournfully. 'No one,' he replied, 'is adequate to comprehending the misery of my lot! Fate obliges me to be constantly in movement; I am not permitted to pass more than a fortnight in the same place. I have no friend in the world, and, from the restlessness of my destiny, I never can acquire one. [illegible]

Having said this, he departed, leaving me in astonishment at the mysterious turn of his manner and conversation. His assurances that I should soon be relieved from the apparition's visits produced a good effect upon my constitution. Theodore, whom I rather treated as an adopted child than a domestic, was surprised, at his return, to observe the amendment in my looks. He congratulated me on this symptom of returning health, and declared himself delighted at my having received so much benefit from my conference with the Great Mogul [so called; really the Wandering Jew]. Upon inquiry I found that the stranger had already passed eight days in Ratisbon. According to his own account, therefore, he was only to remain there six days longer. Saturday was still at a distance of three. Oh, with what impatience did I expect its arrival! In the interim, the bleeding nun continued her nocturnal visits; but hoping soon to be released from them altogether, the effects which they produced on me became less violent than before.

The wished-for night arrived. To avoid creating suspicion, I retired to bed at my usual hour; but as soon as my attendants had left me, I dressed myself again, and prepared for the stranger's reception. He entered my room upon the turn of midnight. A small chest was in his hand, which he placed near the stove. He saluted me without speaking; I returned the compliment, observing an equal silence. He then opened the chest. The first thing which he produced was a small wooden crucifix: he sank upon his knees, gazed upon it mournfully, and cast his eyes towards heaven. He seemed to be praying devoutly. At length he bowed his head respectfully, kissed the crucifix thrice, and quitted his kneeling posture. He next drew from the chest a covered goblet: with the liquor which it contained, and which appeared to be blood, he sprinkled the floor; and then dipping in it one end of the crucifix, he described a circle in the middle of the room. Round about this he placed various reliques, skulls, thigh bones, &c. I observed that he disposed them all in the form of crosses. Lastly, he took out a large Bible, and beckoned me to follow him into the circle. I obeyed.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

From the Portrait by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

'Be cautious not to utter a syllable!' whispered the stranger: 'step not out of the circle, and as you love yourself, dare not to look upon my face.' Holding the crucifix in one hand, the Bible in the other, he seemed to read with profound attention. The clock struck one; as usual, I heard the spectre's steps upon the staircase, but I was not seized with the accustomed shivering. I waited her approach with confidence. She entered the room, drew near the circle, and stopped. The stranger muttered some words, to me unintelligible. Then raising his head from the book, and extending the crucifix towards the ghost, he pronounced in a voice distinct and solemn: 'Beatrice! Beatrice! Beatrice!' 'What wouldst thou?' replied the apparition in a hollow faltering tone. 'What disturbs thy sleep? Why dost thou afflict and torture this youth? How can rest be restored to thy unquiet spirit?' 'I dare not tell: I must not tell. Fain would I repose in my grave, but stern commands force me to prolong my punishment!' 'Knowest thou this blood? Knowest thou in whose veins it flowed? Beatrice! Beatrice! in his name I charge thee to answer me.' 'I dare not disobey my taskers.' 'Darest thou disobey me?' He spoke in a commanding tone, and drew the sable band from his forehead. In spite of his injunction to the contrary, curiosity would not suffer me to keep my eyes off his face: I raised them, and beheld a burning cross impressed upon his brow. For the horror with which this object inspired me I cannot account, but I never felt its equal. My senses left me for some moments; a mysterious dread overcame my courage; and had not the exorciser caught my hand, I should have fallen out of the circle. When I recovered myself, I perceived that the burning cross had produced an effect no less violent upon the spectre. Her countenance expressed reverence and horror, and her visionary limbs were shaken by fear. 'Yes,' she said at length, 'I tremble at that mark! I respect it! I obey you! Know, then, that my bones lie still unburied: they rot in the obscurity of Lindenberg hole. None but this youth has the right of consigning them to the grave. His own lips have made over to me his body and his soul; never will I give back his promise; never shall he know a night devoid of terror unless he engages to collect my mouldering bones, and deposit them in the family vault of his Andalusian castle. Then let thirty masses be said for the repose of my spirit, and I trouble this world no more. Now let me depart; these flames are scorching.'

He let the hand drop slowly which held the crucifix, and which till then he had pointed towards her. The apparition bowed her head, and her form melted into air.

A Welcome from his Negroes.

As soon as the carriage entered my gates, the uproar and confusion which ensued sets all description at defiance. The works were instantly all abandoned; everything that had life came flocking to the house from the quarters; and not only the men, and the women, and the children, but, 'by a bland assimilation,' the hogs, and the dogs, and the geese, and the fowls, and the turkeys, all came hurrying along by instinct, to see what could possibly be the matter, and seemed to be afraid of arriving too late. Whether the pleasure of the negroes was sincere may be doubted; but, certainly, it was the loudest that I ever witnessed; they all talked together, sang, danced, shouted, and, in the violence of their gesticulations, tumbled over each other, and rolled about upon the ground. Twenty voices at once inquired after uncles and aunts, and grandfathers and great-grandmothers of mine, who had been buried long before I was in existence, and whom, I verily believe, most of them only knew by tradition. One woman held up her little naked black child to me, grinning from ear to ear—'Look, massa, look here! him nice lilly neger for massa!' Another complained—'So long since none come see we, massa; good massa come at last.' As for the old people, they were all in one and the same story: now they had lived once to see massa, they were ready for dying to-morrow—'them no care.' The shouts, the gaiety, the wild laughter, their strange and sudden bursts of singing and dancing, and several old women, wrapped up in large cloaks, their heads bound round with different-coloured handkerchiefs, leaning on a staff, and standing motionless in the middle of the hubbub, with their eyes fixed upon the portico which I occupied, formed an exact counterpart of the festivity of the witches in Macbeth. Nothing could be more odd or more novel than the whole scene; and yet there was something in it by which I could not help being affected. Perhaps it was the consciousness that all these human beings were my slaves.

Durandarte and Belerma.

Sad and fearful is the story
Of the Roncevalles fight;
On those fatal plains of glory
Perished many a gallant knight.

There fell Durandarte; never
Verse a nobler chieftain named;
He, before his lips for ever
Closed in silence, thus exclaimed:

'Oh, Belerma! oh, my dear one,
For my pain and pleasure born;
Seven long years I served thee, fair one,
Seven long years my fee was scorn.

'And when now thy heart, replying
To my wishes, burns like mine,
Cruel fate, my bliss denying,
Bids me every hope resign.

'Ah! though young I fall, believe me,
Death would never claim a sigh;
'Tis to lose thee, 'tis to leave thee,
Makes me think it hard to die!

'Oh! my cousin Montesinos,
By that friendship firm and dear
Which from youth has lived between us,
Now my last petition hear!

'When my soul, these limbs forsaking,
Eager seeks a purer air,
From my breast the cold heart taking,
Give it to Belerma's care.

'Say, I of my lands possessor
Named her with my dying breath;
Say my lips I oped to bless her,
Ere they closed for aye in death:

'Twice a week, too, how sincerely
I adored her, cousin, say;
Twice a week, for one who dearly
Loved her, cousin, bid her pray.

'Montesinos, now the hour
Marked by fate is near at hand;
Lo! my arm has lost its power;
Lo! I drop my trusty brand.

'Eyes, which forth beheld me going,
Homewards ne'er shall see me hie;
Cousin, stop those tears o'erflowing,
Let me on thy bosom die.

'Thy kind hand my eyelids closing,
Yet one favour I implore:
Pray thou for my soul's reposing,
When my heart shall throb no more.

'So shall Jesus, still attending
Gracious to a Christian's vow,
Pleased accept my ghost ascending,
And a seat in heaven allow.'

Thus spoke gallant Durandarte;
Soon his brave heart broke in twain.
Greatly joyed the Moorish party
That the gallant knight was slain.

Bitter weeping, Montesinos
Took from him his helm and glaive;
Bitter weeping, Montesinos
Dug his gallant cousin's grave.

To perform his promise made, he
Cut the heart from out the breast,
That Belerma, wretched lady!
Might receive the last bequest.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogine

[illegible]

'Oh! hush these suspicions,' Fair Imogene said,
'Offensive to love and to me;
For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogene be.

'If e'er I, by lust or by wealth led aside,
Forget my Alonzo the Brave,
God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave!'

To Palestine hastened the hero so bold,
His love she lamented him sore;
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when, behold!
A baron, all covered with jewels and gold,
Arrived at Fair Imogene's door.

His treasures, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows;
He dazzled her eyes, he bewildered her brain;
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest;
The revelry now was begun;
The tables they groaned with the weight of the feast,
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
When the bell at the castle told—one.

Then first with amazement Fair Imogene found
A stranger was placed by her side:
His air was terrific; he uttered no sound—
He spake not, he moved not, he looked not around—
But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His vizor was closed, and gigantic his height,
His armour was sable to view;
All pleasure and laughter were hushed at his sight;
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright;
The lights in the chamber burned blue!

His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay;
The guests sat in silence and fear;
At length spake the bride, while she trembled: 'I pray,
Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer.'

The lady is silent; the stranger complies—
His vizor he slowly unclosed;
O God! what a sight met Fair Imogene's eyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise
When a skeleton's head was exposed!

All present then uttered a terrified shout,
All turned with disgust from the scene;
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre addressed Imogene:

'Behold me, thou false one, behold me!' he cried;
'Remember Alonzo the Brave!
God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side;
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave!'

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While loudly she shrieked in dismay;
Then sank with his prey through the wide yawning ground,
Nor ever again was Fair Imogene found,
Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long lived the baron; and none, since that time,
To inhabit the castle presume;
For chronicles tell that, by order sublime,
There Imogene suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, four times in each year, does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Arrayed in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them the spectres are seen;
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl: 'To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
And his consort, the Fair Imogene.'

Lewis's *Journal of a West Indian Proprietor* and the *Life and Correspondence*, published in 1839, are the biographical authorities. His *Tales of Terror and Wonder* are reprinted in Henry Morley's Universal Library. The *Monk* is not in most libraries.

Charles Robert Maturin (1782–1824), born in Dublin of Huguenot ancestry, at fifteen entered Trinity College, and became curate first of Loughrea and then of St Peter's, Dublin. He came forward in 1807 as an imitator of the blood-curdling and nightmarish style of novel-writing, of which 'Monk' Lewis was the modern master. The style, as Maturin afterwards confessed, was out of date when he was a boy, and he had not power to revive it. *The Fatal Revenge, or the Family of Montorio* (1807), his first effort, was soon in high favour in the circulating libraries, and seems to have been liked the better because imagination and elaborated diction were carried to the height of extravagance and bombast. To it succeeded *The Wild Irish Boy* (1808), *The Milesian Chief* (1812), *Women, or Pour et Contre* (1818), and *Melmoth the Wanderer* (1820)—all romances in three or four volumes. In *Women* Maturin aimed at depicting real life and manners, and we have pictures of Calvinistic Methodists, an Irish Meg Merrilies, and an Irish hero, De Courcy, compounded of contradictions and improbabilities. Eva Wentworth and Zaira, a brilliant Italian—who afterwards turns out to be Eva's mother—are drawn with some skill. De Courcy is in love with both, and both are blighted by his inconstancy. Eva, who is purity itself, dies calmly and tranquilly, elevated by religious hope; Zaira meditates suicide, but lives on, as if spell-bound to the death-place of her daughter and lover; and De Courcy very properly perishes of remorse. Maturin's tragedy, *Bertram*, had a success at Drury Lane in 1816; his next, *Manuel* and *Fredolpho*, were both promptly damned. *Melmoth* is the most hyperbolical of Maturin's romances. The hero, a compound of Faust, Mephistopheles, the Wandering Jew, and the Prisoner of Chillon, 'gleams with demon light,' and, owing to a compact with Satan, lives a century and a half, meeting with all manner of preposterous adventures which might be gruesome were they less tedious and puerile; some of the details are absolutely sickening and loathsome, and suggest the last convulsive efforts and perversities of the 'Monk' Lewis school of romance. There are two real mysteries about *Melmoth*—one that it should have fascinated Balzac and Rossetti; the other that in 1892 it should have been deemed worthy of republication, with a memoir, a bibliography, and a 'Note on Maturin,' whom the nameless editors seem to rank above Goethe, Byron, Calderon, Marlowe, and Milton. In 1824—the year of his premature death by accidentally swallowing an embrocation—Maturin published *The Albigenses*, intended as one of a series of romances illustrative of European feelings and manners in ancient, mediæval, and modern times. Laying the scene of his story in France, in the thirteenth century, the author connected it with the wars between the Catholics and the Albigenses, the latter being the earliest of the reformers of the faith. Such a time was well adapted for the purposes of romance, as has been proved both before and since. Maturin produced lively but fanciful pictures of the Crusaders, and eloquent descriptions of the Albigenses in their lonely worship among rocks and mountains; but he had not the power of portraying or creating living characters, and his attempts at humour were dismal failures. The following, from *Melmoth*, shows Maturin at his best or worst, according as one takes him:

The Victim of the Inquisition.

The reptiles, who filled the hole into which I had been thrust, gave me opportunity for a kind of constant, miserable, ridiculous hostility. My bed of leaves was placed in the very seat of warfare: I shook them off, [illegible] pursued me: I [illegible] crawling of them [illegible] my sleep, and still oftener [illegible] when awake. I struck at them. I tried to terrify them by my voice, to arm myself against them [illegible] my mat; but, above all, my anxiety was [illegible] to defend my head from their loathsome incursions, and my pitcher of water from their [illegible]. I adopted a thousand precautions, as trivial as they were inefficacious, but still there was occupation. I tell you, Sir, I *had more to combat with* [illegible]. To be fighting with reptiles in the dark is the most horrible struggle that can be assigned to man; but what is it compared to being at war with those reptiles which his own heart hourly engenders in its cell, and of which, at last, [illegible] is the fever? I had another employment. I cannot call it occupation. I had calculated with myself that sixty minutes made an hour, and sixty seconds a minute. I began to think I could keep time as accurately as any clock in a convent, and measure the hours of my confinement or my release. So I sat and counted sixty; a doubt always occurred to me that I was *counting them faster than the clock*. Then I wished to be the clock, that I might have no feeling, *no motive for hurrying on the approach of time*. Then I reckoned slower. Sleep sometimes overtook me in this exercise (perhaps I adopted it from that hope); but when I woke, I applied to it again instantly. Thus I oscillated, reckoned, and measured time on my mat, while time withheld its delicious diary of rising and setting suns, of the dews of dawn and of twilight,—of the glow of morning and the shades of the evening. When my reckoning was broken by my sleep (and I knew not whether I slept by day or by night), I tried to eke it out by my incessant repetition of minutes and seconds, and I succeeded; for I always consoled myself, that whatever hour it was, sixty minutes must go to an hour. Had I led this life much longer, I might have been converted into the idiot who, as I have read, from the habit of watching a clock, imitated its mechanism so well that when it was dawn, he sounded the hour as faithfully as ear could desire. Such was my life.

Thomas Bowdler (1754-1825) has, as editor of the 'Family Shakespeare,' been made to furnish the English language with a series of words with unjustly suspicious associations. Born of wealthy parents at Ashley near Bath, he went at sixteen to St Andrews to study medicine, but graduated M.D. of Edinburgh in 1776. After some years of travel in France, Germany, Italy, and Sicily (twice climbing Mount Etna), he settled in London, but did not practise his profession; devoting himself rather to charitable work in connection with prisons, penitentiaries, and Magdalen asylums, he became the continuator of John Howard's good work. He was a friend of Howard's, an intimate of the circle to which Mrs Montagu, Mrs Chapone, and Hannah More belonged, and remembered Dr Johnson vividly. For ten years he lived at St Boniface in the Isle of Wight, and for the last fifteen years of his life at Rhyddings near Swansea. His *Letters Written in Holland* (1788) give an account of the revolutionary movement of the previous year, and in 1815 he published one or two minor biographical works. But it was in 1818 that he produced 'The Family Shakespeare, in 10 vols.; in which nothing is added to the original text; but those words and expressions are omitted which cannot with propriety be read aloud in a family.' The work had a large sale, ran through more than half-a-dozen editions, and was long popular, spite of the ridicule it brought down upon the head of its editor. The last years of Bowdler's life were given to the task of preparing an expurgated edition of Gibbon's History, which was published in six volumes the year after his death, edited by his nephew, and described as being 'for the use of Families and Young Persons, reprinted from the original text, with the careful omissions of all passages of an irreligious or immoral tendency.' And the editor congratulated his uncle on 'the peculiar happiness' of having so purified Shakespeare and Gibbon that they could no longer 'raise a blush on the cheek of modest innocence, nor plant a pang in the heart of the devout Christian.' It would be unfair to say that he also Bowdlerized the Old Testament; but he prepared for a Sunday-school Society *Select Chapters from the Old Testament, with Short Introductions*, issued in 1822.

The word *Bowdlerize*, first used apparently in 1836, has become common (usually as *Bowdlerise*) since about 1870 with a whole train of derivatives (*Bowdlerism*, *Bowdlerization*, *Bowdlerizer*, &c.), and is rarely used save with sovereign contempt for the process, the theory, and the man, even by those who would unhesitatingly refuse to read aloud every and any passage of Shakespeare to boys and girls just old enough to understand and appreciate the jests and allusions Bowdler excised. If the work was to be done, it is doubtful if it could have been done much more judiciously. It is one thing to Bowdlerize for a special purpose; quite another to Bowdlerize by omissions what is meant to be a standard text (as Dr Mitchell for the Scottish Text Society has Bowdlerized in 1897 some of the *Gude and Godlie Ballads*); and a third thing to substitute as the author's considerable passages which the original writer never wrote or imagined. Bowdler was by no means the first or most prudish preparer of expurgated editions; he was, indeed, considerably less precise than many more recent expurgators of Shakespeare for schools. Castrated editions of the classics are an old-established institution, and the castration of Shakespeare had long been a familiar art. Garrick Bowdlerized him remorselessly, both on the stage and in print; all modern stage-managers carefully cut most of the passages Bowdler excised; and it is something for the typical English Expurgator to have Mr Swinburne's strong support and hearty commendation: 'More nauseous or foolish cant was never chattered than that which would deride the memory or depreciate the merits of Bowdler. No man ever did better service to Shakespeare than the man who made it possible to put him into the hands of intelligent and imaginative children' (*Studies in Prose and Poetry*, page 98). Bowdler himself defended his Shakespearean enterprise in a temperately argued pamphlet called *A Letter to 'the British Critic,'* which he said was occasioned by the censure pronounced in the work on 'Johnson, Pope, Bowdler, Warburton, Theobald, Steevens, Reed, Malone, et Hoc Genus Omne.'

It is a really curious fact that, as has been pointed out in Vol. I. p. 433, the name Bowdler was associated with Elizabethan dramatic literature as the cognomen of the very free-spoken and 'amorous gallant' of all things in the world' in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Exchange*.

Sir John Barrow (1764-1848), born in a thatched cottage in the village of Dragley Beck in North Lancashire, learnt mathematics at Ulverston, was timekeeper in a foundry, and made a voyage in a Greenland whaler before he became mathematical teacher at Greenwich. Thence he was taken by Lord Macartney as his secretary to China and to the Cape. In South Africa (1797-1802) he was even more eminently serviceable than in China as explorer, map-maker, and administrator; he was sent on missions to reconcile Boers and Kaffirs, and explored many outlying parts of the colony. He had bought a house near Table Mountain, where he meant to settle as a South African country-gentleman, when the Peace of Amiens restored the Cape (temporarily) to the Dutch (1802), and Barrow came home to serve his country for forty years as secretary to the Admiralty under fourteen administrations. His zeal in promoting Arctic exploration is indicated by the way his name figures on the map of the Arctic regions (Barrow Straits, Cape Barrow, &c.). He was all his life an indefatigable worker and an inexhaustible writer. Among his publications are to be counted some two hundred articles in the *Quarterly Review* and a series in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; Lives of Lord Macartney, Lord Howe, and Peter the Great; accounts of his travels in China and in South Africa (long standard works); books on voyages to Cochin China and the Arctic regions; and a very interesting *Autobiography* (1847). There is also a Memoir of him by Staunton (1852).

Robert Plumer Ward (1765-1846) was born in London and bred at Oxford, went to the Bar, and was successively a judge, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, a lord of admiralty, and auditor of the civil list. He wrote a history of the law of nations, several books on the law of belligerents, contraband, and the like, and in 1825 he published anonymously a discursively metaphysical and religious romance, *Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement*. As the author alluded to his intimacy with English statesmen and political events, and seemed to belong to the Evangelical party in the Church, much speculation took place as to the authorship of the novel. The prolixity of some of the dissertations and dialogues, where the story stood still for half a volume that the parties might converse and dispute, rendered *Tremaine* heavy and tedious, in spite of some originality. But it was, as *Blackwood* thought, 'extravagantly overrated,' and ran through four editions in one year. In *De Vere, or the Man of Independence* (1827), the public dwelt with keen interest on a portraiture of Mr Canning, whose career was then about to close in his premature death; and this desultory *roman à clef* used to be cited as a kind of authority on Canning's views and manner of speech, the Wentworth of the story being a close study of the statesman. *De Clifford, or the Constant Man* (1841), is also a tale of actual life; its hero is secretary to a Cabinet Minister, and the author revels in official details, social rivalries, and political intrigue. Canning sarcastically said that Ward's law-books were as pleasant as novels, and his novels as dull as law-books. Now it but rarely happens that a volume either of the one set or the other is disturbed out of its dust-covered repose in old libraries.

Henry Luttrell (c. 1765–1851), a man of wit and fashion, and a clever and graceful versifier, was author of *Advice to Julia, a Letter in Rhyme* (1820); of *Crockford House* (1827), a satire against gambling; and of some elegiacs and shorter pieces. He was a natural son of the Lord Carhampton who as Colonel Luttrell had been the defeated Government candidate in opposition to Wilkes, but had by Parliament been declared duly elected; he afterwards became notorious by his severities upon the Irish rebels of 1798. The son sat in the last Irish Parliament (1798–1800), and spent some years managing his father's West Indian plantations, but came back to London to be a society lion and a favourite in the circle of Holland House. 'None of the talkers whom I meet in London society,' said Rogers, 'can slide in a brilliant thing with such readiness as he does.' As with other brilliant conversationists, his printed works hardly justify his fame, though they have happy descriptive passages, frequent touches of bright social satire, and couplets of epigrammatic inevitableness. Byron, Moore, and Christopher North were at one in praising his *Advice to Julia*, from which these are short extracts:

London in Autumn.

'Tis August. Rays [illegible] heat
Full on the scorching pavement beat;
As o'er it the tired hackney jolts,
Alternate, blows and [illegible].
For short-lived green, a russet brown
Stains every withering shrub in town;
Darkening the [illegible]
Th' Egyptian plague [illegible] flies,
At rest, in motion, [illegible]
Abroad, or to remain [illegible],
Nature proclaims one common [illegible]
For all conditions [illegible]
Day is intolerable, Night
As close and suffocating quite,
And still the mercury mounts higher,
Till London seems [illegible].

November Fog.

First, at the dawn of lingering day,
It rises of an ashy gray;
Then deepening with a sordid stain
Of yellow, like a lion's mane,
Vapour importunate and dense,
It wars at once with every sense.
The ears escape not. All around
Returns a dull unwonted sound.
Loath to stand still, [illegible]
The chilled and puzzled passenger,
Oft blundering from the pavement, fails
To feel his way along the rails;
Or at the crossings, in the roll
Of every carriage dreads the pole.
Scarce an eclipse, with pall so dun,
Blots from the face of heaven the sun.
But soon a thicker [illegible]
Wraps all the town, behold, in smoke,
Which steam-compelling trade disgorges
From all her furnaces and forges
In pitchy clouds, too dense to rise,
Descends rejected from the skies;
Till struggling day, extinguished quite,
At noon gives place to candle-light.
O Chemistry, attractive maid,
Descend, in pity, to our aid!
Come with thy all-pervading gases,
Thy crucibles, retorts, and glasses,
Thy fearful energies and wonders,
Thy dazzling lights and mimic thunders;
Let Carbon in thy train be seen,
Dark Azote and fair Oxygen,
And Wollaston and Davy guide
[illegible] place, at thy side.
If any power can, any how,
Abate these nuisances, 'tis thou;
And see, to aid thee, in the [illegible],
The [illegible] of Michael Angelo;
Oh [illegible]—
Thy heavenly [illegible]
Make all [illegible]
Like hungry [illegible] all!
And since 'tis only [illegible]
[illegible] lungs [illegible] law,
[illegible] thirsty [illegible]
[illegible] act of parliament.

John Hoole (1727–1803), born at Moorfields in London, was from 1744 to 1783 employed in the East India House, and earned the name of 'the translator' by his English versions of the *Jerusalem Delivered* (17[illegible]) and *Rinaldo* (1792) of Tasso, the dramas of Metastasio (1767), and the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto (1773–83). Scott describes the translator of the Ariosto as 'a noble transmuter of gold into lead.' His dramas *Cyrus* (1768), *Timanthes* (1770), and *Cleonice* (1775) were failures.

William Herbert (1778–1847), honourable and reverend, was third son of the first Earl of Carnarvon, and studied at Eton and Christ Church. He sat in Parliament from 1806 to 1812, took orders in 1814, and from 1840 was Dean of Manchester. He had begun to publish poetry in the first year of the century, and became especially famous for his translations from Scandinavian and his own poems on Scandinavian subjects, insomuch that Byron in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, speaking of his 'rugged rhymes,' talks of him as 'wielding Thor's hammer.' He translated also from German and from Portuguese, contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, and wrote much on natural history. His chief original poems were *Helga* (1815); *Hedin, or the Spectre of the Tomb* (1820); and *Attila, or the Triumph of Christianity* (1838).

Henry Francis Cary (1772–1844), translator of Dante, was born at Gibraltar, and educated at Rugby, Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham, and Christ Church, Oxford. He took orders in 1796, became vicar of Abbot's Bromley in Staffordshire and Kingsbury in Warwickshire, but from 1807 lived in London, being assistant-librarian at the British Museum from 1826 to 1837. He was buried in

Westminster Abbey. Cary, who at sixteen published poetry, was very widely read in Italian and French, as well as in the classics and English literature. In 1805 he published the *Inferno* of Dante in blank verse, and an entire translation of the *Divina Commedia* in the same measure in 1814. He afterwards translated the *Birds* of Aristophanes and the *Odes* of Pindar, and wrote a series of short memoirs in continuation of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, which, with Lives of the early French poets, appeared anonymously in the *London Magazine*. First brought into notice by Coleridge, whom Cary had met on the sea shore at Littlehampton, the English Dante passed through four editions during the life of the translator, and it still ranks as one of the principal translations. It has some of the inevitable defects of a foreign tongue and an alien measure, but has many merits, and is more English and more easily read than the metrical translations that endeavour, by *terza rima* or otherwise, more closely to imitate the rhythm of the original.

Francesca of Rimini

I began: 'Bard! willingly
I would address those two together coming,
Which seem so light before the wind.' He thus:
'Note thou, when nearer they to us approach,
Then by that love which carries them along,
Entreat; and they will come.' Soon as the wind
Swayed them toward us, I thus framed my speech:
'O wearied spirits! come and hold discourse
With us, if by none else restrained.' As doves,
By fond desire invited, on wide wings
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;
Thus issued, from that troop where Dido ranks,
They, through the ill air speeding, with such force
My cry prevailed, by strong affection urged.
'O gracious creature, and benign! who goest
Visiting, through this element obscure,
Us, who the world with bloody stain imbrued,
If for a friend the King of all we owned,
Our prayer to him should for thy peace arise,
Since thou hast pity on our evil plight.
Of whatsoe'er to hear or to discourse
It pleases thee, that will we hear, of that
Freely with thee discourse, while e'er the wind,
As now, is mute. The land that gave me birth
Is situate on the coast, where Po descends
To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.
'Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt,
Entangled him by that fair form, from me
Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still.
Love, that denial takes from none beloved,
Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,
That, as thou see'st, he yet deserts me not.
Love brought us to one death: Caina waits
The soul who spilt our life.' Such were their words;
At hearing which downward I bent my looks,
And held them there so long that the bard cried:
'What art thou pondering?' I in answer thus:
'Alas! by what sweet thoughts, what fond desire,
Must they at length to that ill pass have reached!'
Then turning, I to them my speech addressed,
And thus began: 'Francesca! your sad fate,
Even to tears, my grief and pity moves.
But tell me: in the time of your sweet sighs,
By what and how Love granted, that ye knew
Your yet uncertain wishes.' She replied:
'No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when misery is at hand! That kens
Thy learned instructor. Yet so eagerly
If thou art bent to know the primal root,
From whence our love gat being, I will do
As one who weeps and tells his tale. One day,
For our delight, we read of Lancelot,
How him love thrilled. Alone we were, and no
Suspicion near us. Ofttimes by that reading
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our altered cheek. But at one point
Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
The wished smile, so rapturously kissed
By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kissed. The book and writer both
Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day
We read no more.' While thus one spirit spake,
The other wailed so sorely that, heart struck,
I, through compassion fainting, seemed not far
From death; and like a corse fell to the ground.

[illegible] the [illegible] are [illegible]

Ugolino and his Sons.

A small grate
Within that mew, which for my sake the name
Of famine bears, where others yet must pine,
Already through its opening several moons
Had shewn me, when I slept the evil sleep
That from the future tore the curtain off.
This one, methought, as master of the sport,
Rode forth to chase the gaunt wolf and his whelps,
Unto the mountain which forbids the sight
Of Lucca to the Pisans. With lean brachs,
Inquisitive and keen, before him ranged
Lanfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi.
After short course the father and the sons
Seemed tired and lagging, and methought I saw
The sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke,
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard
My sons—for they were with me—weep and ask
For bread. . . .
Now had they wakened; and the hour drew near
When they were wont to bring us food; the mind
Of each misgave him through his dream, and I
Heard, at its outlet underneath, locked up
The horrible tower: whence, uttering not a word,
I looked upon the visage of my sons.
I wept not: so all stone I felt within.
They wept: and one, my little Anselm, cried:
'Thou lookest so! father, what ails thee?' Yet
I shed no tear, nor answered all that day
Nor the next night, until another sun
Came out upon the world. When a faint beam
Had to our doleful prison made its way,
And in four countenances I descried
The image of my own, on either hand
Through agony I bit; and they who thought
I did it through desire of feeding, rose
O' the sudden, and cried: 'Father, we should grieve
Far less if thou wouldst eat of us: thou gavest

These weeds of miserable flesh we wear;
And do thou strip them off from us again.'
Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down
My spirit in stillness. That day and the next
We were all silent. Ah, obdurate earth!
Why open'dst not upon us? When we came
To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet
Outstretch'd did fling him, crying, 'Hast no help
For me, my father!' There he died; and e'en
Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the three
Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth:
Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope
Over them all, and for three days aloud
Call'd on them who were dead. Then fasting got
The mastery of grief.'

[illegible]

This is how Cary renders the passage of Dante that was in Gray's mind when he wrote the first stanza of his *Elegy*, and was imitated by Byron in the third canto of *Don Juan*:

Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,
And pilgrim newly on his road with love
Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day:
[illegible]

David Ricardo (1772–1823), author of several original treatises on economics, was bred to his own business by his father, a Jewish stockbroker originally from Holland, but through reading Smith's *Wealth of Nations* in 1799 was stirred to think and write on political economy. His first works were on *The High Price of Bullion* (1810), *Proposals for an Economical and Secure Currency* (1816), and *Principles of Political Economy and Taxation* (1817). The last work, that on which his reputation rests, is remarkable for its close logical argument and its acumen rather than for any literary merit; it is indeed very hard reading. But it was justly considered the most important treatise on that science, with the single exception of Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. As such it made an epoch in the science of political economy, and became the text-book of the classical or abstract economic school. His special aim and achievement was to expound the theory of rent as the excess of the produce of the land over the cost of production of that land. And from this thesis came new statements as to wages and value, and as to the incidence of taxation. Ricardo afterwards wrote pamphlets on the Funding System and on Protection to Agriculture. He had amassed great wealth as a stockbroker, and, retiring from business, he entered Parliament as representative for the borough of Portarlington, but he seldom spoke in the House, and only on subjects connected with his favourite studies. He died at his seat of Gatcombe Park in Gloucestershire.

[illegible]

James Mill (1773–1836), born a shoemaker's son near Montrose, studied for the ministry at Edinburgh, but in 1802 settled in London as a literary man. He edited and wrote for various periodicals, and in 1806 commenced his *History of British India* (1817). In 1819 the directors of the East India Company made him, though a Radical, assistant examiner with charge of the revenue department, and in 1832 head of the examiner's office, where he had the control of all the departments of Indian administration. Many of his articles on government, jurisprudence, education, &c., for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* were reprinted. In 1821–22 he published his *Elements of Political Economy*, in 1829 an *Analysis of the Human Mind*, and in 1835 the *Fragment on Mackintosh*. He was no mere disciple of Bentham, but a man of profound and original thought, as well as of great reading. In psychology and ethics he carried the association principle further than it had yet been applied. In political economy he followed Ricardo. His mind was eminently logical; he was a special enemy to all vagueness in thought and argument, to all looseness in statement. He was an unsparing critic, and Mackintosh's credit suffered from Mill's attack. His conversation gave a powerful stimulus to many young men like his own son and Grote; he ranked as one of the main moulders of philosophical radicalism, as his views and Grote's came to be called; and he took a leading part in founding University College, London. Throughout life he cherished high ideals for himself and others, and he was a strenuous and unselfish reformer. Clearness and precision are the main merits of his literary style. It was to Mill's disadvantage that when he wrote he had no direct knowledge of India, its peoples and customs; he applied his own precise political principles as a standard for judging men dealing with a civilisation he imperfectly understood. But, as is generally admitted, his *History of India* remains a great work in spite of the technical blunders specialists have pointed out, and in spite of his somewhat pronounced prejudices. The book dwelt perhaps overmuch on abuses, but it helped to bring about changes in administration; as might be expected, Mill summed up strongly against Warren Hastings. This is his account of

The Case of Nuncomar.

A few days after this suspicious but ineffectual proceeding, a new prosecution was instituted against Nuncomar. At the suit of a native, he was taken up on a charge of forgery, and committed to the common gaol. He was tried before the Supreme Court, by a jury of Englishmen, convicted, and hanged. No transaction, perhaps, of this whole administration more deeply tainted the reputation of Hastings than the tragedy of Nuncomar. At the moment when he stood forth as the accuser of the Governor-general, he was charged with a crime alleged to have been committed five years before, tried, and executed; a proceeding which could not fail to generate the suspicion of guilt, and of an inability to encounter the weight of his testimony, in the man whose power to have prevented, or to have stopped (if he did not cause), the prosecution, it is not easy to deny. As Hastings, aware of the sinister interpretations to which the destruction of an accuser, in circumstances so extraordinary, would assuredly expose him, chose rather to sustain the weight of those suspicions than to meet the charges by preventing or suspending the fate of the accuser, it is a fair inference, though mere resentment and spite might hurry some men to as great an indiscretion, that from the accusations he dreaded something worse than those suspicions. Mr Francis, in his examination before the House of Commons on the 16th of April 1788, declared that the effect of this transaction upon the inquiries carried on by the Board into the accusations against the Governor was 'to defeat them; that it impressed a general terror on the natives with respect to preferring accusations against men in great power; and that he and his coadjutors were unwilling to expose them to what appeared to him and these coadjutors, as well as themselves, a manifest danger.'

The severest censures were very generally passed upon this trial and execution; and it was afterwards exhibited as matter of impeachment against both Mr Hastings and the Judge who presided in the tribunal. The crime for which Nuncomar was made to suffer was not a capital offence by the laws of Hindustan, either Moslem or Hindu; and it was represented as a [illegible] of cruelty and injustice, to render a people amenable to the most grievous severities of a law with which they were unacquainted, and from which, by their habits and associations, their minds were totally estranged. It was affirmed that this atrocious condemnation and execution were upon an *ex post facto* law, as the statute which created the Supreme Court and its powers was not published till 1774, and the date of the supposed forgery was in 1770; that the law which rendered forgery capital did not extend to India, as no English [illegible] the colonies, unless where it was expressly stated in the law; that Nuncomar, as a native Indian, for a crime committed against another Indian, [illegible] Englishman, or even a European, was amenable [illegible] native, not the English tribunals; that the [illegible] was not sufficient to warrant con[illegible] that, although the situation in which [illegible] was placed with regard to a man of [illegible] power as the Governor-general should have [illegible] the Judge [illegible] there was every appearance of [illegible] and of a predetermination to find him guilty and to cut him off. In the defence which was [illegible] by Sir Elijah Impey, the Chief Judge, in [illegible] answer at the bar of the House of Commons on the 12th of December 1787, he admitted that a native [illegible] of the provinces at large was not amenable to the English laws or to the English tribunals; and it was not as such, he affirmed, that Nuncomar was tried. But he maintained that a native inhabitant of the English town of Calcutta, which was English property, which had long been governed by Englishmen and English laws, was amenable to the English tribunals, and justly, because he made it his voluntary choice to live under their protection; and that it was in this capacity, namely, that of an inhabitant of Calcutta, that Nuncomar suffered the penalties of the English laws. If the competency of the jurisdiction was admitted, the question of evidence, where evidence was complicated and contradictory, could not admit of any very clear and certain decision; and the Judge opposed the affirmation of its insufficiency by that of the contrary. He denied the doctrine that an English penal statute extended to the colonies only when that extension was expressed. The allegation of precipitation and unfairness, still further of corruption, in the treatment of the accused, he not only denied with strong expressions of abhorrence, but by a specification of circumstances endeavoured to disprove. . . . Of the evidence it may fairly be observed, that though the forgery was completely proved by the oaths of the witnesses to the prosecution, it was as completely disproved by the oaths of the witnesses to the defence; that there was no such difference in the character of the parties or their witnesses as to throw the balance greatly to either of the sides; and that the preponderance, if any, was too weak to support an act of so much importance and delicacy as the condemnation of Nuncomar. Even after the judgment, the case was not without a remedy: the execution might have been stayed till the pleasure of the King was known, and a pardon might have been obtained. This too the Court absolutely refused, and proceeded with an unrelenting determination to the execution of Nuncomar; who, on the 5th of August, with a tranquillity and firmness that never were surpassed, submitted to his fate, not only amid the tears and lamentations, but the cries and shrieks of an extraordinary assemblage of his countrymen.

For Mill's life and teachings, see his son John Stuart Mill's *Autobiography* and Professor Bain's *James Mill* (1882).

Andrew Cherry (1762–1812), actor, dramatist, and author of 'The Bay of Biscay,' was the son of a Limerick printer and bookseller. Having at seventeen abandoned his father's business for the stage, he attained some eminence as an actor at Drury Lane, and managed theatres in Swansea and Monmouth. Of his nine or ten plays several were fairly successful, but only *The Soldier's Daughter* can be said to 'hold the stage.' On the other hand, at least three of his songs bid fair to prove imperishable—'The Bay of Biscay,' 'The Green Little Shamrock of Ireland,' and 'Tom Moody, the Whipper-in.' There is probably no piece in English literature so familiar to everybody as 'The Bay of Biscay' whose author's name is so utterly unknown; not one in ten thousand who know the song by heart have any idea who wrote it, as is the case with not a few of our most popular songs, or ever heard of Andrew Cherry or his works. Nor is it always easy to see why some songs have attained and maintained their exceptional popularity, though doubtless it depends well-nigh as often on the music as on the words. In this case the composer, John Davy, is also little known. 'Tom Moody' ends with the following characteristic stanza:

> Thus Tom spoke his friends ere he gave up his breath:
> 'Since I see you're resolved to be in at the death,
> One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave—
> Give a rattling view-hollow thrice over my grave;
> And unless at that warning I lift up my head,
> My boys, you may fairly conclude I am dead.'
> Honest Tom was obeyed, and the shout rent the sky,
> For every one joined in the tally-ho cry,
> Tally ho! Hark forward!
> Tally ho! Tally ho!

Edward Lysaght (1763-1811), wit and song-writer, was the son of a proprietor at Brickhill in County Clare; graduated B.A. at Trinity College, Dublin, and M.A. at Oxford; studied law at the Middle Temple; and was called both to the Irish and to the English Bar. Ultimately he practised in Dublin only, where he was a commissioner of bankruptcy, was a successful political pamphleteer, and had a brilliant reputation in literary and social circles. He died in poverty. Among his songs are 'Our Ireland,' 'The man who led the van Of the Irish Volunteers,' and 'Kate of Garnavilla.' 'Kitty of Coleraine' has been claimed for him on doubtful grounds; and 'The Sprig of Shillelah,' usually printed as his, appears to have been by another hand. Some of his best verses were addressed to his godchild Lady Morgan (see page 780).

Theobald Wolfe Tone, born, a coachmaker's son, in Dublin, 20th June 1763, studied there at Trinity College and at the Middle Temple in London, and was called to the Irish Bar in 1789, but acted as secretary of the Catholic Committee, helped to organise the United Irishmen in 1791, and four years later had to flee to America and thence to France. He laboured there incessantly to induce the Directory to invade Ireland, and held a command in Hoche's expedition to Bantry Bay in 1796. In 1798 he again embarked in a small French squadron, which was captured after a fierce fight at the mouth of Lough Swilly. Tone was taken to Dublin, tried, and condemned to be hanged as a traitor, but cut his throat in prison, 19th November 1798. His fragmentary autobiography and journals describing the greater part of his career were edited by his son and published in America in 1826. Written with considerable spirit and vividness, their revelation of an adventurer and a character of reckless audacity has largely helped to make Tone the chief popular hero of rebellious Nationalism in Ireland. They are reprinted in Barry O'Brien's *Autobiography of Wolfe Tone* (1893). Contrasted estimates of Tone may be found in Madden's *United Irishmen* (3rd series, 1846), and the Duke of Argyll's article in the *Nineteenth Century* for 1890.

George Nugent Reynolds (1770?-1802), author of many songs ('Kathleen O'More' one of them), of a long epic, and of a musical-dramatic piece on the French invasion of Ireland in 1796, was the son of a proprietor at Letterfyan in County Leitrim. His loyalty was suspected by the Government, so that he was removed from his magistracy, and he had come to England to study law a year before his death. He has had the misfortune to have credited to him a number of pieces demonstrably by other authors; thus from 1830 on his friends persistently asserted that Campbell's 'Exile of Erin' was his production.

Thomas Dermody (1775-1802), who has been called 'the Irish Chatterton' rather from his sad fate than from the originality of his poetry, was the son of a schoolmaster at Ennis in County Clare. He showed extraordinary aptitude for the classics and a precocious facility in writing English verses of all kinds; but having run away to Dublin, he lost the friends his abilities conciliated by irrepressible idleness and drunkenness, and threw away several chances of a good education. Having enlisted, he behaved well during a spell of foreign service, but, back in England, he swiftly sank into ruinous dissipation, and died in misery. The two or three collections of poems published in his lifetime were after his death collected as *The Harp of Erin* (2 vols. 1807) by J. G. Raymond, who also published his Life (2 vols. 1806).

William Hone (1780-1842), famous as 'infidel' author, publisher, and Radical reformer, was born at Bath the son of strictly religious parents, at ten became a London lawyer's clerk, and at twenty started a book and print shop which soon failed. Already a pronounced democrat, he struggled to make a living by writing for various papers, started *The Traveller* (1815), and next *The Reformist's Register* (1817); and made himself notorious by a series of squibs and satires against the Government, some of which, such as *The Political Litany*, unmistakably contained parodies of the Catechism, the Athanasian Creed, and the litany. He was accordingly prosecuted, but in December 1817 he was acquitted after three separate trials for publishing things calculated to corrupt public morals and bring the Prayer-book into contempt. Among his later satires, illustrated by George Cruikshank (long his most intimate friend), were *The Political House that Jack built*, *The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder*, *The Man in the Moon*, and *The Political Showman*. *The Apocryphal New Testament* (1820) was not designed to promote the reverent study of Scripture; and the *Quarterly Review* denounced him as 'a poor illiterate creature' and 'a wretch as contemptible as he is wicked'—unjustly, as the sequel showed. *Ancient Mysteries* dealt largely with the old miracle-plays, and showed some curious reading. But his *Miscellanies*, *The Every-day*

Book (1826), *The Table-book* (1827-28), and *The Year-book* (1829) were recommended by Southey to all interested in our national and local customs as having rendered good service in an important department of literature; they constitute a calendar of popular English amusements, sports, pastimes, ceremonies, manners, customs, and events incident especially to several days of the year. Charles Lamb was as commendatory—'I like you and your book, ingenuous Hone,' was the beginning of verses to him; the *Every-day Book* was, indeed, dedicated to Lamb. Scott and Christopher North were also hearty in praise of these miscellanies, filled with curious lore. Yet in the end Hone found himself in a debtor's prison, from which his friends extricated him to start him in a coffee-house—also a predestined failure. In 1830 he edited Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, and he contributed to the *Penny Magazine* and the *Patriot*. By this time he had become a generally popular personage, old grudges having been forgotten; in the later years of his life he became devout, and used, indeed, to preach for orthodox independent ministers. Among the sixty-four publications given under his name in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (most of them written, compiled, or edited by himself) are two autobiographical works on his own early life and his conversion in later years.

William Stewart Rose (1775-1843), the translator of Ariosto, was the second son of the Treasurer of the Navy. Educated at Eton, he sat in Parliament 1796-1800, and then till 1824 was reading-clerk of the House of Lords; but his tastes were wholly literary. To gratify his father, he began *A Naval History of the Late War* (vol. i. 1802), which he never completed. Later works were verse translations from the French of the first part of *Amadis de Gaul* (1803) and of Le Grand's text of *Partenopex de Blois* (1807); *Letters to Henry Hallam, Esq., from the North of Italy* (2 vols. 1819), and a free metrical version of Casti's *Animali Parlanti* (1819), to whose cantos he prefixed introductory addresses to his friends Ugo Foscolo, Hookham Frere, Sir Walter Scott, and others. In 1823 he published a condensed translation of Boiardo's *Orlando Innamorato*, and commenced his famous version of the *Orlando Furioso* (vol. vi. 1831). This is not merely Rose's best work; it is still the best extant English translation of Ariosto, the only one which preserves much of the spirit of the original. It was finished at Sir Walter Scott's request. Rose was also author of a poem on *The Crusade of St Louis* (1810), *Rhymes* (1837), of epistles to his friends, and of tales and sonnets; and he was an occasional contributor to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*. Ill-health latterly compelled him to withdraw from society. Hoole in his translation of Ariosto had adopted the heroic couplet, whereas the original *ottava rima* was reproduced by Rose with some success, as may be seen from these stanzas:

Let him make haste his feet to disengage,
  Nor lime his wings, whom Love has made a prize;
For love, in fine, is nought but frenzied rage,
  By universal suffrage of the wise:
And albeit some may shew themselves more sage
  Than Roland, they but sin in other guise.
For what proves folly more than on this shelf,
Thus for another to destroy one's self?

Various are love's effects; but from one source
  All issue, though they lead a different way.
He is, as 'twere, a forest where, perforce,
  Who enter its recesses go astray,
And here and there pursue their devious course:
  In sum, to you I, for conclusion, say,
He who grows old in love, besides all pain
Which wait such passion, well deserves a chain.

Noel Thomas Carrington (1777-1830) was the son of a Plymouth grocer, who served in the navy, taught a school at Maidstone, and for ten years managed successfully a private academy at Plymouth Dock. From his youth he wrote poems, mainly in praise of Devonshire, its scenery, customs, and traditions. His best-known pieces were *The Banks of Tamar* (1820) and *Dartmoor* (1826). His collected poems, with a Life, were published in 1830. The extract is on the disappearance from earth of the pixies:

                                    They are flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove
In Superstition's web when Time was young
And fondly loved and cherished: they are flown
Before the wand of Science! Hills and vales,
Mountains and moors of Devon, ye have lost
The enchantments, the delights, the visions all,
The elfin visions that so blessed the sight
In the old days romantic. Nought is heard
Now in the leafy world but earthly strains—
Voices, yet sweet, of breeze, and bird, and brook,
And water-fall: the day is silent else,
And night is strangely mute! the hymnings high,
The immortal music men of ancient times
Heard, ravished, oft, are flown! Oh ye have lost,
Mountains, and moors, and meads, the radiant throngs
That dwelt in your green solitudes, and filled
The air, the fields, with beauty and with joy
Intense; with a rich mystery that awed
The mind, and flung around a thousand hearths
Divinest tales, that through the enchanted year
Found passionate listeners! The very streams
Brightened with visitings of these so sweet
Ethereal creatures! They were seen to rise
From the charmed waters, which still brighter grew
As the pomp passed to land, until the eye
Scarce bore the unearthly glory. Where they trod,
Young flowers, but not of this world's growth, arose,
And fragrance as of amaranthine bowers
Floated upon the breeze. And mortal eyes
Looked on their revels all the luscious night;
And, unreproved, upon their ravishing forms
Gazed wistfully, as in the dance they moved,
Voluptuous to the thrilling touch of harp
Elysian!

Thomas Brown (1778-1820), writer on philosophy, was son of the minister of Kirkmabreck in Galloway, and was trained a physician. He appeared as an author before his twentieth year, his first work being a review of Dr Darwin's *Zoonomia*. On the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review* he became one of the contributors on philosophical subjects; and when Leslie's fitness for the Mathematical chair in the university was disputed by the orthodox because he had approved of Hume's theory of causation, Brown, who still practised medicine, warmly espoused Leslie's cause, and vindicated his opinions in an *Inquiry into the Relation of Cause and Effect*. By modifying Hume's doctrine in one or two points he sought to show that it does not necessarily lead to scepticism in theology. In 1810 the philosophical physician was appointed colleague and successor to Dugald Stewart in the chair of Moral Philosophy, and he discharged the duties amidst universal respect till his death. Part of his leisure was devoted to the cultivation of a taste for poetry, and he published *The Paradise of Coquettes* (1814), *The Wanderer of Norway* (1815), and *The Bower of Spring* (1816). Though not without fine thoughts and images, his verse wanted force and passion, and is now utterly forgotten. In philosophy, his exposition was relieved by passages of old-fashioned eloquence; he quoted largely from the poets, especially Akenside, and was too flowery in his illustrations. His *Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind* were long popular as a text-book, but were never original nor profound, and are now antiquated. He departed from Reid and Stewart and the Scottish school in the direction of the English associationism, under the influence of French sensationalism. Mackintosh held that he had rendered an important service to mental science by his 'secondary laws of suggestion or association—circumstances which modify the action of the general law, and must be distinctly considered in order to explain its connection with the phenomena.'

Sir Humphry Davy (1778-1829) was a great original investigator in chemistry and physics, a brilliant lecturer, and an author who expounded scientific verities in a wonderfully popular style. He was born at Penzance, where his father was a wood-carver. Both at school there and at Truro he developed a taste for story-telling, poetry, and angling, and for experimental science; and in virtue of several rather pleasing poems was regarded as a poetical genius. Apprenticed to a Penzance surgeon in 1795, he made chemical experiments and entered on an encyclopædic course of study, and in 1797 seriously took up chemistry. At Clifton, where in 1798 he became assistant to Dr Beddoes in his Pneumatic Institute, he met Coleridge and Southey, experimented on the respiration of gases (more than once nearly losing his life), and discovered the effect of laughing-gas. The account he gave of this in his *Researches, Chemical and Philosophical* (1799), led to his appointment as lecturer to the Royal Institution, where he delivered his first lecture in 1801; and his eloquence and the novelty of his experiments soon attracted brilliant audiences. In 1803 he began those researches in agriculture in connection with which were delivered his epoch-making lectures, published as *Elements of Agricultural Chemistry* (1813). His fame chiefly rests on the views originated in his Bakerian lecture *On Some Chemical Agencies of Electricity* (1806), followed up by the grand discovery that the alkalies and earths are compound substances formed by oxygen united with metallic bases. He first decomposed potash in 1807; when he saw the globules of the new metal, potassium, his delight was ecstatic. He next decomposed soda, baryta, strontia, lime, and magnesia; discovered the new metals sodium, barium, strontium, calcium, and magnesium; and proved the earths proper to consist of metals united to oxygen. In 1812 Davy was knighted, and married a lady of wealth; in 1813 he resigned the Chemical chair of the Royal Institution. To investigate his new theory of volcanic action he visited the Continent with Faraday, and was received with the greatest distinction by the French *savans*, though England and France were at war. In 1815 he investigated fire-damp and invented the safety-lamp. He was created a baronet in 1818, and had succeeded Sir Joseph Banks as President of the Royal Society, when in 1820-23 his researches on electro-magnetism were communicated to the society. After an apoplectic attack in 1826, he twice wintered in Italy, and he died at Geneva on his way homeward. Among his writings were *Elements of Chemical Philosophy* (1812); a disquisition *On the Safety Lamp* (1818); *Salmonia, or Days of Fly-fishing* (1828), an entertaining and popular volume modelled on Izaak Walton, but of considerable scientific interest (for Davy was not merely an enthusiastic angler but a patient student of the natural history problems suggested by the pastime). The interlocutors are Halieus, an accomplished angler; Ornither, a country gentleman interested in sports generally; Poietes, an enthusiast for nature; and Physicus, a naturalist—all mainly imaginary characters, though the substance of actual conversations is sometimes given, and notes from Davy's journal were systematically worked in. In his *Consolations in Travel* (written at Rome in his last winter there, and posthumously published in 1830), we have a series of speculations on moral and ethical questions, with descriptions of Italian scenery, mainly in conversations between Ambrosio, an enlightened Roman Catholic; Onuphrio, an English patrician verging on scepticism; and a third interlocutor, Philalethes, who may generally be taken as representing Davy himself, though sometimes his views are put in the mouth of 'The Unknown.' Eubathes, who occasionally appears, was Dr Wollaston. Davy, though a member of no communion but 'the Church of Christ' in the widest sense, was keenly interested in the defence of spiritual religion and the belief in immortality and God against materialism or the more radical forms of scepticism.

Salmon and Sea Trout.

SCENE—*Loch Maree*. TIME—*July*.

Poietes. I begin to be tired. This is really a long day's journey; and these last ten miles through bogs, with no other view than that of mountains half hid in mists, and brown waters that can hardly be called lakes; and with no other trees than a few stunted birches, that look so little alive that they might be supposed immediately descended from the bog-wood, everywhere scattered beneath our feet. This is the most barren part of one of the most desolate countries I have ever passed through in Europe; and though the inn at Strathgarve is tolerable, that of Auchnasheen is certainly the worst I have ever seen, and I hope the worst I shall ever see. We ought to have good amusement at Pool Ewe, to compensate us for this uncomfortable day's journey.

Halieus. I trust we shall have sport, as far as salmon and sea trout can furnish sport. But the difficulties of our journey are almost over. See, Loch Maree is stretched at our feet, and a good boat with four oars will carry us in four or five hours to our fishing ground; and that time will not be misspent, for this lake is not devoid of beautiful and even grand scenery.

Poiet. The scenery begins to improve; and that cloud-breasted mountain on the left is of the best character of Scotch mountains: these woods, likewise, are respectable for this northern country. I think I see islands also in the distance; and the quantity of cloud always gives effect to this kind of view; and perhaps, without such assistance to the imagination, there would be nothing even approaching to the sublime in these countries, but cloud and mist, by creating obscurity and offering a substitute for greatness and distance, give something of an Alpine and majestic character to this region.

Ornither. As we are now fixed in our places for [illegible]tion, you will surely put out a rod or two with a set of flies, or try a trail of the par-tail for a large trout or salmon; our fishing will not hinder our progress.

Hal. In most other lakes I should do so; here I have often tried the experiment, but never with success. This lake is extremely deep, and there are very few fish which haunt it generally except char; and salmon seldom rest but in particular parts along [illegible], which we shall not touch. Our voyage will be a pleasure one rather than an angling one. I see we shall have little occasion for the oars, for a strong breeze is rising, and blowing directly down the lake, we shall feel it in a minute. Hoist the sails! On we go! We shall make our voyage in half the number of hours I had calculated upon; and I hope to catch a salmon in time for dinner.

Poiet. The scenery improves as we advance nearer the lower parts of the lake. The mountains become higher, and that small island or peninsula presents a bold craggy outline; and the larch wood below it, and the pines above, make a scene somewhat Alpine in character. But what is that large bird soaring above the pointed rock, towards the end of the lake? Surely it is an eagle!

Hal. You are right, it is an eagle, and of a rare and peculiar species—the grey or silver eagle, a noble bird! From the size of the animal, it must be the female; and her aery is in that high rock. I dare say the male is not far off.

Physicus. I think I see another bird of a smaller size, perched on the rock below, which is similar in form.

Hal. You do; it is the consort of that beautiful and powerful bird; and I have no doubt their young ones are not far off.

Poiet. Look at the bird! She dashes into the water falling like a rock, and raising a column of spray; she has fallen from a great height. And now she rises again into the air; what an extraordinary sight!

Hal. She is pursuing her prey, and is one of our fraternity,—a catcher of fish. She has missed her quarry this time, and has moved further down towards the river, and falls again from a great height. There! You see her rise with a fish in her talons.

Poiet. She gives an interest which I hardly expected to have found to this scene. Pray are there many of these animals in this country?

Hal. Of this species, I have seen but these two, and I believe the young ones migrate as soon as they can provide for themselves; for this solitary bird requires a large space to move and feed in, and does not allow its offspring to partake its reign, or to live near it. Of other species of the eagle, there are some in different parts of the mountains, particularly of the Osprey; and of the great fishing or brown eagle; and I once saw a very fine and interesting sight in one of the Crags of Ben Weevis, near Strathgarve, as I was going, on the 20th of August, in pursuit of black game. Two parent eagles were teaching their offspring, two young birds, the manœuvres of flight. They began by rising from the top of a mountain in the eye of the sun (it was about midday, and bright for this climate). They at first made small circles, and the young birds imitated them; they paused on their wings, waiting till they had made their first flight, and then took a second and larger gyration, always rising towards the sun, and enlarging their circle of flight so as to make a gradually extending spiral. The young ones still slowly followed, apparently flying better as they mounted; and they continued this sublime kind of exercise, always rising till they became mere points in the air, and the young ones were lost, and afterwards their parents, to our aching sight. But we have touched the shore, and the lake has terminated: you are now on the river Ewe.

Poiet. Are we to fish here? It is a broad clear stream, but I see no fish, and cannot think it a good angling ground.

Hal. We are nearly a mile above our fishing station, and we must first see our quarters and provide for our lodging before we begin our fishing: we must walk a little way before we find the inn.

Poiet. Why, this inn is a second edition of Auchnasheen.

Hal. The interior is better than the exterior, thanks to the Laird of Brahan: we shall find one tolerable room and bed; and we must put up our cots and provide our food. What is our store, Mr Purveyor?

Pur. I know we have good bread, tea, and sugar.

Then there is the quarter of roebuck we got at Gordon Castle; and Ornither has furnished us with a brace of wild ducks, three leash of snipes, and a brace of golden plovers, by his mountain expedition of yesterday; and for fish we depend on you. Yet our host says there are fresh herrings to be had, and small cod-fish, and salmon and trout in any quantity, and the claret and the Ferintosh are safe.

Hal. Why, we shall fare sumptuously. As it is not time yet for shooting grouse, we must divide our spoil for the few days we shall stay here. Yet there are young snipes and plovers on the mountains above, and I have no doubt we might obtain the Earl's permission to kill a roebuck in the woods or a hart in the mountains; but this is always an uncertain event, and I advise you, Ornither, to become a fisherman.

Orn. I shall wait till I see the results of your skill. At all events, in this country I can never want amusement, and I dare say there are plenty of seals at the mouth of the river, and killing them is more useful to other fishermen than catching fish.

Hal. Let there be a kettle of water with salt ready boiling in an hour, mine host, for the fish we catch or buy; and see that the potatoes are well dressed: the servants will look to the rest of our fare. Now for our rods.

(From *Salmonia.*)

The Future State.

Ambrosio. Revelation has not disclosed to us the nature of this state, but only fixed its certainty. We are sure from geological facts, as well as from sacred history, that man is a recent animal on the globe, and that this globe has undergone one considerable revolution, since the creation, by water; and we are taught that it is to undergo another, by fire, preparatory to a new and glorified state of existence of man; but this is all we are permitted to know, and as this state is to be entirely different from the present one of misery and probation, any knowledge respecting it would be useless, and indeed almost impossible.

Philalethes. My genius has placed the more exalted spiritual natures in cometary worlds, and this last fiery revolution may be produced by the appulse of a comet.

Amb. Human fancy may imagine a thousand ways in which it may be produced; but upon such notions it is absurd to dwell. I will not allow your genius the slightest approach to inspiration, and I can admit no verisimilitude in a reverie which is fixed on a foundation you now allow to be so weak. But see, the twilight is beginning to appear in the orient sky, and there are some dark clouds on the horizon opposite to the crater of Vesuvius, the lower edges of which transmit a bright light, shewing the sun is already risen in the country beneath them. I would say that they may serve as an image of the hopes of immortality derived from revelation; for we are sure from the light reflected on those clouds that the lands below us are in the brightest sunshine, but we are entirely ignorant of the surface and the scenery; so, by revelation, the light of an imperishable and glorious world is disclosed to us; but it is in eternity, and its objects cannot be seen by mortal eye or imaged by mortal imagination.

Phil. I am not so well read in the Scriptures as I hope I shall be at no very distant time; but I believe the pleasures of heaven are mentioned more distinctly than you allow in the sacred writings. I think I remember that the saints are said to be crowned with palms and amaranths, and that they are described as perpetually hymning and praising God.

Amb. This is evidently only metaphorical: music is the sensual pleasure which approaches nearest to an intellectual one, and probably may represent the delight resulting from the perception of the harmony of things and of truth seen in God. The palm as an evergreen tree, and the amaranth a perdurable flower, are emblems of immortality. If I am allowed to give a metaphorical allusion to the future state of the blessed, I should image it by the orange grove in that sheltered glen, on which the sun is now beginning to shine, and of which the trees are at the same time loaded with sweet golden fruit and balmy silver flowers. Such objects may well portray a state in which hope and fruition become one eternal feeling.

(From the *Consolations.*)

There was an edition of Davy's collected works (9 vols.) in 1839-40, and his brother, Dr John Davy, prepared his *Memoirs* (2 vols.). See also his *Fragmentary Remains* (1858), and the Lives by Dr Paris (1831) and Dr T. E. Thorpe (1896).

Dr Thomas M'Crie (1772-1835), Scottish historian, biographer, and divine, was born at Duns in Berwickshire, studied at Edinburgh, and was ordained in 1795 pastor of a Secession congregation there belonging to the section known as 'Anti-burgher,' from their refusal to sanction the burgess's oath of allegiance to an uncovenanted king. He also acted as professor of divinity. His works exhibit vast and minute research, and conscientious though they are, are almost inevitably biassed in favour of the high Presbyterian polity and its defenders and heroes. His best-known books are a scholarly *Life of Knox* (1812), which for the first time gave a substantially historical and not obviously partisan view of a great actor on the national stage; an equally original Life of Andrew Melville (1819); and histories of the 'progress and suppression' of the Reformation in Italy and in Spain (1827-29). In 1817 he published in three successive numbers of the *Christian Instructor* a trenchant review of *The Tales of My Landlord*, whose authorship was not yet revealed, as regards their treatment of the Covenanters and their persecutors. His aim was to prove that the author showed gross partiality to the persecution of the Presbyterians by ignoring or glossing over the severities and cruelties they perpetrated, and by making the oppressors, especially Claverhouse, seem admirable, contrary to historical truth; while he unfairly exaggerated the peculiarities of certain extreme Covenanters, and, in defiance of fact, represented the Covenanters generally as mere ignorant, foolish, and violent fanatics. On these matters M'Crie was a much more accurate historian than Scott, and easily convicted him of many misapprehensions and misstatements in general and detail. By his own side he was held as having had a magnificent triumph over 'the Great Unknown.' Scott had at first pooh-poohed M'Crie's strictures, and resolved not even to read them; but, as Lockhart said, he found the impression they were producing so strong that he soon changed his purpose and devoted a very large part of his article for the *Quarterly Review* to an elaborate defence of his own picture of the Covenanters' that is, Scott as Scott defended in the *Quarterly*, in a review of his own unacknowledged works, his own historical representations there set forth. The following extracts are from the earlier part of M'Crie's famous review of *The Tales*.

The same regard to the truth of history must be observed when fictitious personages are introduced, provided the reader is taught or induced to form a judgment from them of the parties to which they are represented as belonging. If it is permitted to make embellishments on the scene, with the view of giving greater interest to the piece, the utmost care ought to be taken that they do not violate the integrity of character; and they must be impartially distributed, and equally extended to all parties, and to the virtues and vices of each. This is a delicate task, but the undertaker imposes it upon himself, with all its responsibilities. Besides fidelity, impartiality, and judgment, it requires an extensive, and minute, and accurate acquaintance with the history of the period selected, including the [illegible] opinions and habits, as well as of events. And we do not hesitate to say that this is a species of intelligence which is not likely to be possessed by the person who holds in sovereign contempt the opinions which were then deemed of the utmost moment, and turns with disgust from the very [illegible] manners of the men whose inmost habits he [illegible] to disclose. Nor will the multifarious reading of the dabbler in everything, from the highest affairs of Church and State down to the economy of the kitchen and the management of the stable, keep him from blundering here at every step. . . .

The guardians of public opinion cannot be too jealous in guarding against the encroachments of the writers of fiction upon the province of true history, nor too faithful in pointing out every transgression, however small it may appear, of the sacred fences by which it is protected. Such writers have it in their power to do much [illegible] what they convey [illegible] numerous and [illegible] class of readers. When the scene is laid in a remote and fabulous period, or when the merits and [illegible] of the men who are made to figure in it do not affect the great cause of truth and of public good, the writer may be allowed to exercise his ingenuity, and to amuse his readers, without our narrowly inquiring whether his representations are historically correct or not. But when he speaks of those men who were engaged in the great struggle for national and individual rights, civil and religious, which took place in this country previous to the Revolution, and of all the cruelties of the oppressors, and all the sufferings of the oppressed, he is not to be tolerated in giving a false and distorted view of men and measures, whether this proceed from ignorance or from prejudice. Nor should his representations be allowed to pass without severe reprehension when their native tendency is to shade the atrocities of persecution, to diminish the horror with which the conduct of a tyrannical and unprincipled government has been so long and so justly regarded, and to traduce and vilify the characters of those men who, while they were made to feel all the weight of its severity, continued to resist, until they succeeded in emancipating themselves, and securing their posterity from the galling yoke. On this supposition, it is not sufficient to atone for such faults that the work in which they are found displays great talents; that it contains scenes which are described with exquisite propriety and truth; that the leading facts in the history of those times are brought forward; that the author has condemned the severities of the government; that he is often in a mirthful and facetious mood; and that some allowances must be made for a desire to amuse his readers, and to impart greater interest to a story which, after all, is for the most part fictitious. . . .

One charge which he frequently brings against the strict Presbyterians is that of a morose and gloomy bigotry, displayed by their censuring of all innocent recreations. This he endeavours to impress on the imagination of his reader in the very first scene, by representing them as refusing, from such scruples, to attend the weaponschaws appointed by government. 'The rigour of the strict Calvinists' says he, 'increased in proportion to the wishes of the government that it should be relaxed. A supercilious condemnation of all manly pastimes and harmless recreations distinguished those who professed a more than ordinary share of sanctity.' . . . The fact is, that from the Reformation down to the period in which the scene of this tale is laid, such exercises and pastimes were quite common throughout Scotland; children were carefully trained to them when at school; professors in universities attended and joined in them, as well as their students; and the Presbyterian ministers, having practised them at school and at college, instead of condemning them as unlawful, did not scruple to countenance them with their presence. There were some of these precise preachers for whom, we suspect, our author (with all his intimate knowledge of such sports) might not have been quite a match in shooting at the popinjay; and in playing with them at the rapier or small sword, or in wrestling a fall, we are afraid he might have come off as badly as Sergeant Bothwell did from the brawny arms of John Balfour of Burley. . . .

The second instance which goes to prove that the author's statements respecting the religious sentiments and customs of that period are not to be depended upon relates to the use of the Book of Common Prayer. 'The young at arms,' says he, 'were unable to avoid *[illegible] the pr[illegible] on these occasions*, and thus, in the opinion of their repining parents, meddling with the accursed thing which is an abomination in the sight of the Lord.' Now, though the author had not stood in awe of that 'dreadful name,' which all Christians are taught to venerate, nor been afraid of the threatening, 'The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain,' we would have thought that he would have at least been careful to save himself from ridicule by ascertaining the truth of the fact which he assumes as the foundation of his irreverent jest. How, then, does the fact stand? Prayers were *not read* in the parish churches of Scotland at that time, any more than they were in the meeting houses of the indulged, or in the conventicles of the stricter Presbyterians. The author has taken it for granted that the Prayer Book was introduced into Scotland along with Episcopal government at the Restoration. We are astonished that any one who professed to be acquainted with the history of that period, and especially one who undertakes to describe its religious manners, should take up this erroneous notion. The English Book of Common Prayer was never introduced into Scotland, and, previous to 1637, was used only in the Chapel Royal, and perhaps occasionally in one or two other places, to please the king. The history of the short-lived Scottish Prayer Book is well known. At the Restoration neither the one nor the other was imposed, but the public worship was left to be conducted as it had been practised in the Presbyterian Church. Charles II. was not so fond of prayers, whether read or extempore, as to interest himself in that matter; his maxim was, that Presbyterianism was not fit for a gentleman; his dissipated and irreligious courtiers were of the same opinion; and therefore Episcopacy was established. As for the aspiring churchmen who furthered and pressed the change, they were satisfied with seating themselves in their rich bishoprics. Accordingly, the author will not find the Presbyterians 'repining' at this imposition; and had he examined their writings, as he ought to have done, he would have found them repeatedly admitting that they had no such grievance. . . . For the sake of giving interest to a particular scene, the author has much too often violated historical truth and probability, and even sometimes contradicted his own statements or admissions. Instances of this occur in some of his best descriptions, and they show that though he has the imagination and feeling of a poet, he is deficient in the judgment and discriminating taste of the historian.

M'C[illegible] Life by [illegible] (1840).

Thomas Campbell

was born in Glasgow on the 27th July 1777. The youngest of eleven, he came of a good Highland family, the Campbells of Kirnan in Argyllshire, who traced their origin to the first lord of Lochawe. The property, however, had passed from the old race, and the poet's father carried on business in Glasgow as a trader with Virginia. The American Revolution brought disaster, and in his latter days Alexander Campbell subsisted on a small income derived from a merchant's society, aided by his industrious wife, who took in young collegians as boarders. Thomas passed in 1791 from the grammar-school to the University of Glasgow, and was particularly distinguished for his translations from the Greek; a translation of part of the *Clouds* of Aristophanes being specially commended. He had already gained a prize for an English poem, an *Essay on the Origin of Evil*, modelled on Pope. Other poetical pieces, written between his fourteenth and sixteenth year, show his delicate taste and care of diction. He became tutor to a family in Mull, and about this time met with his 'Caroline of the West,' the daughter of a minister of Inveraray. In 1794 he begged five shillings from his mother, and walked to Edinburgh to attend the trials of Muir and Gerald for sedition—for he was already a stout Reformer and admirer of the French Revolution. The winter of 1795 saw him again at college work in Glasgow, and supporting himself by private tuition. Next year he was again tutor in the Highlands, this time in Appin; thereafter he repaired to Edinburgh, hesitated between the Church and the law, but soon abandoning all hopes of either, employed himself in private teaching and work for the booksellers. Poetry was not neglected, and in April 1799 appeared his *Pleasures of Hope*. The copyright was sold for £60; but for some years the publishers gave the poet £50 on every new edition of two thousand copies, and allowed him, in 1803, to publish a quarto subscription-copy, from which he realised about £1000. It was in a 'dusky lodging' in Alison Square, Edinburgh, that the *Pleasures of Hope* was composed; much of it was thought out in walks round Arthur's Seat, and the opening lines were suggested by the Firth of Forth as seen from the Calton Hill. The poem went through four editions in a twelvemonth, having captivated all readers by its varied melody, polished diction, generous sentiment, and touching episodes; and in picturing the horrors of war and the partition of Poland the poet warmed to noble rage:

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

From the Portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence in the National Portrait Gallery.

Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time!
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career:
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there:
Tumultuous Murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!

Earth shook, red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

Defects were noted in the *Pleasures of Hope*—lack of connection between the parts, florid lines, and imperfect metaphors; but such a series of genial pictures, of dignified and suggestive thoughts, in such terse and polished verse had rarely been found in a poem written at the age of twenty-one. More than a hundred and fifty new lines were added after the first edition.

Shortly after its publication Campbell visited the Continent. He sailed from Leith for Hamburg in June 1800, and proceeding thence to Ratisbon, witnessed the action which gave that city to the French. The poet stood with the monks of the Scottish college of St James on the ramparts near the monastery while the Austrian cavalry charged the French. He saw no other battle—Hohenlinden was fought some weeks after he had left Bavaria—but made many excursions and was well received by Moreau and other French officers. The progress of the war drove him north to Hamburg, where he settled for a winter; and here he wrote some of his minor poems, published in the *Morning Chronicle*. *Ye Mariners of England* was 'made in Germany;' *The Battle of the Baltic* too was inspired by the arrival of the British fleet in the Sound. In another vein were some poems in which he imitated Klopstock, whose acquaintance he had made here. And the *Exile of Erin* was suggested by a meeting at Hamburg with an Irish rebel, Anthony MacCann. For this—so jealous was the British Government of that day—Campbell was suspected of being a spy, and on his arrival in Edinburgh was subjected to an examination by the sheriff, which ended happily in mirth and conviviality. Shortly afterwards the poetical wanderer was received by Lord Minto as secretary and literary companion—a function Campbell's temper and democratic spirit rendered uncongenial, and erelong intolerable. To the year 1802 belong *Lochiel's Warning* and *Hohenlinden*—the latter surely a remarkable battle-piece, though it was rejected by the editor of the *Greenock Advertiser*, and was called by its author a 'mere drum and trumpet thing.' In 1803 he settled in London, making literature his profession, and living with Telford the engineer, who continued his friendship throughout a long life. For the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia* Campbell wrote biographies, an account of the drama, and other articles; he compiled three volumes of the *Annals of Great Britain from the Accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens*, a continuation of Smollett, and, like Goldsmith, often contrived to brighten mere hack-work with literary grace. In 1805, through Fox's influence, the Government granted him a pension of £200—a well-merited tribute to the author of *Ye Mariners of England* and the *Battle of the Baltic*. In 1809 was published his second great poem, *Gertrude of Wyoming, a Pennsylvanian Tale*, a pathetic story sweetly told in Spenserian stanzas, how 'the junction of European with Indian arms converted a terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste.' The best of his later pieces were contributed to the *New Monthly Magazine*, which he edited from 1820 to 1831. One of these minor poems, 'The Last Man,' is one of his most notable creations. In 1814, with Mrs Siddons and John Kemble, Campbell visited Paris, and so keenly enjoyed the sculpture and other works of art in the Louvre that they seemed to give his mind a new sense of the harmony of art. In 1818 he revisited Germany, and the year after his return published his *Specimens of the British Poets*, with biographical and critical notices, in seven volumes—a sound, sensible, and for the time eminently serviceable piece of work, though some of the criticism has now an antiquated air, and the standard is not that of the present day. In 1820 he lectured on poetry at the Surrey Institution; in 1824 he published *Theodric*, an extravagant tale, pompous and wooden, but containing one fine passage. *O'Connor's Child* Sir Henry Taylor pronounced to be 'the very soul of song—tragic, romantic, passionate;' and held that some of the other minor poems, *The Spectre Boat*, *Reullura*, *The Ritter Bann*, and *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, have an almost equal charm. Though busy in establishing the London University, he was in 1827 elected Lord Rector of the university of his native city—a compliment heightened by his re-election the two following years, the last time Sir Walter Scott being the rejected. In 1834 he made a voyage to Algiers, of which he published an account; and in 1842 he appeared again as a poet in a slight narrative piece unworthy of his fame, *The Pilgrim of Glencoe*. Among the literary engagements of his latter years were Lives of Mrs Siddons and of Petrarch. In the summer of 1843 he fixed his residence at Boulogne, but his health was now much impaired; he died the following summer, on the 15th of June 1844, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Campbell's early favourites and models were Milton and Gray, Thomson and Goldsmith, but especially Pope, whom he vehemently and, as Byron said, gloriously defended against Bowles and other critics. He shows the influence of these his masters, as well as of Akenside and Rogers and even Erasmus Darwin. Spite of his long life of literary work, the whole of his poetry fills but a small volume, and his best a very small bulk. 'What a pity it is,' said Sir Walter Scott, 'that Campbell does not write more and oftener, and give full sweep to his genius! He has wings that would bear him to the skies; and he does, now and then, spread them grandly, but folds them up again, and resumes his perch, as if he was afraid to launch away. What a grand idea is that,' said [illegible] 'about prophetic boding, or, in common parlance, second sight—

Coming events cast their shadows before!

The fact is,' Scott added, 'Campbell is, in a manner, a bugbear to himself. The brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his further efforts. He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him.' Most of Campbell's longer poems are didactic and uninspired save in brief passages, felicitous and mellifluous but monotonous. Only in his war songs is he magnificent; and though most of his other work is little read, these are of universal acceptance and imperishable. And he is secure, as a critic said, of an 'immortality of quotation.' Though 'Like angel visits few and far between,' oftenest quoted, was borrowed by Campbell as well as by Blair from Norris of Bemerton (page 250), some of his phrases, lines, and couplets are household words: 'A sunburst in the storm of death;' 'Broken hearts die slow;' 'To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die;' 'With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe;' and 'mortal pleasure' defined as 'the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.'

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

Elegy written in Mull (June 1795)

The tempest blackens on the dreary main,
And billows lash the long-resounding shore;
In pensive mood, I roam the [illegible],
And vainly sigh for [illegible]!
O whither fled the pleasures of the soul,
That cheered each heart and fired the Muse's powers?
The classic haunts of youth, for ever gay,
Where mirth and friendship cheered the close of day;
The well-known valleys where I wont to roam;
The native sports, the [illegible] of home?
Far different scenes allure my wondering eye;
The white wave foaming to the distant sky;
The cloudy heavens, unblest by summer's smile,
The sounding storm that sweeps the rugged isle,
The chill, bleak summit of eternal snow,
The wide, wild glen—the pathless plains below;
The dark blue rocks [illegible];
The [illegible].
Far different these [illegible],
The grassy banks [illegible],
Her sloping vales, with waving forests [illegible],
Her smooth blue lakes [illegible].
Hail, happy Clutha! glad shall I survey
Thy gilded turrets from the distant way!
Thy sight shall cheer [illegible],
And joy shall hail [illegible].

From the 'Pleasures of Hope'

Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With peace embosomed in Idalian bowers!
Remote from busy life's bewildered way,
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway!
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit-steps to wander and adore!
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on nature with a poet's eye!
And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,
The woods and waves, and murmuring winds asleep,
When fairy harps the Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell;
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green;
No circling hills his ravished eye to bound,
Heaven, earth, and ocean blazing all around!
The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—
And down the vale his sober step returns;
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away;
And oft he lingers from his home awhile,
To watch the dying notes—and start, and smile!
Let winter come! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!
Though boundless snows the withered heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day!
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the faggots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!
How blest he names, in love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend, by nature marked his own;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since when her empire o'er his heart began!
Since first he called her his before the holy man!
Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home;
And let the half-uncurtained window hail
Some wayworn man benighted in the vale!
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,
While fiery hosts in heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in lurid light the Milky-way;
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour;
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile!

The Death of Gertrude.

Past was the flight, and welcome seemed the tower,
That like a giant standard-bearer frowned
Defiance on the roving Indian power.
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound
With embrasure embossed and armour crowned,
And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green:
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant scene.

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seemed to blow:

There, sad spectatress of her country's woe!
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasped her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Inclosed, that felt her heart, and hushed its wild alarm!

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn and banners flew;
Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near?—yet there, with lust of murderous deeds,
Gleamed like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambushed foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert, Albert falls! the dear old father bleeds!

And tranced in giddy horror, Gertrude swooned;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's wound,
These drops?—Oh, God! the life-blood is her own!
And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown
'Weep not, O love!' she cries, 'to see me bleed;
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
These wounds; yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed!

'Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust!'

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seemed to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonising as he knelt—
Of them that stood encircling his despair
He heard some friendly words, but knew not what they [were.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between,
'Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
Touched by the music and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd:
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as passed each much-loved shroud—
While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth;
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth; him watched, in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide: but words had none to soothe
The grief that knew not consolation's name;
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watched, beneath its folds, each burst that came
Convulsive, ague like, across his shuddering frame!

'And I could weep,' the Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun;
'But that I may not stain with grief
The death song of my father's son,
Or bow this head in woe!
For, by my wrongs, and by my wrath,
To-morrow Areouski's breath,
That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy,
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

'But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep:
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

'To-morrow let us do or die!
But when the bolt of death is hurled,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once loved home?
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers;
Unheard their clock repeats its hours;
Cold is the hearth within their bowers:
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes and its empty tread
Would sound like voices from the dead!

'Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed,
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there, in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death like old.
Then seek we not their camp; for there
The silence dwells of my despair!

'But hark, the trump! to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death song of an Indian chief!'

(From *Gertrude of Wyoming*.)

Ye Mariners of England.

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow!

When the poem was first published in the *Morning Chronicle* [illegible], the line about Blake and Nelson read 'Where Grenville (boast of freedom) fell,' but after Trafalgar the Georgian hero was substituted for the Elizabethan, Tennyson's Sir Richard Grenville, and Blake the Cromwellian was added, though Blake did not precisely 'fall,' but died of scorbutic fever on board his ship as it entered Plymouth Sound.

The Battle of the Baltic.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom,
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave;
'Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.'

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou;
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

Captain Riou was praised by Lord Nelson as the gallant and good. The first draft of the poem, sent to Scott [illegible] stanzas, all published in Beattie's *Life of Campbell*. [illegible] greatly improved by condensation, but the excision of these verses on English sailors [illegible] a loss:

Not such a mind possessed
England's tar;
'Twas the love of the name
Set his oaken heart on flame,
For to him 'twas all the same—
Sport and war.

All hands and eyes on watch
As they keep;
By their motion light as wings,
By each step that haughty springs,
You might know them for the kings
Of the deep.

Hohenlinden.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

From 'The Last Man'

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom—
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by;
Saying: "We are twins in death, proud Sun;
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go.
For thou, ten thousand thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow. . . .

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim,
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of Victory,
And took the sting from Death!"

From 'O'Connor's Child'

O'Connor's child, I was the bud
Of Erin's royal tree of glory;
But woe to them that wrapt in blood
The tissue of my story!
Still as I clasp my burning brain,
A death-scene rushes on my sight;
It rises o'er and o'er again,
The bloody feud, the fatal night,
When chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,
They called my hero basely born;
And bade him choose a meaner bride
Than from O'Connor's house of pride.
Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psaltery;
Witness their Eath's victorious brand,
And Cathal of the bloody hand;
Glory (they said) and power and honor
Were in the mansion of O'Connor:
But he, my loved one, bore in field
A humbler crest, a meaner shield.

Ah, brothers! what did it avail
That fiercely and triumphantly
Ye fought the English of the Pale,
And stemmed De Bourgo's chivalry?
And what was it to love and me,
That barons by your standard rode;
Or beal-fires for your jubilee
Upon a hundred mountains glowed?
What though the lords of tower and dome
From Shannon to the North-sea foam,—
Thought ye your iron hands of pride
Could break the knot that love had tied?
No: let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom;
But ties around this heart were spun,
That could not, would not, be undone!

At bleating of the wild watch-fold
Thus sang my love—"Oh, come with me:
Our bark is on the lake, behold
Our steeds are fastened to the tree.
Come far from Castle-Connor's clans:
Come with thy belted forestere,
And I, beside the lake of swans,
Shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer;
And build thy hut, and bring thee home
The wild-fowl and the honey-comb;
And berries from the wood provide,
And play my clarshech by thy side.
Then come, my love!" How could I stay?
Our nimble stag-hounds tracked the way,
And I pursued, by moonless skies,
The light of Connocht Moran's eyes.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

But Heaven [illegible]
Did with [illegible]
I woke and [illegible]
A prophetess's fire
Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,
I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,
And ranged, as to the judgment seat,
My guilty, trembling brothers round.
Clad in the helm and shield they came;
For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries,
And lighted up the midnight skies.

[illegible] way
[illegible] where I lay
[illegible]

[illegible]

From 'Ode to the Memory of Burns.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Lady Dacre (1768-1854), one of the most accomplished women of her time, was a daughter of Admiral Ogle, and was married first to Mr Wilmot, an officer in the Guards, and in 1819 to the twenty-first Lord Dacre. She wrote poems and four dramas, of which *Ina*, on an Anglo-Saxon plot, was produced at Drury Lane by Sheridan; and her translations from Petrarch were published with Ugo Foscolo's *Essays on Petrarch* (1823). A separate volume of her *Translations from the Italian* was privately printed in 1836. Her one daughter, the wife of Mr Sullivan, a Hertfordshire clergyman, wrote *The Recollections of a Chaperon* and *Tales of the Peerage and Peasantry*, both of which were edited by Lady Dacre.

Lady Charlotte Bury (1775-1861) wrote nearly a score of books (most of them anonymously), including several fashionable novels—*Flirtation*, *Separation*, *A Marriage in High Life*, *The Divorced*, *Family Records*, *Love*, some poems, two books of devotion, and, as was then believed and still seems probable, the *Diary illustrative of the Times of George IV.*, a scandalous chronicle, published in 1838. Born Lady Charlotte Campbell, a daughter of the Duke of Argyll by his duchess, 'the beautiful Miss Gunning,' widow of the Duke of Hamilton, she had for her first husband Colonel John Campbell. During her widowhood and before her marriage to the Rev. E. J. Bury, while holding an appointment in the household of the Princess of Wales, she seems to have kept this Diary, in which she recorded the foibles and failings of the unfortunate princess and other members of the court. The work was strongly condemned by the leading critical journals, and was received generally with much professed disapprobation, but nevertheless ran swiftly through several editions.

Mary Brunton (1778-1818), novelist, was born in the small, bare, and wind-swept island of Burray in the Orkneys, the daughter of Colonel Balfour of Elwick and a niece of Lord Ligonier. Mary was carefully educated by her mother, and in Edinburgh thoroughly acquired French and Italian; but while she was only sixteen her mother died, and for four years the cares and duties of the household devolved on her. Then she was married to the minister of Bolton in Haddingtonshire; and when in 1803 Mr Brunton was called to one of the churches in Edinburgh, she had opportunity of meeting cultivated society. 'Till I began *Self-control*,' she says in one of her letters, 'I had never in my life written anything but a letter or a recipe, excepting a few hundreds of idle rhymes, from which I desisted by the time I had gained the wisdom of fifteen years: therefore I was so ignorant of the art on which I was entering, that I formed scarcely any plan for my tale. I merely intended to show the power of the religious principle in bestowing self-command, and to bear testimony against a maxim as immoral as indelicate, that a reformed rake makes the best husband.' Of *Self-control*, published anonymously in 1811, the first edition was sold in a month, and a second and third were called for. In 1814 *Discipline* was also well received. She began a third work, *Emmeline*, but did not live to finish it. Next year her husband published (1819) the unfinished tale with a memoir. In *Self-control* the authoress showed acute observation, and attained individuality in her portraits; but the plot is very unskilfully managed, and the style at times conventional and stilted. Hargrave is obviously based on Lovelace, and Laura is the Clarissa of the tale.

Christian Isobel Johnstone (1781-1857) published anonymously *Clan Albin* (1815), a tale written before the appearance of *Waverley*, and like *Waverley* aiming to cast a romantic glow over Highland character and scenery. A second novel, *Elizabeth de Bruce*, was published in 1827 by Mrs Johnstone, who wrote some interesting tales for children (*The Diversions of Hollycot*, *The Knights of the Round Table*, &c.), and was an extensive contributor to the periodical literature of the day. She was for some years editor of *Tait's Magazine*. But the most notable and successful of her publications was the unromantic *Cook and Housewife's Manual, by Mrs Margaret Dods*, familiarly known as 'Meg Dods's Cookery' (the pseudonym being taken from *St Ronan's Well*), which went through ten editions between 1826 and 1854. Born in Fife, she was the wife of a Dunfermline schoolmaster, who became an editor and publisher, latterly in Edinburgh.

Jane Porter (1776-1850) and **Anna Maria Porter** (1780-1832) were daughters of an Irish army surgeon, who died in 1779, leaving a widow and five children with but a small patrimony for their support. Mrs Porter removed from Durham to Edinburgh while Anna Maria was still in her nurse-maid's arms, and there the two girls and their brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter, received the rudiments of their education. Sir Walter Scott, when a student at college, was intimate with the family, and as to Jane we are told 'he was very fond of either teasing the little female student when very gravely engaged with her book, or more often taking her on his knees, and telling her stories of witches and warlocks, till both forgot their former playful merriment in the marvellous interest of the tale.' Chiefly with a view to the education of her children, Mrs Porter left Edinburgh in 1790 for London, settling finally at Esher in Surrey. Anna Maria became an authoress at the age of twelve, with *Artless Tales* (2 vols. 1793-95). In 1797 she published *Walsh Colville*, and in 1798 a three-volume novel, *Octavia*. A numerous series of works of fiction followed: *The Lake of Killarney* (1804), *A Sailor's Friendship and a Soldier's Love* (1805), *The Hungarian Brothers* (1807), *Don Sebastian, or the House of Braganza* (1809), *Ballad Romances and other Poems* (1811), *The Recluse of Norway* (1814), *Honor O'Hara* (1826), &c. Altogether, Miss Porter's work [illegible] unt to about fifty volumes. She died at Bristo[illegible] on a visit to her brother, Dr Porter of that [illegible] in 1832. The most popular and perhaps the [illegible] st of Anna Maria Porter's novels is her *Don* [illegible]. In all of them she portrays with warmth and sympathy the domestic affections, and the charms of benevolence and virtue; but in *Don Sebastian* we have besides an interesting though melancholy plot and characters vividly sketched. Anna's sister, Jane, was later in developing her literary talent, but had a much greater gift; and her two romances, *Thaddeus of Warsaw* (1803) and *The Scottish Chiefs* (1810), were both exceptionally popular in their day. *Thaddeus*, high-flown and but superficially true to Polish character or historical setting, was translated into French and German, delighted Kosciuszko, and brought its authoress an honorary office from the King of Wurtemberg. The *Chiefs* is wonderfully untrue to real history and national manners; it is stilted, conventional, sentimental, and its Wallace is alternately a drawing-room hero and a stage *poseur*, not the rough captain of a rougher militia. Yet the story is animated and picturesque, was enormously popular in Scotland, was translated into French, German, and Russian, and had the honour of being proscribed by Napoleon. It used to be credited (contrary to probability) with an even higher honour—that of having suggested to Scott the idea of the Waverley Novels. But *Thaddeus* and the *Chiefs* are almost the only historical novels before Scott's time that can be said still to live. The *Chiefs* was more than a dozen times reprinted before the end of the nineteenth century, and *Thaddeus* was at least twice reprinted in its last decade. Other novels were *The Pastor's Fireside*, *Duke Christian of Luneburg* (the idea of which was suggested by George IV., the materials supplied by Dr Clarke), and *The Forty Footsteps*. Two or three plays by her were blank failures. Her last considerable enterprise was on a work given out as a record of real experience merely 'edited' by her. *Sir Edward Seaward's Shipwreck, as written in his own Diary* (1831), although the authorship was long ascribed to her, was probably the work of her eldest brother, Dr William Ogilvie Porter (1774-1850). Another brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter (1777-1842), battle-painter, travelled much, was consul in Venezuela, and wrote books of travel in Russia, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, Georgia, Persia, and Armenia.

JANE PORTER

From the Drawing by George Henry Harlow in the National Portrait Gallery

Joanna Baillie borrows freely from Jane Porter's Wallace for her equally non-authentic 'William Wallace' in the *Metrical Legends*, and cites from the *Scottish Chiefs* this passage as one of 'terrific sublimity':

The Burning of the Barns of Ayr

[illegible] Wallace [illegible] ing on part of the building, with a flaming brand [illegible] mingled revellers beneath, and as he threw it [illegible] cried aloud, 'The blood of the m[illegible] Ayr [illegible]

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

From the Drawing by George Henry Harlow in the National Portrait Gallery

the matches were put to the faggots which surrounded the building, and the whole party, springing fr[illegible] seats, hastened towards the doors: all were fastened and, retreating again in the midst of the room, they fearfully looked up to the tremendous figure above, which, like a supernatural being, seemed to avenge their crimes and rain down fire on their guilty heads. . . . The rising smoke from within and without the building [illegible]. The shouts of the Scots as the fire covered its walls, and the streaming flames licking the windows and pouring into every opening of the building, raised such a terror in the breasts of the wretches within that with the most horrible cries they again and again flew to the doors to escape. Not an avenue appeared; almost suffocated with smoke, and scorched with the blazing rafters that fell from the roof, they at last made a desperate attempt to break a passage through the great portal.

Jane Austen

was born 16th December 1775, at Steventon Rectory, near Basingstoke in Hampshire, the youngest of seven children—one other daughter, Cassandra, and five sons, of whom two rose to be admirals. Her father, the Rev. George Austen, was a competent scholar, who carefully cherished his daughter's talent; her education was better than that which most girls got towards the close of the eighteenth century; she learnt French and Italian, and had a good acquaintance with English literature, her favourite authors being Richardson, Johnson, Cowper, Crabbe, Fanny Burney, and Scott. In 1801 the family settled at Bath, and after the father's death there in 1805, the widow and two daughters removed to Southampton, and in 1809 to the village of Chawton near Alton. Jane had begun to write her novels as early at least as 1796, and four of them were published anonymously in her lifetime—*Sense and Sensibility* (1811), *Pride and Prejudice* (1813), *Mansfield Park* (1814), and *Emma* (1816). In May 1817 ill-health rendered it necessary that she should remove to some place where constant medical advice could be secured. She went to Winchester, and died there on the 18th July 1817, her forty-two years of placid existence having, save for a love disappointment about which she said little, been darkened by no sore trials, and undisturbed by any but the gentler emotions. The insidious consumption which carried her off seemed only to increase the powers of her mind; she wrote while she could hold pen or pencil, and the day before her death composed stanzas instinct with fancy and vigour. A few months after her death her friends gave to the world two unpublished novels, *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion*, the first written as early as 1798, the latter finished only in 1816. By pretty general consent *Pride and Prejudice* is ranked as her masterpiece. But as Mr Austin Dobson has recorded, 'There are who swear by *Persuasion*; there are who prefer *Emma* and *Mansfield Park*; . . . and there is even a section which advocates the pre-eminence of *Northanger Abbey*—a proof, surely, of the abounding charm of all of them. *Sense and Sensibility* has fewest champions, or none for pre-eminence.'

Though none of her works was published till the next century, three of her most characteristic works—*Pride and Prejudice*, *Northanger Abbey*, and the first draft of *Sense and Sensibility*—were finished in the eighteenth, and her manner was fully formed. Her work shows the most characteristic type of the pure domestic novel. She drew her material from what she actually saw around her; her experience of life was somewhat limited, and even mildly monotonous. This and her own temperament, more than any deliberate critical purpose, determined her to a kind of novel-writing completely opposed to what was then in vogue—the *Udolpho*, *St Leon*, and *Monk* type. *Northanger Abbey* is, partly at least, a deliberate parody of this style; and it was unquestionably her conscious conviction that a true picture of ordinary life could be made as interesting as the tale of lofty romance and overdrawn sentiment, of daggers and bowls, impossible disguises, incredible conjunctions, monstrous crimes, preternatural agonies and remorse. The charm of her work lies in its truth and simplicity. She gives us plain representations of English society in the middle and higher classes, sets us down in country-house and cottage, and introduces us to an entertaining company whose characters are displayed amid the ordinary incidents of daily life, and in marvellously lifelike dialogues and conversations. No doubt the same characters appear under various names, her brightly drawn groups consist of the same or similar persons. There is no attempt to attain to high things, to startle with scenes of surprising daring or distress, to make us forget that we are among commonplace mortals and humdrum existence. The materials she works on would seem to promise little for the novel-reader; in any but the most skilful hands they would not attract; yet Miss Austen's minute circumstantiality, her multiplied details of almost commonplace details, merely exhibit, as Mr W. H. Pollock has said, 'the triumph of the genius which endues commonplace with rarity, which makes of characters that might be met any day in the present time with a difference only of manners, forms of thought and emotion that may be encountered at any moment, a real possession for ever.' How well Miss Austen estimated her own literary powers may be seen from an amusing correspondence which she had with a Mr Clarke, the librarian of the Prince Regent, as a consequence of her dedication of *Emma* to the 'first gentleman in Europe.' Mr Clarke suggested that she should write a novel depicting 'the habits of life and character and enthusiasm of a clergyman who should pass his time between the metropolis and the country,' and tried to fire her ambition with the suggestion that on such a subject she might beat both Goldsmith and La Fontaine. But Miss Austen was not to be tempted. The comic part, she said, she might do, 'but not the good, the enthusiastic, the literary.' She had not the knowledge to imagine conversations on 'science and philosophy,' or to supply the 'quotations and allusions' that should adorn the talk of a learned divine. Nor was she less decided in her rejection of Mr Clarke's next proposal (in view of the projected marriage of the Princess Charlotte and

Prince Leopold) of 'an historical romance illustrative of the august house of Coburg.' 'I could not,' she answered, 'sit seriously down to write a serious romance under any other motive than to save my life; and if it were indispensable for me to keep it up and never relax into laughing at myself or at other people, I am sure I should be hung before I had finished the first chapter. No, I must keep to my own style, and go on in my own way; and though I may never succeed again in that, I am convinced that I should totally fail in any other.'

The details in Jane Austen's works are not, as in Balzac, multiplied overmuch: they all aid in developing and discriminating her characters, who, if they do not throb and thrill with passion, have amazing vitality and lifelikeness; they are presented with extraordinary dramatic truth and effect; 'every one says the right thing in the right place and in the right way.' 'Of all his successors she is the one who most nearly resembles Richardson in the power of impressing reality upon her characters.' Wherever Miss Austen introduces us, we soon find ourselves amongst friends and neighbours, more familiar to us, in spite of their old-fashioned dresses and old-world phrases, than many of the people amongst whom we actually live. She is amazingly deft in [illegible] the ridicule of womanly foibles and vanity, [illegible] is great on mistakes in the education of [illegible] on family differences, obstinacy, and [illegible] classes of society, and the nicer shades of feeling and conduct as they ripen into love or friendship or subside into indifference or dislike. We do not find, we do not miss that lurid colouring of the stronger and darker passions which so many novelists of her time [illegible]ted. The clear daylight of nature as reflected in domestic life is her genial and inexhaustible element. Yet as every work of art, every true story, has its ethical value, a more pointed moral lesson can hardly be conveyed than in the distress of the Bertram family in *Mansfield Park*, brought about by the vanity and callousness of the two daughters, who had been taught nothing but 'accomplishments.' Such criticisms of life d[illegible] on us in the development of the story, not [illegible] force because they are inculcated not in didactic [illegible]ate, but by art skilfully imitating nature. And nature teaches the most unwilling pupil.

The novels were [illegible] ning, but found their warmest admirers after they had been many years before the world. Whately, an enthusiastic critic, compared Jane Austen's method to that of the Dutch painters; she herself to miniature work. Her scope is limited, but within it she is wonderfully perfect. G. H. Lewes declared that no author had a truer sense of proportioning means to ends; and in this Charlotte Bronte, a not too sympathetic critic, agreed. She was marvellously acute in observing, skilful in portraying what she interested herself in, gifted with true humour and a vein of gentle but effective satire; poetry was not her forte, and she deliberately turned her back on romance. Sir Walter Scott, after reading *Pride and Prejudice* for the third time, thus summed up Jane Austen in his diary with the authority of a master and with an unforgettable contrast: 'That young lady has a talent for describing the involvements of feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big *Bow-wow* strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!' Macaulay wrote: 'I have now read once again all Miss Austen's novels: charming they are. There are in the world no compositions which approach nearer to perfection:' and even went so far as to declare that she approached nearest to Shakespeare in character drawing, an appreciation recently defended by Mr Pollock: 'Her place is unique amongst women novelists.' Coleridge, Southey, and Sydney Smith were amongst her admirers, a representative trio. Justin M'Carthy is almost the only nameworthy writer who has of late ventured to speak of her as 'a disappearing author:' the general consensus is that she is as highly thought of as ever both by critics and by the general public. Edward FitzGerald in one of his letters 1860 styles her 'perfect:' in another, eleven years afterwards, he in one point modifies this judgment by complaining that 'she is capital as far as she goes, but she never goes out of the Parlour; if but Magnus Troil, or Jack Bunce, or even one of Fielding's Brutes, would but dash in upon the Gentility, and swear a round Oath or two!'

Men and Women.

'Your feelings may be the strongest,' replied Anne, '[illegible] most tender. Man is more robust than [illegible] he is not longer lived, which exactly explains my views of the nature of their attachments. Nay, it would be hard upon you if it were otherwise. You [illegible]s, and privations, and dangers enough to struggle with. You are always labouring and toiling, exposed to every risk and hardship. Your home, country, friends all quitted. Neither time, nor health, [illegible] be called your own. It would be hard [illegible] faltering voice) 'if woman's feelings were to be added to all this.'

'We shall never agree upon this point,' Captain Harville said. 'No man and woman would, probably. But let me observe that all histories are against you, all [illegible] prose and verse. If I had such a memory as Benwick, I could bring you fifty quotations in a moment on my side of the argument, and I do not think I ever [illegible] something to say upon woman's inconstancy. Songs and proverbs all talk of woman's fickleness. But perhaps you will say these were all written by men.'

'Perhaps I shall. Yes, yes, if you please, no reference to examples in books. Men have every advantage of us in telling their own story. Education has been theirs in a much higher degree; the pen has been in their hands. I will not allow books to prove anything.'

'But how shall we prove anything?'

'We never shall. We never can expect to prove anything upon such a point. It is a difference of opinion which does not admit of proof. We each begin probably with a little bias towards our own sex, and upon that bias build every circumstance in favour of it which has occurred within our own circle; many of which circumstances (perhaps those very cases which strike us the most) may be precisely such as cannot be brought forward without betraying a confidence, or, in some respect, saying what should not be said!'

JANE AUSTEN

From a Drawing made at the Age of [illegible]

'Ah!' cried Captain Harville, in a tone of strong feeling, 'if I could but make you comprehend what a man suffers when he takes a last look at his wife and children, and watches the boat that he has sent them off in, as long as it is in sight, and then turns away and says, "God knows whether we ever meet again!" And then, if I could convey to you the glow of his soul when he does see them again; when, coming back after a twelvemonth's absence, perhaps, and obliged to put into another port, he calculates how soon it will be possible to get them there, pretending to deceive himself, and saying, "They cannot be here till such a day," but all the while hoping for them twelve hours sooner, and seeing them arrive at last, as if Heaven had given them wings, by many hours sooner still! If I could explain to you all this, and all that a man can bear and do, and glories to do, for the sake of these treasures of his existence! I speak, you know, only of such men as have hearts!'—pressing his own with emotion.

'Oh,' cried Anne eagerly, 'I hope I do justice to all that is felt by you, and by those who resemble you. God forbid that I should undervalue the warm and faithful feelings of any of my fellow creatures. I should deserve utter contempt if I dared to suppose that true attachment and constancy were known only by woman. No, I believe you capable of everyth[illegible] and good in your married lives. I believe [illegible] to every important exertion, and to every [illegible] forbearance, so long as—if I may be allowed [illegible] expression—so long as you have an object. I mean, while [illegible] woman you love lives, and lives for you. All the privilege I claim for my own sex (it is not a very enviable one; you need not covet it) is that of loving longest, when existence or when hope is gone.'

She could not immediately have uttered another sentence. Her heart was too full, her breath too much oppressed.

(From *Persuasion*.)

A Family Scene.

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

'My dear Mr Bennet,' said his lady to him one day, 'have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?'

Mr Bennet replied that he had not.

'But it is,' returned she; 'for Mrs Long has just been here, and she told me all about it.'

Mr Bennet made no answer.

'Do not you want to know who has taken it?' cried his wife impatiently.

'*You* want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it.'

This was invitation enough.

'Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it that he agreed with Mr Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week.'

'What is his name?'

'Bingley.'

'Is he married or single?'

'Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!'

'How so? How can it affect them?'

'My dear Mr Bennet,' replied his wife, 'how can you be so tiresome? You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them.'

'Is that his design in settling here?'

'Design! Nonsense; how can you talk so! But it is very likely he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes.'

'I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr Bingley might like you the best of the party.'

'My dear, you flatter me. I certainly *have* had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty.'

'In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of.'

'But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr Bingley when he comes into the neighbourhood.'

'It is more than I engage for, I assure you.'

'But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go, merely on that account, for, in general, you know, they visit no new comers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for *us* to visit him if you do not.'

'You are over-scrupulous, surely. I dare say Mr Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy.'

'I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humoured as Lydia. But you are always giving *her* the preference.'

'They have none of them much to recommend them,' replied he; 'they are all silly and ignorant, like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters.'

'Mr Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way? You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves.'

'You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least.'

'Ah! you do not know what I suffer.'

'But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighbourhood.'

'It will be no use to us, if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them.'

'Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all.'

Mr Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three and twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented, she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

(From *Pride and Prejudice*.)

A Clerical Proposal.

The next day opened a new scene at Longbourn. Mr Collins made his declaration in form. Having resolved to do it without loss of time, as his leave of absence extended only to the following Saturday, and having no feelings of diffidence to make it distressing to himself even at the moment, he set about it in a very orderly manner, with all the observances which he supposed a regular part of the business. On finding Mrs Bennet, Elizabeth, and one of the younger girls together soon after breakfast, he addressed the mother in these words:

'May I hope, madam, for your interest with your fair daughter Elizabeth, when I solicit for the honour of a private audience with her in the course of this morning?'

Before Elizabeth had time for anything but a blush of surprise, Mrs Bennet instantly answered:

'Oh dear! Yes, certainly. I am sure Lizzy will be very happy—I am sure she can have no objection.—Come, Kitty, I want you upstairs.' And gathering her work together, she was hastening away, when Elizabeth called out:

'Dear ma'am, do not go. I beg you will not go. Mr Collins must excuse me. He can have nothing to say to me that anybody need not hear. I am going away myself.'

'No, no, nonsense, Lizzy. I desire you will stay where you are.' And upon Elizabeth's seeming really, with vexed and embarrassed looks, about to escape, she added: 'Lizzy, I *insist* upon your staying and hearing Mr Collins.'

Elizabeth would not oppose such an injunction; and a moment's consideration making her also sensible that it would be wisest to get it over as soon and as quietly as possible, she sat down again, and tried to conceal, by incessant employment, the feelings which were divided between distress and diversion. Mrs Bennet and Kitty walked off, and as soon as they were gone Mr Collins began:

'Believe me, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any disservice, rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes had there *not* been this little unwillingness; but allow me to assure you that I have your respected mother's permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse, however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble; my attentions have been too marked to be mistaken. Almost as soon as I entered the house I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings on this subject, perhaps it will be advisable for me to state my reasons for marrying—and, moreover, for coming into Hertfordshire with the design of selecting a wife, as I certainly did.'

The idea of Mr Collins, with all his solemn composure, being run away with by his feelings, made Elizabeth so near laughing that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him farther, and he continued:

'My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish; secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness; and thirdly, which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honour of calling patroness. Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked too!) on this subject; and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford, between our pools at quadrille, while Mrs Jenkinson was arranging Miss De Bourgh's footstool, that she said, "Mr Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry. Choose properly, choose a gentlewoman for *my* sake, and for your *own*; let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her." Allow me, by the way, to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindness of Lady Catherine de Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer. You will find her manners beyond anything I can describe; and your wit and vivacity, I think, must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite. Thus much for my general intention in favour of matrimony; it remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighbourhood, where I assure you there are many amiable young women. But the fact is, that being, as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honoured father (who, however, may live many years longer), I could not satisfy myself without resolving to choose a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible when the melancholy event takes place, which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now nothing remains for me but to assure you in the most animated language of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with; and that one thousand pounds in the four per cents, which will not be yours till after your mother's decease, is all that you may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent; and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married.'

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

'You are too hasty, sir,' she cried. 'You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without further loss of time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of the honour of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them.'

'I am not now to learn,' replied Mr Collins, with a formal wave of the hand, 'that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept, when he first applies for their favour; and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time. I am, therefore, by no means discouraged by what you have just said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar ere long.'

'Upon my word, sir,' cried Elizabeth, 'your hope is rather an extraordinary one after my declaration. I do assure you that I am not one of those young ladies (if such young ladies there are) who are so daring as to risk their happiness on the chance of being asked a second time. I am perfectly serious in my refusal. You could not make *me* happy, and I am convinced that I am the last woman in the world who would make *you* so. Nay, were your friend Lady Catherine to know me, I am persuaded she would find me in every respect ill qualified for the situation.'

'Were it certain that Lady Catherine would think so,' said Mr Collins, very gravely—'but I cannot imagine that her Ladyship would at all disapprove of you. And you may be certain that when I have the honour of seeing her again I shall speak in the highest terms of your modesty, economy, and other amiable qualifications.'

'Indeed, Mr Collins, all praise of me will be unnecessary. You must give me leave to judge for myself, and pay me the compliment of believing what I say. I wish you very happy and very rich, and by refusing your hand, do all in my power to prevent your being otherwise. In making me the offer, you must have satisfied the delicacy of your feelings with regard to my family, and may take possession of Longbourn estate whenever it falls, without any self-reproach. This matter may be considered, therefore, as finally settled.' And rising as she thus spoke, she would have quitted the room, had not Mr Collins thus addressed her:

'When I do myself the honour of speaking to you next on the subject, I shall hope to receive a more favourable answer than you have now given me; though I am far from accusing you of cruelty at present, because I know it to be the established custom of your sex to reject a man on the first application, and, perhaps, you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character.'

'Really, Mr Collins,' cried Elizabeth, with some warmth, 'you puzzle me exceedingly. If what I have hitherto said can appear to you in the form of encouragement, I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as may convince you of its being one.'

'You must give me leave to flatter myself, my dear cousin, that your refusal of my addresses are merely words of course. My reasons for believing it are briefly these: It does not appear to me that my hand is unworthy your acceptance, or that the establishment I can offer would be any other than highly desirable. My situation in life, my connections with the family of De Bourgh, and my relationship to your own are circumstances highly in my favour; and you should take it into further consideration that, in spite of your manifold attractions, it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made you. Your portion is unhappily so small that it will in all likelihood undo the effects of your loveliness and amiable qualifications. As I must, therefore, conclude that you are not serious in your rejection of me, I shall choose to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females.'

'I do assure you, sir, that I have no pretensions whatever to that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man. I would rather be paid the compliment of being believed sincere. I thank you again and again for the honour you have done me in your proposals, but to accept them is absolutely impossible. My feelings in every respect forbid it. Can I speak plainer? Do not consider me now as an elegant female intending to plague you, but as a rational creature speaking the truth from her heart.'

'You are uniformly charming!' cried he, with an air of awkward gallantry; 'and I am persuaded that, when sanctioned by the express authority of both your excellent parents, my proposals will not fail of being acceptable.'

To such perseverance in wilful self-deception Elizabeth would make no reply, and immediately and in silence withdrew; determined, that if he persisted in considering her repeated refusals as flattering encouragement, to apply to her father, whose negative might be uttered in such a manner as must be decisive, and whose behaviour at least could not be mistaken for the affectation and coquetry of an elegant female.

(From *Pride and Prejudice*.)

A too kind Half-brother.

Mrs John Dashwood now installed herself mistress of Norland; and her mother and sisters-in-law were degraded to the condition of visitors. As such, however, they were treated by her with quiet civility, and by her husband with as much kindness as he could feel towards anybody beyond himself, his wife, and their child. He really pressed them, with some earnestness, to consider Norland as their home; and, as no plan appeared so eligible to Mrs Dashwood as remaining there till she could accommodate herself with a house in the neighbourhood, his invitation was accepted.

A continuance in a place where everything reminded her of former delight was exactly what suited her mind. In seasons of cheerfulness no temper could be more cheerful than hers, or possess in a greater degree that sanguine expectation of happiness which is happiness itself. But in sorrow she must be equally carried away by her fancy, and as far beyond consolation as in pleasure she was beyond alloy.

Mrs John Dashwood did not at all approve of what her husband intended to do for his sisters. To take three thousand pounds from the fortune of their dear little boy would be impoverishing him to the most dreadful degree. She begged him to think again on the subject. How could he answer it to himself to rob his child, and his only child too, of so large a sum? And what possible claim could the Miss Dashwoods, who were related to him only by half blood, which she considered as no relationship at all, have on his generosity to so large an amount? It was very well known that no affection was ever supposed to exist between the children of any man by different marriages; and why was he to ruin himself and their poor little Harry by giving away all his money to his half sisters?

'It was my father's last request to me,' replied her husband, 'that I should assist his widow and daughters.'

'He did not know what he was talking of, I dare say; ten to one but he was light-headed at the time. Had he been in his right senses, he could not have thought of such a thing as begging you to give away half your fortune from your own child.'

'He did not stipulate for any particular sum, my dear Fanny; he only requested me, in general terms, to assist them, and make their situation more comfortable than it was in his power to do. Perhaps it would have been as well if he had left it wholly to myself. He could hardly suppose I should neglect them. But as he required the promise, I could not do less than give it; at least I thought so at the time. The promise, therefore, was given, and must be performed. Something must be done for them whenever they leave Norland and settle in a new home.'

'Well, then, let something be done for them; but that something need not be three thousand pounds. Consider,' she added, 'that when the money is once parted with, it never can return. Your sisters will marry, and it will be gone for ever. If, indeed, it could ever be restored to our poor little boy'—

'Why, to be sure,' said her husband, very gravely, 'that would make a great difference. The time may come when Harry will regret that so large a sum was parted with. If he should have a numerous family, for instance, it would be a very convenient addition.'

'To be sure it would.'

'Perhaps, then, it would be better for all parties if the sum were diminished one half. Five hundred pounds would be a prodigious increase to their fortunes!'

'Oh! beyond anything great! What brother on earth would do half so much for his sisters, even if *really* his sisters? And as it is—only half blood! But you have such a generous spirit!'

'I would not wish to do anything mean,' he replied. 'One had rather, on such occasions, do too much than too little. No one, at least, can think I have not done enough for them: even themselves, they can hardly expect more.'

'There is no knowing what *they* may expect,' said the lady; 'but we are not to think of their expectations: the question is, what you can afford to do.'

'Certainly; and I think I may afford to give them five hundred pounds apiece. As it is, without any addition of mine, they will each have above three thousand pounds on their mother's death—a very comfortable fortune for any young woman.'

'To be sure it is; and, indeed, it strikes me that they can want no addition at all. They will have ten thousand pounds divided amongst them. If they marry, they will be sure of doing well; and if they do not, they may all live very comfortably together on the interest of ten thousand pounds.'

'That is very true, and therefore, I do not know whether, upon the whole, it would not be more advisable to do something for their mother while she lives, rather than for them—something of the annuity kind, I mean. My sisters would feel the good effects of it as well as herself. A hundred a year would make them all perfectly comfortable.'

His wife hesitated a little, however, in giving her consent to this plan.

'To be sure,' said she, 'it is better than parting with fifteen hundred pounds at once. But then, if Mrs Dashwood should live fifteen years, we shall be completely taken in.'

'Fifteen years! my dear Fanny; her life cannot be worth half that purchase.'

'Certainly not; but if you observe, people always live for ever when there is any annuity to be paid them; and she is very stout and healthy, and hardly forty. An annuity is a very serious business; it comes over and over every year, and there is no getting rid of it. You are not aware of what you are doing. I have known a great deal of the trouble of annuities; for my mother was clogged with the payment of three to old superannuated servants by my father's will, and it is amazing how disagreeable she found it. Twice every year these annuities were to be paid; and then there was the trouble of getting it to them; and then one of them was said to have died, and afterwards it turned out to be no such thing. My mother was quite sick of it. Her income was not her own, she said, with such perpetual claims on it; and it was the more unkind in my father, because otherwise the money would have been entirely at my mother's disposal, without any restriction whatever. It has given me such an abhorrence of annuities that I am sure I would not pin myself down to the payment of one for all the world.'

'It is certainly an unpleasant thing,' replied Mr Dashwood, 'to have those kind of yearly drains on one's income. One's fortune, as your mother justly says, is *not* one's own. To be tied down to the regular payment of such a sum, on every rent day, is by no means desirable: it takes away one's independence.'

'Undoubtedly; and, after all, you have no thanks for it. They think themselves secure; you do no more than what is expected, and it raises no gratitude at all. If I were you, whatever I did should be done at my own discretion entirely. I would not bind myself to allow them anything yearly. It may be very inconvenient some years to spare a hundred or even fifty pounds from our own expenses.'

'I believe you are right, my love; it will be better that there should be no annuity in the case: whatever I may give them occasionally will be of far greater assistance than a yearly allowance, because they would only enlarge their style of living if they felt sure of a larger income, and would not be sixpence the richer for it at the end of the year. It will certainly be much the best way. A present of fifty pounds now and then will prevent their ever being distressed for money, and will, I think, be amply discharging my promise to my father.'

'To be sure it will. Indeed, to say the truth, I am convinced within myself that your father had no idea of your giving them any money at all. The assistance he thought of, I dare say, was only such as might be reasonably expected of you: for instance, such as looking out for a comfortable small house for them, helping them to move their things, and sending them presents of fish and game, and so forth, whenever they are in season. I'll lay my life that he meant nothing further; indeed, it would be very strange and unreasonable if he did. Do but consider, my dear Mr Dashwood, how excessively comfortable your mother-in-law [step-mother] and her daughters may live on the interest of seven thousand pounds, besides the thousand pounds belonging to each of the girls, which brings them in fifty pounds a year apiece, and, of course, they will pay their mother for their board out of it. Altogether, they will have five hundred a year amongst them; and what on earth can four women want for more than that? They will live so cheap! Their housekeeping will be nothing at all. They will have no carriage, no horses, and hardly any servants; they will keep no company, and can have no expenses of any kind! Only conceive how comfortable they will be! Five hundred a year! I am sure I cannot imagine how they will spend half of it; and as to your giving them more, it is quite absurd to think of it. They will be much more able to give *you* something.'

'Upon my word,' said Mr Dashwood, 'I believe you are perfectly right. My father certainly could mean nothing more by his request to me than what you say. I clearly understand it now, and I will strictly fulfil my engagement by such acts of assistance and kindness to them as you have described. When my mother removes into another house my services shall be readily given to accommodate her as far as I can. Some little present of furniture, too, may be acceptable then.'

'Certainly,' returned Mrs John Dashwood. 'But, however, *one* thing must be considered. When your father and mother moved to Norland, though the furniture of Stanhill was sold, all the china, plate, and linen was saved, and is now left to your mother. Her house will therefore be almost completely fitted up as soon as she takes it.'

'That is a material consideration undoubtedly. A valuable legacy indeed! And yet some of the plate would have been a very pleasant addition to our own stock here.'

'Yes; and the set of breakfast china is twice as handsome as what belongs to this house; a great deal too handsome, in my opinion, for any place *they* can ever afford to live in. But, however, so it is. Your father thought only of *them*. And I must say this, that you owe no particular gratitude to him, nor attention to his wishes; for we very well know that if he could he would have left almost everything in the world to *them*.'

This argument was irresistible. It gave to his intentions whatever of decision was wanting before; and he finally resolved that it would be absolutely unnecessary, if not highly indecorous, to do more for the widow and children of his father than such kind of neighbourly acts as his own wife pointed out.

(From *Sense and Sensibility*.)

See the *Memoir of Jane Austen* by her nephew, the Rev. J. E. Austen Leigh (1870; 2nd ed. 1871); the disappointing *Letters, 1796–1816*, chiefly to her sister, Cassandra, edited by their grand-nephew, Lord Brabourne (2 vols. 1884); the Life by Oscar Fay Adams (Chicago, 1891; 2nd ed. 1897); Sketches by Sarah Tytler (1880), Miss Malden (1889), and Goldwin Smith (1890); Miss Thackeray's *Book of Sibyls* (1883); Mr Austin Dobson's admirable introductions to the novels in Macmillan's edition (1895–97); Sir F. H. Doyle's *Reminiscences* (1886; for her only love episode); W. H. Pollock, *Jane Austen, her Contemporaries and Herself* (1899); Constance Hill, *Jane Austen, her Homes and her Friends* (1902).

Lady Caroline Lamb (1785–1828) was the authoress of three works of fiction, utterly worthless in a literary point of view, but from extrinsic circumstances highly popular in their day. The first, *Glenarvon*, was published in 1816, and the hero was obviously meant to represent (her friends thought to caricature and travesty) Lord Byron. The second, *Graham Hamilton* (1822), depicted the difficulties and dangers involved in weakness and irresolution of character. In the third, *Ada Reis* (1823), a fantastic Eastern tale, the hero is the Don Juan of his day, a Georgian by birth, who is sold into slavery, but rises to honours and distinctions. Lady Caroline Lamb, a daughter of the Earl of Bessborough, was married before she was twenty to the Hon. William Lamb (afterwards Lord Melbourne), and from the singularity as well as the grace of her manners, her literary accomplishments, and personal attractions, was long the delight of 'fashionable' circles. On meeting with Lord Byron, she contracted at first sight an unfortunate attachment for him which lasted long enough to provoke much comment, and ended in a rupture. Meeting outside her park-gates the hearse which was conveying the remains of Lord Byron to Newstead Abbey (1824), she was taken home insensible; a severe illness succeeded; and erelong her mind became permanently alienated.

Lady Morgan (1780?–1859) was for a dozen years famous under her maiden name of Sidney Owenson; and in poetry, the drama, novels, biography, ethics, politics, and books of travel showed a masculine disregard of common opinion or censure, and (in her own words) a temperament 'as cheery and genial as ever went to that strange medley of pathos and humour—the Irish character.' Her father, Robert Owenson (originally MacOwen), was an actor and manager, a favourite in the society of Dublin, and author of some popular Irish songs. She was born in Dublin on the Christmas Day of 1780 or thereby ('cold, false, erroneous, chronological dates' she protests against) and in 1798 turned governess, to support the failing fortunes of her family. In 1801 she published a small volume of poetical verse, and afterwards *The Lay of the Irish Harp* and a selection of twelve Irish lyrics, with music—one of them 'Kate Kearney,' which bids fair to outlive all her other achievements. Two rubbishy novels had preceded *The Wild Irish Girl* (1806), which became exceptionally popular. This success introduced the authoress into some of the higher circles of Irish and English society, and she became attached to the household of the Marquis of Abercorn. She had had 'somewhat mysterious relations' with at least one admirer, Sir Charles Ormsby, when in 1812 she was married offhand to Thomas Charles Morgan, M.D. (1783–1843), whom the Lord-Lieutenant knighted for the occasion. For the next quarter of a century, excepting two long visits to the Continent, the pair made Dublin their home; but in 1837 Lord Melbourne gave her a pension of £300, and in 1839 they removed to London. Ere this she had published *The Missionary, an Indian Tale* (1811); *O'Donnel* (1814); *Florence Macarthy* (1818; 4th ed. 1819); and *The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys* (1827), in which, departing from the beaten track of sentimental novels, she ventured, like Miss Edgeworth, to portray national manners. In Sir Walter Scott's opinion, *O'Donnel*, though deficient as a story, has 'some striking and beautiful passages of situation and description, and in the comic part is very rich and entertaining.' But Lady Morgan's high-toned society is disfigured with grossness and profligacy, and her subordinate characters are often caricatures. The vivacity and variety of these presentations is unquestionable; if not always true, they are lively; 'whether it is a review of volunteers in the Phœnix Park, or a party at the Castle, or a masquerade, a meeting of United Irishmen, a riot in Dublin, or a jug-day at Bog-moy, in every change of scene and situation our authoress wields the pen of a ready writer.' Complaint was made against these Irish sketches that they were so personal—*romans à clef*, it being plainly indicated that some of the portraits of personages at the vice-regal court and in the 'best society' of Dublin represented actual and well-known ladies and gentlemen of the day. Their conversation is often a sad jargon of prurient allusion, comments on dress, and superfluous scraps of French and Italian. The humbler characters—even the rapparees—are infinitely more entertaining than Lady Morgan's representatives of the aristocracy. Her strength lay in describing the broad characteristics of her nation, their boundless mirth, their old customs, their love of frolic, and their wild grief under calamity or in bewailing the death of friends and neighbours. In this department she may fairly be compared with Lever and Banim and Carleton. Other works were *France* (1817) and *Italy* (1821), with dissertations on the state of society, manners, literature, and government. Lord Byron bore testimony to the fidelity and excellence of *Italy*; but unluckily here also she was too 'ambitious of being always fine and striking,' and too anxious to display her curious reading and high company. Lady Morgan wrote also *The Princess* (a tale founded on the revolution in Belgium); *Luxima the Prophetess*, an Indian tale; *Dramatic Scenes from Real Life* (very poor in matter and affected in style); *The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa*; *The Book of the Boudoir* (autobiographical sketches and reminiscences); *Woman and her Master* (a philosophical history of woman down to the fall of the Roman empire); and in 1841, in conjunction with her husband (author of *Sketches of the Philosophy of Life and Morals*, &c.), two volumes entitled *The Book without a Name*, pieces collected from the writers' portfolios and from stray sketches which had appeared in periodicals. Lady Morgan's silly but not unamusing *Memoirs* were edited by Hepworth Dixon (2 vols. 1862); and W. J. Fitzpatrick had already written a Life of her in 1860.

The Irish Hedge Schoolmaster.

A bevy of rough-headed students, with books as ragged as their habiliments, rushed forth at the sound of the horse's feet, and with hands shading their uncovered faces from the sun, stood gazing in earnest surprise. Last of this singular group, followed O'Leary himself in learned dishabille, his customary suit—an old great-coat, fastened with a wooden skewer at his breast, the sleeves hanging unoccupied, *Spam h*[illegible], as he termed it; his wig laid aside, the shaven crown of his head resembling the clerical tonsure, a tattered Homer in one hand, and a slip of sallow in the other, with which he had been distributing some well-earned *pandies* to his pupils; thus exhibiting, in appearance and in the important expression of his countenance, an epitome of that order of persons once so numerous, and still far from extinct in Ireland, the hedge schoolmaster. O'Leary was learned in the antiquities and genealogies of the great Irish families as an ancient Senachy, an order of which he believed himself to be the sole representative; credulous of her fables, and jealous of her ancient glory; ardent in his feelings, fixed in his prejudices; hating the Bodach Sassoni, or English churls, in proportion as he distrusted them; living only in the past, contemptuous of the present, and hopeless of the future, all his national learning and national vanity were employed in his history of the Macarthies More, to whom he deemed himself hereditary Senachy; while all his early associations and affections were occupied with the Fitzadelm family: to an heir of which he had not only been foster-father, but, by a singular chain of occurrences, tutor and host. Thus there existed an incongruity between his prejudices and his affections that added to the natural incoherence of his wild, unregulated, ideal character. He had as much Greek and Latin as generally falls to the lot of the inferior Irish priesthood, in order to which he had been originally destined; he spoke Irish as his native tongue with great fluency, and English, with little variation, as it might have been spoken in the days of James or Elizabeth; for English was with him acquired by study at no early period of life, and principally obtained from such books as came within the black-letter plan of his antiquarian pursuits.

'Words that wise Bacon and grave Raleigh spoke'

were familiarly uttered by O'Leary, conned out of old English tracts, chronicles, presidential instructions, copies of patents, memorials, discourses, and translated remonstrances from the Irish chiefs, of every date since the arrival of the English in the island; and a few French words, not unusually heard among the old Irish Catholics, the descendants of the faithful followers of the Stuarts, completed the stock of his philological treasures.

O'Leary now advanced to meet his visitant, with a countenance radiant with the expression of complacency and satisfaction, not unmingled with pride and importance, as he threw his eyes round on his numerous disciples. To one of these the Commodore gave his horse; and drawing his hat over his eyes, as if to shade them from the sun, he placed himself under the shadow of the Saxon arch, observing:

'You see, Mr O'Leary, I very eagerly avail myself of your invitation; but I fear I have interrupted your learned avocation.'

'Not a taste, your honour, and am going to give my classes a holiday, in respect of the turf, sir. What does yez all crowd the gentleman for? Did never yez see a raal gentleman afore? I'd trouble yez to consider yourselves as temporary.—There's great scholars among them ragged runigates, your honour, poor as they look; for though in these degenerated times you won't get the childer, as formerly, to talk the dead languages afore they can spake, when, says Campion, they had Latin like their vulgar tongue, conning in their schools of leachcraft the aphorisms of Hippocrates, and the civil institutes of the faculties, yet there are as fine scholars and as good philosophers still, sir, to be found in my seminary as in Trinity College, Dublin. Now, step forward here, you Homers. "Keklute moi, Troes, kai Dardanoi, ed' epikouroi."'

Half a dozen overgrown boys, with bare heads and naked feet, pushed forward.

'Here's my first class, plaze your honour; sorrow one of them gassoons but would throw you off a page of Homer into Irish while he'd be clapping a turf-stack. Come forward here, Padreen Mahony, you little mitcher, ye. Have you no better courtesy than that, Padreen? Fie upon your manners! Then for all that, sir, he's my head philosopher, and am getting him up for Maynooth. Och! then I wouldn't ax better than to put him against the provost of Trinity College this day, for all his ould small-cloathes, sir, the cratur! Troth, he'd puzzle him, grate as he is, ay, and bate him too; that's at the humanities, sir.—Padreen, my man, if the pig sells well at Dunore market to-morrow, tell your daddy, dear, I'll expect the pintion. Is that your bow, Padreen, with your head under your arm, like a roosting hen? Upon my word, I take shame for your manners. There, your honour, them's my *cordaries*, the little leprehauns, with their *cathah* heads and their burned skins; I thought your honour would be divarted to hear them parsing a chapter. Well, now dismiss, lads, jewel, off with ye, *ex templo*, like a piper out of a tent; away with ye to the turf, and mind me well, ye Homers, ye, I'll expect Hector and Andromache to-morrow without fail, to sarve me well; I'll take no excuse for the *cat*— barring the bog, in respect of the weather being dry; dismiss, I say.' The learned disciples of this Irish sage, pulling down the front lock of their hair to designate the bow they would have made if they had possessed hats to move, now scampered off, leaping over tombstones and clearing rocks; while O'Leary observed, shaking his head and looking after them: 'Not one of them but is sharp-witted and has a janius for poetry, if there was any encouragement for lunacy in these degenerated times.'

(From *O'Donnel*.)

Henry Gally Knight (1780-1846), who wrote Eastern tales in the manner and measure of Byron, was an accomplished man of fortune, born at his father's Yorkshire seat, educated at Eton and Cambridge, familiarised with foreign manners by travels in southern Europe, Egypt, and Palestine. The first of these metrical stories, *Ilderim, a Syrian Tale* (1816), was followed by *Phrosyne, a Grecian Tale*, and *Alashtar, an Arabian Tale* (1817). Knight also wrote a notable dramatic poem, *Hannibal in Bithynia*. Though showing much taste and truth to Oriental ways, these poems failed to attract much notice; and their author obtained more distinction as an authority on architecture, writing (with expert assistance) *An Architectural Tour in Normandy, The Normans in Sicily, Saracenic and Norman Remains in Sicily, The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy*. He inherited the family property in 1808, and sat in Parliament from 1824 till his death.

William Knox (1789-1825), born at Lilliesleaf in Roxburghshire, was author of *The Lonely Hearth, Songs of Israel, The Harp of Zion*, and other poems. Sir Walter Scott in his diary gives this brief note of his life-work: 'His father was a respectable yeoman, and he himself succeeding to good farms under the Duke of Buccleuch, became too soon his own master, and plunged into dissipation and ruin. His talent then shewed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry.' Knox, who from 1820 earned a precarious livelihood as journalist in Edinburgh, thus ended his *Songs of Israel*.

My song hath closed, the holy dream
  That raised my thoughts o'er all below
Hath faded like the lunar beam,
  And left me 'mid a night of woe
To look and long, and sigh in vain
For friends I ne'er shall meet again.

And yet the earth is green and gay;
  And yet the skies are pure and bright;
But, 'mid each gleam of pleasure gay
  Some cloud of sorrow dims my [illegible]
For weak is now the tenderest tongue
That might my simple songs have sung.

And like to Gilead's drops of balm
  They for a moment soothed my breast;
But earth hath not a power to calm
  My spirit in forgetful rest,
Until I [illegible]
With [illegible]

[illegible]
  [illegible]
[illegible]
  [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Edward Fitzball (1792-1873), author of a prodigious number of dramas and melodramas, which met with much success though they have no permanent value, and of many popular songs ('My pretty Jane' the best known), was the son of a farmer at Burwell near Mildenhall in Cambridgeshire. The farmer was called Ball, his wife's maiden name was Fitz; hence the [illegible] ultimately adopted as a regular surname, under which their son, bred a printer in Norwich, began about 1813 to publish poems. His first melodrama dates from 1819; his [illegible]fully played at Norwich in 1820 and in London in 1821. He dramatised no[illegible] of Nigel, Peveril of the Peak, and Fenimore Cooper's *Pilot*; found plots in the stories of Joan of Arc and Andreas Hofer, 'the Tell of the Tyrol;' and worked up legends and stories, such as The Flying Dutchman and the Inchcape Rock. He wrote five libretti for Balfe, produced the English versions of *La Favorita*, *Adelaide*, and *Maritana*; and manufactured songs innumerable patriotic, sentimental, and comic, good, bad, and indifferent. 'My pretty Jane' had the good fortune to be set to music by Bishop; 'Let me like a soldier fall' is inseparable from Vincent Wallace's melody. Fitzball had been doing dramatic and miscellaneous literary work for forty years when in 1859 he published an autobiography, and ceased his indefatigable industry.

The Marquis of Normanby (1797-1863), first of the name, wrote anonymously *Matilda* (1825); *Yes and No, a Tale of the Day* (1827); and several other novels, which were well received, as being vastly superior to the ordinary run of fashionable novels. Lord Normanby was the English ambassador at Paris in 1848, and in 1857 he published *A Year of Revolution*, from the journal he had kept at that stormy period. The work was poorly written, and by its indiscreet allusions to Louis Philippe and others raised unpleasant controversies.

James Justinian Morier (1780-1849), author of *Hajji Baba*, was the son of Isaac Morier, a member of a refugee Huguenot house settled at Smyrna, who became a British subject and British consul-general at Constantinople. James, born like his father at Smyrna, was educated at Harrow, but by 1800 was back in the Levant. In 1809-16 he served in Persia as secretary of legation and envoy, and wrote a first and a second *Journey through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor* (1812-18). Subsequently, save for a diplomatic mission to Mexico, he lived a literary life in London. His marvellously minute, varied, and accurate knowledge of the East, and especially of Persia, he embodied in a series of novels—*The Adventures of Hajji Baba, of Ispahan* (1824); with its continuation, *Hajji Baba in England* (1828); *Zohrab, the Hostage* (1832); *Ayesha, the Maid of Kars* (1834); and *The Mirza* (1841). The hero of Morier's great picaresque novel (his first and by far his most famous work) is an adventurer like Gil Blas, and is at least as much buffeted about in the world. The son of a barber of Ispahan, he is successively one of a band of raiding Turkomans, a menial servant, a pupil of the physician royal of Persia, an attendant on the chief executioner, a religious devotee, and a seller of tobacco-pipes in Constantinople. Having by stratagem espoused a rich Turkish widow, he becomes an official to the Shah; and on his further distinguishing himself for his knowledge of the Europeans, he is appointed secretary to the mission of Mirza Firouz, and accompanies the Persian ambassador to the court of England. In the course of his multiplied adventures, misfortunes, and escapes, the light-hearted, unprincipled Hajji mixes with all ranks and conditions of mankind, in regions as various as Teheran, Kurdistan, Georgia, Bagdad, and Constantinople. The work at once secured a hearing. 'The novelty of the style,' said Sir Walter Scott, 'which was at once perceived to be genuinely Oriental by such internal evidence as establishes the value of real old china, the gay and glowing descriptions of Eastern state and pageantry, the character of the poetry occasionally introduced, secured a merited welcome for the Persian picaroon;' and in the *Talisman* he linked the authors of *Anastasius* and of *Hajji Baba* as having depicted Eastern manners with 'the fidelity and humour of Le Sage and the ludicrous power of Fielding himself.' The most accomplished and experienced residents in Persia give as high commendation, and continue to repeat the traditional counsel to intending travellers in Persia: 'Take an English saddle and a copy of *Hajji Baba*.' Mr E. G. Browne in his edition says that 'considered as a faithful picture of the living East (as opposed to the purely imaginary and unreal East of Moore and Southey) it has no rival. Indeed, I may venture to assert that never has any writer of any nation succeeded in portraying, not merely the manners and forms of speech, but the character and modes of thought of an alien race, as Morier has portrayed the Persians in his immortal pages. To appreciate his incomparable book as it deserves, one must be fairly intimate with both the Persians and their language; the greater the intimacy the greater the appreciation.' Dr Wills, who has also edited the Hajji, repeats after nearly twenty years' residence in Persia the assurance actually given him when he went thither: 'When you read this you will know more of Persia and the Persians than if you had lived there with your eyes open for twenty years.' Lord Curzon, in his edition, adds his testimony; so does Sir Frederic Goldsmid. And the Persian experts admit themselves their difficulty in discovering more than three or four cases in which Morier seems to have made even a minor slip of any kind in his presentment of Persian life and character. As Persia was in Morier's time, so is it now—there is next to no change; as it was in Morier's time, so was it in the days of the ancient Persian heroes. Noldeke, the great Orientalist, finds much to learn from Hajji Baba for the better understanding of the Persian princes of the Sassanian dynasty.

As delightful, if not so marvellous as its startling truth to fact and its vividness, is the ever-present rich humour and delicately pointed satire, the racy phrasing and dramatic brightness of a narrative which combines the charm and the power of the *Arabian Nights* [illegible] Morier [illegible] *[illegible]* of Le Sage, of Sterne, and of Dickens; the book is a [illegible]. Mr Browne with much probability regards as a [illegible] of Morier's the story (treated as a fact in the first edition of this work (1843), and still accepted in the *Dictionary of National Biography*) of a letter received by the author from a Persian minister of state expressing the displeasure the king felt at the 'very foolish business of the book,' and so showing that the satirical descriptions and allusions had been felt at the court of Persia. Mr Browne also points out that though the characters are created by Morier and not caricatures of actual persons, very many of the incidents (none of which are improbable to those who know Persia) are drawn from Morier's own experience; and not a few of them are actually described in his two volumes of travels. The Oriental scenes are doubtless the most novel and fascinating portions of the Hajji's experiences; yet his account in the sequel of the constant embarrassment and surprise of the Persians at English manners and customs is only a degree less remarkable and entertaining. The ceremonial of the English dinner table, that seemed to them 'absolutely bristling with instruments of offence, blades of all sizes and descriptions, sufficient to have ornamented the girdles of the Shah's household,' could not but puzzle those who had been accustomed simply to take everything up in their fingers; the mail-coach, the variety of our furniture and accommodation, and other domestic observances, were equally astonishing; but it was the want of ceremonial among our statesmen and public officers that chiefly surprised the embassy.

Zohrab is a historical novel, of the time of Aga Mohammed Shah, the Persian prince described by Sir John Malcolm as having taught the Russians to beat the French by making a desert before the line of the invader's march. In *Ayeshah* Morier was also on familiar ground, as in the slighter *Misselmah, a Persian Tale* (1847). His other work is of less account: *Abel Allnutt, a Novel* (1837); *The Banished*, from the German of Hauff (1839); *Tom Spicer*, a poem (1840); *St Roche*, also a romance from the German (1847); and *Martin Toutrond* (1849), which, professedly translated from the French, is really a satire on English ways and prejudices, conveyed in the farcical adventures of a Frenchman whom he, with an obvious pun, calls *Tout-rond*—a name which in English books, even the most authoritative, is usually misspelt *Tourtond*, *[illegible]*, *[illegible]*, and even *Troutrond*.

In the following extracts from *Hajji Baba*, the hero is presented at the crisis of his fortunes. Having undergone some all but overwhelming changes of fortune in Constantinople, and being reduced to extremities, he resolves to appeal to the Persian ambassador, then just arrived on a mission to the Sublime Porte, against the Turk who was the cause of his misfortunes. When introduced to the presence of Mirza Firouz, the Hajji had been wearing the Turkish costume, which, like everything Turkish, true Persians detest.

The Hajji makes a Friend.

When we had interchanged our greetings as true believers, he said to me, 'Are you an Irani?'

'Yes,' said I, 'so please you.'

'Then why in looks an Osmanli?' said he. 'Praise be to Allah that we have a king and a country of whom no one need be ashamed.'

'Yes,' answered I, 'your ordonnances are truth, and I am become less than a dog, since I have put on the airs of a Turk. My [illegible] and my liver has melted into water, since I have entangled myself by a connexion with this hated people; and my only refuge is in God and you.'

'How is this?' said he, 'speak. Has a child of Ispahan (for such you are by your accent) been taken in by a Turk? This is wonderful indeed! We travel all this way to make them feed upon our abomination, not to learn to eat theirs.'

I then related the whole of my adventures from the beginning to the end. As I proceeded he seemed wonderfully interested. When I got to my marriage he became much amused, and roared with laughter at the settlements I had made on my wife. The account I gave of the entertainment, the respect with which I was treated, my magnificence and grandeur, afforded him great delight; and the more I descanted upon the deception which I had practised upon the cows of Turks, as he called them, the more interest he took in my narrative, which he constantly interrupted by [illegible] 'Ay, well done, oh Ispahani! Oh! [illegible] By Allah! you did well!—If I had been there, I could [illegible] better; but when I [illegible] that I had been [illegible] by myself [illegible] of the [illegible] my wife [illegible] I represented [illegible] very [illegible] I made my [illegible] convulsions of laughter.

'[illegible] Turks, [illegible] Turk, [illegible] they would have [illegible] undeceived by a similar species of madman. But what have I to do in this business?' said he to me. 'I am neither your father nor your uncle, to interfere and make it up with your wife's relations; nor am I a cadi, or a mufti, who can judge the case between you.'

'No,' answered I; 'but you are my refuge here, and the representative of God's vicegerent upon earth; and you can see justice done me, and not let a poor unfriended stranger be oppressed.'

The Hajji receives a Commission.

Now that I was thrown into the ambassador's society, my ideas took a new turn, and hearing matters discussed which had never even reached my understanding, I became more inquisitive. He seemed pleased to have found in me one who took interest in his views, and at length let me entirely into his confidence. One morning, having received letters from his court, he called me to him, said that he wished for some private conversation, and accordingly ordered every one to depart from before him except myself. He made me sit, and then in a low voice said, 'Hajji, I have long wished to speak to you. Those who compose my suite, between you and I, do not possess the understanding I require. 'Tis true, they are Persians, and are endowed with more wit than all the world beside; but in affairs of the *dowlet* (the state) they are nothing, and rather impede than forward the business upon which I have been sent. Now, praise be to Allah! I see that you are not one of them. You are much of a man, one who has seen the world and its business, and something may come from out of your hands. You are a man who can make play under another's beard, and suck the marrow out of an affair without touching its outside. Such I am in want of, and if you will devote yourself to me, and to our Shah, the King of Kings, both my face as well as your own will be duly whitewashed; and, by the blessings of our good destinies, both our heads will touch the skies.'

'Whatever is of my strength,' replied I, 'is at your service. I am your slave and your servant, and I myself will place my own ear on your hand. Order and command me: by my head and eyes, I am ready.' . . .

'But a few months ago an ambassador from Europe arrived at the Gate of Empire, Tehran, and said he was sent by a certain [illegible] the French nation, to [illegible] Shah. He exhibited full powers, by which his words were to be looked upon as his master's, and his actions as his actions; and he also affirmed that he had full instructions to make a treaty. He held himself very high, and talked of all other nations of Franks as [illegible], and not worth even a name. He promised to make the Russians restore their conquests in Georgia, and to put the Shah in possession of Teflis, Baku, Derbent, and [illegible] which belonged to Persia in former times. He said that he would conquer India for us, and drive the English from it; and, in short, whatever we asked, he promised to be ready to grant. Now, 'tis true, we had heard of the French before, and knew that they made cloth and rich brocades, but we never [illegible] this ambassador [illegible]. However, we were not very long in doubt, [illegible] the English [illegible] between [illegible] her, [illegible] immediately sent messengers, letters, and an agent, to endeavour to impede the reception of this Frenchman, and made such extraordinary efforts to prevent his success that we soon discovered much was to be got between the two dogs. "By my crown," exclaimed the Shah, "all this cometh from the ascendant of my good stars. Here sit I upon my throne, whilst the curs of uncleanness come from the north and the south, from the east and west, bringing me vast presents for the liberty of fighting at [illegible] I [illegible]." When I left the imperial gate, an ambassador from the English was expected, and the letters which I have just received are full of the circumstances of his proposed reception, and the negotiations on foot concerning it. But the Shah cannot well enter upon them before he hears from me; because, having been informed that specimens of all the different European nations were to be seen at Constantinople, each of whom had an ambassador there, he, in his wisdom, has judged it expedient to despatch me hither, to learn all the information of which we are so much in want, to clear up every doubt that exists in Persia about the French and English, and if possible to find out whether all they say of themselves be true or false. Now, Hajji,' said the ambassador, 'I am only one man, and this is a business, as I have found out, sufficient for fifty. The Franks are composed of many, many nations. As fast as I hear of one hog, another begins to grunt, and then another and another, until I find that there is a whole herd of them. As I told you before, those who compose my suite are not men to help me in research, and I have set my eyes upon you. From your exertions I expect much. You must become acquainted with some infidels; you understand the Turkish language, and they will be able to inform you of much that we want to know.'

The Hajji becomes an Authority on European Politics.

As soon as the ambassador had furnished me with an extract of his *[illegible]*, or his instructions, I walked out to an adjacent cemetery to read it over undisturbed. I kept the paper carefully folded in the lining of my cap, and as it was my first initiation into public business, the principal contents of it [illegible] my memory [illegible]. The ambassador was, in the first place, [illegible] in truth, what was the extent of that country called Frangistan; and if the Shah, known in Persia by the name of the *Shahi Frank*, or King of the Franks, actually existed, and which was his capital. In the second place, he was ordered to discover how many *Ils*, or tribes of Franks, there were; whether they were divided into *Shehernsheens* and *Sahranshans*, inhabitants of towns and dwellers in the desert, as in Persia, who were their khans, and how governed. Thirdly, to inquire what was the extent of France, whether it was a tribe of the Franks, or a separate [illegible]dom, and who was the infidel Boonapoort calling himself emperor of that country. In the fourth place, his attention was to be turned particularly to what regarded the Indiz, who had long been known in Persia, by means of their broadcloth, watches, and pen knives. He was to inquire what description of infidels they were, whether they lived in an island all the year round, without possessing any *kishlak* (warm region) to migrate to in the winter, and whether most of them did not inhabit ships and eat fish; and if they did live there, how it happened that they had obtained possession of India; and he was to clear up that question so long agitated in Persia, how England and London were connected, whether England was part of London, or London part of England? . . .

Lastly, he was ordered to write a general history of the Franks, and to inquire what would be the easiest method of making them renounce pork and wine, and converting them to the true and holy faith that is, to the religion of Islam. Having well pondered over this paper, I considered that it would be easy to get it answered through the means of a *katib*, or scribe, attached to the then Reis Effendi, and with whom, during the short gleam of splendour and riches which had shone upon me, I had formed a great intimacy. I knew the coffee-house he frequented, and the hour when he was most likely to be found there; and although he was not much addicted to talking, yet I hoped, as he sipped his coffee and smoked his pipe (particularly if I treated him), his heart might expand, and I might obtain his real opinions. Full of this idea, I immediately imparted it to the ambassador, who seemed so delighted that he at once [illegible] me the honour to take all the merit of it to himself. . . . I went to the coffee house at the proper time, and there found my friend. I approached him with great demonstrations of friendship, and calling to the waiting man, ordered some best Yemen coffee, which was served up as we sat one opposite the other. In the course of conversation he pulled out his watch, [illegible] the opportunity of introducing my subject.

'[illegible],' said I, '[illegible]?'

'Yes, truly,' said he, 'there are none in the world [illegible].'

'Wonderful!' answered I, 'those Franks must be [illegible].'

'[illegible].'

'In the name of Allah, [illegible] from my [illegible] country? What [illegible]?'

'[illegible],' answered he, '[illegible] many [illegible].'

'[illegible] many [illegible].'

'[illegible],' said he, '[illegible] they all wear hats, they all drink wine, eat pork, and do not

believe in the blessed Mahomed. But it is plain they are governed by many kings; see the numerous ambassadors who flock here to rub their foreheads against the threshold of our Imperial Gate. So many of these dogs are here that it is necessary to put one's trust in the mercies of Allah, such is the pollution they create.'

'In the name of the Prophet speak on,' said I, 'and I will write. Praise be to Allah! you are a man of wisdom.' Upon which, whilst I took out my inkstand from my girdle and composed myself to write, he stroked his beard and curled the tips of his mustachios, recollecting within himself which were the principal nations of Europe.

He prefaced his information by saying, 'But why trouble yourself? They are all dogs alike, all sprung from one dunghill; and if there be truth in Heaven, and we believe our blessed Koran, all will burn hereafter in one common furnace. But, stop,' said he, counting his fingers: 'in the first place, there is the *Nemsé Giaour*, the Austrian infidel, our neighbours: a quiet, smoking race, who send us cloth, steel, and glassware; and are governed by a Shah springing from the most ancient race of unbelievers: he sends us a representative to be fed and clothed. Then come those heretics of Muscovites, a most unclean and accursed generation. Their country is so large that one extremity is said to be buried in eternal snows, whilst its other is raging with heat. They are truly our enemy; and when we kill them, we cry Mashallah, praise be to God! Men and women govern there by turns; but they resemble us inasmuch as they put their sovereigns to death almost as frequently as we do. Again, there is a Prussian infidel, who sends us an ambassador, Allah only knows why; for we are in no need of such vermin: but you well know that the Imperial Gate is open to the dog as well as the true believer; for the rain of Providence descends equally upon both. Whom shall I say next, in the name of the Prophet? Let us see, there are two northern unbelievers, living at the extremity of all things,—the Danes and Swedes. They are small tribes, scarcely to be accounted among men, although it is said the Shah of Denmark is the most despotic of the kings of Franks, not having even janissaries to dispute his will, whilst the Swedes are famous for a madman, who once waged a desperate war in Europe, caring little in what country he fought, provided only he could fight; and who, in one of his fits of desperation, made his way to our borders, where, like a wild boar, he was at length brought to bay and taken prisoner. Owing to this circumstance we were introduced to the knowledge of his nation; otherwise, by the blessing of Allah, we should never have known that it even existed. I will mention one more, called Flemengs, infidels, dull, heavy, and boorish, who are amongst the Franks what the Armenians are among us, having no ideas beyond those of thrift, and no ambition beyond that of riches. They used to send us [illegible]; but their government has been destroyed since the appearance of a certain Boonapoort, who [illegible] them and the patron of all unbelief ha[illegible] their chief is in truth a man; one whom we need not be ashamed to class with the Persian Nadir, and with our own Suleiman.'

Here I stopped the Katib in his narrative, and exulting at the name, I exclaimed, 'Boonapoort, Boonapoort,—that is the word I wanted! Say something concern ing him; for I have heard he is a rare and a daring infidel.'

'What can I say,' said my companion, 'except that he once was a man of nothing, a mere soldier; and now he is the Sultan of an immense nation, and gives the law to all the Franks? He did his best endeavours to molest us also, by taking Egypt, and sent innumerable armies to conquer it; but he had omitted to try the edge of a true believer's sword ere he set out, and was obliged to retreat, after having frightened a few Mamelukes and driven the Bedouins into their deserts.'

'But is there not a certain tribe of infidels called Ingliz?' said I, 'the most unaccountable people on earth, who live in an island, and make pen knives!'

'Yes, truly,' said the Katib, 'they, amongst the Franks, are those who for centuries have most rubbed their heads against the imperial threshold, and who have found most favour in the sight of our great and magnanimous Sultan. They are powerful in ships, and in watches and broadcloth unrivalled.'

'But what have you heard of their government?' said I: 'is it not composed of something besides a king?'

'Yes,' returned he, 'you have been rightly informed; but how can you and I understand the humours of such madmen? They have a Shah, 'tis true; but it is a farce to call him by that title. They feed, clothe, and lodge him; give him a yearly income, surround him by all the state and form of a throne; and mock him with as fine words and with as high-sounding titles as we give our sovereigns: but a common Aga of the Janissaries has more power than he; he does not dare even to give the bastinado to one of his own viziers, be his fault what it may; whereas the Aga, if expedient, would crop the ears of half the city, and still receive nothing but reward and encouragement. Then they have certain houses full of madmen, who meet half the year round for the purposes of quarrelling. If one set says white, the other cries black; and they throw more words away in settling a common question than would suffice one of our muftis during a Shah's reign. In short, nothing can be settled in the state, be it only whether a rebellious Aga is to have his head cut off and his property confiscated, or some such trifle, until these people have wrangled. Then what are we to believe? Allah, the Almighty and Allwise, to some nations giveth wisdom, and to others folly! Let us bless Him and our Prophet that we are not born to eat the miseries of the poor English infidels, but can smoke our pipes in quiet on the shores of our own peaceful Bosphorus!' . . .

After a pause, 'Now,' said I, 'have you told me all, or are there more unbelievers? By my beard, you astonish me, for who would have thought that the world was so composed?'

He reflected for some time, and said, 'O yes, I forgot to mention two or three nations; but, in truth, they are not worthy of notice. There are Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian infidels, who eat their swine, and worship their image after their own manner; but who, in fact, are nothing even amongst the Franks.' . . .

I returned to my ambassador full of the information I had acquired, and all-joyous at the success which had attended my first essay in diplomatic life. He was delighted at the memoir I had drawn up from the materials furnished me by the Katib, and as long as we remained at Constantinople daily sent me in search of further particulars, until we both thought ourselves sufficiently in force to be able to draw up a general History of Europe, which the Centre of the Universe in his instructions to the ambassador had ordered him to present on his return. Most assiduously did I apply myself in composing this precious morsel of history. I made a rough draft, which was submitted to the correction of my chief, and when he had seasoned its contents to the palate of the King of Kings, softening down those parts which might appear improbable, and adding to those not sufficiently strong, he delivered it over to a clerk, who in a fair hand transcribed the whole, until at length a very handsome volume was produced. It was duly bound, ornamented, and inserted in a silk and muslin bag, and then the ambassador conceived it might be fit to be placed in the hands of the Shah.

There were new editions of *Hajji Baba* in 1828, 1835, 1856, 1863, &c.; and between 1895 and 1897 there were no less than three admirable editions—one by Mr E. G. Browne (1895), one by Lord Curzon (1895), and one by Dr C. J. Wills (1897). Sir Robert Morier, so long British Ambassador at St Petersburg, was Morier's nephew.

James Baillie Fraser (1783-1856) also described the life and manners of the Persians by fictions as well as true narratives. Born in Inverness-shire, he travelled extensively in India, Persia, and Central Asia, and wrote a series of books of travel and stories of Oriental adventure and romance, *The Kuzzilbash, a Tale of Khorasan* (1828), and its sequel, *The Persian Adventurer*. Neither in his travels nor in his tales did he show the marvellous insight and notable literary skill of Morier. Fraser wrote also a Scotch story, *The Highland Smugglers*.

Herbert Knowles (1798-1817) was humbly born at Gomersal near Leeds, and was sent to Richmond Grammar School by the kindness of three clergymen. In 1816, disappointed in his hopes of a Cambridge career, he sent to Southey his poem of 'The Three Tabernacles,' described as 'written in the churchyard of Richmond, Yorkshire, and suggested by Matt. xvii. 4.' Southey, struck by the exceptional promise of this work by a boy of eighteen, secured patronage for him; and some of his other verses appeared in the magazines of the time. But the young poet died of consumption just after his election to a Cambridge sizarship. His one remembered poem has been praised by Dr Richard Garnett—extravagantly—for its solemn and tender pathos, exquisite diction and melody, and faultless finish; by the omission of the last verse and the transposition of the fifth and sixth, it would, he says, have made the impression of absolute perfection. St Peter talked of building the three tabernacles 'not knowing what he said;' and Knowles was at least as hazy in his ideas when he debated the propriety of building tabernacles to Ambition, Beauty, and Pride in the Yorkshire churchyard. The anapæstic measure is jerky (closely resembling 'The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast'), and unsuitable to the solemn thoughts which, taken separately, are not far removed from commonplace, though, by reason of their subjects, impressive and otherwise well worded. Yet as a whole the poem has touching suggestions and a certain grave attraction especially for those who have learnt the poem in youth from a school-book.

The Three Tabernacles.

Methinks it is good to be here,
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no!
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
For see, they would pin him below
In a small narrow cave, and, begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas, they are all laid aside,
And here 's neither dress nor adornments allowed,
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain;
Who hid, in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squandered again:
And here in the grave are all metals forbid
But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board!
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah no! they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above.
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow?—the dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear
Which Compassion itself could relieve.
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear;
Peace! peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah no! for his empire is known.
And here there are trophies enow!
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise!
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when He rose to the skies.

Charles Wolfe (1791-1823) was born at Dublin. On the death of his father, a well-born Kildare landholder, the family came to England, and the boy got his chief education at Winchester. In 1809 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, gained a scholarship, and in 1814 took his B.A. In 1817 his 'Burial of Sir John Moore'—the one short poem that has secured him immortality—was suggested by Southey's impressive narrative in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* of 1808: 'Sir John Moore had often said that if he was killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there by a body of the 9th Regiment, the aides-de-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for about eight in the morning some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave, the funeral-service was read by the chaplain, and the corpse was covered with earth.' When the ode was published anonymously in an Irish newspaper in 1817, and reprinted in the same year in *Blackwood* and other magazines, it was ascribed to Byron and others of the most notable authors of the day; Shelley considered it not unlike a first draft by Campbell. In 1817 Wolfe took orders, and was curate first of Ballyclog in Tyrone, and then rector of Donoughmore. Symptoms of consumption appearing, he tried in search of health England, the south of France, and finally the sheltered Cove of Cork, and there he died.

In 1841 an otherwise unknown Scottish schoolmaster sought to pluck the laurel from the young author's grave, claiming the 'Burial' as his production. But Wolfe's friends came forward, and established his right beyond controversy; and the new claimant was forced to confess his imposture. A still more curious debate as to the authorship of the poem was started in *Bentley's Miscellany* for 1837 by the ingenious 'Father Prout,' who had produced a Latin original for Campbell's 'Hohenlinden,' and Latin and French originals for many of Tom Moore's best-known (and accordingly plagiarised!) songs. Prout Mahony, that is, calmly alleged that 'The Burial of Sir John Moore' was but a clever version of French verses by an unknown author on the hurried burial of Colonel de Beaumanoir, killed in the defence of Pondicherry in 1790-91 against Sir Eyre Coote, and in evidence he produced the verses—surprisingly *vraisemblable* French verses like this:

> De minuit c'était l'heure, et solitaire et sombre,
> La lune offrait a peine un débile rayon,
> La lanterne luisait péniblement dans l'ombre,
> Quand de la baionette on creusa la gazon

Obviously the one set of verses was a very close rendering of the other, and Mahony's witty mystification was accepted for a while by some sensible persons; and even now the mare's nest is from time to time rediscovered (as in a letter to the *Spectator*, 8th September 1900) by somebody who usually refrains from citing his authority. Wolfe's other poems—apart from mere boyish rhymes, little over a dozen in number—confirm the impression that the author of the 'Burial' had in him poetic sensibilities and the gift of utterance.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
  As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
  O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
  The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
  And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
  Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
  With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
  And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
  And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
  And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
  And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
  And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
  In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
  When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
  That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
  From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
  But we left him alone with his glory !

To Mary.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
  I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
  That thou couldst mortal be :
It never through my mind had passed
  The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
  And thou shouldst smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,
  And think 'twill smile again ;
And still the thought I will not brook,
  That I must look in vain.
But when I speak—thou dost not say
  What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;
And now I feel, as well I may,
  Sweet Mary, thou art dead.

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
  All cold and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
  And where thy smiles have been.
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have
  Thou seemest still mine own ;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
  And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
  Thou hast forgotten me ;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
  In thinking too of thee :
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
  Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
  And never can restore.

This touching lyric, to the Irish air 'Gramachree,' was composed by Wolfe, he tells us, after he had sung the air over and over again, till he burst into a flood of tears. Wolfe's literary *Remains*, consisting chiefly of sermons and the poems, were published with a Memoir in 1815 by Archdeacon Russell.

Thomas Pringle (1789-1834), the first nameworthy contributor to the colonial literature of British South Africa, was born at Blaiklaw in Roxburghshire, studied at Edinburgh University, and in 1811 entered the Register House, the Scottish Record Office, as a transcriber of old documents. He took early to writing, had a share (1817) in the beginnings of *Blackwood's Magazine* in its first (unsuccessful) stage, before Blackwood assumed the management himself, and was author of *Scenes of Teviotdale*, *Ephemerides*, and other poems, which show that he possessed something more than fine feeling and cultivated taste. Although from lameness ill fitted for a life of hardship, Pringle, with his father and several brothers, emigrated to the Cape of Good Hope in 1820, and there established a little township or settlement named Glen Lynden. He afterwards removed to Cape Town, where he became librarian, taught, and tried journalism. The magazine and newspaper he projected and edited were the first things of the kind published at the Cape. But he ventilated colonial grievances and frankly discussed the arbitrary proceedings of the Government; and having had both his papers suppressed by the Governor, and having refused to bind himself to abstain from commenting on governmental policy, he returned to England in 1826, and earned a livelihood by his pen. He was for some time editor of the annual, *Friendship's Offering*, and in the issue for 1834 published one of John Ruskin's very first poems—that on Salzburg. His services were also engaged by the Anti-Slavery Society, and as its secretary he worked zealously until within a few months of his death. His last work was the reissue of his poems on African subjects, the *African Sketches* (reprinted in 1902), together with the *Narrative of a Residence in South Africa*, a graphic record of his sojourn beneath the Southern Cross; already he foresaw in vision a 'British South African Empire' to which the equator might 'prove no ultimate limit.' Of the poem that follows, Coleridge, in an unusually enthusiastic mood, said it was 'among the two or three most perfect lyric poems in our language.'

No critic would now admit such a eulogistic judgment, though the poem has a distinctive note of its own, and it certainly helped to familiarise Pringle's generation of home-keepers with South African words and ideas—vlei, kloof, and karroo, kraal and commando; with Kaffir and Bechuana legends, and the sufferings of all three native races at the hands of the white man.

Afar in the Desert.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I turn to the past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And the shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain like the ghosts of the dead:
Bright visions of glory—that vanished too soon;
Day dreams—that departed ere manhood's noon;
Attachments—by fate or by falsehood reft;
Companions of early days—lost or left;
And my Native Land—whose magical name
Thrills to my heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view!
All—all now forsaken, forgotten, foregone!
And I, a lone exile remembered of none,
My high aims abandoned, my good acts undone,
Aweary of all that is under the sun;
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan
I fly to the Desert afar from man.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush boy alone by my side;
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife;
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear;
And the scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear;
And malice and meanness, and falsehood and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh
Oh then, there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the Desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death fraught firelock in my hand
The only law of the Desert Land.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush boy alone by my side;
Away—away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild-deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote, where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze;
And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of grey forests o'erhung with wild vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood;
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush boy alone by my side
O'er the brown karroo where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight gay;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
And the stately koodoo exultingly bounds,
Undisturbed by the bay of the hunter's hounds;
And the fleet footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste;
And the vulture in circles wheels high overhead,
Greedy to scent and to gorge on the dead;
And the grisly wolf, and the shrieking jackal,
Howl for their prey at the evening fall;
And the fiend-like laugh of hyenas grim
Fearfully startles the twilight dim.
Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush boy alone by my side:
Away—away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Koranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan:
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot:
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare, by the salt lake's brink.
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Nor reedy pool, nor mossy fountain,
Nor shady tree, nor cloud capped mountain,
Appears—to refresh the aching eye:
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon round and round,
Spread—void of living sight or sound,
Tell to the heart, in its pensive mood,
That this is—Nature's solitude.
And here—while the night winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the caverned stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
And feel as a moth in the Mighty Hand
That spread the heavens and heaved the land—
A 'still small voice' comes through the wild
(Like a Father consoling his fretful Child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying, 'Man is distant, but God is near!'

'The Bechuana Boy,' 'Makanna's Gathering,' 'The Captive of Camalu,' 'The Lion Hunt,' are also [illegible] African. Of the non African poems, the sonnets are mostly rather mechanical; the best known is the song in 'The Emigrants' with the burden

Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Cheviot mountains blue.

Pringle's *Narrative* is distinguished from the travels of explorers, hunters, missionaries, and shipwrecked mariners, of which so many of the books dealing with the early years of South African colonial history consist, and has acquired new interest since the recent reconstitution of British

South Africa. The first of the following passages describes his experience of the Boers after he had learnt Dutch enough to communicate with them and preach to the 'Colonial' Hottentots; the second was added just before the publication of the *Narrative* in 1834.

Boer Neighbours in 1820.

I thus found myself all at once, and not a little to my own surprise, performing the novel and somewhat incongruous functions of a sort of civil and military officer, of a medical practitioner, religious instructor, engineer, architect, gardener, plasterer, cabinet-maker, and, I might add, tinker! In short, I was driven to do the best I could in the peculiar position in which circumstances had placed me; and when (as was frequently the case) my own knowledge and the experience of others failed me, I was obliged to trust to 'mother-wit.'

About this period we were somewhat teased by Sunday visits from our Dutch African neighbours of the lower part of the Glen Lynden valley and the Tarka. Solicitous to keep upon friendly terms with these people, I always made it a point to receive them courteously, and usually asked them to dine with me. But finding that they made a practice of visiting us on Sundays, either to gratify idle curiosity or with a view to commercial dealings, I fell upon a scheme which effectually relieved us from this annoyance. I took care to acquaint them that it was contrary to our principles to transact secular business on the Sunday; and when any of them came, I offered them a seat among my Hottentot audience, and invited them to read aloud the Sunday service. Few of them, I found, could read even the New Testament without much stammering and spelling; and they considered it, moreover, a shocking degradation to sit down amidst a group of Hottentots. We were therefore speedily relieved altogether from their Sunday visitations. In other respects, we found them generally, however uncultivated, by no means disagreeable neighbours. They were exceedingly shrewd at bargain-making, it is true, and too sharp sometimes even for cautious Scotchmen; but they were also generally civil and good-natured, and, according to the custom of the country, extremely hospitable. On the whole, their demeanour to us, whom they might be supposed naturally to regard with [illegible], was far more friendly and obliging than we could, under all the circumstances, have reasonably expected.

Vision of a British South African Empire

Now, however chimerical such 'visions' may seem to some people, I will venture to predict that if some such system (I speak of the principle, not of the details, which may perhaps require to be greatly altered from this rude outline) shall be now adopted, and judiciously and perseveringly carried into operation, we shall at no remote period see the tribes beyond our frontier earnestly soliciting to be received under the protection of the [illegible] and jurisdiction. . . . The natives, in short, are ready to throw themselves into our arms. Let us open our arms cordially to embrace them as men and as brothers. Let us enter upon a new and nobler career of conquest. Let us subdue savage Africa by justice, by kindness, by the talisman of Christian truth. Let us *thus* go forth, in the name and under the blessing of God, gradually to extend the moral influence, and, if it be thought desirable, the territorial boundary also, of our colony, until it shall become an Empire, embracing Southern Africa from the Keisi and the Gareep to Mozambique and Cape Negro—and to which, peradventure, in after days, even the equator shall prove no ultimate limit.

There is a Life of Pringle, by Leitch Ritchie, prefixed to the *Poetical Works* ([illegible]).

Francis Egerton, Earl of Ellesmere (1800-57), second son of the first Duke of Sutherland, was born in London, and educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. He sat for Bletchingley, Sutherland, and South Lancashire, and was Irish Secretary (1828-30) and Secretary for War (1830). In 1833, on succeeding to the Bridgewater estates, he assumed the name of Egerton, in lieu of Leveson-Gower, and in 1846 was created Earl of Ellesmere. He translated a large number of books on military history, on subjects Italian, Turkish, and Chinese, and on things in general, in prose and in verse, from French, German, and Italian (from Dumas, Victor Hugo, Goethe, Schiller, and others—his *Faust* being perhaps his feeblest claim to remembrance, for it was neither vigorous nor faithful. His own poems were graceful; *King Alfred* and *Bluebeard* were plays.

Joseph Blanco White (1775-1841), a Spaniard by birth, has the glory of having written what was by Coleridge overpraised as 'the finest and most grandly conceived sonnet in our language'—save for a single unimportant exception, his one poem. He was born at Seville, son of an Irish Roman Catholic merchant settled in Spain who had translated his name to Blanco and become to all intents a Spaniard. Ordained a priest in 1799, he acted for a while as chaplain and confessor, but having lost his faith, he came in 1810 to London, added White to his name, and for four years edited a monthly Spanish paper, subsidised by the English Government and designed to stir up national feeling against the French, then in Spain. He received an English pension of £250, was tutor to Lord Holland's son (1815-16), and was admitted to Anglican orders. Made a member of Oriel College, he became the intimate of Newman and Pusey, who learnt much from his knowledge of Catholic theology. He was for a time tutor in Whately's family at Dublin (1832-35), and became a Protestant champion, but fled to Liverpool when he found himself gradually driven to become a Unitarian. Though he worked diligently at English, he was never thoroughly at home in it; but he published *Letters from Spain by Don Leucadio Doblado* (1822), *Internal Evidences against Catholicism* (1825), *Second Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion* (in answer to Moore's, 1833), and other works both in English and Spanish. His Autobiography (edited by J. H. Thom, 1845) is reviewed in Gladstone's *Gleanings*. The following (*Academy*, 12th September 1891) is his latest version of the 'Sonnet on Night:'

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
  Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
  Did he not tremble for this goodly frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
But through a curtain of translucent dew,
  Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
  Hesperus with the host of heaven came:
And lo! Creation broadened to man's view!
Who could have guessed such darkness lay concealed
  Within thy beams, O Sun? or who divined,
When bud and flower and insect lay revealed,
  Thou to such countless worlds hadst made us blind?
Why should we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light conceals so much, wherefore not Life?

The Second Lord Thurlow (EDWARD HOVELL THURLOW, 1781-1829), minor poet, was the son of the Bishop of Durham and nephew and successor (in the peerage) of the Lord Chancellor (see page 634). Born in London and educated at the Charterhouse and Magdalen College, Oxford, from 1810 onwards he published several collections of poems which, amid much affectation and some bad taste—sarcastically dealt with by Moore, Byron, and the critics—contain not a little real poetry. Charles Lamb said of his work: 'A profusion of verbal dainties, with a disproportionate lack of matter and circumstance, is, I think, one reason of the coldness with which the public has received the poetry of a nobleman now living; which, upon the score of exquisite diction alone, is entitled to something better than neglect. I will venture to copy one of his sonnets in this place [the *London Magazine*], which for quiet sweetness . . . has scarcely its parallel in our language.'

To a Water-bird.

O melancholy bird, a winter's day
Thou standest by the margin of the pool,
And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school
To patience, which all evil can allay.
God has appointed thee the fish thy prey;
And given thyself a lesson to the fool
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.
There need not schools, nor the professor's chair,
Though these be good, true wisdom to impart.
He who has not enough, for these, to spare
Of time, or gold, may yet amend his heart,
And teach his soul, by brooks and rivers fair:
Nature is always wise in every part.

More frequently quoted, and at least equally characteristic, is the following

Song to May.

May! queen of blossoms,
  And fulfilling flowers,
With what pretty music
  Shall we charm the hours?
Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
Blown in the open mead?
Or to the lute give heed
  In the green bowers?

Thou hast no need of us,
  Or pipe or wire;
Thou hast the golden bee
  Ripened with fire;
And many thousand more
Songsters, that thee adore,
Filling earth's grassy floor
  With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,
  Tame, and free livers;
Doubt not, thy music too
  In the deep rivers;
And the whole plumy flight,
Warbling the day and night—
Up at the gates of light,
  See, the lark quivers!

When with the jacinth
  Coy fountains are tressed;
And for the mournful bird
  Greenwoods are dressed,
That did for Tereus pine;
Then shall our songs be thine,
To whom our hearts incline.
  May, be thou blest!

Robert Pollok (1798-1827), a young licentiate of the United Secession Church, survived only a few months the publication of his most notable work, *The Course of Time*, which speedily attained great popularity, especially among 'serious' people in Scotland. Many who scarcely ever dipped into modern poetry were tempted to read a work which set forth their theological tenets in this unwonted and impressive form; while for less devout readers the poem had force and originality enough to attract, in spite of its theme. The *Course of Time* is a long blank-verse poem in ten books, written in a style that sometimes imitates Milton, and at other times resembles the work of Cowper, Blair, and Young. In describing the spiritual life and destiny of man, the seer varies the religious speculations of an unhesitating Calvinist with episodical pictures and narratives. The poem is often harsh, turgid, and antipathetic; its worst fault—all but inseparable from the subject and plan—is its tediousness; whole sections are like a dull sermon in blank verse. But those who welcomed it warmly were more in the right than the moderns who neglect it utterly; there are many suprisingly fine things in it. 'The *Course of Time*,' said Professor Wilson, 'for so young a man is a vast achievement. . . . He has much to learn in composition. . . . But the soul of poetry is there, though often dimly developed; and many passages there are, and long ones too, that heave and hurry and flow along in a divine enthusiasm.' The encouraging critic of this scriptural poem is, be it remembered, the Kit North who loved cock-fighting, and dealt so severely with Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Keats.

Pollok was born at the farm of North Moorhouse in the parish of Eaglesham in Renfrewshire, and after some schooling at Mearns and Fenwick, and a brief interlude of cabinet-making, was sent to the University of Glasgow. While he was a student of divinity in the Hall of the United Secession Church, he wrote a series of prose *Tales of the Covenanters*, published anonymously. The *Course of Time* was all written in the eighteen months between the end of 1824 and the middle of 1826, before his last term at the divinity hall; and was published in the spring of 1827 by Blackwood on the advice of Professor Wilson and 'Delta' Moir, who both gave highly complimentary verdicts on the poem with the somewhat formidable title. Pollok was duly 'licensed to preach the gospel' in May; preached his first sermon after license in the church of Dr John Brown, father of the author of *Rab and his Friends;* and received kindly courtesy and encouragement from the literary patriarch of a long-past generation, Henry Mackenzie, the 'Man of Feeling,' now over eighty-four years of age. The poet-probationer was fast becoming famous; but pulmonary disease had declared itself, and it was evident that he was doomed to an early grave. The anxiety and effort of composition had aggravated the malady; the milder air of Shirley Common near Southampton brought no improvement; and after lingering a few weeks, the victim died on the 17th of September.

This description of Lord Byron was one of the two passages first read by Wilson that moved him to his unexpectedly friendly and favourable judgment of the *Course of Time*.

And first in rambling school-boy days,
Britannia's mountain-walks, and heath-girt lakes,
And story-telling glens, and founts, and brooks,
And maids, as dew-drops pure and fair, his soul
With grandeur filled, and melody, and love.
Then travel came, and took him where he wished.
He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp;
And mused alone on ancient mountain brows;
And mused on battle-fields, where valour fought
In other days; and mused on ruins grey
With years; and drank from old and fabulous wells;
And plucked the vine that first-born prophets plucked;
And mused on famous tombs; and on the wave
Of ocean mused; and on the desert waste.
The heavens, and earth of every country saw:
Where'er the old inspiring Genii dwelt,
Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,
Thither he went, and meditated there.

He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced.
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And oped new fountains in the human heart
Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his fresh as morning rose,
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home,
Where angels bashful looked. Others, tho' great,
Beneath their argument seemed struggling whiles;
He from above descending, stooped to touch
The loftiest thought; and proudly stooped, as tho
It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty.
He laid his hand upon 'the Ocean's mane,'
And played familiar with his hoary locks.
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,
And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend;
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist—the lightning's fiery wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance seemed
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung
His evening song, beneath his feet, conversed. . .
Great man! the nations gazed, and wondered much,
And praised: and many called his evil good
Wits wrote in favour of his wickedness:
And kings to do him honour took delight.
Thus full of titles, flattery, honour, fame;
Beyond desire, beyond ambition full,-
He died—he died of what? Of wretchedness.
Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame; drank early, deeply drank; drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched—then died
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.

(From Book IV.)

Love.

Hail love, first love, thou word that sums all bliss!
The sparkling cream of all Time's blessedness,
The silken down of happiness complete!
Discerner of the ripest grapes of joy
She gathered and selected with her hand,
All finest relishes, all fairest sights,
All rarest odours, all divinest sounds,
All thoughts, all feelings dearest to the soul:
And brought the holy mixture home, and filled
The heart with all superlatives of bliss.
But who would that expound, which words transcends,
Must talk in vain. Behold a meeting scene
Of early love, and thence infer its worth.

It was an eve of autumn's holiest mood.
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand;
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seemed
In silent contemplation to adore
Its Maker. Now and then the aged leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground;
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought
Conversing with itself. Vesper looked forth
From out her western hermitage, and smiled;
And up the east, unclouded, rode the moon
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder working there
Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,
When, by a hermit thorn that on the hill
Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,
A damsel kneeled to offer up her prayer
Her prayer nightly offered, nightly heard.
This ancient thorn had been the meeting-place
Of love, before his country's voice had called
The ardent youth to fields of honour far

Beyond the wave; and hither now repaired,
Nightly, the maid, by God's all-seeing eye
Seen only, while she sought this boon alone—
'Her lover's safety, and his quick return.'
In holy, humble attitude she kneeled,
And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, pressed
One hand, the other lifted up to heaven.
Her eye, upturned, bright as the star of morn,
For all are friends in heaven, all faithful friends;
And many friendships in the days of time
Begun, are lasting here, and growing still;
So grows ours evermore, both theirs and mine.
Nor is the hour of lonely walk forgot
In the wide desert, where the view was large
Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me
The solitude of vast extent, untouched
By hand of art, where nature sowed herself,
And reaped her crops; whose garments were the clouds;
Whose minstrels, brooks; whose lamps, the moon and stars;
Whose organ choir, the voice of many waters;
Whose banquets, morning dews; whose heroes, storms;
Whose warriors, mighty winds; whose lovers, flowers;
Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God;
Whose palaces, the everlasting hills;
Whose ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue;
And from whose rocky turrets, battled high,
Prospect immense spread out on all sides round,
Lost now beneath the welkin and the main,
Now walled with hills that slept above the storm.
(From Book V.)

Happiness.

Whether in crowds or solitudes, in streets
Or shady groves, dwelt Happiness, it seems
In vain to ask; her nature makes it vain;
Though poets much, and hermits, talked and sung
Of brooks and crystal founts, and weeping dews,
And myrtle bowers, and solitary vales,
And with the nymph made assignations there,
And wooed her with a love-sick oaten reed;
And sages too, although less positive,
Advised their sons to court her in the shade?
Delirious babble all! Was happiness,
Was self-approving, God-approving joy,
In drops of dew, however pure? in gales,
However sweet? in wells, however clear?
Or groves, however thick with verdant shade?
True, these were of themselves exceeding fair;
How fair at morn and even! worthy the walk
Of loftiest mind, and gave, when all was right,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
True Happiness [illegible]
No tones [illegible]
Where Duty went, she went; with Justice went;
And went with Meekness, Charity, and Love.
Where'er a tear was dried, a wounded heart
Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed, or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or Virtue's feeble embers fanned; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured and left;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish,
There was a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where Happiness, descending, sat and smiled.
But these apart. In sacred memory lives
The morn of life, first morn of endless days,
Most joyful morn! Nor yet for nought the joy.
A being of eternal date commenced,
A young immortal then was born! And who
Shall tell what strange variety of bliss
Burst on the infant soul, when first it looked
Abroad on God's creation fair, and saw
The glorious earth and glorious heaven, and face
Of man sublime, and saw all new, and felt
All new! when thought awoke, thought never more
To sleep! when first it saw, heard, reasoned, willed,
And triumphed in the warmth of conscious life!
Nor happy only, but the cause of joy,
Which those who never tasted always mourned.
What tongue! no tongue shall tell what bliss o'erflowed
The mother's tender heart, while round her hung
The offspring of her love, and lisped her name;
As living jewels dropped unstained from heaven,
That made her fairer far, and sweeter seem,
Than every ornament of costliest hue!
And who hath not been ravished, as she passed
With all her playful band of little ones,
Like Luna with her daughters of the sky,
Walking in matron majesty and grace?
All who had hearts here pleasure found: and oft
Have I, when tired with heavy task, for tasks
Were heavy in the world below, relaxed
My weary thoughts among their guiltless sports,
And led them by their little hands afield,
And watched them run and crop the tempting flower—
Which oft, unasked, they brought me, and bestowed
With smiling face, that waited [illegible]
Of praise; and answered curious questions, put
In much simplicity, but ill to solve;
And heard their observations strange and new;
And settled whiles their little quarrels soon
[illegible] forgot in love.
And still I looked upon their loveliness,
And sought through nature for similitudes
Of perfect beauty, innocence, and bliss,
And fairest imagery around me thronged;
Dew-drops at day-spring on a seraph's locks,
Roses that bathe about the well of life,
Young Loves, young Hopes, dancing on Morning's cheek,
Gems leaping in the coronet of Love!
(From Book V.)

[illegible] Memoir of P[illegible] [illegible] sought after by few, and, save in occasional quotation, all but forgotten

SCOTTISH VERNACULAR WRITERS UNDER GEORGE III.

IN 1792 Burns wrote in his first letter to George Thomson: 'Apropos, if you are for English verses, there is on my part an end of the matter. Whether in the simplicity of the ballad or the pathos of the song, I can only hope to please myself in being allowed at least a sprinkling of our native tongue.' So that Burns, who fairly represented the practice of his older contemporaries, and who became the standard of all later writers of Scottish verse, followed Ramsay's nondescript and elastic linguistic principle, and with better taste and vastly greater command of his instrument wrote at times indiscriminately almost pure English, nearly the broadest surviving vernacular, or a broken English, more or less largely 'sprinkled' with Scotch words. Sometimes even the words were not vernacular Scotch, but archaisms taken from Ramsay who, as Lord Hailes proved, in ancient Scotch was sadly to seek; sometimes, as Dr Murray has pointed out, they were not Scotch words at all, but 'fancy Scotch' made by Scottifying ordinary English words on an assumed analogy. As a rule Burns was most broadly Scotch when he was most jocular, most largely English when the matter was most serious. In the longer poems, as *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, some verses are pure English, some nearly pure vernacular, and some a curious arbitrary mixture. Only in some of the songs does the largely Anglicised Scotch of his Ayrshire neighbours form the warp and woof of the whole, with English words thrown in. In some of the songs that are reckoned quite Scotch the blend is still more curious: the diction is substantially English, or even the somewhat stilted 'poetic diction' of contemporary southern verse-writers, with a few of the words translated into imitation Scotch. 'My Nannie's awa'' is one of Burns's most popular 'Scotch' songs, but [illegible] is less like the language of Scottish shepherds of any date than

Now in her green m[illegible]
And listens the lamb[illegible]

Braes is the only genuine Scots word here; 'nature arraying in a green mantle and listening lambkins bleating' being not ordinary but poetic English, such as was used in many of the songbooks current in Burns's time. Most of the phrases actually occur in the songs given in *[illegible]* (1784), for example. Dr Murray has said: '"Scots wha hae" is fancy Scotch; that is, it is merely the English "Scots who have" spelled as Scotch. Barbour would have written "Scottis at hes;" Dunbar or Douglas, "Scottis quhilkis hes;" and even Henry Charteris, in the end of the sixteenth century, "Scottis quha hes." . . . "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," although composed of Scotch words, is not vernacular Scotch any more than "How you carry you?" as a translation of "Comment vous portez vous?" is vernacular English.' 'Scots at hes,' it may be added, is still the current Scots form, as it was in Burns's time; 'wha hae' appears only as an imitation of Burns's imitation.

North Germans sometimes use Low German words in High German stories, but the stories themselves do not thus become Platt-Deutsch works. And though a southern Frenchman in Paris gives his articles or verses a southern colouring of words or phrases from his native Nîmes or Avignon, he is not therefore ranked amongst Provençal authors. Nor would Burns have been the greatest of writers in Scottish dialect unless he had in many of his best poems closely followed the Scottish spoken vernacular of his time. But, as we have seen from his own explicit testimony, while refusing to write 'English verses' at all, Burns was content to write 'Scotch verses' in which there was merely a 'sprinkling of his native tongue.' And this whether he was bowdlerising the old Scots songs for Thomson, making new ones to the old tunes and with the old refrains, or inditing his own most spontaneous and original strains. Most of his contemporaries, earlier and later, and almost all his successors have adopted a similarly fluctuating standard of mixed dialect; for many, Burns's very modest minimum of Scotticism has amply sufficed. But when it is remembered that the actually spoken Scotch has long been itself a mixed tongue, a patois rather than a dialect, their practice is not so strange as at first it might appear. Most Scottish writers, accepting Beattie's dictum (page 598) that 'to write in the vulgar broad Scotch and yet write seriously had become impossible,' essayed at times to find or construct a dialect which was not vulgar and was not exactly broad Scotch.

Father Geddes's remarks, quoted below (page 799), are interesting as coming from a philological scholar of great acquirements and thoroughly familiar with the vernacular. In the introduction to one of his own poems, Sir Alexander Boswell, one of Burns's most fervent admirers, and author of some of the most popular and 'broadest' Scotch songs since Burns's time, admirably and authoritatively summed up the case as it stood in 1810 with regard to 'the mixed dialects of English and Scotch, which, though they afford so many facilities in measure and rhyme, are, I am told, not quite legitimate. I shall therefore [in this particular poem] endeavour to confine myself to that which, till the *Gentle Shepherd* once more awoke the Scottish reed, seemed to be for ever the destined dialect of British Poesy. But while our later Bards have wooed the Scottish muse and even Robert Burns is subject to the criticism one-half of what has been written, by a slight alteration of vowels and a few consonants added or subtracted, becomes plain English. Doctor Jamieson will tell you it is not Scotch; but it is a pleasing *mélange*, which carries to the soul the sweetest sentiments, and we care not how we come by them.'

Sir Alexander's pronouncement holds good of the score of Burns's contemporaries, earlier and later, from whom extracts are given below. Some of the minor writers have left a few admirable songs; but whether for songs or total achievement, none of them stands near Burns, and none of them is worthy to be named beside him save Fergusson of those earlier in date, and Tannahill and Lady Nairne amongst those who were born soon after him. Meanwhile the principal writers of Scottish birth and blood were doing their best in book English. What they accomplished may be seen in the preceding pages, and may be recalled here by the names of Beattie, Bruce, and Logan, Macpherson and Mickle, the two Blairs, Dugald Stewart, Henry Mackenzie, Mackintosh, Bruce and Mungo Park, Grahame and Leyden, Joanna Baillie and Thomas Campbell.

D. P.

Jean Elliot and Mrs Cockburn. Two songs, both by women, and both bearing the name of *The Flowers of the Forest*, still divide the favour of lovers of Scottish song. The first, bewailing the losses sustained at Flodden, was written by Jean Elliot of Minto (1727-1805), daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot, and sister of the author of the lyric, 'My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook' (page 423). The second song (1765), which is usually taken to have been on the same subject, was in reality occasioned by the bankruptcy of a number of gentlemen in Selkirkshire; it was written by Alicia Cockburn (1713-95), the daughter of Robert Rutherford of Fernilie, who in 1731 married Patrick Cockburn, advocate, and died in Edinburgh. Most modern Scotsmen agree with Allan Cunningham in preferring Miss Elliot's song; but both have their merits; the second is most usually sung. Sir Walter Scott praises the skill shown by Miss Elliot in imitating the manner of the ancient minstrels.

The Flowers of the Forest.

By Jean Elliot

I've heard the lilting at our yowe milking,
  Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day:
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning
  The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning,
  The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
  Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
  The bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching
  The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
  'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play,
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie
  The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border!
  The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
  The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair lilting at our yowe-milking,
  Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning
  The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away

Lilting is spontaneous singing; *yowes* are ewes; *bandsters* are binders of sheaves; *lyart* is gray-haired, and *runkled* wrinkled; *fleeching* is the importunate beseeching of lovers; *swankies*, young gallants.

The Flowers of the Forest.

By Mrs Cockburn

    I've seen the smiling
    Of fortune beguiling;
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay.
    Sweet was its blessing,
    Kind its caressing;
But now 'tis fled—fled far away.

    I've seen the forest,
    Adorned the foremost
With flowers of the fairest most pleasant and gay;
    Sae bonny was their blooming!
    Their scent the air perfuming!
But now they are withered and weeded away

    I've seen the morning
    With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempest storming before the mid-day;
    I've seen Tweed's silver streams,
    Shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as he rowed on his way.

    Oh fickle Fortune,
    Why this cruel sporting?
Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
    Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
    Nae mair your frowns can fear me;
For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

David Herd (1732-1810) did for Scottish song what Bishop Percy had done for the old English ballads. The son of a farmer in Kincardineshire, he became an accountant's clerk in Edinburgh, and devoted the scanty leisure and savings of a bachelor life to the acquisition of a valuable library and a sound knowledge of the popular lyric poetry of Scotland. Sir Walter Scott, who praises his 'shrewd manly common-sense and antiquarian science,' made use of his rich manuscript collections for the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and recent editors of Burns have been glad to draw illustrations from the same source. His *Ancient Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads*, &c., appeared at first anonymously in a single volume in 1769, and afterwards, with his name, in two volumes, in 1776 (the best edition) and 1791. It was, as Scott described it, 'the first classical collection' of the kind, for the earliest Scottish song books do not count for much as literature; and the *Ancient Scottish Poems* of Lord Hailes (1770) were not songs, but a more critical reprint of some of the contents of the Bannatyne MS. than Allan Ramsay had presented in his *Evergreen* (1724-27), called a collection of 'Scots poems wrote by the ingenious before 1600.' Watson's *Choice Collection of Scottish Poems* (1706-11) contained only a few songs, such as 'Old Long Syne,' 'Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament,' and the verses attributed to Montrose, and these are not Scotch in language at all. More notable in this regard is Allan Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, the first volume of which appeared in 1724. Ramsay printed some of the older songs, and published many from the pens of contemporary verse-writers like Robert Crawford and the Hamiltons of Bangour and Gilbertfield (pages 309, 310). But not a few of these new songs were eighteenth-century English in language and sentiment; too many of the old ones were the spurious imitations produced by Durfey and his school; and nowhere is Ramsay's treatment of his texts to be trusted. Quite as uncritical was the *Orpheus Caledonius*, a collection of songs (largely appropriated from the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, which, however, revenged itself by such reprisals as that of Lady Grizel Baillie's famous song) set to music and published by a certain William Thomson in 1725-33. Of the same order were the collection of Scottish melodies by James Oswald, Yair's *Charmer* (1749-51), and the selection entitled *The Lark* (the last a Scottish and English medley, blending 'Todlin Hame' and 'The Ewe Bughts,' 'Waly, waly' and 'The Blithesome Bridal,' with 'Chevy Chace,' first issued in London in 1746, and reprinted at Edinburgh in an edition which contained Mrs Cockburn's 'Flowers of the Forest,' and is known to have been possessed by Burns. On such merely popular publications the critical collection of Herd was a great advance. His texts have always enjoyed the reputation of superior accuracy, and his choice of specimens is ample and judicious. Ballads as well as songs were included in his work, and it is noteworthy that when one has made subtraction from it of 'Gil Morice' and 'Sir Patrick Spens' and their like, as well as of Anglicised verses like 'The Bush aboon Traquair' and the 'Broom o' the Cowdenknowes,' very little of what is now recognised as classical Scottish song remains. The majority and assuredly the best of the genuine old Scottish songs printed by Herd are of the bacchanalian, comic-amorous, and not always too decorous kind, exemplified by 'The Tailor,' 'The Bob o' Dumblane,' and 'Todlin Hame.' Songs of passion and pathos, such as are now taken as typical of Scottish minstrelsy, are conspicuously few. They make their appearance first from the master hand of Burns in James Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* (1787-1803) and George Thomson's *Collection of Scottish Songs and Airs* (1793-1841), which, by grace of the genius of their chief contributor rather than through any editorial scholarship, rank along with Herd's modest anthology as the great books of Scottish song. Pinkerton's rather unreliable *Select Scotish Ballads* (1783; Pinkerton and some others made a point of spelling *Scotish*) and Joseph Ritson's scholarly volume of *Scottish Songs* (1794) also deserve mention. *St Cecilia, or the Lady's and Gentleman's Harmonious Companion*, also called *Wilson's Musical Miscellany*, published at Edinburgh 'for C. Wilson' in 1779, was of the *Lark* type. It complained that all previous collections 'had one general fault (viz. that they abounded too much with obscene songs, that tend to suppress virtue; which proves that the editors thereof have had but a mean taste. . . . Particular care hath been taken in the selection of this collection, and nothing is inserted that can give the least offence to that delicacy of taste for which the present age is so remarkable;' and yet used considerable freedom in this very department. This collection, English and Scotch, contains many of the Scotch songs Burns commended and imitated, and was doubtless known to him. The *Cheerful Companion* (Perth, 1780; 3rd ed. 1790) was one of several provincial song-books in common use. A good reprint of Herd's collection was published in 1869.

Robert Graham (c. 1735-97) of Gartmore inherited the family estate (part of it handed on from the last Earl of Menteith) on the death of his brother William in 1774. He assumed the name of Cunninghame before Graham (Cunninghame-Graham) on succeeding to the estates of the Glencairn earldom at the death of his cousin, the fifteenth and last Earl of Glencairn (1796), through his mother, Lady Margaret Cunninghame, daughter of William, twelfth Earl. Graham studied at Glasgow, was for some years Receiver-General of Jamaica, and from 1794 to 1796 was M.P. for Stirlingshire. An advanced Liberal, the friend of Charles James Fox, and an admirer of the French Revolution, he had in 1785 been elected Rector of Glasgow University in opposition to Burke. He gathered about him a large and valuable library and a rich collection of admirable paintings; and when Sir Walter Scott was at Gartmore while writing *Rob Roy*, Graham lent him many documents and MSS. about the family and the district. Graham (ancestor of Mr Cunninghame Graham, a well-known writer of a later day, whose wife is also an authoress) wrote songs and lyrics, of which by far the best and the only one known is that printed by Scott in the first edition of the *Border Minstrelsy* as verses 'taken down from recitation and averred to be of the age of Charles I. They have indeed much of the romantic expression of passion common to poets of that period, whose lays still reflected the setting beams of chivalry.' But in later editions he had to add that he 'was assured they were by the late Mr Graham of Gartmore.' He told Lockhart he had believed them to be the work of a greater Graham—the famous Marquis of Montrose himself (see Vol. I. p. 817).

If Doughty Deeds

If doughty deeds my ladye please,
  Right soon I'll mount my steed;
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
  That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
  Thy picture at my heart;
And he that bends not to thine eye
  Shall rue it to his smart!
    Then tell me how to woo thee, Love,
      O, tell me how to woo thee!
    For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,
      Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
  I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
  And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
  These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,
  That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
  I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
  I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
  For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing,
  O tell me how to woo!
    Then tell me how to woo thee, Love,
      O, tell me how to woo thee!
    For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,
      Tho' ne'er another trow me.

Alexander Geddes (1737-1802), one of the most remarkable and curiously gifted Scotsmen of his time, was born in Ruthven parish, Banffshire, of Roman Catholic parentage, and was educated for the priesthood at the seminary of Scalan in Glenlivat and at Paris (1758-64), where he acquired a knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, French, Spanish, German, and Low Dutch, as well as of Latin, but devoted himself specially to school divinity and biblical criticism. In 1769 he took a cure of souls at Auchinhalrig in Banffshire, where his too marked sympathy with the Protestants around him (he sometimes went to the parish church services) led to his dismissal (1780). He then went to London, and, by Lord Petre's help, carried on a new translation of the Bible for the use of English Catholics (3 vols. 1792-1800; including only the earlier books to Ruth, with some of the Psalms)—a work whose 'notes and critical remarks' offended Catholics and Protestants alike by 'higher criticism' of startling boldness. Indeed, the critic rivalled the revolutionary freedom of the most thorough-going German rationalists; and Eichhorn and Paulus were both among his correspondents, as well as Dr Kennicott and Bishop Lowth. Geddes claimed explicitly to apply to the sacred text the very same methods as had been so profitably used in connection with the Greek and Latin classics; doubted or disputed the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch; and held that the writer, whoever he was, adorned his narrative of perfectly natural events with marvels and fictitious Divine interferences, and dressed up fables as true history. The story of the creation is a fable, like other cosmogonies; the story of the fall a *myth*. The effect of such methods on the doctrine of inspiration was such as to make the Unitarian Priestley (against whom Geddes defended the Trinity) doubt if a man who believed so little and conceded so much as Geddes could be a Christian. Violent controversy followed, and ecclesiastical interdicts. Geddes died without recanting, qualified his acceptance of the Trinity and the Atonement, but received absolution from a French priest. Public mass for his soul was prohibited by the Roman Catholic bishop.

In Professor George Adam Smith's *Criticism of the Old Testament* (1901) Geddes is treated as a conspicuous representative, if not the originator, of the view that the Pentateuch is composed, not of two or three documents (Elohistic, Jehovistic, &c.) merely, but of a multitude of independent documents or sections—the Fragmentary hypothesis, as it is called. And Geddes anticipated Bleek in regard to the book of Joshua forming an indispensable supplement to the Pentateuch.

Besides his memorable contribution to English biblical criticism, Geddes wrote numerous letters, appeals, and pamphlets in his own defence; an apology for the Roman Catholics of Great Britain, disquisitions on the penal laws, and other argumentative treatises; an ironical defence of slavery and a number of sermons. But he is also known as an indefatigable poet in Latin, English, and vernacular Scotch. His 'translation' in spirited Hudibrastic verse of some of Horace's Satires (1778) was rather a lively 'imitation;' it secured a literary success and the praise of Professors

Robertson, Reid, and Beattie, and in 1780 the author was made an LL.D. of Aberdeen. On his being elected a corresponding member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, he addressed to the society a poetical epistle in 'gude auld Scottis' phrase,' printed in the first volume of their Transactions, along with a dissertation on 'The Scoto-Saxon Dialect,' which represents truer views than were then current, and translations of an eclogue of Virgil and an idyl of Theocritus in Scots. His *Epistola Macaronica ad Fratrem* (1790), on a great public dinner of the English Protestant Dissenters, is a clever and amusing performance; and *Bardomachia*, on a battle between two rival bards in a bookseller's shop (1800), when 'Peter Pindar' attacked Gifford in a shop in Piccadilly, was also macaronic, with an English version appended.

Linton, a Tweeddale Pastoral (1781), celebrated the birth of an heir to the house of Traquair, whose Geddes had been tutor; the *Carmen Seculare pro Gallica Gente* (1790), followed by others, praised the French Revolution. There were also *A Norfolk Tale* (1792), suggested by a journey to visit Lord Petre; *[illegible] du Diable*, on a lawsuit against Peter Pindar; a doggerel parody of a Cambridge University sermon; a painfully literal verse translation of the first book of the *Iliad*; and a mock-heroic poem in nine cantos on an electioneering affair in which the Bishop of Bangor took a conspicuous part, called *The Battle of Bangor, or the Church's Triumph*. Another of his clever translations in iambics was *Ver-Vert, or the Parrot of Nevers*, from the French of Gresset, a poem afterwards translated by Father Prout. He used to be credited, on no sufficient grounds, with the authorship of the pathetic song *Lewie Gordon*, and of the broadly and vulgarly humorous *Wee Wifukie*, more probably the work of Alexander Watson, Lord Byron's Aberdeen tailor. Geddes was companionable and brilliant in conversation, full of anecdote, wit, and epigram; but he was apt to be trying to his friends by his indiscretions in speech and writing, and seemed too willing to startle people by the audacity of his paradoxes.

From the 'Dissertation on the Scoto-Saxon Dialect.'

It is my opinion that those who, for almost a century past, have written in Scots, Allan Ramsay not excepted, have not duly discriminated the genuine Scottish idiom from its vulgarisms. They seem to have acted a similar part with certain pretended imitators of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, who fondly imagine that they are copying from those great models, when they only mimic their antiquated mode of spelling, their obsolete terms, and their irregular construction. Thus, to write Scottish poetry (for prose has been seldom attempted), nothing more was deemed necessary than to interlard the composition with a number of low words and trite proverbial phrases, in common use among the illiterate; and the more anomalous and farther removed from polite usage those words and phrases were, so much the more genuine and eligible they were accounted. It was enough that they were not found in an English lexicon to give them a preference in the Scottish glossary; nor was it ever once considered that all words truly Anglo-Saxon were as truly Scoto-Saxon words, and that every Scottish term which the English have borrowed from other languages, the Scots [illegible]

By the last sentence he claims an antihistoric liberty that allowed him to introduce in his own poems, as most of his contemporaries had done, along with indubitable Scotch words, as many English words and spellings as were found convenient—a practice which produces a hybrid artificial dialect; and like his contemporaries, Geddes permitted himself to manufacture Scotch words for English ones, obviously on erroneous analogies. Thus because the English *o* is in Scots often (not always) *a*, because the English home is in Scotch *hame*, therefore roam is *rame*, the city of Rome, *Rame*, and moment, *mament*. The two translations from Virgil and Theocritus were printed in a curious phonetic system of his own, which makes them all but unintelligible even to those familiar with old Scotch: thus, hame is *hêm*, frae is *frê*; ease is [illegible]; braid, *brêd*; those, [illegible]; praise, *prêz*; wha, *hua*; while, *huîl*; you, [illegible]; deem, *dîm*; laughs, *lâkis*; power, *pûr*; and the Aberdeenshire value of the Scotch *u* or *ui* is given by *î* (ee in English), muses becoming [illegible].

In the *Epistle* to the Antiquaries he laments the low estate of the Muse of vernacular Scots, surveys her achievements in the past; and pays a tribute to Burns, remarkable even in the year 1792 when it was printed in the Transactions, which could obviously not have formed any part of the epistle as sent to the society immediately on Geddes's election in 1785, before the Kilmarnock edition had appeared and before Burns had been heard of in Edinburgh:

From the Epistle to the Society of Antiquaries.

For tho' 'tis true that Mither-tongue
Has had the melancholy fate
To be neglekit by the great,
She still has fun' an open door
Amang the uncorruptit poor,
Wha ha'e na weent to treat wi' scorn   wont
A gentlewoman bred and born;
But bid her, though in tatters drest,
A hearty welcome to their best.

There aft on ben mast bink she sits,   bench
An' sharpens [illegible] wits,
Wi' [illegible],
An' [illegible];
[illegible]
And mak the langsome night look short.

At uther times in some warm neuk
She to the cutchok ha'ds a beuk,   blazing fire
And reads in sic a magic tone
The deeds that our forbeirs ha' done.
Sa here, gif ye attention gi'e,
Sik ald warld wunders ye may see;

May see the maiden stap her wheel,
The mistress cease to turn the reel;
Lizzie wi' laddle in her hand
Til pot boil over, gapand stand:
Ev'n hungry Gib his speun depose
And for a mament spare his brose! . . .

An' nou the Muse wi' rapture turns
To Coila's glory, self taught Burns:
Wha mid the constant avocation
Of a laborious occupation,
Finds time to cull si'k transient flours
As bleum on Galovidean moors;
And, at the pleugh, or at the team,
Glows with a pure poetic gleam.

Whether, in numbers smooth and easy,
He sing the dirgie of a deasy: daisy
Or in a strain mair free an' frisky
Resoun' the praise of Highland whisky:
Or with a Goldsmith's pencil trace
The virtues o' the cottage race:
Or, wieldan' satire's heavy flail,
The cantan' hypocrite assail:
Or mind a patriot of his duty;
Or tune a safter pipe to beuty;
Or, in a frolic wanton teen, [illegible]
Describe the fun of Hallow e'en:
Tho' some few notes be harsh an' hard,
Yet still we see the genuine Bard.

Hale be thine heart, thou wale o' swains,
That grace the Caledonian plains:
May ilka sort o' bliss thee follow,
That suits the vot'ries of Apollo.
A merry heart, a mirkless head; clear
A conscience pure, an' void o' dread;
A well-thack't hut, an ingle clear; thatched
A fu' pint-stowp of reaming beer; foaming
A daily sark, a Sunday coat; [illegible]
Thy pocket ne'er without a groat;
An' for the solace of thy life,
A bonny, braw, belovit wife.

Su'l Fortune, mair outowr, befriend thee:
An' fouth o' gowd an' gear attend thee: [illegible]
Bewar of indolence an' pride;
Nor cast thine aiten reed aside: [illegible]
Bot trim, an' blaw it mair an' mair;
An' court the Muses late an' air: early
Wi' critic skill explore the grain
An' fan an' fan it owr again
Till ne'er a bit of caff remain. [illegible]
So sal thy name be handit down
With uther poets o' renoun;
An' Burns in gowden cyphers shine
Wi' Inglis, Lindsay, Ballandyne,
Gilbraith, Montgomery; an' far
Before the laif, ornate Dunbar.

Thy rare example sal inspire
Our rising youth with rival fire:
Wha yet may emulate the lays
Of loftiest bards of ancient days.

From Horace's Satires I. 4.

Chaucer and Shakespeare, Lydgate, Ben,
And other such old comic men,
Were wont, while poets yet had grace,
To laugh at Folly, to its face. . . .

Butler, tho' in a diff'rent pace,
Pursued the same inviting chase:
Butler, a bard of matchless wit,
Had he in smoother numbers writ.
How could he?—In an hour, he'd bring
Two hundred verses in a string
Then pause—and, in another hour,
He'd bring two hundred verses more.
Copious he flow'd, but wanted skill
Or patience to restrain his quill:
Yet in his motley, muddy stream
Full many a pearl is seen to gleam.

'Tis not the number, but the weight
Of lines that we should estimate
Crispinus challenges to rhime—
'Appoint a judge—a place—a time—
Give paper, ink—and let us try
Who writes most verses? You or I?'

The Gods did well, that form'd my mind
Of the pacific, gentle kind,
And made me of a temp'rature
Such boist'rous boasting to endure.
Be thou, Crispinus! and thy fellows,
The emblem of a blacksmith's bellows,
Which, tho' it make a constant din,
Has nought but noisy wind within!

Thrice happy Bays! He twice a year
Can charm ev'n mighty George's ear;
And see each dark and dulsome line
In Boyce's deathless music shine:
While these of mine, scarce one in twenty
Can bear—their palates are so dainty!

Satire, my friend ('twixt me and you),
Can never please but very few.
The reason if you ask—'Tis plain, sir!
The most of mankind merit censure.
Th' ambitious knave, the wealthy fool,
Corruption's tampeter and tool;
The slave of luxury and lust,
The virtuoso mad for rust;
The trader, whose insatiate soul
Drives him like dust from pole to pole—
All these with one accord (you know it)
Dread poetry, and damn the poet.

'Shun, shun (they cry) the dangerous man:
He'll kick or cuff you, if he can.
Let him but have his darling joke,
He cares not whom he may provoke.
Ev'n sacred friendship vainly tries
To 'scape his wanton railleries:
And, once your name is fairly down,
You're made the sport of all the town.'

The charge is heavy—But agree
To hear, at least, my counter plea.
And, first, I solemnly disclaim
A poet's venerable name.
For, sure, you cannot think that those,
Who write in verse resembling prose,
Are poets? He who boldly soars
Above the reach of vulgar pow'rs;
Whose bosom, if the Muse inspire,
Glows with a more than mortal fire;

And who, in ev'ry rapt'rous line,
Displays an energy divine;
Commands, not courts, our approbation—
He, he deserves that appellation!

And hence there are (perhaps you know 'em)
Who deem ev'n comedy no poem;
Because it wants that force and fire
Which we in poetry require;
And, but that numbers interpose,
Is nothing more than naked prose.

From the 'Epistola Macaronica.'

All in a word qui se oppressos most heavily credunt
Legibus injustis test-oathibus atque profanis;
Whilk high church hommes in ease et luxury vivunt,
Et placeas, postas, mercedes, munia graspant!
Ita cuncti keen were; fain aut pugnare parati
Prisca pro causa.

His [illegible] commentary on the [illegible] of Geddes's [illegible] [illegible] Antiquaries [illegible] Life of Geddes by Dr Mason Good (1803) [illegible] Poets [illegible] Dr [illegible]

Susanna Blamire (1747-94), the 'Muse of Cumberland,' was, somewhat paradoxically, distinguished for her Scottish songs and poems. She was born of good family in Cumberland, at Cardew Hall near Carlisle, but was brought up by an aunt at Thackwood, endearing herself there to a circle of friends and acquaintance at many a 'merrie neet.' Her elder sister becoming in 1767 the wife of Colonel Graham of Gartmore, Susanna often visited them in Perthshire, where she acquired that taste for Scottish melody and music which prompted her lyrics, *The Nabob*, *And ye shall walk in Silk Attire*, *The Siller Croun*, and others. She knew Allan Ramsay's works, but seems not to have seen anything of Burns's. Besides her Scotch songs, she wrote pieces in the Cumbrian dialect, a number of addresses to friends and occasional verses, and a descriptive poem of some length entitled *Stoklewath, or the Cumbrian Village*. The Scotch lyrics, much more numerous than the Cumbrian ones, are in a rather artificial Scotch. Some are partly Cumbrian and partly Scotch, and with the Cumbrian words altered [illegible] in *Dinna Think, bonnie Lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee*) appear regularly in Scotch collections. Miss Blamire died unmarried at Carlisle in her forty-seventh year, and her name had almost faded from remembrance, when, in 1842, her poetical works were collected by Dr Lonsdale and published in a small volume, with a memoir and notes by Patrick Maxwell.

The Nabob

When silent time, wi' lightly foot,
  Had trod on thirty years,
I sought again my native land
  Wi' mony hopes and fears.

Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
  May still continue mine?
Or gin I e'er again shall taste
  The joys I left langsyne?

As I drew near my ancient pile
  My heart beat a' the way;
Ilk place I passed seemed yet to speak
  O' some dear former day;
Those days that followed me afar,
  Those happy days o' mine,
Whilk made me think the present joys
  A naething to langsyne!

The ivied tower now met my eye,
  Where minstrels used to blaw;
Nae friend stepped forth wi' open hand,
  Nae weel kenned face I saw;
Till Donald tottered to the door,
  Wham I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad return
  He bore about langsyne.

I ran to ilka dear friend's room,
  As if to find them there,
I knew where ilk ane used to sit,
  And hang o'er mony a chair;
Till soft remembrance threw a veil
  Across these een o' mine,
I closed the door, and sobbed aloud,
  To think on auld langsyne.

Some pensy chiels, a new sprung race,
  Wad next their welcome pay,
Wha shuddered at my Gothic wa's,
  And wished my groves away:
'Cut, cut,' they cried, 'those aged elms;
  Lay low yon mournfu' pine.'
Na! na! our fathers' names grow there,
  Memorials o' langsyne.

To wean me frae these waefu' thoughts,
  They took me to the town;
But sair on ilka weel kenned face
  I missed the youthfu' bloom.
At balls they pointed to a nymph
  Wham a' declared divine;
But sure her mother's blushing cheeks
  Were fairer far langsyne!

In vain I sought in music's sound
  To find that magic art,
Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays
  Has thrilled through a' my heart.
The sang had mony an artfu' turn;
  My ear confessed 'twas fine;
But missed the simple melody
  I listened to langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
  Forgie an auld man's spleen,
Wha 'midst your gayest scenes still mourns
  The days he ance has seen:
When time has passed and seasons fled,
  Your hearts will feel like mine;
And aye the sang will maist delight
  That minds ye o' langsyne!

What Ails this Heart o' Mine?

What ails this heart o' mine?
  What ails this watery ee?
What gars me a' turn pale as death
  When I take leave o' thee?
When thou art far awa',
  Thou 'lt dearer grow to me;
But change o' place and change o' folk
  May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,
  Or walk at morning air,
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say
  I used to meet thee there.
Then I 'll sit down and cry,
  And live aneath the tree,
And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,
  I 'll ca 't a word frae thee.

I 'll hie me to the bower
  That thou wi' roses tied,
And where wi' mony a blushing bud
  I strove myself to hide.
I 'll doat on ilka spot
  Where I hae been wi' thee:
And ca' to mind some kindly word
  By ilka burn and tree.

Auld Robin Forbes (in Cumbrian).

And auld Robin Forbes hes gien tem a dance,
I pat on my speckets to see them aw prance;
I thout o' the days when I was but fifteen,
And skipped wi' the best upon Forbes's green.
Of aw things that is I think thout is meast queer,
It brings that that 's bypast and sets it down here;
I see Willy as plain as I dui this bit leace,
When he tuik his cwoat lappet and deeghted his feace.

The lasses aw wondered what Willy cud see
In yen that was dark and hard-featured leyke me;
And they wondered ay mair when they talked o' my wit,
And slily telt Willy that cudn't be it:
But Willy he laughed, and he meade me his weyfe,
And whea was mair happy thro' aw his lang leyfe?
It 's e'en my great comfort, now Willy is geane,
That he offen said—nea pleace was leyke his awn heame!

I mind when I carried my wark to yon steyle,
Where Willy was dykin, the time to beguile,
He wad fling me a daisy to put i' my breast,
And I hammered my noddle to mek out a jest.
But merry or grave, Willy often wad tell
There was nin o' the leave that was leyke my awsel;
And he spak what he thout, for I'd hardly a plack
When we married, and nobbet ae gown to my back.

When the clock had struck eight, I expected him heame,
And wheyles went to meet him as far as Dumleane;
Of aw hours it telt, eight was dearest to me,
But now when it strikes there 's a tear i' my ee.
O Willy! dear Willy! it never can be
That age, time, or death can divide thee and me!
For that spot on earth that 's aye dearest to me,
Is the turf that has covered my Willie frae me!

Hector Macneill (1746-1818), son of an old captain of the 42nd who turned farmer in Stirlingshire, spent some years in the West Indies, in 1780-86 was assistant-secretary on an admiral's flagship, and after two visits to Jamaica settled in Edinburgh on an annuity given him by a friend. He wrote several pamphlets, two novels, and some satirical poems denouncing modern changes; a legendary poem, *The Harp* (1789), and a descriptive poem, *The Carse of Forth;* but his name is associated with *Scotland's Skaith, or the History o' Will and Jean*, telling how a husband reduces a happy family to beggary by drinking, and recovers himself after a spell of soldiering and the loss of a leg. But far better known are Macneill's lyrics, several of which—'My boy Tammy,' 'I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane,' and 'Come under my plaidie,' for example—are still popular Scotch songs; and 'Mary of Castle-Cary,' in spite of her 'soft rolling ee,' is constantly sung. 'Mary' is appended, as also a verse of each of the two other songs, and part of *Scotland's Skaith.*

I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane,
He lo'ed ne'er a lassie but me;
He 's willing to mak me his ain,
And his ain I am willing to be.
He has coft me a rocklay o' blue, roquelaure, short cloak
And a pair o' mittens o' green;
The price was a kiss o' my mou',
And I paid him the debt yestreen.

. . . . .

Come under my plaidie, the night 's gaun to fa';
  Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw;
Come under my plaidie, and sit doun beside me;
  There 's room in 't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.
Come under my plaidie, and sit doun beside me,
  I 'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw:
Oh! come under my plaidie, and sit doun beside me;
  There 's room in 't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.

From 'Scotland's Skaith.'

In a howm, whose bonny burnie
  Whimpering rowed its crystal flood,
Near the road, where travellers turn aye,
  Neat and bield a cot-house stood: snug

White the wa's, wi' roof new theekit, thatched
  Window-broads just painted red; boards
Lown 'mang trees and braes it reekit, Sheltered—smoked
  Haflins seen and haflins hid. Half

Up the gavel-end, thick spreadin', gable
  Crap the clasping ivy green,
Back ower, firs the high craigs cleadin', Behind—clothing
  Raised a' round a cosy screen.

Down below, a flowery meadow
  Joined the burnie's rambling line;
Here it was that Howe the widow
  That same day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its
  Bottom, Will first marvelling sees
'Porter, Ale, and British Spirits,'
  Painted bright between twa trees.

'Godsake, Tam! here's walth for drinking! wealth
  Wha can this new-comer be?'
'Hout,' quo' Tam, 'there's drouth in thinking— thirst
  Let's in, Will, an' syne we'll see.'

Mary of Castle-Cary

'Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing,
  Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming,
  Sought she the burnie where flowers the haw tree?
Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk white,
  Dark is the blue of her soft rolling ee;
Red, red are her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses
  Where could my wee thing wander frae me?'

'I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
  Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
But I met my bonny thing late in the gloaming,
  Down by the burnie where flowers the haw-tree:
Her hair it was lint white, her skin it was milk-white,
  Dark was the blue of her soft rolling ee;
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses
  Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.'

'It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,
  It was nae my true love ye met by the tree:
Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature;
  She never loved ony till ance she lo'ed me.
Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
  Aft has she sat when a bairn on my knee:
Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,
  Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee.'

'It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
  It was then your true love I met by the tree;
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
  Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.'
Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
  Wild flashed the fire frae his red rolling ee;
'Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning;
  Defend ye, fause traitor; fu' loudly ye lie.'

'Away wi' beguiling,' cried the youth, smiling
  Off went the bonnet, the lint white locks flee, fly
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
  Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling ee.
'Is it my wee thing, is it my ain thing,
  Is it my true love here that I see?'
'O Jamie, forgie me: your heart's constant to me,
  I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.'

John Lowe (1750-98), son of the gardener at Kenmure Castle in Galloway, studied for the Presbyterian ministry at Edinburgh. His one popular song, *Mary's Dream*, was written on the drowning of a ship's doctor named Miller, who was attached to a daughter of the house in which Lowe was tutor. Lowe afterwards emigrated to America, where he taught a while, then took orders as an Episcopal clergyman, but having made an unhappy marriage, became dissipated, and died in great misery near Fredericksburg in Virginia. Only fragments of his other poems have been printed.

Mary's Dream

The moon had climbed the highest hill
  Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
  Her silver light on tower and tree;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
  Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
When, soft and low, a voice was heard,
  Saying: 'Mary, weep no more for me!'

She from her pillow gently raised
  Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
  With visage pale, and hollow ee.
'O Mary dear, cold is my clay;
  It lies beneath a stormy sea.
Far, far from thee I sleep in death;
  So, Mary, weep no more for me!

'Three stormy nights and stormy day
  We tossed upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
  But all our striving was in vain.
Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
  My heart was filled with love for thee:
The storm is past, and I at rest;
  So, Mary, weep no more for me!

'O maiden dear, thyself prepare;
  We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
  And thou and I shall part no more!'
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
  No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said:
  'Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!'

Lady Anne Barnard (1750-1825) was the eldest daughter of James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarres. Her life was divided between Balcarres in East Fife and Edinburgh, till in 1793 she married Andrew Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick, and afterwards appointed by Dundas as Colonial Secretary, under Lord Macartney, at the Cape of Good Hope. On his death in 1807 she settled in London. Her *Auld Robin Gray*, one of the most perfect, tender, and affecting of all our ballads of humble life, was written when she was a girl of twenty-two, published anonymously, and assumed to be an ancient piece. She revealed the secret of its authorship, which till then had been carefully kept, in a letter (8th July 1823) to Sir Walter Scott.

Robin Gray, so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarres, was *born* soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London. I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an English Scotch melody of which I was passionately fond. Sophy Johnstone, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarres. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister (Elizabeth), now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me. 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one!' 'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fireside and amongst our neighbours 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was my dread of being suspected of writing anything, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write nothing, that I carefully kept my own secret.

With this letter Lady Anne sent two continuations of the ballad, which, like most continuations, are greatly inferior to the original. Scott published them, however, in his *Auld Robin Gray: a Ballad* (Bannatyne Club, 1825), to which reference may be made, as also to Lord Crawford's *Lives of the Lindsays* (1849). Lady Anne was brought before the public as an authoress once more during the South African troubles in 1899-1902, when nineteen interesting letters written home by her from the Cape in 1797-1801 were published as *South Africa a Century Ago* (1901). In these admirable specimens of the eighteenth-century style of letter-writing 'a shrewd, humorous, and widely experienced gentlewoman gives with entire frankness and frequent flashes of wit a clear and instructive account of the state of South Africa when the British flag was first hoisted over Cape Town,' and by no means omits the difficulties that beset attempts 'to conciliate the Dutch as much as possible' twenty years before her countryman Pringle recorded his experience of the settlers' life.

Auld Robin Gray

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye's come [illegible]
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane, [illegible]
The waes o' my heart fa' in [illegible]
Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound [illegible]

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving [illegible]
To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound, they were baith for me.

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day
When my father brake his arm, and the cow was stown;
My mother she fell sick, my Jamie was at sea, [illegible] away;
And auld Robin Gray [illegible]

My father couldna wark, my mother [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
When mournfu' [illegible]
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said: 'I'm come hame, love, to marry thee!'

Oh, sair sair did we greet, and mickle say of a',
I gied him ae kiss, and bade him gang awa.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm na like to die,
For, though my heart is broken, I'm but young, wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin,
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin,
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For, oh! Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

Robert Fergusson.

Robert Fergusson was born, on 5th September 1750, in Cap and Feather Close, off the High Street of Edinburgh. His father was a poor clerk, but both father and mother were of gentle Aberdeenshire blood, and a maternal uncle was a landed proprietor and factor in that county; his best biographer, Dr Grosart, assigns him two clerical great-grandfathers. Fergusson was sent to a private school at the age of six, and entered Edinburgh High School in 1758. He spent four years there, and is reputed to have been quick at making up leeway lost by frequent absences due to native delicacy of constitution, and to have been a devourer of books. In 1761 he procured a bursary which provided for 'maintenance and education' at the Grammar School of Dundee and the University of St Andrews, and after spending three years at the School he matriculated at St Andrews in 1765. Student life at St Andrews was not refined. The town swarmed with ale-houses, and the bursars had a too liberal supply of ale in their otherwise not too generous commons. So it is mainly the 'larks' of Fergusson's university career that contemporary gossip has preserved; a college servant described him as 'a tricky callant, but a fine laddie for a' that;' and careless biographers have stated wrongly that he was expelled for participation in a 'row.' But he is reputed to have loved and known Virgil and Horace; he read much good English; and he had a close friend in Professor William Wilkie, whom Charles Townshend pronounced the most singular combination of god and brute he had ever met (see page 44[illegible]). Fergusson had rhymed in the vernacular from a very early period, and one of his extra-academical performances was an elegy on the death of Professor Gregory, which showed that at fifteen he was on equal terms with Ramsay:

Now mourn, ye College masters a'!
And frae your een [illegible]
Famed Gregory Death has taen awa'
Without remeid;
The skaith ye've met wi's nae that sma'
Sin' Gregory's dead.

His university studies were broken off by the death of his father. He had intended to qualify for the Church, but he left St Andrews in 17[illegible]. A visit to the well-to-do uncle in the north, who might have helped him to a career, proved fruitless, ending indeed in a violent quarrel. His mother had to support herself by 'taking lodgers,' and want of means barred all the professions to him. He secured employment in the office of the Commissary Clerk in Edinburgh, and remained there, an industrious drudge, till shortly before his early death. He was accustomed to eke out the scanty wage he got for his mechanical office work by copying other legal documents; and he did not discontinue his essays in verse. 'R. Fergusson' was announced as the author of the 'words' of 'three favourite Scots airs' incorporated in Arne's opera, *Artaxerxes*, as performed in the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh, in 1769. At this period he was unaware that the vernacular to which he had been faithful in boyhood was the right medium for his poetic ideas. The prose writers who had made Edinburgh a literary centre were laborious imitators of English models. So when an opportunity of printing his manuscripts came to Fergusson, it was natural that he should emulate Pope and Gay rather than Ramsay or Hamilton. The *Weekly Magazine* in 1771 offered hospitality first to three pastorals of the conventional type, then to 'A Saturday's Expedition: in mock heroics,' to another serious 'Pastoral Elegy,' and a burlesque, all in English. Immediately, however, Fergusson found his *métier*, and showed that he knew it by signing the pieces in the vernacular which he contributed to the *Magazine* in rapid succession throughout 1772 and 1773; taking his place between Ramsay and Burns in that long line of realist painters of the humours of homely Scottish life, a line which included the authors of *Peblis to the Play* and *Chrystis Kirk* in the sixteenth century (see Vol. I. p. 210), and the Sempills in the seventeenth (Vol. I. pp. 515, 519). The first of these vernacular pieces was 'The Daft Days.' Then an 'Elegy on the Death of Scots Music' proved pretty conclusively that a poet had arrived who could use his mother-tongue skilfully, if not equally, to paint nature and express natural though as yet superficial feeling:

> Nae lasses now, on simmer days,
> Will lilt at bleachin' o' their claes;
> Nae herds on Yarrow's bonny braes, shep.
> Or banks o' Tweed,
> Delight to chant their hamely lays,
> Sin' Music's dead.

By the end of 1773 his contributions to the *Weekly Magazine* had accumulated to such an extent that he felt warranted in publishing a selection of eleven of the best, and he cleared £50 by the volume. Then the poet's sun set suddenly. Fergusson was eminently sociable, but he was also physically incapable of sparing 'slices of his constitution' to those who courted his society. The *Magazine* had greatly profited by his contributions and brought him fame. He was both talker and singer, and clearly an attractive personality apart from his growing reputation as a poet. The Edinburgh of that day lived in taverns a daily life which was much too fast for a weakly lad engaged all day at a laborious and mechanical occupation.

> To Luckie Middlemist's loup in, jump
> And sit fu' snug
> O'er oysters and a dram o' gin,
> Or haddock lug,

was seemingly glorious to Fergusson as it was to nine out of ten men of his day. He was Sir Precentor of the Cape Club, and retained his St Andrews fondness for high jinks. There is plenty of evidence to show that he never neglected his daily task, and that he was not more dissipated than the average of his contemporaries; much less so, indeed, than many who have escaped the lash of the moralist that has fallen too heavily on the shoulders of the 'poor poet.' He had a severe illness in the beginning of 1774, and gradually sank into religious melancholia. He had to be confined in a madhouse, and expired there on the 16th of October 1774, at the age of twenty-four. He was buried in the Canongate churchyard, where, fifteen years later, Burns, at his own expense, erected a memorial-stone with a poetical inscription on it to his 'elder brother in the Muses.'

It is neither possible nor desirable to dissociate the achievements of Robert Fergusson from the 'acute painful youth' of 'the poor, high-soaring, deep-falling, gifted and misguided man' he has been described by the most generous and accurate of his censors. From first to last, from the St Andrews bursar's protest against 'rabbits hot and rabbits cold' to the 'half-fed, half-mad, half-sarket' law-clerk's spirited protest against Samuel Johnson's representation of Scotland, this undergraduate in life and in literature was a realist and a humourist—a humourist because he was a realist. It is, therefore, at once impossible to say how much he might have done within the field which Nature had marked out for him, and easy to mark the bounds of that field. 'His limitations,' says Mr Aitken, 'are evident enough. He had no lyric vein, no high reach of imagination, and no large constructive skill.' The observation is as true as it is succinct. He had no lyric vein because he had had no lyric experiences. The battle of life was hard enough with him, and went against him; but it was not sufficiently varied or long to allow him to escape from his dreary, if also picturesquely sordid, environments into the audacious satire of Dunbar, into the mystical yet profoundly humanitarian confidence of Burns that 'the universal plan will all direct,' or even into the sagacious and mildly sensual Horatianism of Allan Ramsay. Even if time and sanity had been allowed him, Fergusson could not have risen to the heights of the 'Dance of the Sevin Deidly Synnis' or the ultra-Rabelaisianism of the 'Tournament;' he could not have given 'the wandering train' immortal glory and almost immortal justification in 'The Jolly Beggars,' or supplied a democracy of which he had but an imperfect conception with such a marching song as 'A man's a man for a' that.' It is even doubtful whether he could have written a second and truer *Gentle Shepherd.* Although he knew every potato on 'Epigoniad,' Wilkie's farm in Fife, and every inch of ground within walking or ferrying distance of Edinburgh, the world of lads and lasses, of 'the cannie hour at e'en,' and of 'the rigs o' barley' was outside the range of his sympathy, and its adequate representation was 'abune his micht.' But there is no reason to believe that he could not have written many companion sketches to 'Leith Races' and 'The Farmer's Ingle,' 'The Election' and 'The Daft Days,' 'Braid Claith' and 'Hallow-Fair.' Nay, given time and a little judicious encouragement on the part of the 'Embro' gentry,' this warm hearted lad, who could be satiric but never bitter, would have done justice to that solid, strenuous, municipal Edinburgh which was springing up in his time, whose members had their faults of habit and demeanour, but yet, on the showing of the courteous and gently scanning Topham, were not 'so intemperate as the Germans.' Judged even by the torso of his poetry, Fergusson must be accounted a man not of talent but of genius. Much of his English verse the bulk of what he has to say on Boreas and Phœbus, Cynthia and Clarinda, Sol and Damon is unreal enough, but not a whit more unreal than that of the majority of his English contemporaries. When he was satirically in earnest he could write English that was sufficiently incisive, as in his metrical parody of Johnsonese or in verses like:

Thanks to the gods who made me poor!
No lukewarm friends molest my door
Who always show a busy care
In being legatee or heir.
Of this stamp no one will ever follow,
The youth that's favoured by Apollo;

and

Virtue and vice in him alternate reign'd,
That fill'd his mind and this his pocket drain'd;
Till in the contest they so stubborn grew,
Death gave the parting blow and both withdrew

Fergusson was above all things the poetical Jan Steen of the Old Town of Edinburgh during its transition through 'pink and drink' from poverty to comfort, of the tipsy brotherhood and sinning sisterhood of its closes, of the coarse joys of its burghal life, of the often dismal gaieties of its high feasts and festivals, of the 'wanwordy, crazy, dinsome thing' of its bells and its crowds in a word, of the good-nature and good fellowship of 'Auld Reekie,' where

Couthy chiels at e'ening meet, sociable fellows
Their bizzin' craigs and mou's to weet: throats
And blythely gar auld Care gae bye, make
Wi' blinkin' and wi' bleerin' eye

A humourist and realist above all things, Fergusson could be more happily reflective than Ramsay, as in the close of his 'Ode to the Bee:'

The Muse
Scuds ear and heartsome o'er the dews, early
Fu' vogie and fu' blyth to nap eager glad
The winsome flow'rs frae Nature's lap;
Twining her living gardens there,
That lyart Time can ne'er impair. hoary

All the world knows what Burns owes to his elder brother in misfortune it was loudly and cordially proclaimed from the house-tops by the debtor, and has been exhibited in innumerable 'parallels' ever since for the conception and execution of 'The Cottar's Saturday Night,' 'The Twa Brigs,' 'Hallowe'en,' and 'The Mouse.' There are anticipations of Robert Louis Stevenson not only in the life of 'the poor white-faced, drunken, vicious boy that raved himself to death in an Edinburgh mad house,' but in the dry causticity of 'Braid Claith' and in such legitimate *tours de force* of style as

Through his *minimum* o' space
The bleer-ey'd sun
Wi' blinkin' light, and stealin' pace,
His race doth run.

All unconsciously Fergusson prepared the way for Burns, as the best pupil in the studio prepares the way and the work for the master. In the heart of Scotland he holds the place next to Burns; in all the range of such Scottish verse as, being based on reality, is destined to immortality, there is only Dunbar between him and Burns.

Verses written at the Hermitage of Braid, near Edinburgh.

Would you relish a rural retreat,
Or the pleasure the groves can inspire,
The city's allurements forget,
To this spot of enchantment retire.

Where a valley and crystalline brook,
Whose current glides sweetly along,
Give nature a fanciful look,
The beautiful woodlands among. . . .

Oft let me contemplative dwell
On a scene where such beauties appear;
I could live in a cot or a cell,
And never think solitude near.

The Daft Days.

mad

Now mirk December's dowie face dark sad
Glow'rs owr the rigs wi' sour grimace, stares strips of field
While, thro' his minimum o' space
The bleer-ey'd sun,
Wi' blinkin' light, and stealin' pace,
His race doth run.

Frae naked groves nae birdie sings,
To shepherd's pipe nae hillock rings,
The breeze nae od'rous flavour brings
From Borean cave,
An' dwynin' Nature droops her wings, decaying
Wi' visage grave.

Mankind but scanty pleasure glean
Frae snawy hill or barren plain,
Whan Winter, 'midst his nipping train,
Wi' frozen spear,
Sends drift ow'r a' his bleak domain,
And guides the weir.

Auld Reekie! thou 'rt the canty hole, jolly
A bield for mony a cauldrife soul, shelter cold
Wha snugly at thine ingle loll, fireside
Baith warm and couth; cosy
While round they gar the bicker roll, make hooped cup
To weet their mouth. . . .

Ye browster wives, now busk ye bra', brewer deck bravery
An' fling your sorrows far awa';
Then come and gie 's the tither blaw yet another draught
O' reaming ale, foaming
Mair precious than the well o' Spa,
Our hearts to heal. . . .

Fiddlers, your pins in temper fix,
And roset weel your fiddle sticks, rosin
But banish vile Italian tricks
Frae out your quorum,
Nor fortes wi' pianos mix,
Gie 's Tullochgorum. . . .

And thou, great god of *Aqua Vitæ!*
Wha sways the empire o' this city,
When fou we 're sometimes capernoity, tipsy peevish
Be thou prepar'd
To hedge us frae that black banditti,
The City-Guard.

Hallow-Fair.

At Hallowmas, whan nights grow lang,
And starnies shine fu' clear, stars
Whan fock, the nippin' cauld to bang, defeat
Their winter hap warms wear;
Near Edinburgh a fair there hads, is held
I wat there 's nane whase name is,
For strappin' dames and sturdy lads,
And cap and stoup, mair famous, bowl and cup
Than it that day.

Upo' the tap o' ilka lum every chimney
The sun began to keek, peep
And bade the trig made maidens come neat
A sightly joe to seek
At Hallow-fair, whare browsters rare brewers
Keep gud ale on the gantries, racks
And dinna scrimp ye o' a skair stint share
O' kebbucks frae their pantries cheeses
Fu' saut that day.

Here kintry John in bannet blue,
An' eke his Sunday claes on,
Rins after Meg wi' rokelay new, mantle
An' sappy kisses lays on; luscious
She 'll tauntin' say, 'Ye silly coof! fool
Be o' your gab mair sparin';' mouth
He 'll tak the hint, and criesh her loof grease palm
Wi' what will buy her fairin,
To chow that day. . . .

Without the cuissers prance and nicher, horses neigh
An' ow'r the ley rig scud; fallow strip of land
In tents the carles bend the bicker, drink hooped cup
An' rant and roar like wud. mad

Than there 's sic yellowchin' and din, shouting
Wi' wives and wee anes gabblin',
That ane might trow they were akin
To a' the tongues at Babylon,
Confus'd that day.

The Farmer's Ingle.

Whan gloming grey out o'er the welkin keeks,
Whan Batie ca's his owsen to the byre,
Whan Thrasher John, sair dung, his barn door steeks,
And lusty lasses at the dighting tire:
What bangs fu' leal the e'ening's coming cauld,
And gars snaw tappit winter freeze in vain;
Gars dowie mortals look baith blythe and bauld,
Nor fley'd wi' a' the poortith o' the plain;
Begin, my Muse, and chant in hamely strain.

Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the hill,
Wi' divets theekit frae the weet and drift,
Sods, peats, and heath'ry trufs the chimley fill,
And gar their thick'ning smeek salute the lift;
The gudeman, new come hame, is blythe to find,
Whan he out o'er the halland flings his een,
That ilka turn is handled to his mind,
That a' his housie looks sae cosh and clean:
For cleanly house loes he, tho' e'er sae mean.

Weel kens the gudewife that the pleughs require
A heartsome meltith, and refreshing synd
O' nappy liquor, o'er a bleezing fire:
Sair wark and poortith downa weel be join'd.
Wi' butter'd bannocks now the girdle reeks:
I' the far nook the bowie briskly reams;
The readied kail stands by the chimley cheeks,
And hauds the riggin het wi' welcome streams;
Whilk than the daintiest kitchen nicer seems. . . .

The couthy cracks begin whan supper 's o'er,
The cheering bicker gars them glibly gash
O' simmer's showery blinks and winter's sour,
Whase floods did erst their mailin's produce hash.
'Bout kirk and market eke their tales gae on,
How Jock woo'd Jenny here to be his bride,
And then how Marion, for a bastart son,
Upo' the cutty stool was forc'd to ride,
The waefu' scald o' our Mess John to bide. . . .

Then a' the house for sleep begin to grien,
Their joints to slack frae industry a while;
The leaden god fa's heavy on their ein,
And hafflins steeks them frae their daily toil;
The cruizy too can only blink and bleer,
The restit ingle 's done the maist it dow;
Tacksman and cottar eke to bed maun steer,
Upo' the cod to clear their drumly pow,
Till wauken'd by the dawning's ruddy glow.

Gloming, twilight; *keeks*, peeps; *ca's*, drives; *byre*, cow-house; *sair dung*, sorely tired; *steeks*, shuts; *dighting*, winnowing; *bangs*, defeats; *fu' leal*, right well; *gars*, makes; *dowie*, melancholy; *fley'd*, frights; *divets*, turfs; *theekit*, thatched; *sods, peats, and heath'ry trufs*, various turf fuels; *gar*, make; *smeek*, smoke; *lift*, sky; *halland*, partition; *ilka*, each; *cosh*, cosy; *meltith*, meal; *synd*, wash-down; *downa*, dare not; *bannocks*, cakes; *girdle*, hot-plate; *reeks*, smokes; *bowie*, beer barrel; *reams*, foams; *riggin*, roof of open hearth; *couthy cracks*, cosy talks; *bicker*, cup; *gars*, makes; *gash*, prattle; *mailin's*, farm; *cutty stool*, stool of repentance; *scald*, scold; *grien*, long; *hafflins steeks*, half shuts; *cruizy*, oil-lamp; *restit*, roasted; *ingle*, chimney-corner; *dow*, can; *cod*, pillow; *drumly pow*, confused head.

Leith Races.

In July month, ae bonny morn,
When Nature's rokelay green   mantle
Was spread o'er ilka rigg o' corn
To charm our roving een ;
Glouring about I saw a quean,   staring
The fairest 'neath the lift ;   sky
Her een were o' the siller sheen,
Her skin like snawy drift,
Sae white that day.

Quoth she, 'I ferly unco sair   wonder very much
That ye sud musand gae,
Ye wha hae sung o' Hallow fair,
Her winter pranks and play :
Whan on Leith sands the racers rare
Wi' jockey louns are met,   lads
Their orrow pennies there to ware,   odd—spend
And drown themselves in debt
Fu' deep that day.'

And wha are ye, my winsome dear,
That taks the gate sae early ?   road
Whare do ye win, gin ane may spier,   go—if—ask
For I right meikle ferly   much
That sic braw buskit laughing lass   bravely decked
Thir bonny blinks shou'd gie,
An' loup like Hebe o'er the grass,   skip
As wanton and as free
Frae dule this day ?   sorrow

'I dwall among the caller springs   cool
That weet the Land o' Cakes,
And aften tune my canty strings   joyous
At bridals and late wakes.
They ca' me Mirth ; I ne'er was kend
To grumble or look sour,
But blythe would be a lift to lend,   glad
Gin ye wod sey my pow'r   prove
An' pith this day.'

A bargain be't, and, by my fegs,   faith
Gif ye will be my mate,
Wi' you I'll screw the cheery pegs ;
Ye shanna find me blate ;   backward
We'll reel and ramble through the sands,
An' jeer wi' a' we meet ;
Nor hip the daft and gleesome bands   mad
That fill Edina's street :
Sae thrang this day. . . .   crowded

The tinkler billies i' the Bow   fellows
Are now less eident clinking,   busy
As lang's their pith or siller dow,   holds out
They're daffin and they're drinking.   larking
Bedown Leith-walk what bourochs reel   groups
O' ilka trade and station,   every
That gar their wives and childer feel   make
Toom wames for their libation   empty stomachs
O' drink thir days. . . .   these

The Buchan bodies thro' the beach
Their bunch o' Findrums cry,   smoked fish
An' skirl out 'baul', in Norlan speech,   [illegible]
'Gude speldings, wha will buy?'   dried fish—who
An', by my saul, they're nae wrang gear   stuff
To gust a stirrah's mou' ;   [illegible]
Weel staw'd wi' them he'll never spier   filled—ask
The price o' being fu'   tipsy
Wi' drink that day. . . .

The races o'er, they hale the dools   heal the dumps
Wi' drink o' a' kin kind ;
Great feck gae hirpling hame like fools,   the majority limping
The cripple lead the blind.
May ne'er the canker o' the drink
E'er mak our spirits thrawart,   perverse
'Case we get wharewitha' to wink   Lest
Wi' een as blue's a blawart   blue bottle
Wi' straiks thir days.   blows—these

To Hamilton of Bangour from 'Hame Content: A Satire.'

O Bangour ! now the hills and dales
Nae mair gie back thy tender tales !
The birks on Yarrow now deplore
Thy mournfu' muse has left the shore :
Near what bright burn or crystal spring
Did you your winsome whistle hing ?
The muse shall there, wi' wat'ry e'e,
Gie the dunk swaird a tear for thee ;   dank
And Yarrow's genius, dowy dame,   doleful
Shall there forget her blude stain'd stream,
On thy sad grave to seek repose,
Who mourn'd her fate, condol'd her woes.

Ode to Horror posthumous.

Who's he that with imploring eye
Salutes the rosy dawning sky ?
The cock proclaims the morn in vain,
His spirit to drive to its domain ;
For morning light can but return
To bid the wretched wail and mourn :
Nor the bright dawning's purple eye
Can cause the frightful vapours fly,
Nor sultry Sol's meridian throne
Can bid surrounding fears begone ;
The gloom of night will still preside
While angry conscience stares on either side.

The chief authorities on Robert Fergusson are *Poetical Works*, [illegible] by David Irving ([illegible]); *The Poems of Robert Fergusson*, [illegible] *a Sketch of the Author's Life*, by Robert Aitken ([illegible]); Grosart's *Robert Fergusson* (Famous Scots series, 1898); Walker's [illegible] *Centuries of Scottish Literature* ([illegible]); and H[illegible] *Scottish Vernacular Literature* ([illegible]).

WILLIAM WALLACE.

John Dunlop (1755-1820) was the son of a Lord Provost of Glasgow, and, himself a successful merchant, attained that same dignity in 1796. At his death he was a collector of customs at Port-Glasgow. Of his songs and poems, the best known are 'Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye' and 'Here's to the year that's awa'.' His son, John Colin Dunlop, was the author of the *History of Fiction* (1814).

Elizabeth Hamilton (1758-1816) was author of one excellent little moral tale, *The Cottagers of Glenburnie*, which was perhaps as effective in promoting domestic improvements among Scottish villagers as Johnson's *Journey to the Hebrides* was in encouraging the planting of trees by the landed proprietors. Both these critics of Scottish scenery and manners exaggerated weak points, but the pictures were too provokingly true and justly sarcastic of what was a national reproach to be laughed away or denied. Elizabeth Hamilton was born in Belfast. Her father, of Scottish family, was a merchant, and died early, leaving a widow and three children. The children were brought up by relatives, Elizabeth, the youngest, being sent to Mr Marshall, a farmer in Stirlingshire, married to her father's sister. Her brother obtained a cadetship in the East India Company's service, and an elder sister remained in Ireland. Elizabeth, adopted by the Marshalls, was educated with the utmost care. 'No child,' she says, 'ever spent so happy a life, nor have I ever met with anything at all resembling our way of living, except the description given by Rousseau of Wolmar's farm and vintage.' The child soon showed a taste for literature. Wallace was her first hero; but meeting with Ogilby's translation of the *Iliad*, she adored Achilles and dreamed of Hector. She visited Edinburgh and Glasgow, carried on a learned correspondence with a philosophical lecturer, and wrote many verses. Her first appearance in print was the record of a pleasure party to the Highlands, surreptitiously sent by a friend to a provincial magazine. Her brother's letters and, when he returned on furlough, conversations on Indian affairs stored her mind with the materials for her *Letters of a Hindoo Rajah* (1796), a work remarkable for good sense and sprightliness. In 1800 she published *Memoirs of Modern Philosophers*, a novel in defence of virtue and religion against the dangerous elements in Godwin's *Political Justice*; and between that and 1806 she gave to the world *Letters on Education*, *Memoirs of Agrippina*, and *Letters to the Daughter of a Nobleman*. In 1808 appeared her most popular, original, and useful work, *The Cottagers of Glenburnie*; and she subsequently published *Popular Essays on the Human Mind*, and *Hints to the Directors of Public Schools*, based on Pestalozzi. From 1788 she lived mainly in London or elsewhere in England, till 1804, when 'Mrs Hamilton,' as she now liked to be called, settled in Edinburgh. She died at Harrogate

The *Cottagers of Glenburnie* is a tale of humble life in a poor Scottish hamlet, and the heroine, a retired English governess, middle-aged and lame, has come to stay as a lodger with her only surviving relative, a cousin married to a small farmer in Glenburnie. On her way she has called at Gowanbrae, the house of the factor or land-steward, who, with his daughter and boys, walks with Mrs Mason to Glenburnie. The house is dirty and uncomfortable; the farmer is a good easy man, but his wife is obstinate and prejudiced, and the children self-willed and rebellious. Mrs Mason finds the family quite incorrigible, but she effects a wonderful change among their neighbours. She gets a school established on her own plan, and boys and girls exert themselves to effect a reformation in the cottages of their parents. The most sturdy sticklers for the old ways at length see the good points of the new system, and the village undergoes a complete transformation. Sir Walter called the *Cottagers* 'a picture of the rural habits of Scotland, of striking and impressive fidelity.' Miss Hamilton was an accomplished kailyard novelist long before the word was invented, and was perhaps the first entitled to the name; her *Cottagers* appeared twelve years before Galt's *Ayrshire Legatees* was published by *Blackwood*.

Glenburnie.

They had not proceeded many paces until they were struck with admiration at the uncommon wildness of the scene which now opened to their view. The rocks which seemed to guard the entrance of the glen were abrupt and savage, and approached so near each other that one could suppose them to have been riven asunder to give a passage to the clear stream which flowed between them. As they advanced, the hills receded on either side, making room for meadows and corn fields, through which the rapid burn pursued its way in many a fantastic maze. The road, which winded along the foot of the hills, on the north side of the glen, owed as little to art as any country road in the kingdom. It was very narrow, and much encumbered by loose stones, brought down from the hills above by the winter torrents.

Mrs Mason and Mary were so enchanted by the change of scenery which was incessantly unfolding to their view that they made no complaints of the slowness of their progress, nor did they much regret being obliged to stop a few minutes at a time, where they found so much to amuse and to delight them. But Mr Stewart had no patience at meeting with obstructions which, with a little pains, could have been so easily obviated; and as he walked by the side of the car, expatiated upon the indolence of the people of the glen, who, though they had no other road to the market, could contentedly go on from year to year without making an effort to repair it. 'How little trouble would it cost,' said he, 'to throw the smaller of these loose stones into these holes and ruts, and to remove the larger ones to the side, where they would form a fence between the road and the hill! There are enough of idle boys in the glen to effect all this, by working at it for one hour a week during the summer. But then their fathers must unite in setting them to work; and there is not one in the glen who would not sooner have his horses lamed, and his carts torn to pieces, than have his son employed in a work that would benefit his neighbours as much as himself.'

As he was speaking they passed the door of one of these small farmers, and immediately turning a sharp corner, began to descend a steep, which appeared so unsafe that Mr Stewart made his boys alight, which they could do without inconvenience, and going to the head of the horse, took his guidance upon himself. At the foot of this short precipice the road again made a sudden turn, and discovered to them a misfortune which threatened to put a stop to their proceeding any further for the present evening. It was no other than the overturn of a cart of hay, occasioned by the breaking down of the bridge along which it had been passing. Happily for the poor horse that drew this ill-fated load, the harness by which he was attached to it was of so frail a texture as to make little resistance; so that he and his rider escaped unhurt from the fall, notwithstanding its being one of considerable depth.

At first, indeed, neither boy nor horse was seen; but as Mr Stewart advanced to examine whether, by removing the hay, which partly covered the bridge and partly hung suspended on the bushes, the road might still be passable, he heard a child's voice in the hollow exclaiming, 'Come on, ye muckle brute! ye had as weel come on! I'll gar ye! I'll gar ye! That's a gude beast now. Come awa'! That's it! Ay, ye're a gude beast now!' As the last words were uttered, a little fellow of about ten years of age was seen issuing from the hollow, and pulling after him, with all his might, a great long-backed clumsy animal of the horse species, though apparently of a very mulish temper. 'You have met wi' a sad accident,' said Mr Stewart; 'how did all this happen?' 'You may see how it happened plain enough,' returned the boy; 'the brig brak, and the cart coupet.' 'And did you and the horse coup likewise?' said Mr Stewart. 'O ay, we a' coupet thegither, for I was ridin' on his back.' 'And where is your father and all the rest of the folk?' 'Whar sud they be but in the hay field? Dinna ye ken that we're takin' in our hay? John Tamson's and Jamie Forster's was in a week syne, but we're aye ahint the lave.'

All the party were greatly amused by the composure which the young peasant evinced under his misfortune, as well as by the shrewdness of his answers; and having learned from him that the hay field was at no great distance, gave him some halfpence to hasten his speed, and promised to take care of his horse till he should return with assistance. He soon appeared, followed by his father and two other men, who came on stepping at their usual pace. 'Why, farmer,' said Mr Stewart, 'you have trusted rather too long to this rotten plank, I think' (pointing to where it had given way); 'if you remember the last time I passed this road, which was several months since, I then told you that the bridge was in danger, and shewed you how easily it might be repaired.' 'It is a' true,' said the farmer, moving his bonnet; 'but I thought it would do weel enough. I spoke to Jamie Forster and John Tamson about it; but they said they wadna fash themselves to mend a brig that was to serve a' the folk in the glen.' 'But you must now mend it for your own sake,' said Mr Stewart, 'even though the folk in the glen should be the better for it.' 'Ay, sir,' said one of the men, 'that's spoken like yoursel'! Would everybody follow your example, there would be nothing in the world but peace and good neighbourhood!'

One somewhat didactic Scottish song, 'My ain Fireside,' by Miss Hamilton, attained great popularity, and is still often sung. The first verse is as follows:

I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
'Mang lords and fine ladies a' covered wi' braws,
At feasts made for princes wi' princes I've been,
Whare the grand shine o' splendour has dazzled my een;
But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied
As the bonny blithe blink o' my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O cheery's the blink o' my ain fireside;
My [illegible] fireside,
O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

Mrs Hamilton's Memoirs, with letters and papers, were published in 1818 by Miss Benger.

Minor Scotch Song-Writers.

Among the minor Scotch song writers of the eighteenth century, many of whom are not thoroughly identified, the following deserve mention. **George Halket** (died 1756), a drunken Aberdeenshire schoolmaster, who published in 1727 a worthless volume of 'Occasional Poems,' is credited with the authorship of *Logie o' Buchan*, and of the spirited Jacobite song, *Whirry Whigs Awa'*. Other Jacobite rhymesters were the **Rev. Murdoch M'Lennan** (1701-83), minister of Crathie, who described the *Race of Sheriffmuir* in the spirited ballad bearing the refrain 'We ran and they ran'; and **Adam Skirving** (1719-1803), a gentleman farmer of Haddingtonshire, who witnessed the battle of Prestonpans and celebrated it in *Tranent Muir* and *Hey Johnnie Cope*. **Isobel Pagan** (died 1821), an eccentric spinster who sold unlicensed whisky near Muirkirk, is said to have been the authoress of the well-known pastoral song, *Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes*, which Burns polished up for George Thomson in 1794. A collection of her songs and poems appeared at Glasgow about 1805.

From the mouth of **Jean Glover** (1758-1801), an Ayrshire tramp, street-singer, and thief, Burns took down the words of her song, *O'er the Muir amang the Heather*. Another oddity was **Dougal Graham** (1724-79), the hunchback bellman of Glasgow, who in his earlier years had peddled in Stirlingshire, and accompanied the Jacobite army (as a camp-follower, doubtless, rather than a combatant) to Derby and Culloden. His *Account of the Rebellion* (1746), though mere doggerel, has some worth as an historic document, and Sir Walter Scott thought of editing it for the Bannatyne Club. Graham was the author of many popular chapbooks, including *John Cheap the Chapman* and *The History of Haverel Wives*; and some of his verses (those notably on the *Turnimspike*, describing the Highlanders' notion of the roads of General Wade) are not lacking in rude vigour. His works were published in a limited edition in 1883. A very different figure from these was **Dr Adam Austin**, a fashionable Edinburgh physician, who solaced his grief by writing *The Lack of Gold* when Miss Jean Drummond of Megginch jilted him for the Duke of Athole in 1749. For Mrs Elizabeth Grant, author of *Roy's Wife*, see above at page 596; and for Jean Adam and *There's nae Luck about the House*, see page 521.

John Mayne (1759-1836), born in Dumfries, died in London proprietor and joint editor of *The Star* newspaper. He was brought up as a printer, and whilst apprentice in the *Dumfries Journal* office in 1777, in his eighteenth year, he published the germ of his *Siller Gun* in a quarto page of twelve stanzas; and this he continued to enlarge and improve up to the time of his death. The twelve stanzas expanded in two years to two cantos; in 1780, enlarged to three cantos, the poem was published in *Ruddiman's Magazine;*

and in 1808 it was published in London in four cantos. Of this edition Sir Walter Scott said (in a note to the *Lady of the Lake*) 'that it surpassed the efforts of Fergusson and came near to those of Burns.' An edition in five cantos was published in 1836. Mayne was author of a short poem on 'Hallowe'en,' printed in *Ruddiman's Magazine* in 1780, which had a direct influence on Burns's treatment of the same subject; and in 1781 he published his fine ballad of *Logan Braes*, two lines of which Burns copied into his *Logan Water*. Many have thought Mayne's the better poem of the two. His version of *Helen of Kirkconnel* is often quoted. For five years (1782-87) he was employed in the office of the brothers Foulis in Glasgow. His poem on 'Glasgow,' published in the *Glasgow Magazine* in 1783, was separately issued in 1803, and is a description of Glasgow and its ways, in the verse specially favoured by Burns, and a laudation of the energy and accomplishments of its citizens. The *Siller Gun* is humorous and descriptive. The subject of the poem is an ancient custom in Dumfries, called 'Shooting for the Siller Gun,' the gun being a small silver tube presented by James VI. to the incorporated trades as a prize to the best marksman. It is after the manner of *Peblis to the Play* and cognate rhymes down to Fergusson and Burns.

Logan Braes.

By Logan's streams that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep,
Herded sheep and gathered slaes,
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
But wae's my heart, thae days are gane,
And I wi' grief may herd alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
Atween the preachings meet wi' me—
Meet wi' me, or when it's mirk
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing thae days are gane—
Frae kirk and fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I dauner out and sit alane;
Sit alane beneath the tree
Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.
Oh! could I see thae days again,
My lover skaithless, and my ain!
Beloved by friends, revered by faes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes!

The characteristic short line

Herded sheep and gathered slaes,

[illegible] as

I've herded sheep or gathered slaes.

And the last verse sometimes is made to run:

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I dander down and [illegible]
Or sit beneath the trysting tree
Where first he spak o' love to me. . . .
Revered by friends, and far frae faes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.

Helen of Kirkconnel.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
For night and day, on me she cries;
And, like an angel, to the skies
Still seems to beckon me!
For me she lived, for me she sigh'd,
For me she wish'd to be a bride;
For me in life's sweet morn she died
On fair Kirkconnel Lee!

Where Kirtle waters gently wind,
As Helen on my arm reclined,
A rival with a ruthless mind,
Took deadly aim at me:
My love, to disappoint the foe,
Rush'd in between me and the blow;
And now her corse is lying low
On fair Kirkconnel Lee!

Though Heaven forbids my wrath to swell,
I curse the hand by which she fell—
The fiend who made my heaven a hell,
And tore my love from me!
For if, where all the graces shine—
Oh! if on earth there's aught divine,
My Helen! all these charms were thine—
They centred all in thee!

Ah! what avails it that, amain,
I clove the assassin's head in twain;
No peace of mind, my Helen slain,
No resting-place for me:
I see her spirit in the air—
I hear the shriek of wild despair,
When Murder laid her bosom bare,
On fair Kirkconnel Lee!

Oh! when I'm sleeping in my grave,
And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,
May He who life and spirit gave
Unite my love and me!
Then from this world of doubts and sighs,
My soul on wings of peace shall rise;
And, joining Helen in the skies,
Forget Kirkconnel Lee!

The story of Helen Irving (or Bell), daughter of the Laird of Kirkconnel (Annandale), slain by the [illegible] by a rejected suitor at his favoured rival, her betrothed, is said to date from the sixteenth century, and is enshrined in a fine old ballad. There are modern versions by Pinkerton and Jamieson, not to speak of Wordsworth's *Ellen Irwin*, besides Mayne's. Many of the verses of the old ballad are incomparably more poetic, such as the first:

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies
For her sake that died for me.

From 'The Siller Gun.'

The lift was clear, the morn serene,
The sun just glinting owre the scene,
When James M'Noe began again
To beat to arms,
Rousing the heart o' man and wean
Wi' war's alarms.

Frae far and near the country lads
(Their joes ahint them on their yads) — jades—nags
Flocked in to see the show in squads;
And, what was dafter,
Their pawky mithers and their dads
Came trotting after!

And mony a beau and belle were there,
Doited wi' dozing on a chair ; stupefied
For, lest they'd, sleeping, spoil their hair,
Or miss the sight,
The gowks, like bairns before a fair, ninnies
Sat up a' night !

Wi' hats as black as ony raven,
Fresh as the rose, their beards new shaven,
And a' their Sunday's cleeding having
Sae trim and gay,
Forth cam our Trades, some ora saving odd
To wair that day. spend

Fair fa' ilk canny, cadgy carle, shrewd, cheery [illegible]
Weel may he bruik his new apparel !
And never dree the bitter snarl endure
O' scowling wife !
But, blest in pantry, barn, and barrel,
Be blithe through life !

Hech, sirs ! what crowds cam into town,
To see them mustering up and down !
Lasses and lads, sunburnt and brown —
Women and weans,
Gentle and simple, mingling, crown [illegible]
The gladsome scenes !

At first, forenent ilk Deacon's hallan in front of each entry
His ain brigade was made to fall in ;
And, while the muster-roll was calling,
And joy-bells jowing, ringing
Het pints, weel spiced, to keep the saul in, mulled ale
Around were flowing !

Broiled kipper, cheese, and bread, and ham,
Laid the foundation for a dram
O' whisky, gin frae Rotterdam,
Or cherry brandy ;
Whilk after, a' was fish that cam
To Jock or Sandy.

O ! weel ken they wha lo'e their chappin, [illegible]
Drink maks the auldest swack and strappin' ; supple
Gars Care forget the ills that happen
The blate look spruce [illegible]
And even the thowless cock their tappin, [illegible]
And craw fu' crouse ! [illegible]

The muster owre, the different bands
File aff in parties to the Sands,
Where, 'mid loud laughs and clapping hands,
Gleg Geordie Smith
Reviews them, and their line expands
Alang the Nith !

But ne'er, for uniform or air,
Was sic a group reviewed elsewhere !
The short, the tall ; fat folk and spare ;
Syde coats, and dockit ;
Wigs, queues, and clubs, and curly hair ;
Round hats and cockit !

As to their guns — thae fell engines,
Borrowed or begged, were of a' kinds,
For bloody war, or bad designs,
Or shooting cushies — wood-pigeons
Lang fowling-pieces, carabines,
And blunderbusses ! . . .

'Ohon !' says George, and ga'e a grane,
'The age o' chivalry is gane !'
Syne, having owre and owre again
The hale surveyed,
Their route and a' things else, made plain,
He snuffled, and said :

'Now, gentlemen ! now, mind the motion,
And dinna, this time, mak a botion : [illegible]
Shouther your arms ! Oh ! haud them tosh on, steady
And not athraw ! awry
Wheel wi' your left hands to the ocean,
And march awa' !'

Wi' that, the dinlin drums rebound, echoing
Fifes, clarionets, and hautboys sound !
Through crowds on crowds, collected round,
The Corporations
Trudge aff, while Echo's self is drowned
In acclamations !

Alexander Wilson (1766–1813), a Scottish weaver poet, became famous as the skilled delineator of American birds and the enthusiastic describer of American scenery and bird life. Born in Paisley, he was brought up a weaver, but became a pedlar, and in 1789 he added to his muslin goods and other commodities a prospectus of a volume of poems. But his hopes from the sale of his own verse proved vain, and he returned to the loom, at Lochwinnoch and at Paisley. In 1792 he issued anonymously his best poem, *Watty and Meg*, which was at first attributed to Burns. And Burns almost justified the implied criticism. His wife told Dr Robert Chambers that on hearing a hawker of chapbooks cry '*Watty and Meg*, a new ballad by Robert Burns,' Burns exclaimed, 'I would make your plack a bawbee if it were mine.' A lampoon on the master weavers during a trade dispute in Paisley, implying indiscreet sympathy with reformers and French revolutionists, drove him to America in 1794. He got work in Philadelphia, travelled as a pedlar in New Jersey, and was a school-teacher in Pennsylvania. His skill in drawing birds led him to make a collection of all the birds in America. In October 1804 he set out on his first excursion, and wrote *The Foresters, a Poem*. In 1806 he was employed on the American edition of *Rees's Cyclopædia*. He soon prevailed upon the publisher to undertake a new venture — a work illustrating, by his own drawings and with full descriptions, all the birds of America, and in 1808 to he brought out the first two volumes of the *American Ornithology*. In 1811 he made a canoe voyage down the Ohio, and travelled overland through the Mississippi Valley from Nashville to New Orleans. He continued 'collecting birds and subscribers, writing and publishing, traversing swamps and forests in quest of rare birds, and undergoing the greatest privations and fatigues, till he had issued a seventh volume.' At Philadelphia he sank under his severe labours, and there he was buried. In his *Ornithology* he showed he possessed descriptive powers, artistic sensibilities, and a varied and ornate style quite exceptional even in a Paisley poet.

The Bald Eagle.

The celebrated cataract of Niagara is a noted place of [illegible] for the numerous carcasses of squirrels, [illegible] among the rocks that bound the [illegible]

Formed by nature for braving the sever[illegible]

from the lower to the higher [illegible]

[illegible] wall to the [illegible]

[illegible] over, overtake all competition [illegible]

[illegible] on the wing [illegible]

[illegible] delight, he sees the [illegible]

[illegible] he exerts his utmost to mount above the [illegible] encounters the most elegant [illegible] evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the [illegible] the eagle, poising himself for a moment [illegible] a more certain aim, descends like [illegible] snatch[illegible] it in his [illegible] ill-gotten [illegible]

From 'Watty and Meg'

[illegible]

'Mungo [illegible] Watty [illegible]

[illegible] like a [illegible]

[illegible]

Home, at length, she turn[illegible]

[illegible]

Have you, sa[illegible]

[illegible]

'Now, [illegible] free fra [illegible] vexation

[illegible]

But through a' the [illegible]

[illegible]

Robert Burns.

Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January 1759, in a two-roomed clay cottage built by his father in the village of Alloway, which, carefully preserved, still stands—although there is some obstinate local scepticism on this point—about two miles from the town of Ayr. He came, on the one side, of a Kincardineshire yeoman family which, he believed, had suffered for the Stewarts; and on the other, of undoubted Ayrshire Covenanting stock. In his brief autobiography, written in the form of a letter to Dr John Moore, the novelist, in 1787, he says: 'My forefathers rented lands of the famous noble Keiths of Marshal, and had the honour to share their fate.' He told his friend, Ramsay of Ochtertyre, that his paternal grandfather 'had been plundered and driven out in the year 1715, when gardener to Earl Marischal,' and that his maternal great-grandfather was 'shot at Aird's Moss,' when Richard Cameron was taken prisoner.

William Burnes, a gardener, nurseryman, and farmer—who was thirty-eight years of age when his eldest son Robert was born, and is described as of 'thin sinewy figure, about five feet eight or nine inches in height, somewhat bent with toil, his haffet locks thin and bare, with a dark swarthy complexion'—was a man of notable character and individuality. He wrote for his children a *Manual of Religious Belief;* induced his neighbours to hire a competent teacher, John Murdoch, for the village; and showed his boys—he had seven children in all—both by precept and by practice, how to base conduct on reason. Agnes Broun, the poet's mother, and eleven years her husband's junior, was an excellent housewife, with no pretensions to education; but it was probably from her that he inherited the lyrical gift. According to her daughter, Mrs Begg, she had 'a well-made sonsy figure of about the ordinary height, with a beautiful red and white complexion, a skin the most transparent I ever saw, red hair, dark eyes and eyebrows, with a fine square forehead.' Late[illegible] lived with the Burneses. Robert had two and a half years' schooling in Alloway. Then his father, with a view to keeping his children about him, contracted to take the farm of Mount Oliphant, a couple of miles distant from the seven-acre plot he had hitherto cultivated, undertaking to pay forty or forty-five pounds a year for seventy acres of poor land which he had to stock with money borrowed from his employer. From the age of [illegible] the boy had none but intermittent schooling, [illegible] his education was steadily carried [illegible] of natural history, and, as Gilbert, the second son, testified, 'conversed familiarly on all subjects with us as if we had [illegible]

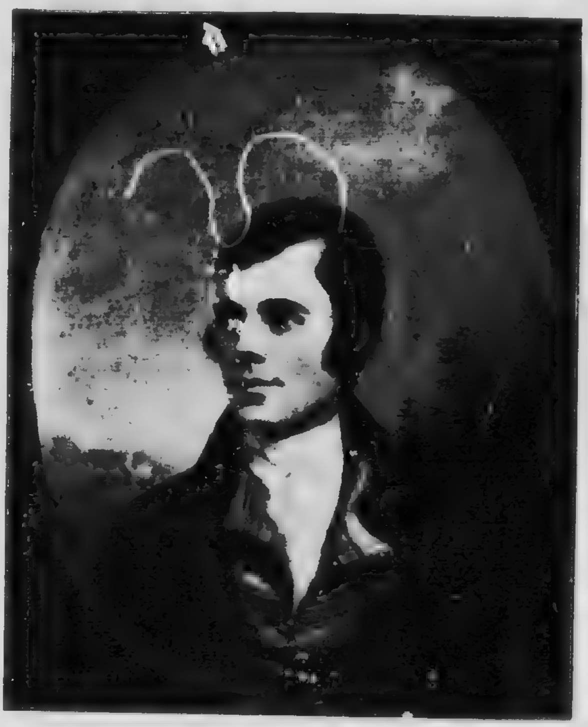
[illegible] a *Complete Letter Writer* inspired Robert with a strong desire to excel in letter-writing, while it furnished him with 'models by some of the first writers in the language.' The 'latent seeds of poesy' had been cultivated by Betsy Davidson, an 'old maid of his mother's who was remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition, but who had the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, enchanted towers, giants, and other trumpery.' He read poetry chiefly in 'Selections' and 'Collections,' but secured a copy of *Pope* soon after entering his teens. 'A critic in substantives, verbs, and particles' by ten or eleven, he obtained an introduction to French at fourteen, and made the first of several vain efforts to learn Latin. All the while he had, as a poor farmer's son, to work hard; at fifteen he was the principal labourer on the farm, which his brother Gilbert described as 'almost the very poorest soil I know of in a state of cultivation;' there was little or no social intercourse with neighbours, and what with the overstrain of his young muscles, 'the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing toil of a galley-slave,' and anxiety about the future for the father, with the utmost economy and industry, could not keep his head above water—he was, before he came to manhood, affected with a nervous disorder, which caused him physical suffering and fits of hypochondria through life. But he fell in love in his fifteenth year, and wrote his first song. Two years later he went for a season to a school on a smuggling coast, Kirkoswald, and learned to 'take his glass.' So when in 1777 William Burnes removed to the farm of Lochlea 130 acres in Tarbolton parish, Robert at nineteen was well read, 'constantly the victim of some fair enslaver,' and could rhyme. At Lochlea the circumstances of the family were easier. Burns became a Freemason, started a debating club in Tarbolton, developed the conversational powers which were to impress Edinburgh society, 'thirsted for distinction,' dressed with care, and acquired some notoriety as a champion of heretical as opposed to 'Old Light' opinions (or ultra-Calvinism) in the churchyard colloquies in which he had learned as a mere boy to practise the reasoning faculty so carefully cultivated by his father. He thought of marriage, and, despairing of making a living by farming, spent a season in Irvine to learn flax-dressing. The experiment, however, was not successful. His partner was, he averred, a swindler. Their shop was burned to the ground, and he was 'left like a true poet, not worth a [illegible]

'After three years' tossing and whirling in the vortex of litigation, William Burnes died of consumption in 1784; and, rescuing some [illegible] from [illegible], Robert and Gilbert took the farm of Mossgiel, in the adjoining parish of Mauchline. The poet's life continued to be, on his brother's testimony, frugal and temperate; it must have been so, for he had not more than seven pounds a year in cash.

But before leaving Lochlea he had for the first time deviated from propriety in his relations with women, and Elizabeth Paton, his mother's maid-servant, bore him a daughter. The first genuine determination of his mind towards literary effort, the first appreciation of its usual aims and results, appears in certain entries in his Commonplace Book, which are undated, but may, though not without some hesitation, be ascribed to 1784. There he expressed a strong wish that he might be able to celebrate in verse the scenes of his native county, the *locus* of many of the actions of the 'Glorious Wallace, the Saviour of his Country,' as 'the excellent Ramsay' and 'the still more excellent Fergusson' had celebrated the scenes with which they were familiar. So he made poetry at once the exposition and the sedative of his passions, wrote a welcome to his illegitimate child, and versified epistles to local brother poets, such as David Sillar and John Lapraik. He threw his whole soul into the task. He fell in love with Jean Armour, daughter of a master-mason in Mauchline. He took sides with the New Lights or Liberal clergy against the Old Lights or High-flyers, of whom his own minister in Mauchline, the Rev. William Auld, was one; wrote skits in verse for the cause—'The Twa Herds,' the 'Epistle to John Goldie,' 'Holy Willie's Prayer'—and was encouraged by the countenance and friendship of clergymen and lawyers who appreciated his cleverness. His poems circulated in manuscript; and as by 1785 Mossgiel, which 'lies very high and mostly on a cold wet bottom,' was proving to be no more profitable than Lochlea, he had doubtless come to contemplate publishing.

Burns was never more productive than at this time; it is safe to set down as the output of the later autumn and early winter these poems: 'To a Mouse,' 'Halloween,' 'Man was Made to Mourn,' 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' 'Address to the Deil,' 'The Jolly Beggars,' 'To James Smith,' 'The Vision,' 'The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer,' 'The Twa Dogs,' 'The Ordination,' and 'Scotch Drink'—the works which formed the foundation of his future fame. Publication was precipitated by the discovery that Jean Armour was soon to become a mother. Burns gave her a writing acknowledging her as his wife under certain conditions, but Armour disapproved of the proposal made, and induced his daughter to destroy the document. The poet, rendered well-nigh desperate, resolved to emigrate to Jamaica as book-keeper on the estate of an Ayr family of the name of Douglas. Partly to raise money for his passage, he now brought out his first volume, the famous Kilmarnock edition (*Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*), a copy of which was sold in 1898 for five hundred and forty-five guineas. Meantime there seems to have occurred the 'Highland Mary' episode. According to the best hypothesis founded on the few facts that have been ascertained, almost immediately after the breach with the Armour family, Jean having been despatched to Paisley, the poet plighted his troth to Mary Campbell, a Highland maid-servant residing in the neighbourhood, who went home to Dunoon to prepare for marriage, and straightway died, to be apparently forgotten for the moment by Burns (who had never ceased to love Jean), but to live for ever in 'To Mary in Heaven' and other poems.

The success of the Kilmarnock edition of the Poems (July 1786) changed the current of the poet's life. He was induced to abandon the Jamaica



ROBERT BURNS.

From the Portrait by Nasmyth in the National Gallery of Scotland at Edinburgh.

scheme, and to proceed to Edinburgh with a view to the publication of a new edition. He arrived on 28th November 1786. By this time fairly well accustomed to 'the tables [illegible] the great,' owing to his popularity in Ayrshire, he discovered no shyness or awkwardness in his intercourse with the *literati* to whom he was introduced through the mediation of an Ayrshire laird, and he was at home among the companions of a 'lower rank' who obtained access to him through John Richmond, clerk, an old Mauchline friend whose bed he shared. Conscious of his power, he met as an equal and was treated as an equal by Dugald Stewart, William Robertson, Hugh Blair, Henry Erskine, besides aristocrats like the Earl of Glencairn. His appearance and manners—he was about five feet ten inches in height, although a stoop made him look shorter, of muscular figure, with dark hair that curled round his forehead, and such a glowing eye as Sir Walter Scott never saw in any other human head—and his frank, vigorous, yet modest conversation, fascinated the Duchess of Gordon and other 'ladies of fashion.' William Creech, the best known of the Edinburgh booksellers of the time, undertook to produce a new edition for him, and the gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt were large subscribers. The book [illegible] Creech [illegible] in making a business settlement. So after hanging on in Edinburgh for a little, taking stock of his new friends and of the durability of their friendship, [illegible] Crochallan Fencibles, a convivial club, [illegible] made a tour of the [illegible] [illegible] into a new line of life [illegible]

'Sylvander' and 'Clarinda,' ripened into an ardent friendship, and had she been free he might have married her. However, when he at last got a settlement with Creech, he returned to Mossgiel in February of 1788; married Jean Armour, who had been turned out of her father's house just before her second accouchement—she bore twins again, but they died immediately after birth; went through a course of instruction in the duties of an Excise officer, having obtained, in Edinburgh, a promise of a post in the service should farming fail him again; and took from Miller the farm of Ellisland, on the Dalswinton estate. Having built his house on the banks of the Nith, the poet took his wife thither, and set himself seriously to make 'conduct' his first aim, while not forgetting his destiny to 'mak' a sang at least' for Scotland or fame. His society was sought by the neighbouring gentry, notably by an enthusiastic antiquary, Mr Riddel of Glenriddel, and he used his pen to help the local Whig politicians. He wrote election verses, and [illegible] another blow for his old friends, the Liberal clergy of Ayrshire. Mrs Dunlop and other friends wrote to and received many letters from him. Captain Riddel and he established a parish library. The struggle for existence was now unfavourable to sustained literary effort. The farm was a bad bargain, and before the end of 1789 Burns had applied for and obtained work as an exciseman [illegible] but it was in the environment of [illegible] ten [illegible] Yet his Muse [illegible] He had be[illegible] Edinburgh to contribute to Johnson's [illegible] for that publication. He wrote an 'Ode [illegible] Deserted [illegible] 1790, [illegible] lent; but his politics now developed into active sympathy with the French Revolutionists. Life, however, went well with him on the whole. He kept on writing songs for Johnson, and more diligently and enthusiastically for George Thomson's *Melodies*; struck up a friendship with Mrs Maria Riddel, sister-in-law of his friend the Captain; and was on friendly terms with both the county gentry and the townsfolk. He did not, on his own confession, eschew the tavern; but according to the emphatic testimony of his wife, his official superior, Supervisor Findlater, and his immediate neighbour Gray, a teacher in the local Academy, he never became habitually intemperate. There is abundant evidence that he was attentive to his official duties; it goes without saying that he was the most careful and affectionate of fathers. Yet he did not take pains in word or act to conceal his sympathy with French Revolutionists or British Reformers. Although Graham of Fintry remained his steadfast friend, his outspokenness led to a delay in his promotion and [illegible] of Dumfries society; and a [illegible] Mrs Riddel [illegible] caused him much pain and cost him some friends. Yet when 'Haughty Gaul' threatened invasion, his patriotic songs ran through the country and brought back the popularity he had lost; and the difference with Mrs Riddel did not last a year. A supervisorship was in sight and [illegible] he looked forward to [illegible] or leisure [illegible] with a decent [illegible] the loss of a [illegible]

[illegible] all intents and purposes [illegible] The events of his life, the [illegible] of his moral [illegible]

[illegible] have the [illegible] self-revela[illegible] extent and [illegible] that revelation is [illegible] There [illegible] the life [illegible] Campbell of [illegible] contemporaries as [illegible] notwithstanding [illegible] complete [illegible] to the self-contained [illegible] have kept 'something to himself' [illegible] Yet like Goethe, he [illegible] conspiracy of silence which regards [illegible] of self-development as things to be ashamed of and consigned to a decent oblivion. Like Goethe also, he regarded his own character and life as so much grist for his artistic mill; and as he had imperious natural impulses which 'raged like demons,' and 'well nigh the finest brain conceivable,' that grist was not inconsiderable. Though, as he anticipated in his fragment of autobiography, 'Whim and Fancy, keen sensibility and riotous passions, made him zigzag in his path of life,' and although his poetic career may be accounted a 'faithful failure' in the sense that he died before he had scaled

The wished-for height,
Where, Man and Nature fairer in her sight,
His Muse had plumed her wing for some sublimer flight.

his genius, his absolute command of the technique of his art, and his remorseless sincerity, made of these zigzags the Wilhelm Meister's Pilgrimage of Humanity. The wild abandonment of reckless joy, the anguish of an upbraiding conscience, [illegible] of the soul [illegible] for the mysterious Power on which all things depend, scorn of cant and falsehood, contempt of folly, mirthful appreciation of the oddities of life and man, indignation at baseness and tyranny, delight in friendship, resentment against intrusive pride, pity for the suffering of all that feels, aspiration after a juster and happier structure of society, [illegible] and sober contemplation of life and death, the raptures of the [illegible] disappointment of the [illegible] the [illegible] of welcome, the [illegible] of farewell [illegible] of everyday [illegible] to reproduce [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] complete output of his life and art be [illegible] by Burns [illegible] Burns resentful [illegible] Burns cheerfully acquiescent, Burns the [illegible] by Burns the Democrat [illegible] Scotch [illegible] must be collated [illegible] the 'Epistle to a Young Friend' or a 'Bard's Epitaph,' the Burns who had the courage to say [illegible] every other man [illegible] was a venture in the lottery of life must not [illegible] the Burns who, accord[illegible] of Jean Armour and the devoted father of Jean Armour's children, the Burns who fiercely proclaimed his right to be 'independent' in [illegible] 'The Kirk an' State may gang to Hell, but I'll gang to my Anna,' must not be reprobated, and the Burns who brooded over his lapse from his own ideal in a silence which paralysed poetic effort and only found vent in agonised letters, absolutely ignored.

A consideration of Burns in all his aspects and triumphs leads to the conclusion that an instinct for thoroughness is the 'miraculous' or inexplicable element in him which has made him at once a ready reckoner in mundane ethics and a joy for ever in the case of at least a moiety of the Anglo-Saxon race. He was equally thorough as 'a victim of fair enslavers,' as a preacher of self-control, as a student of his own nature, as a devotee of the rhymer's art, as a practitioner of his cardinal doctrine that while impulse must select subjects for poetic treatment, infinite patience and labour can alone make the treatment successful. Only by bringing together a few of his sentences and verses can the 'harmony not understood' of his artistic performance be effectually illustrated.

I pored over it [a selection of English poems] driving [illegible] walking to labour song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the tender or sublime from [illegible] literary correspondence with me.

On braes when we please then,
We'll sit and sowth a tune;
Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
And sing't when we hae dune.

Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

I have been at three times in my life comp[illegible] the [illegible] but I have never [illegible]

How the subject theme may gang,
[illegible]
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

I was [illegible] I had need myself [illegible]; I was [illegible] of information, how[illegible] I [illegible] and a poet: I studied [illegible] Nature [illegible] where she seemed to lay [illegible] Various [illegible] and [illegible] my [illegible] [illegible] nature [illegible] the touch natural [illegible] [illegible] The father [illegible] I rhyme [illegible] the heart of the [illegible] and the [illegible] poet [illegible] for which I live.

[illegible] that, I ask no more,
[illegible]

'A style of perfect plainness, relying for effect [illegible] the weight of that which with entire fidelity it utters,' has been rightly recognised by Matthew Arnold as the citadel of Burns's strength. That style he would never have acquired but for his infinite capacity for taking pains, and for the experiences, including even the 'thoughtless follies that temporarily 'laid him low and stain'd his name.' It is his style of perfect plainness, rendering actual experiences, physical or mental, with entire fidelity, and reaching its height in lines of ecstasy or of exquisite clarity, that has made Burns a dictionary of poetical quotations. Such lines as these have become part of the current coin of literature:

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!

Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise!
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.

Rough, rude, ready-witted Rankine,
The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin'!

The heart's aye the part aye
That makes us right or wrang.

Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!

Know prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly.

He was the king o' a' the core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the rink like Jehu roar
In time o' need.

To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley.

M[illegible]
St[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]

A fig for those by law protected!
[illegible]
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
[illegible]
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linkit at it in her sark!

'The rank of Burns is the very first of his art' is the verdict of Byron, who also in advance effectively answered criticisms directed against his predecessor's courageously Fielding-ish treatment of certain features and phases of life by saying, 'A man may be coarse and yet not vulgar, and the reverse. Burns is often coarse but never vulgar.'

This verdict is now universally accepted. Yet, being a poet *sui generis*, he cannot profitably be compared with any of his predecessors or successors in English literature who may be accounted his equals in natural faculty. Goethe pronounced him the first of lyrists, and that in virtue of the two hundred and fifty songs which he wrote or improved in the intervals of work as a farmer and gauger, and while he was, not without reason, looking forward to a decent competence and 'literary leisure.' The author of 'The Jolly Beggars,' 'Tam o' Shanter,' and 'Holy Willie's Prayer;' of 'The Bard's Epitaph,' 'The Epistle to a Young Friend,' and 'A man's a man for a' that,' holds an assured place among 'inevitable' humourists and moralists. Of Scottish poets he is the first, the second being Dunbar, whom he scarcely if at all surpasses in biting trenchancy of [illegible]ism, but whom he greatly surpasses in the root of good humour and in sympathy with Humanity in general. His relation to Ramsay, and reverence for Fergusson and the others of the 'vernacular' or Scottish Renaissance school of poetry, is very much that of a master to pupils who have been preparing work in the studio for him. They gave him rhymes, including his favourite 'Mouse' stanza; and, in the case of Ramsay and Fergusson, subjects for treatment, points of view, even phrases and verses. What he supplemented them with was original genius of the first order, consummate art, and the power of rising from Scotland into a conception of the world as a whole. It is a familiar saying that Burns won his greatest triumphs in and with the vernacular. That saying need not be gainsaid. It must, however, be remembered that he was the superior of his predecessors in English as well as in Scottish verse. 'Thou Lingering Star,' one of his greatest achievements in the impassioned as distinguished from the passionate, is in English. So also [illegible] 'Man was made to mourn,' the impassioned stanzas on the wounded hare, the 'Ode to the Memory of Mrs Oswald' which Carlyle terms a piece that might have been chanted by the Furies of Æschylus, the best half of the 'Mountain Daisy,' the finest reflective and descriptive passages in 'Tam o' Shanter,' practically [illegible] 'M'pherson's Farewell,' 'Afton Water,' the 'Song of Death,' 'The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast,' the best of 'Scots wha hae,' 'Go fetch to me a pint of wine,' 'Had we never loved so kindly,' and the most elevated passages in 'The Vision' and 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.' Whenever, in fact, he soared from the particular to the universal in sentiment, humour, and in reflection, he glided from Scottish into English. Thus it is that Burns's [illegible]on and achievement his pre-eminence as a Scottish, his excellence as an English, poet mean the triumphant assertion by Scotland of her rights of inheritance in British and general literature.

Tam o' Shanter: A Tale.

Of Brownyis and of [illegible] — GAVIN DOUGLAS.

When chapm[illegible] — packman fellows
And drouthy n[illegible] — thirsty
As market day[illegible]
An' [illegible] — road
Wh[illegible] w[illegible] — ale
An' getting [illegible] — mellow very
We think [illegible]
The mosse[illegible] — gaps
[illegible]
W[illegible]
Gathering her br[illegible]
Nursing her wr[illegible]
This truth fand h[illegible] — found
As he frae Ayr a[illegible]
(Auld Ayr, wham [illegible]
For honest m[illegible]
O Tam, had'st thou [illegible]
As ta'en thy ain wife K[illegible]
S[illegible]
A blethering, blustering, [illegible]
That frae November till O[illegible],
Ae market-day thou was [illegible];
[illegible] melder wi' the m[illegible]
Thou sat as lang [illegible];
That ev'ry naig [illegible]
The smith an[illegible]
That at the Lord's house, even on S[illegible],
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till M[illegible].
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found [illegible] Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the [illegible] — wizards
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.
Ah! gentle dames, it gars me [illegible] — makes weep
To think how mony counsels sw[illegible]
How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the w[illegible]
But to our tale: A[illegible]t,
Tam had got plant[illegible]
Fast by an ingle, bleez[illegible]
Wi' reaming sw[illegible]
And [illegible]
His an[illegible]
Tam lo'ed him like a very [illegible]
They had been f[illegible]
The night [illegible] w[illegible] clatter,
And ay the ale w[illegible]
The landlady and T[illegible]
Wi' f[illegible]
The Souter tauld his queer[illegible]
The landlord's laugh was re[illegible]
The storm without might rair an[illegible] — roar
Tam did na mind the storm a wh[illegible].
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy. — ale
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' tr[illegible],
The minutes wing'd their way wi' [illegible];
Kings may be blest, but Tam was [illegible],
O'er a' the ills o' life victor[illegible]!
But pleasures [illegible] spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis ra[illegible],
That flit ere you can point their place;

Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time nor tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride:
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour Tam mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.
Weel mounted on his grey mare Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire, rattled—mud
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares.
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.
By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll:
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil!
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance:
Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantraip sleight
Each in its cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes, in gibbet airns; irons
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief new-cutted frae a rape, rope
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape; mouth
Five tomahawks wi' blude red-rusted;
Five scymitars wi' murder crusted;
A garter which a babe had strangled;
A knife a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey-hairs yet stack to the heft; stuck—handle
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.
As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd and curious, stared
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew,
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit, hooked
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit, she-ghost—steamed
And coost her duddies to the wark, threw off—clothes
And linket at it in her sark! set to it—shift
Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans, these girls
A' plump and strapping in their teens!
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen, greasy flannel
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair, These breeches
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies, hams
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies! glimpse—birds, girls
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal, tough—wean
Louping and flinging on a crummock, Leaping—cudgel
I wonder didna turn thy stomach!
But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie: quite well
There was ae winsome wench and wawlie, comely—choice
That night enlisted in the core,
Lang after kend on Carrick shore
(For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonie boat, wrecked
And shook baith meikle corn and bear, much—barley
And kept the country-side in fear);
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn, short shift—coarse linen
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, bought
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!
But here my Muse her wing maun cour, stoop
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang, leaped—kicked
(A souple jade she was and strang),
And how Tam stood like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain, fidgeted—fond
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main; jerked
Till first ae caper, syne anither, then
Tam tint his reason a' thegither, lost—altogether
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!" short shift
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke, fret
When plundering herds assail their byke;

[illegible]

As open pussie's mortal foes, the hares
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When 'Catch the thief!' resounds aloud:
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skriech and hollo. unearthly screech
Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'! reward, treat
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig;
There, at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross!
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake; No tail had she
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle; intent
But little wist she Maggie's mettle!
Ae spring brought off her master hale, which
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump, clutched
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.
Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man, and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear:
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

Written in 179[illegible] for Grose's *Antiquities of Scotland*, so at least [illegible] Burns [illegible] Shanter [illegible] Douglas [illegible] farmer at Shanter [illegible] Carrick [illegible] Kirkoswald [illegible] Ayr [illegible] Mrs. Dunlop [illegible] April 1791 [illegible] a force of genius and a finishing polish that I despair of ever excelling.

A Bard's Epitaph

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule, too
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool, [illegible]
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool, woe
And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,—
O, pass not by!
But with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave,—
Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend! whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole
In low pursuit:
Know, prudent, cautious, self-controul
Is Wisdom's root.

Early work, published in the Kilmarnock Edition (1786).

It was a' for our Rightfu' King.

It was a' for our rightfu' King
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' King,
We e'er saw Irish land,
My dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain,
My Love and Native Land, fareweel,
For I maun cross the main, must
My dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore,
And gae his bridle reins a shake, gave
With adieu for evermore,
My dear,
And adieu for evermore!

The soger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my love
Never to meet again,
My dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that's far awa',
The lee-lang night, and weep, live long
My dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep.

No. 4[illegible] in Johnson's *Musical Museum*, vol. v, 179[illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Thou Lingering Star

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary, dear departed Shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace,
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care ;
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
O Mary, dear departed Shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
See'st thou thy Lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

Described by Burns in a letter of 8th November 1789 as 'made the other day,' and commonly believed to have been addressed to the 'dear, departed shade' of Mary Campbell on the anniversary of her death, which occurred in October 17[illegible]

Ode, Sacred to the Memory of Mrs Oswald of Auchencruive.

Dweller in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation, mark !
Who in widow weeds appears,
Laden with unhonoured years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse?

Strophe.

View the wither'd Beldam's face :
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of Humanity's sweet, melting grace ?
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows ;
Pity's flood there never rose.
See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hands that took, but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest !

Antistrophe.

Plunderer of Armies ! lift thine eyes,
(A while forbear, ye torturing fiends ;)
Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends ?
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies ;
[illegible]

Poor Mailie's Elegy.

Lament in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears tricklin down your nose ; salt
Our Bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead ! remedy
The last, sad cape stane of his woe's copestone
Poor Mailie's dead !

It's no the loss o' warl's gear, worldly property
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear doleful
The mourning weed : garb
He's lost a friend an' neebor dear,
In Mailie dead.

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him ;
A lang half mile she could descry him ;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed :
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than Mailie dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense, wot
An' could behave hersel wi' mense : discretion
I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed.
Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence inner room
Sin' Mailie's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her livin image in her yowe
Comes bleatin till him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread ;
An' down the briny pearls rowe roll
For Mailie dead.

She was nae get o' moorlan tips,
Wi' tauted ket, an' hairy hips ;
For her forbears were brought in ships,
Frae yont the Tweed :
A bonier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips
Than Mailie's dead.

Wae worth that man wha first did shape Woe befall
That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep !
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape, grin
Wi' chokin dread ;
An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape
For Mailie dead.

O, a' ye Bards on bonie Doon !
An' wha on Ayr your chanters tune ! bagpipes
[illegible]

Holy Willie's Prayer.

[illegible]
Sends ane to heaven an' ten to Hell,
[illegible]
They've done before Thee !

I bless and praise Thy matchless might,
When thousands Thou has left in night,
That I am here before Thy sight,
For gifts an' grace
A burning and a shining light
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get sic exaltation? such
I, wha deserv'd most just damnation
For broken laws,
Sax thousand years ere my creation,
Thro' Adam's cause!

When from my mother's womb I fell,
Thou might hae plunged me in hell
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burnin lakes,
Whare damned devils roar and yell,
Chain'd to their stakes.

Yet I am here, a chosen sample,
To show Thy grace is great and ample;
I'm here, a pillar o' Thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a ruler, and example
To a' Thy flock!

O Lord, Thou kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, an' swearers swear,
An' singin there, an' dancin here,
Wi' great and sma';
For I am keepit by Thy fear
Free frae them a'.

But yet, O Lord, confess I must,
At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust;
An' sometimes, too, in warldly trust,
Vile Self gets in;
But Thou remembers we are dust,
Defil'd wi' sin.

O Lord! yestreen, Thou kens, wi' Meg— [illegible]
Thy pardon I sincerely beg;
[illegible]
To my dishonour,
An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless leg
Again upon her!

Besides, I farther maun avow,
Wi' Leezie's lass, three times I trow—
But, Lord, that Friday I was fou,
When I cam near her;
Or else, Thou kens, Thy servant true
Wad never steer her.

Maybe Thou lets this fleshly thorn
Buffet Thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owre proud and high should turn
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And blast their name,
[illegible]
[illegible]

Lord, mind Gau'n Hamilton's deserts;
He drinks, and swears, and plays at cartes, cards
Yet has sae mony takin arts
Wi' great an' sma',
Frae God's ain Priest the people's hearts
He steals awa.

And when we chasten'd him therefore,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore, row
And set the warld in a roar
O' laughin at us;
Curse Thou his basket and his store,
Kail and potatoes!

Lord, hear my earnest cry and pray'r
Against that Presbyt'ry of Ayr!
Thy strong right hand, Lord, mak it bare
Upo' their heads!
Lord, visit them, an' dinna spare, do not
For their misdeeds!

O Lord, my God! that glib-tongu'd Aiken,
My vera heart and flesh are quakin
To think how we stood sweatin, shakin,
An' pish'd wi' dread,
While he, wi' hingin lip an' snakin, sneering
Held up his head.

Lord, in Thy day o' vengeance try him!
Lord, visit them wha did employ him!
And pass not in Thy mercy by them,
Nor hear their pray'r,
But for Thy people's sake destroy them,
An' dinna spare!

But, Lord, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temporal and divine,
That I for grace and gear may shine,
Excell'd by nane!
And a' the glory shall be Thine,
Amen! Amen!

This satire on election and other Calvinistic doctrines was thus introduced by Burns: 'Holy Willie (William Fisher) was a rather oldish bachelor elder in the parish of Mauchline, and much and justly famed for that polemical chattering which ends in tippling orthodoxy, and for that spiritualised bawdry which refines to liquorish devotion. In a sessional process with a gentleman of Mauchline—a Mr Gavin Hamilton—*Holy Willie* and his priest, Father Auld, after full hearing in the presbytery of Ayr, came off but second best, owing partly to the oratorical powers of Mr Robert Aiken, Mr Hamilton's counsel, but chiefly to Mr Hamilton's being one of the most irreproachable and truly respectable characters in the county. On losing his process, the Muse overheard him at his devotions as follows.' The 'sessional process' occurred in 1785, Hamilton's offence being neglect of ordinances and violation of the Sabbath. Doubtless Burns believed too much evil of Fisher.

To a Mouse, on turning her up in her nest with the plough, November 1785.

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie, sleek
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickerin brattle! hurrying haste
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murdering pattle! plough staff

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve; sometimes
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live! must
A daimen icker in a thrave odd ear in 24 sheaves
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave, rest
An' never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'! feeble walls—winds
An' naething, now, to big a new ane, build
O' foggage green! moss
An' bleak December's win's ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen! sharp

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary Winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

[illegible] stibble [illegible]
Has cost thee [illegible]
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald, Without holding
To thole the winter's sleety dribble, endure
An' cranreuch cauld! hoar-frost

But Mousie, thou art no thy lane, alone
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' Mice an' Men
[illegible]
An' [illegible]
For promis'd joy!

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But och! I [illegible]
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

Green grow the Rashes, O

Chorus—Green grow the rashes, O; rushes
[illegible]
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent amang the lasses, O.

[illegible]
[illegible]
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O? [illegible]

The war'ly race may riches chase, worldly
An' [illegible]
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

[illegible]
My arms about my dearie, O,
An' war'ly cares an' war'ly men
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

To a Mountain Daisy, on turning one down with the plough in April 1786

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure must—dust
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet! wet
Wi' spreckl'd breast, speckled
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet happy
The purpling East.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods an' wa's maun shield; walls—must
But thou, beneath the random bield [illegible]
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field, bare stubble
Unseen, alane.

[illegible]
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy [illegible]
[illegible]
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust;
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
[illegible]

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering Worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

M'Pherson's Farewell

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
M'Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.

O, what is death but parting breath?
On many a bloody plain
I've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword,
And there's no a man in a' Scotland
But I'll brave him at a word.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife; [illegible]
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avenged be.

Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!

[illegible]

The Banks o' Doon

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
[illegible]

[illegible]

A Man's a Man for a' that

Is there for honest Poverty
[illegible]
The coward slave, we pass him by,
[illegible]
The Man's [illegible]

[illegible]
A Man's a Man [illegible]
[illegible]
The honest man, [illegible]
Is king o' men for a' that!

[illegible]
Who [illegible]
Tho' [illegible]
He's [illegible]
For a' that, [illegible]
His [illegible]
The man o' independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
[illegible]
For a' that, [illegible]
Their [illegible]
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

[illegible]
As come it will for a' that,
That Sense and Worth, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
That Man to Man, [illegible]
[illegible]

The Jolly Beggars: a Cantata

[illegible]

[illegible]

When [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
When [illegible] wet,
[illegible]
[illegible] the rum,
[illegible]

My prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram
And I servèd out my trade when the gallant game was
play'd,
And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.

I lastly was with Curtis among the floating batt'ries,
And there I left for witness an arm and a limb;
Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.

And now tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg,
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
I'm as happy with wallet, my bottle and my callet, trull
As when I used in scarlet to follow a drum.

What tho', with hoary locks, I must stand the winter shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks, oftentimes for a home,
When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of hell, at the sound of a drum,
Lal de daudle, &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebars sheuk rafters shook
Aboon the chorus roar; Above
While frighted rattons backward leuk, rats look
An' seek the benmost bore: inmost hole
A fairy fiddler frae the neuk, corner
He skirl'd out, encore! shrieked
But up arose the martial chuck, dear
An' laid the loud uproar

. . . .

AIR.

TUNE—*Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses.*

See the smoking bowl before us!
Mark our jovial, ragged ring!
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us sing:

Chorus—A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest!

What is title, what is treasure,
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where.

With the ready trick and fable
Round we wander all the day;
And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.

Does the train-attended carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them prate about decorum
Who have character to lose.

Here's to budgets, bags and wallets!
Here's to all the wandering train!
Here's our ragged brats and callets!
One and all cry out, Amen!

This most finished and spirited production, as Matthew Arnold calls it, is believed to have been inspired by a visit of the poet to a lodging-house for beggars kept in Mauchline by Poosie Nansie, otherwise Agnes Ronald, wife of George Gibson, previously convicted by the kirk session of resetting stolen goods. It was written during the Mossgiel period, but was not published during Burns's lifetime.

The Rigs o' Barley.

Chorus—Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, ridges
An' corn rigs are bonie
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa' to Annie; took my way
The time flew by, wi' tentless heed; careless
Till, 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again, over
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She ay shall bless that happy night
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear; happy
I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear; money-making
I hae been happy thinking:
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly—
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

This song was declared by Burns to have been composed before his twenty-third year.

Mary Morison.

O Mary, at thy window be!
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That makes the miser's treasure poor:
How blythely wad I bide the stoure, endure—struggle
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string Last night
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha', went hall
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw, fine
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
'Ye are na Mary Morison!'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his
Whase only faut is loving thee? fault
If love for love thou wilt na gie, give
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

Described by the poet in a letter to Thomson of March 1793, as 'one of my juvenile works.' [illegible] with a veritable Mauchline Mary Morison, but it is [illegible] commonly believed that 'Mary Morison' [illegible] ing of 'Ellison Begbie,' the object of Burns's first serious passion.

Ae Fond Kiss.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever! One
Ae farewell, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. pledge
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me:
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy:
Naething could resist my Nancy!
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae farewell, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

[illegible] 1791.

Editions, biographies, and estimates of Burns are [illegible]. The most notable editions of the poems alone are the Kilmarnock (17[illegible]), Edinburgh (1787), London (17[illegible]), Edinburgh and [illegible] (17[illegible]), Centenary Edition by W. E. Henley and T. F. Henderson [illegible]. The chief editions with Life and Letters are those of Currie (1[illegible]), Allan Cunningham (1834), W. Scott Douglas (1[illegible]), and Robert Chambers (1851, revised by present writer in 1[illegible]). The best Biography pure and simple is that of Lockhart (1828). The most famous Essays are those of John Wilson [illegible], 18[illegible]), Thomas Carlyle (1[illegible]), and R. Louis Stevenson ([illegible]).

WILLIAM WALLACE.

Richard Gall (1776-1801) was born near Dunbar, and whilst employed as a printer in Edinburgh, threw off some Scottish songs that became favourites. A 'Farewell to Ayrshire' and one or two more were printed as by Burns: the best-known, 'My only jo and dearie,' is rather in Tannahill's manner. One verse runs:

The lark he sings upon the thorn
Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie O,
Rejoicing in the summer morn,
Nae care to mak it eerie O;
But little kens the sangster sweet
Aught o' the cares I hae to meet,
That gar my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie O.

Lady Nairne (1766-1845), though she lived to near the middle of the nineteenth century, was born but seven years after Burns, and was writing verses in 1792. Carolina Oliphant, born at the 'auld house' of Gask in Perthshire, was the third daughter of its Jacobite laird. In 1806 she married her second cousin, Major William Murray Nairne (1757-1830), who in 1824, on the restoration of the attainted Scottish peerages, became the sixth Lord Nairne; to him she bore one son, William (1808-37). They settled near Edinburgh, and after her husband's death the Baroness Nairne lived for three years in Ireland, then for nine on the Continent, returning at last to the new house of Gask—the old one had been pulled down in 1801. Her eighty-seven songs appeared first under the pseudonym 'Mrs Bogan of Bogan' or 'B. B.' in *The Scottish Minstrel* (1821-24), and posthumously under her own name as *Lays from Strathearn*. Her songs show, in the poetic-reminiscence stage, the family Jacobitism; but no Jacobite in his own day ever concealed his colours with more jealous care and elaborate pains than all her life long Lady Nairne did her authorship. Not a few of her songs are substantially recastings and adaptations of old popular favourites in the tone of which there was something to disapprove. But some of them—including a few incorporating old fragments—are pure inspirations, true and all but perfect lyrics, in poetic worth coming nearest to Burns's best; as many as eight or ten of them live in the hearts of the Scottish people with the airs to which they are wedded—the exquisite 'Land o' the Leal' (c. 1798) and 'Caller Herrin',' 'The Laird o' Cockpen,' 'The Auld House,' 'The Rowan Tree,' 'The Hundred Pipers,' 'He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel,' 'Will ye no come back again?' and 'Charlie is my Darling'—a list which indicates the variety of the notes she struck. The first two, though there were older songs with the same title and to the same general purpose, have completely superseded the other versions. 'Farewell, Edinburgh,' is also well known in Scotland; and 'Would you be young again' reveals the characteristic temper of Lady Nairne's later years. Her Jacobitism, like Burns's, Scott's, Hogg's, and that of the writers of almost all the best-known Jacobite songs, was historical, sentimental, poetical, and entirely consistent with the most perfect loyalty to the reigning House; Queen Victoria had no more faithful subject than this beloved and idealised champion of Prince Charlie's claims on romantic affection, who took a lively interest in Christian missions, in church extension, and in all philanthropic schemes. It should be added that in the songs the words often convey quite obviously the thoughts of a lady born, not of colliers or fishwives, and the Scotch is the Scotch of one bred to speak and write English habitually. Angels do not *becken* in Scotch; *dwell* and *well* rhyme conveniently in 'The Laird o' Cockpen,' but should be *dwall* and *weel;* throughout Scotland *willows* are always *saughs*, and *billows* is a word wholly alien to the dialect of Newhaven.

The Land o' the Leal.

I'm wearin' awa, John,
Like snaw wreaths in thaw, John;
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John;
There's neither cauld nor care, John;
The day's aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, John;
She was baith gude and fair, John;
And, oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John
And joy's a-comin' fast, John
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
Oh, dry your glistening ee, John!
My saul langs to be free, John!
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh, haud ye leal and true, John!
Your day it's wearin' through, John;
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now, fare-ye-weel, my ain John;
This warld's cares are vain, John;
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

Leal, distinct form of *loyal* and *legal*, means in Middle English and Scotch loyal, faithful, honest, true, lawful, just, fair, and noble, and lives on in the dialects of the north of England and Scotland. In this particular case the 'land of the true-hearted' is obviously meant for the home of the faithful, heaven.

The Laird o' Cockpen.

The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,
His mind is ta'en up with the things o' the state;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek. troublesome

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd and as gude as new; powdered
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked hat;
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the grey mare, and rade cannilie,
An' rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee; gate
'Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.'

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder flower wine:
'And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?'
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down. cap

And when she cam ben, he bowed fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know;
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said 'Na';
And wi' a laigh curtsey she turned awa'.

Dumfoundered he was, but nae sigh did he gie;
He mounted his mare—he rade cannilie;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

[And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
'Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten—
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.'

Next time that the Laird and the lady were seen,
They were gaun arm in arm to the kirk on the green;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.]

The last two verses were added by Miss Ferrier, authoress *Marriage*, and are now always printed as part of the song.

Caller Herrin'.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? fresh, new-caught
They're bonny fish and halesome farin';
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dreamed ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they faced the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows?
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave darin
Buy my caller herrin',
Hauled through wind and rain,
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin',
Wives and mithers maist despairin'
Ca' them lives o' men.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Caller herrin''s no got lightly,
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightly,
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow has set you a' a singin'
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Neebour wives, now tent my tellin'.
When the bonny fish ye're sellin',
At ae word be in your dealin';
Truth will stand when a' thing's failin
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c

Neil Gow (1727-1807) was a violinist and composer, famous for strathspeys and reels; so was his son Nathaniel, for whom this song was written and by whom the tune was composed. Dr Charles Rogers wrote the *Life and Songs of Lady Nairne* (1869), and there is a small work on her by the Rev. Geo. Henderson (1900); see also Kington Oliphant's *The Jacobite Lairds of Gask* (1870).

Robert Tannahill (1774-1810), a lyrical poet, some of whose songs rival all but the best of Burns's in popularity, was born in Paisley, and, early sent to the loom, continued to follow the staple trade of his native town until his twenty-sixth year, when, with one of his younger brothers, he removed to Lancashire. There he continued two years, till, hearing of his father's ill-health, he returned in time to receive his dying blessing. Soon after he wrote to a friend: 'My brother Hugh and I are all that now remain at home with our old mother, bending under age and frailty; and but seven years back nine of us used to sit at dinner together.' In *The Filial Vow* he inscribed this monument to her memory:

'Twas hers to guide me through life's early day,
To point out virtue's paths, and lead the way
Now, while her powers in frigid languor sleep,
'Tis mine to hand her down life's rugged steep;
With all her little weaknesses to bear,
Attentive, kind, to soothe her every care.
'Tis nature bids, and truest pleasure flows
From lessening an aged parent's woes.

The lines indicate the writer's filial piety, but their inferiority to his Scottish songs shows how little at home he was in English poetry. Though Tannahill, an enthusiastic student of Ramsay, Fergusson, and Burns, composed verses from a very early age, it was not till after this time that he passed mediocrity. Encouraged by R. A. Smith, a musician and composer, he applied himself sedulously to song-writing; and when Smith had set some of his songs to original airs, he in 1807 ventured on the publication of a volume of poems and songs, of which the first impression, consisting of nine hundred copies, was sold in a few weeks. He afterwards contributed songs to George Thomson's *Scott Melodies*. Meanwhile he himself, always reserved, shy, and of slight and feeble physique, fell into a state of morbid despondency, aggravated by bodily weakness and a phthisical tendency. He had prepared a new edition of his poems for the press; but when Constable the publisher returned the copy because he already had on hand more new works than he could undertake that season, the disappointment preyed on the spirits of the sensitive poet; he burnt the manuscripts of a hundred new songs, and sank into a state of profound melancholia. One night in May 1810 he left his bedroom unperceived, and next day his body was found in the canal. The longer poems of this modest, ill-starred weaver-poet are greatly inferior to his songs, and are commonplace and artificial; but some of the lyrics are original, sincere, and touching, though often over-sentimental, and disfigured (e.g. the 'Flower o' Dumblane') by appallingly prosaic phrases. He is mainly remembered for about half-a-dozen songs, including, besides those given below, 'Loudon's Bonnie Woods and Braes' and 'The Bonnie Wood o' Craigielea.' Semple in his edition of the *Poems* (with Life, 1876) has 'restored' the Scots words to his idea of propriety and regularity.

The Braes o' Balquhither.

Let us go, lassie, go
  To the braes o' Balquhither,
Where the blae berries grow
  'Mang the bonny Highland heather;
Where the deer and the rae,
  Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang simmer day
  On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower
  By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
  Wi' the flowers of the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
  And the deep glens sae drearie,
And return wi' their spoils
  To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
  Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn waterfall
  On the night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing,
  As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear shieling ring
  Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the simmer's in prime
  Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
  A' the moorlands perfuming;
To our dear native scenes
  Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
  'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

The Braes o' Gleniffer.

Keen blaws the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer;
  The auld castle turrets are covered wi' snaw;
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover
  Amang the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw!
The wild flowers o' simmer were spread a' sae bonnie,
  The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp they hae marched my dear Johnie.
  And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome and cheerie,
  Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling drearie,
  And naething is seen but the wide spreading snaw.
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie; sad
  They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee;
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnie:
  'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs alang the bleak mountain,
  And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky brae,
While down the deep glen brawls the snaw-flooded
    fountain,
  That murmured sae sweet to my laddie and me.
It's no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',
  It's no the cauld blast brings the tear to my ee;
For oh! gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan, lad
  The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.

The Flower o' Dumblane.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben-Lomond,
  And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloamin,
  To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin' blossom!
  And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
  Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

She 's modest as ony, and blithe as she 's bonny;
  For guileless simplicity marks her its ain:
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
  Wha 'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dumblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening;
  Thou 'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen:
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
  Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
  The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
  Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
  Amidst its profusion I 'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
  If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

Gloomy Winter's now Awa'.

Gloomy winter 's now awa';
Saft the westlin breezes blaw:
'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
  The mavis sings fu' cheerie O.
Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonny sel',
  My young, my artless dearie O.
Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blithely spend the gowden day
  Midst joys that never wearie O.

Towering o'er the Newton woods,
Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds;
Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
  Adorn the banks sae brierie O.
Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feathery breckans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
  And ilka thing is cheerie O.
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
  Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.

Sir Alexander Boswell (1775-1822), of Auchinleck in Ayrshire, eldest son of Johnson's biographer, was a man of many accomplishments, but is now remembered for his tragic fate and for his songs, such as 'Auld Gudeman, ye're a Drucken Carle;' 'Jenny's Bawbee;' and 'Jenny dang the Weaver,' rough but characteristic genre-pictures rich in a kind of comic humour; the less rude 'Good-night and Joy be wi' ye a'' is also still popular. Educated at Westminster and Oxford, in 1803 he printed a volume of *Songs chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*. In 1810 he published a somewhat overdrawn Scottish dialogue, in the style of Fergusson, called *Edinburgh, or the Ancient Royalty; a Sketch of Manners, by Simon Gray*. Other poems were *Clan Alpin's Vow* (1811), a tragic Highland tale, based on the record in the Register of the Privy Council of Scotland for 1589, and *Sir Albyn*, a burlesque. *Skeldon Haughs* was a rhymed version of an old Ayrshire legend. Some of his best songs were among the twelve he contributed to Thomson's *Select Collection* (1817). His unfinished and not very brilliant anticipation of Byron, *An Epistle to the Edinburgh Reviewers* (1803), contains some smart couplets:

All are not damned you happen to dislike;
All turn not marble whom your glances strike. . . .
When the fierce tiger rages o'er the land,
Then to the chase, ye hunters, in a band! . . .
But where 's the honour, where 's the mighty feat,
To seize a victim that can only bleat?
Why tinge with red the unassuming cheek,
Or tear a linnet with a vulture's beak? . . .
Is he a lion who can gorge a rat?
Is he Goliath who can crush a gnat?

Boswell did much to stimulate his countrymen to honour Burns's memory, securing the erection of the monument on the Doon; and for two or three years sat in Parliament for Plympton in Devonshire. Sir Alexander, created a baronet in 1821 for a (poor but) loyal song, 'Long live George the Fourth,' was an ardent lover of our early literature, and at his private printing-press at Auchinleck House reprinted a series of rare works, both English and Scottish, some of the earlier ones with his own hand. When politics ran high he wrote some personal pasquinades, for one of which he received a challenge from Mr Stuart of Duncarn, and the parties met at Auchtertool in Fifeshire. Stuart's shot took effect and the Tory baronet fell, dying from the wound on the following day, the 27th of March 1822. He was a hearty, high-spirited man, tall and of imposing presence, fond of field sports, and in almost every way (even in his literary gifts and interests) very unlike his father. His brother, James Boswell (1778-1822), an accomplished scholar and student, edited Malone's edition of Shakespeare (21 vols. 8vo, 1821). From James's funeral Sir Alexander returned straight to his fatal encounter with Mr Stuart.

Jenny dang the Weaver.

At Willie's wedding on the green,
  The lasses, bonny witches!
Were a' dressed out in aprons clean,
  And braw white Sunday mutches: caps
Auld Maggie bade the lads tak' tent,   take heed
  But Jock would not believe her;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
  For Jenny dang the weaver.   defeated, balked, jilted
    And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
      Jenny dang the weaver;
    But soon the fool his folly kent,
      For Jenny dang the weaver.

At ilka country-dance or reel,
  Wi' her he would be bobbing;
When she sat down, he sat down,
  And to her would be gabbing;
Where'er she gaed, baith but and ben,
  The coof would never leave her; fool
Aye keckling like a clocking hen, hatching
  But Jenny dang the weaver.
    Jenny dang, &c.

Quo' he: 'My lass, to speak my mind,
  In troth I needna swither: hesitate
You 've bonny een, and if you 're kind,
  I 'll never seek anither:'
He hummed and hawed, the lass cried, 'Peugh!'
  And bade the coof no deave her;
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
  And dang the silly weaver.
    And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
      Jenny dang the weaver;
    Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh, laughed
      And dang the silly weaver.

Jenny's Bawbee.

I met four chaps yon birks amang, birches
Wi' hingin' lugs, and faces lang; hanging ears
I speered at neebour Bauldy Strang, asked
    Wha 's that I see?

Quo' he: Ilk cream-faced, pawky chiel
Thought himsel cunnin' as the deil,
And here they cam, awa' to steal
    Jenny's bawbee. money, fortune

The first, a captain till his trade,
Wi' skull ill lined, and back weel clad,
Marched round the barn, and by the shed,
    And pappit on his knee.

Quo' he: 'My goddess, nymph, and queen,
Your beauty 's dazzled baith my een;'
But deil a beauty he had seen
    But Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer neist, wi' bletherin' gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
    And a' for a fee:

Accounts he had through a' the town,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown;
Haith now he thought to clout his gown Faith
    Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A norland laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsent naig and siller whup, white
Cried: 'There 's my beast, lad, haud the grup,
    Or tie 't till a tree.

'What 's gowd to me?—I 've walth o' lan':
Bestow on ane o' worth your han';'
He thought to pay what he was awn owing
    Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A' spruce frae ban'boxes and tubs,
A Thing cam neist—but life has rubs—
Foul were the roads, and fou the dubs, puddles
    Ah! wae 's me!

A' clatty, squintin' through a glass, muddy
He girned, 'I' faith, a bonny lass!'
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
    Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gang comb his wig,
The sodger no to strut sae big,
The lawyer no to be a prig,
    The fool cried: 'Tehee,

'I kent that I could never fail!'
She prenned the dish-clout till his tail, pinned
And cooled him wi' a water-pail,
    And kept her bawbee.

The High Street of Edinburgh.

Tier upon tier I see the mansions rise,
Whose azure summits mingle with the skies;
There, from the earth the labouring porters bear
The elements of fire and water high in air;
There, as you scale the steps with toilsome tread,
The dripping barrel madefies your head;
Thence, as adown the giddy round you wheel,
A rising porter greets you with his creel!
Here, in these chambers, ever dull and dark,
The lady gay received her gayer spark,
Who, clad in silken coat, with cautious tread,
Trembled at opening casements overhead;
But when in safety at her porch he trod,
He seized the ring, and rasped the twisted rod.
No idlers then, I trow, were seen to meet,
Linked, six a row, six hours in Princes Street;
But, one by one, they panted up the hill,
And picked their steps with most uncommon skill;
Then, at the Cross, each joined the motley mob
'How are ye, Tam?' and, 'How 's a' wi' ye, Bob?'
Next to a neighbouring tavern all retired,
And draughts of wine their various thoughts inspired.
O'er draughts of wine the beau would moan his love;
O'er draughts of wine the cit his bargain drove;
O'er draughts of wine the writer penned the will;
And legal wisdom counselled o'er a gill. . . .
Yes! mark the street, for youth the great resort,
Its spacious width the theatre of sport.
There, midst the crowd, the jingling hoop is driven;
Full many a leg is hit, and curse is given.
There, on the pavement, mystic forms are chalked,
Defaced, renewed, delayed—but never balked;
There romping Miss the rounded slate may drop,
And kick it out with persevering hop.
There, in the dirty current of the strand,
Boys drop the rival corks with ready hand,
And, wading through the puddle with slow pace,
Watch in solicitude the doubtful race!
And there, an active band, with frequent boast,
Vault in succession o'er each wooden post.
Or a bold stripling, noted for his might,
Heads the array, and rules the mimic fight.
From hand and sling now fly the whizzing stones,
Unheeded broken heads and broken bones.
The rival hosts in close engagement mix,
Drive and are driven by the dint of sticks.
The bicker rages, till some mother's fears
Ring a sad story in a bailie's ears.
Her prayer is heard; the order quick is sped,
And, from that corps which hapless Porteous led,

A brave detachment, probably of two,
Rush, like two kites, upon the warlike crew,
Who, struggling, like the fabled frogs and mice,
Are pounced upon, and carried in a trice.
But mark that motley group, in various garb—
There vice begins to form her rankling barb;
The germ of gambling sprouts in pitch-and-toss,
And brawl, successive, tells disputed loss.
From hand to hand the whirling halfpence pass,
And, every copper gone, they fly to brass.
Those polished rounds which decorate the coat,
And brilliant shine upon some youth of note,
Offspring of Birmingham's creative art
Now from the faithful button holes depart.
To sudden twitch the rending stitches yield,
And Enterprise again essays the field.
So, when a few fleet years of his short span
Have ripened this dire passion in the man,
When thousand after thousand takes its flight
In the short circuit of one wretched night,
Next shall the honours of the forest fall,
And ruin desolate the chieftain's hall;
Hill after hill some cunning clerk shall gain;
Then in a mendicant behold a thane!

The fourth line in Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope* runs:

'Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky.'

And in Telford's forgotten poem on Eskdale is a couplet:

'Here lofty hills in varied prospect rise,
Whose airy summits mingle with the skies.'

To the Memory of Burns.

Ah! who shall breathe upon the oaten reed
That pour'd its melody on winding Ayr,
And who shall claim thy mantle as his meed,
Gift of wild poesy, which thou did'st wear?
For rude and earthborn wight how little meet
So rich a mantle, and a note so sweet!

Thee, Bard of Coila, all her echoes mourn,
Hid in thy silent cave and tuneless grove.
No more the [music] on the breeze is borne,
Mirth's jocund carol, or the plaints of love.
Dark Lagar's stream unheeded laves its bed,
And all that liv'd to thee seems dull and dead.

But when soft memory of other days
Steals on the fancy with delusive glow,
And while deep rapt we ponder on thy lays,
With music not their own the waters flow;
Thy spirit hov'ring seems to rule the spell,
And our eyes glisten while our bosoms swell.

Good-night, and Joy be wi' ye a'.

Good night, and joy be wi' ye a';
Your harmless mirth has charmed my heart;
May life's fell blasts out ower ye blaw!
In sorrow may ye never part!
My spirit lives, but strength is gone;
The mountain fires now blaze in vain:
Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
And in your deeds I'll live again!

When on yon muir our gallant clan
Frae boasting foes their banners tore,
Wha shewed himsel a better man,
Or fiercer waved the red claymore?
But when in peace—then mark me there—
When through the glen the wanderer came,
I gave him of our lordly fare,
I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear;
Be cantie, but be good and leal;
Your ain ills aye hae heart to bear,
Anither's aye hae heart to feel.
So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
I'll see you triumph ere I fa';
My parting breath shall boast you mine—
Good-night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

The song is supposed to be said or sung by an aged Highland chieftain to his clansmen, and, like *Clan Alpin's Vow*, bears witness to the 'Celtic Renaissance' characteristic of the period. Boswell's views on the Scotch of contemporary poetry have been quoted above at page 7[illegible]6. His poems and songs were republished with a Memoir by R. H. Smith in 18[illegible]. Prefixed is a list by Mr Maidment of the publications and reprints of the Auchinleck press—the Disputation between Knox and the Abbot of Crossraguel, the poems of Barnfield; works by Whetstone, Churchyard, T. Lodge; as well as a number of anonymous pieces and fragments, some of them from the Auchinleck library.

END OF VOL. II.

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